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VOLUME XXXVIII.—NUMBER 225

JULY, 1876

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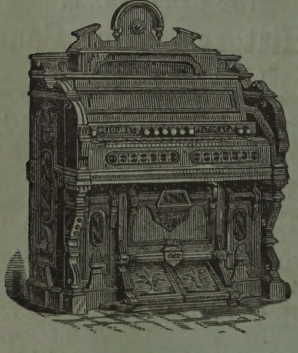

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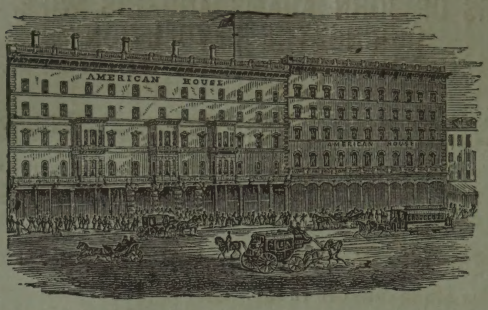

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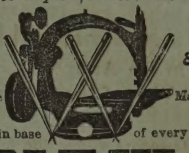

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. XXXVIII.—JULY, 1876.—No. CCXXV.

FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

SINCE Jonah made his short and ignominious voyage along the Syrian coast, mariners have had the same difficulty in getting ashore that the sailors experienced who attempted to land the prophet; his tedious though safe method of disembarking was not followed by later navigators, and the landing at Jaffa has remained a vexatious and half the time an impossible achievement.

The town lies upon the open sea and has no harbor. It is only in favorable weather that vessels can anchor within a mile or so from shore, and the Mediterranean steamboats often pass the port without being able to land either freight or passengers. In the usual condition of the sea the big fish would have found it difficult to discharge Jonah without stranding itself, and it seems that it waited three days for the favorable moment. The best chance for landing nowadays is in the early morning, in that calm period when the winds and the waves alike await the movements of the sun. It was at that hour, on the 5th of April, 1875, that we arrived from Port Said on the French steamboat Erymanthe. The night had been pleasant and the sea tolerably smooth, but not to the apprehensions of some of the passengers, who always declare that they prefer, now, a real tempest to a deceitful groundswell. On a recent trip a party had been prevented from landing, owing to the deliberation of the ladies in making their toilet; by the time they had attired themselves in a proper manner to appear in Southern Palestine, the golden hour had slipped away, and they were able only to look upon the land which their beauty and clothes would have adorned. None of us were caught in a like delinquency. At the moment the anchor went down we were bargaining with a villain to take us ashore, a bargain in which the yeasty and waxingly uneasy sea gave the boatman all the advantage.

Our little company of four is guided by the philosopher and dragoman Mohammed Abd-el-Atti, of Cairo, who has served us during the long voyage of the Nile. He is assisted in his task by the Abyssinian boy Ahman Abdallah, the brightest and most faithful of servants. In making his first appearance in the Holy Land he has donned over his gay Oriental costume a blue Frank coat, and set his fez back upon his head at an angle exceeding the slope of his forehead. His black face has an unusual lustre and his eyes dance with more than their ordinary merriment as he points excitedly to the shore and cries, —

"Yâfa! Mist'r Dunham."

The information is addressed to Madame, whom Ahman, utterly regardless of sex, invariably addresses by the name

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of one of our traveling companions on the Nile.

"Yes, marm; you see him, Yâfa," interposed Abd-el-Atti, coming forward with the air of brushing aside, as impertinent, the geographical information of his subordinate; "not much, I tink, but him bery old. Let us to go ashore."

Jaffa, or Yâfa, or Joppa, must have been a well-established city, since it had maritime dealings with Tarshish in that remote period in which the quaint story of Jonah is set — a piece of Hebrew literature that bears internal evidence of great antiquity in its extreme *naïveté*. Although the Canaanites did not come into Palestine till about 2400 B. C., that is to say about the time of the twelfth dynasty in Egypt, yet there is a reasonable tradition that Jaffa existed before the deluge. For ages it has been the chief Mediterranean port of great Jerusalem. Here Solomon landed his Lebanon timber for the temple. The town swarmed more than once with the Roman legions on their way to crush a Jewish insurrection. It displayed the banner of the Saracen host a few years after the Hegira. And, later, when the Crusaders erected the standard of the cross on its walls, it was the *dépôt* of supplies which Venice and Genoa and other rich cities contributed to the holy war. Great kingdoms and conquerors have possessed it in turn, and for thousands of years merchants have trusted their fortunes to its perilous roadstead. And yet no one has ever thought it worth while to give it a harbor by the construction of a mole, or a pier like that at Port Said. I should say that the first requisite in the industrial, to say nothing of the moral, regeneration of Palestine is a harbor at Jaffa.

The city is a cluster of irregular, flat-roofed houses, and looks from the sea like a brown bowl turned bottom up; the roofs are terraces on which the inhabitants can sleep on summer nights, and to which they can ascend, out of the narrow, evil-smelling streets, to get a whiff of sweet odor from the orange gardens which surround the town. The ordinary pictures of Jaffa do it ample justice. The chief feature in the view is the hundreds of clumsy feluccas tossing about in the aggravating waves, diving endwise and dipping sidewise, guided a little by the long sweeps of the sailors, but apparently the sport of the most uncertain billows. A swarm of them, four or five deep, surrounds our vessel; they are rising and falling in the most sickly motion, and dashing into each other in the frantic efforts of their rowers to get near the gangway ladder. One minute the boat nearest the stairs rises as if it would mount into the ship, and the next it sinks below the steps into a frightful gulf. The passengers watch the passing opportunity to jump on board, as people dive into the "lift" of a hotel. Freight is discharged into lighters that are equally frisky; and it is taken on and off splashed with salt water and liable to a thousand accidents in the violence of the transit.

Before the town stretches a line of rocks worn for ages, upon which the surf is breaking and sending white jets into the air. It is through a narrow opening in this that our boat is borne on the back of a great wave, and we come into a strip of calmer water and approach the single landing-stairs. These stairs are not so convenient as those of the vessel we have just left, and two persons can scarcely pass on them. But this is the only sea entrance to Jaffa; if the Jews attempt to return and enter their ancient kingdom this way, it will take them a long time to get in. A sea wall fronts the town, fortified by a couple of rusty cannon at one end, and the passage is through the one gate at the head of these stairs.

It seems forever that we are kept waiting at the foot of this shaky stairway. Two opposing currents are struggling to get up and down it: excited travelers, porters with trunks and knapsacks, and dragomans who appear to be pushing their way through simply to show their familiarity with the country. It is a dangerous ascent for a delicate woman. Somehow, as we wait at this gate where so many men of note have entered, from Solomon to Origen, from Tiglath-Pileser

to Frederick Barbarossa, the historical figure which most pervades Jaffa is that of the whimsical Jonah, whose connection with it was the slightest. There is no evidence that he ever returned here. Josephus, who takes liberties with the Hebrew Scriptures, says that a whale carried the fugitive into the Euxine Sea, and there discharged him much nearer to Nineveh than he would have been if he had kept with the conveyance in which he first took passage and landed at Tarsus. Probably no one in Jaffa noticed the little man as he slipped though this gate and took ship, and yet his simple embarkation from the town has given it more notoriety than any other event. Thanks to an enduring piece of literature, the unheroic Jonah and his whale are better known than St. Jerome and his lion; they are the earliest associates and Oriental acquaintances of all well-brought-up children in Christendom. For myself, I confess that the strictness of many a New England Sunday has been relieved by the perusal of his unique adventure. He in a manner anticipated the use of the monitors and other cigar-shaped submerged sea vessels.

When we have struggled up the slippery stairs and come through the gate, we wind about for some time in a narrow passage on the side of the sea, and then cross through the city, still on foot. It is a rubbishy place; the streets are steep and crooked; we pass through archways, we ascend steps, we make unexpected turns; the shops are a little like bazars, but rather Italian than Oriental; we pass a pillared mosque and a Moslem fountain; we come upon an ancient square, in the centre of which is a round fountain with pillars and a canopy of stone, and close about it are the bazars of merchants. This old fountain is profusely sculptured with Arabic inscriptions; the stones are worn and have taken the rich tint of age, and the sunlight blends it into harmony with the gay stuffs of the shops and the dark skins of the idlers on the pavement. We come into the great market of fruit and vegetables, where vast heaps of oranges, like apples in a New England orchard, line the way and fill the atmosphere with a golden tinge.

The Jaffa oranges are famous in the Orient: they grow to the size of ostrich eggs, they have a skin as thick as the hide of a rhinoceros, and, in their season, the pulp is sweet, juicy, and tender. It is a little late now, and we open one golden globe after another before we find one that is not dry and tasteless as a piece of punk. But one cannot resist buying such magnificent fruit.

Outside the walls, through broad dusty highways, by lanes of cactus hedges and in sight again of the sea breaking on a rocky shore, we come to the Hotel of the Twelve Tribes, occupied now principally by Cook's tribes, most of whom appear to be lost. In the adjacent lot are pitched the tents of Syrian travelers, and one of Cook's expeditions is in all the bustle of speedy departure. The bony, nervous Syrian horses are assigned by lot to the pilgrims, who are excellent people from England and America, and most of them as unaccustomed to the back of a horse as to that of an ostrich. It is touching to see some of the pilgrims walk around the animals which have fallen to them, wondering how they are to get on, which side they are to mount, and how they are to stay on. Some have already mounted, and are walking the steeds carefully round the inclosure or timidly essaying a trot. Nearly every one concludes, after a trial, that he would like to change, — something not quite so much up and down, you know, an easier saddle, a horse that more unites gentleness with spirit. Some of the dragomans are equipped in a manner to impress travelers with the perils of the country. One, whom I remember on the Nile as a mild though showy person, has bloomed here into a Bedawee: he is fierce in aspect, an arsenal of weapons, and gallops furiously about upon a horse loaded down with accoutrements. This, however, is only the beginning of our real danger.

After breakfast we sallied out to see the sights: besides the house of Simon the tanner, they are not many. The house of Simon is, as it was in the time

of St. Peter, by the sea-side. We went upon the roof (and it is more roof than anything else) where the apostle lay down to sleep and saw the vision, and looked around upon the other roofs and upon the wide sweep of the tumbling sea. In the court is a well, the stone curb of which is deeply worn in several places by the rope, showing long use. The water is brackish; Simon may have tanned with it. The house has not probably been destroyed and rebuilt more than four or five times since St. Peter dwelt here; the Romans once built the entire city. The chief room is now a mosque. We inquired for the house of Dorcas, but that is not shown, although I understood that we could see her grave outside the city. It is a great oversight not to show the house of Dorcas, and one that I cannot believe will long annoy pilgrims in these days of multiplied discoveries of sacred sites.

Whether this is the actual spot where the house of Simon stood, I do not know, nor does it much matter. Here, or hereabouts, the apostle saw that marvelous vision which proclaimed to a weary world the brotherhood of man. From this spot issued the gospel of democracy: "Of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons." From this insignificant dwelling went forth the edict that broke the power of tyrants, and loosed the bonds of slaves, and ennobled the lot of woman, and enfranchised the human mind. Of all places on earth I think there is only one more worthy of pilgrimage by all devout and liberty-loving souls.

We were greatly interested, also, in a visit to the well-known school of Miss Arnot, a mission school for girls in the upper chambers of a house in the most crowded part of Jaffa. With modest courage and tact and self-devotion this lady has sustained it here for twelve years, and the fruits of it already begin to appear. We found twenty or thirty pupils, nearly all quite young, and most of them daughters of Christians; they are taught in Arabic the common branches, and some English, and they learn to sing. They sang for us English tunes like any Sunday-school; a strange sound in a Moslem town. There are one or two other schools of a similar character in the Orient, conducted as private enterprises by ladies of culture; and I think there is no work nobler, and none more worthy of liberal support or more likely to result in giving women a decent position in Eastern society.

On a little elevation a half mile outside the walls is a cluster of wooden houses, which were manufactured in America. There we found the remnants of the Adams colony, only half a dozen families out of the original two hundred and fifty persons; two or three men and some widows and children. The colony built in the centre of their settlement an ugly little church out of Maine timber; it now stands empty and staring, with broken windows. It is not difficult to make this adventure appear romantic. Those who engaged in it were plain New England people, many of them ignorant, but devout to fanaticism. They had heard the prophets expounded, and the prophecies of the latter days unraveled, until they came to believe that the day of the Lord was nigh, and that they had laid upon them a mission in the fulfillment of the divine purposes. Most of them were from Maine and New Hampshire, accustomed to bitter winters and to wring their living from a niggardly soil. I do not wonder that they were fascinated by the pictures of a fair land of blue skies, a land of vines and olives and palms, where they were undoubtedly called by the Spirit to a life of greater sanctity and considerable ease and abundance. I think I see their dismay when they first pitched their tents amid this Moslem squalor, and attempted to "squat," Western fashion, upon the skirts of the Plain of Sharon, which has been for some ages preëmpted. They erected houses, however, and joined the other inhabitants of the region in a struggle for existence. But Adams, the preacher and president, had not faith enough to wait for the unfolding of prophecy; he took to strong drink, and with general bad management the whole enterprise came to grief, and the deluded people

were rescued from starvation only by the liberality of our government.

There was the germ of a good idea in the rash undertaking. If Palestine is ever to be repeopled, its coming inhabitants must have the means of subsistence; and if those now here are to be redeemed to a better life, they must learn to work; before all else there must come a revival of industry and a development of the resources of the country. To send here Jews or Gentiles and to support them by charity, only adds to the existing misery.

It was eight years ago that the Adams community exploded. Its heirs and successors are Germans, a colony from Würtemberg, an Advent sect akin to the American, but more single-minded and devout. They own the ground upon which they have settled, having acquired a title from the Turkish government; they have erected substantial houses of stone and a large hotel, The Jerusalem, and give many evidences of shrewdness and thrift as well as piety. They have established a good school, in which, with German thoroughness, Latin, English, and the higher mathematics are taught, and an excellent education may be obtained. More land the colony is not permitted to own; but they hire ground outside the walls which they farm to advantage.

I talked with one of the teachers, a thin young ascetic in spectacles, whose severity of countenance and demeanor was sufficient to rebuke all the Oriental levity I had encountered during the winter. There was in him and in the other leaders an air of sincere fanaticism, and a sobriety and integrity in the common laborers, which are the best omens for the success of the colony. The leaders told us that they thought the Americans came here with the expectation of making money uppermost in mind, and hardly in the right spirit. As to themselves, they do not expect to make money; they repelled the insinuation with some warmth; they have had, in fact, a very hard struggle, and are thankful for a fair measure of success. Their sole present purpose is evidently to redeem and reclaim the land, and make it fit for the expected day of jubilee. The Jews from all parts of the world, they say, are to return to Palestine, and there is to issue out of the Holy Land a new divine impulse which is to be the regeneration and salvation of the world. I do not know that anybody but the Jews themselves would oppose their migration to Palestine, though their withdrawal from the business of the world suddenly would create wide disaster. With these doubts, however, we did not trouble the youthful knight of severity. We only asked him upon what the community founded its creed and its mission. Largely, he replied, upon the prophets, and especially upon Isaiah; and he referred us to Isaiah xxxii. 1; xlix. 12 *et seq.*; and lii. 1. It is not every industrial community that would flourish on a charter so vague as this.

A lad of twelve or fourteen was our guide to the Advent settlement; he was an early polyglot, speaking, besides English, French, and German, Arabic and, I think, a little Greek; a boy of uncommon gravity of deportment and of precocious shrewdness. He is destined to be a guide and dragoman. I could see that the whole Biblical history was a little *fade* to him, but he does not lose sight of the profit of a knowledge of it. I could not but contrast him with a Sunday-school scholar of his own age in America, whose imagination kindles at the Old Testament stories, and whose enthusiasm for the Holy Land is awakened by the wall maps and the pictures of Solomon's temple. Actual contact has destroyed the imagination of this boy; Jerusalem is not so much a wonder to him as Boston; Samson lived just over there beyond the Plain of Sharon, and is not so much a hero as Old Put.

The boy's mother was a good New Hampshire woman, whose downright Yankeeism of thought and speech was in odd contrast to her Oriental surroundings. I sat in a rocking-chair in the sitting-room of her little wood cottage, and could scarcely convince myself that I was not in a prim New Hampshire

parlor. To her mind there were no more Oriental illusions, and perhaps she had never indulged any; certainly, in her presence Palestine seemed to me as commonplace as New England.

"I s'pose you 've seen the meetin' house?"

"Yes."

"Wal, it 's goin' to rack and ruin like everything else here. There is n't enough here to have any service now. Sometimes I go to the German; I try to keep up a little feeling."

I have no doubt it is more difficult to keep up a religious feeling in the Holy Land than it is in New Hampshire, but we did not discuss that point. I asked, "Do you have any society?"

"Precious little. The Germans are dreffle unsocial. The natives are all a low set. The Arabs will all lie; I don't think much of any of 'em. The Mohammedans are all shiftless; you can't trust any of 'em."

"Why don't you go home?"

"Wal, sometimes I think I 'd like to see the old place, but I reckon I could n't stand the winters. This is a nice climate, that 's all there is here; and we have grapes and oranges, and loads of flowers — you see my garden there; I set great store by that, and me and my daughter take solid comfort in it, especially when *he* is away, and he has to be off most of the time with parties, guidin' 'em. No, I guess I shan't ever cross the ocean again."

It appeared that the good woman had consoled herself with a second husband, who bears a Jewish name; so that the original object of her mission, to gather in the chosen people, is not altogether lost sight of.

There is a curious interest in these New England transplantations. Climate is a great transformer. The habits and customs of thousands of years will insensibly conquer the most stubborn prejudices. I wonder how long it will require to blend these scions of our vigorous civilization with the motley growth that makes up the present Syriac population — people whose blood is streaked with a dozen different strains, Egyptian, Ethiopian, Arabian, Assyrian, Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Canaanite, Jewish, Persian, Turkish, with all the races that have in turn ravaged or occupied the land. I do not, indeed, presume to say what the Syrians are who have occupied Palestine for so many hundreds of years, but I cannot see how it can be otherwise than that their blood is as mixed as that of the modern Egyptians. Perhaps these New England offshoots will maintain their distinction of race for a long time, but I should be still more interested to know how long the New England mind will keep its integrity in these surroundings, and whether those ruggednesses of virtue and those homely simplicities of character which we recognize as belonging to the hilly portions of New England will insensibly melt away in this relaxing air that so much wants moral tone. These Oriental countries have been conquered many times, but they have always conquered their conquerors. I am told that even our American consuls are not always more successful in resisting the undermining seductions of the East than were the Roman pro-consuls.

These reflections, however, let it be confessed, did not come to me as I sat in the rocking-chair of my countrywoman. I was rather thinking how completely her presence and accent dispelled all my Oriental illusions and cheapened the associations of Jaffa. There is I know not what in a real living Yankee that puts all appearances to the test and dissipates the colors of romance. It was not until I came again into the highway and found in front of The Jerusalem hotel a company of Arab acrobats and pyramid-builders, their swarthy bodies shining in the white sunlight, and a lot of idlers squatting about in enjoyment of the exertions of others, that I recovered in any degree my delusions.

With the return of these, it seemed not so impossible to believe even in the return of the Jews; especially when we learned that preparations for them multiply. A second German colony has been established outside of the city. There is another at Haifa; on the Je-

rusalem road the beginning of one has been made by the Jews themselves. It amounts to something like a "movement."

At three o'clock in the afternoon we set out for Ramleh, ignominiously, in a wagon. There is a carriage-road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and our dragoman had promised us a "private carriage." We decided to take it, thinking it would be more comfortable than horseback for some of our party. We made a mistake which we have never ceased to regret. The road I can confidently commend as the worst in the world. The carriage into which we climbed belonged to the German colony, and was a compromise between the ancient ark, a modern dray, and a threshing-machine. It was one of those contrivances that a German would evolve out of his inner consciousness, and its appearance here gave me grave doubts as to the adaptability of these honest Germans to the Orient. It was, however, a great deal worse than it looked. If it were driven over smooth ground it would soon loosen all the teeth of the passengers, and shatter their spinal columns. But over the Jerusalem road the effect was indescribable. The noise of it was intolerable, the jolting incredible. The little, solid Dutchman who sat in front and drove, shook like the charioteer of an artillery wagon; but I suppose he had no feeling. We pounded along over the roughest stone pavement, with the sensation of victims drawn to execution in a cart, until we emerged into the open country; but there we found no improvement in the road.

Jaffa is surrounded by immense orange groves, which are protected along the highways by hedges of prickly-pear. We came out from a lane of these upon the level and blooming Plain of Sharon, and saw before us, on the left, the blue hills of Judea. It makes little difference what kind of conveyance one has, it is impossible for him to advance upon this historic, if not sacred plain, and catch the first glimpse of those pale hills which stood to him for a celestial vision in his childhood, without a great quickening of the pulse; and it is a most lovely view after Egypt, or after anything. The elements of it are simple enough, — merely a wide sweep of prairie and a line of graceful mountains; but the forms are pleasing, and the color is incomparable. The soil is warm and red, the fields are a mass of wild flowers of the most brilliant and variegated hues, and, alternately swept by the shadows of clouds and bathed in the sun, the scene takes on the animation of incessant change.

It was somewhere here, outside the walls, I do not know the spot, that the massacre of Jaffa occurred. I purposely go out of my way to repeat the well-known story of it, and I trust that it will always be recalled whenever any mention is made of the cruel little Corsican who so long imposed the vulgarity and savageness of his selfish nature upon Europe. It was in March, 1799, that Napoleon, toward the close of his humiliating and disastrous campaign in Egypt, carried Jaffa by storm. The town was given over to pillage. During its progress four thousand Albanians of the garrison, taking refuge in some old khans, offered to surrender on condition that their lives should be spared; otherwise they would fight to the bitter end. Their terms were accepted, and two of Napoleon's aids-de-camp pledged their honor for their safety. They were marched out to the general's head-quarters and seated in front of the tents with their arms bound behind them. The displeased commander called a council of war and deliberated two days upon their fate, and then signed the order for the massacre of the entire body. The excuse was that the general could not be burdened with so many prisoners. Thus in one day were murdered in cold blood about as many people as Jaffa at present contains. Its inhabitants may be said to have been accustomed to being massacred; eight thousand of them were butchered in one Roman assault; but I suppose all antiquity may be searched in vain for an act of perfidy and cruelty combined equal to that of the Grand Emperor.

The road over which we rattle is a causeway of loose stones; the country is a plain of sand, but clothed with a luxuriant vegetation. In the fields the brown husbandmen are plowing, turning up the soft red earth with a rude plow drawn by cattle yoked wide apart. Red-legged storks, on their way, I suppose, from Egypt to their summer residence further north, dot the meadows, and are too busy picking up worms to notice our halloo. Abd-el-Atti, who has a passion for shooting, begs permission to "go for" these household birds with the gun; but we explain to him that we would no more shoot a stork than one of the green birds of Paradise. Quails are scudding about in the newly turned furrows, and song birds salute us from the tops of swinging cypresses. The Holy Land is rejoicing in its one season of beauty, its spring-time.

Trees are not wanting to the verdant meadows. We still encounter an occasional grove of oranges; olives also appear, and acacias, sycamores, cypresses, and tamarisks. The pods of the carob-tree are, I believe, the husks upon which the prodigal son did not thrive. Large patches of barley are passed. But the fields not occupied with grain are literally carpeted with wild-flowers of the most brilliant hues, such a display as I never saw elsewhere: scarlet and dark flaming poppies, the scarlet anemone, marigolds, white daisies, the lobelia, the lupin, the vetch, the gorse with its delicate yellow blossom, the pea, something that we agreed to call the white rose of Sharon, the mallow, the asphodel; the leaves of a lily not yet in bloom. About the rose of Sharon we no doubt were mistaken. There is no reason to suppose it was white; but we have somehow associated the purity of that color with the song beginning, "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys." It was probably not even a rose. We finally decided to cherish the red mallow as the rose of Sharon; it is very abundant, and the botanist of our company seemed satisfied to accept it. For myself, the rose by the name of mallow does not smell sweet.

We come in sight of Ramleh, which lies on the swelling mounds of the green plain, encompassed by emerald meadows and by groves of orange and olive, and conspicuous from a great distance by its elegant square tower, the most beautiful in form that we have seen in the East. As the sun is sinking we defer our visit to it, and drive to the Latin convent, where we are to lodge, permission to that effect having been obtained from the sister convent at Jaffa; a mere form, since a part of the convent was built expressly for the entertainment of travelers, and the few monks who occupy it find keeping a hotel a very profitable kind of hospitality. The stranger is the guest of the superior, no charge is made, and the little fiction of gratuitous hospitality so pleases the pilgrim that he will not at his departure be outdone in liberality. It would be much more agreeable if all our hotels were upon this system.

While the dragoman is unpacking the luggage in the court-yard and bustling about in a manner to impress the establishment with the importance of its accession, I climb up to the roofs to get the sunset. The house is all roofs, it would seem, at different levels. Steps lead here and there, and one can wander about at will; you could not desire a pleasanter lounging-place in a summer evening. The protecting walls, which are breast-high, are built in with cylinders of tile, like the mud houses in Egypt; the tiles make the walls lighter, and furnish at the same time peep-holes through which the monks can spy the world, themselves unseen. I noticed that the tiles about the entrance court were inclined downwards, so that a curious person could study any new arrival at the convent without being himself observed. The sun went down behind the square tower which is called Saracenic and is entirely Gothic in spirit, and the light lay soft and rosy on the wide compass of green vegetation; I heard on the distant fields the bells of mules returning to the gates, and the sound substituted Italy in my mind for Palestine.

From this prospect I was summoned in haste; the superior of the convent was

waiting to receive me, and I had been sought in all directions. I had no idea why I should be received, but I soon found that the occasion was not a trivial one. In the reception-room were seated in some state the superior attended by two or three brothers, and the remainder of my suite already assembled. The abbot, if he is an abbot, arose and cordially welcomed "the general" to his humble establishment, hoped that he was not fatigued by the journey from Jaffa, and gave him a seat beside himself. The remainder of the party were ranged according to their rank. I replied that the journey was on the contrary delightful, and that any journey could be considered fortunate which had the hospitable convent of Ramleh as its end. The courteous monk renewed his solicitous inquiries, and my astonishment was increased by the botanist, who gravely assured the worthy father that "the general" was accustomed to fatigue, and that such a journey as this was a recreation to him.

"What in the mischief is all this about?" I seized a moment to whisper to the person next me.

"You are a distinguished American general, traveling with his lady in pursuit of Heaven knows what, and accompanied by his suite; don't make a mess of it."

"Oh," I said, "if I *am* a distinguished American general, traveling with my lady in pursuit of Heaven knows what, I am glad to know it."

Fortunately the peaceful father did not know anything more of war than I did, and I suppose my hastily assumed modesty of the soldier seemed to him the real thing. It was my first experience of anything like real war, the first time I had ever occupied any military position, and it did not seem to be so arduous as has been represented.

Great regret was expressed by the superior that they had not anticipated my arrival, in order to have entertained me in a more worthy manner; the convent was uncommonly full of pilgrims, and it would be difficult to lodge my suite as it deserved. Then there followed a long discussion between the father and one of the monks upon our disposition for the night.

"If we give the general and his lady the south room in the court, then the doctor" — etc., etc.

"Or," urged the monk, "suppose the general and his lady occupy the cell number four, then mademoiselle can take" — etc., etc.

The military commander and his lady were at last shown into a cell opening out of the court, a lofty but narrow vaulted room, with brick floor and thick walls and one small window near the ceiling. Instead of candles we had antique Roman lamps, which made a feeble glimmer in the cavern; the oddest water-jugs served for pitchers. It may not have been damp, but it felt as if no sun had ever penetrated the chill interior.

"What is all this nonsense of the general?" I asked Abd-el-Atti, as soon as I could get hold of that managing factotum.

"Dunno, be sure; these monk always pay more attention to 'stinguish people."

"But what did you say at the convent in Jaffa when you applied for a permit to lodge here?"

"Oh, I tell him my gentleman general American, but 'stinguish; mebbe he done gone wrote 'em that you 'stinguish American general. Very nice man, the superior, speak Italian beautiful; when I give him the letter, he say he do all he can for the general and his suite; he sorry I not let him know 'forehand."

The dinner was served in the long refectory, and there were some twenty-five persons at table, mostly pilgrims to Jerusalem, and most of them of the poorer class. One bright Italian had traveled alone with her little boy all the way from Verona, only to see the Holy Sepulchre. The monks waited at table and served a very good dinner. Travelers are not permitted to enter the portion of the large convent which contains the cells of the monks, nor to visit any part of the old building except the chapel. I fancied that the jolly brothers who waited at table were rather glad

to come into contact with the world, even in this capacity.

In the dining-room hangs a notable picture. It is the Virgin enthroned, with a crown and aureole, holding the holy child, who is also crowned; in the foreground is a choir of white boys or angels. The Virgin and child are both *black;* it is the Virgin of Ethiopia. I could not learn the origin of this picture; it was rude enough in execution to be the work of a Greek artist of the present day; but it was said to come from Ethiopia, where it is necessary to a proper respect for the Virgin that she should be represented black. She seems to bear something the relation to the Virgin of Judea that Astarte did to the Grecian Venus. And we are again reminded that the East has no prejudice of color: "I am black but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem;" "Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me."

The convent bells are ringing at early dawn, and though we are up at half past five, nearly all the pilgrims have hastily departed for Jerusalem. Upon the roof I find the morning fair. There are more minarets than spires in sight, but they stand together in this pretty little town without discord. The bells are ringing in melodious persuasion, but at the same time, in voices as musical, the muezzins are calling from their galleries; each summoning men to prayer in its own way. From these walls spectators once looked down upon the battles of cross and crescent raging in the lovely meadows, battles of quite as much pride as piety. A common interest always softens animosity, and I fancy that monks and Moslems will not again resort to the foolish practice of breaking each others' heads so long as they enjoy the profitable stream of pilgrims to the Holy Land.

After breakfast and a gift to the treasury of the convent according to our rank — I think if I were to stay there again it would be in the character of a common soldier — we embarked again in the ark, and jolted along behind the square-shouldered driver, who seemed to enjoy the rattling and rumbling of his clumsy vehicle. But no minor infelicity could destroy for us the freshness of the morning or the enjoyment of the lovely country. Although, in the jolting, one could not utter a remark about the beauty of the way without danger of biting his tongue in two, we feasted our eyes and let our imaginations loose over the vast ranges of the Old Testament story.

After passing through the fertile meadows of Ramleh we came into a more rolling country, destitute of houses, but clothed on with such a brilliant bloom of wild flowers, among which the papilionaceous flowers were conspicuous for color and delicacy. I found by the roadside a *black calla* (which I should no more have believed in than in the black Virgin, if I had not seen it). Its leaf is exactly that of our calla-lily; its flower is similar to but not so open and flaring as the white calla, and the pistil is large and very long, and of the color of the interior of the flower. The corolla is green on the outside, but the inside is incomparably rich, like velvet, black in some lights and dark maroon in others. Nothing could be finer in color and texture than this superb flower. Besides the blooms of yesterday we noticed buttercups, various sorts of the ranunculus, among them the scarlet and the shooting-star, a light purple flower with a dark purple centre, the Star of Bethlehem, and the purple wind-flower. Scarlet poppies and the still more brilliant scarlet anemones, dandelions, marguerites, filled all the fields with masses of color.

Shortly we come into the hills, through which the road winds upward, and the scenery is very much like that of the Adirondacks, or would be if the rocky hills of the latter were denuded of trees. The way begins to be lively with passengers, and it becomes us to be circumspect, for almost every foot of ground has been consecrated or desecrated, or in some manner made memorable. This heap of rubbish is the remains of a fortress which the Saracens captured, built by the Crusaders to guard the entrance of the pass, upon the site of an older fortification by the Maccabees, or founded

upon Roman substructions, and mentioned in Judges as the spot where some very ancient Jew stayed overnight. It is also, no doubt, one of the stations that help us to determine with the accuracy of a surveyor the boundary between the territory of Benjamin and Judah. I try to ascertain all these localities and to remember them all, but I sometimes get Richard Cœur de Lion mixed with Jonathan Maccabæus, and I have no doubt I mistook "Job's convent" for the *Castellum boni Latronis*, a place we were specially desirous to see as the birthplace of the "penitent thief." But whatever we confounded, we were certain of one thing: we looked over into the Valley of Ajalon. It was over this valley that Joshua commanded the moon to tarry while he smote the fugitive Amorites on the heights of Gibeon, there to the east.

The road is thronged with pilgrims to Jerusalem, and with travelers and their attendants, — gay cavalcades scattered all along the winding way over the rolling plain, as in the picture of the Pilgrims to Canterbury. All the transport of freight as well as passengers is by the backs of beasts of burden. There are long files of horses and mules staggering under enormous loads of trunks, tents, and bags. Dragomans, some of them got up in fierce style, with baggy yellow trousers, yellow kuffias bound about the head with a twisted fillet, armed with long Damascus swords, their belts stuck full of pistols, and a rifle slung on the back, gallop furiously along the line, the signs of danger but the assurances of protection. Camp boys and waiters dash along also, on the pack-horses, with a great clatter of kitchen furniture; even a scullion has an air of adventure as he pounds his rack-a-bone steed into a vicious gallop. And there are the Cook's tourists, called by everybody "Cookies," men and women struggling on according to the pace of their horses, conspicuous in hats with white muslin drapery hanging over the neck. Villainous looking fellows with or without long guns, coming and going on the highway, have the air of being neither pilgrims nor strangers. We meet women returning from Jerusalem clad in white, seated astride their horses, or upon beds which top their multifarious baggage.

We are leaving behind us on the right the country of Samson, in which he passed his playful and engaging boyhood, and we look wistfully towards it. Of Zorah, where he was born, nothing is left but a cistern, and there is only a wretched hamlet to mark the site of Timnath, where he got his Philistine wife. "Get her for me, for she pleaseth me well," was his only reply to the entreaty of his father that he would be content with a maid of his own people.

The country gets wilder and more rocky as we ascend. Down the ragged side paths come wretched women and girls, staggering under the loads of brushwood which they have cut in the high ravines; loads borne upon the head that would tax the strength of a strong man. I found it no easy task to lift one of the bundles. The poor creatures were scantily clad in a single garment of coarse brown cloth, but most of them wore a profusion of ornaments: strings of coins, Turkish and Arabic, on the head and breast, and uncouth rings and bracelets. Farther on a rabble of boys besets us, begging for backsheesh in piteous and whining tones, and throwing up their arms in theatrical gestures of despair.

All the hills bear marks of having once been terraced to the very tops, for vines and olives. The natural ledges seem to have been humored into terraces and occasionally built up and broadened by stone walls; but where the hill was smooth, traces of terraces are yet visible. The grape is still cultivated low down the steeps, and the olives straggle over some of the hills to the very top; but these feeble efforts of culture or of nature do little to relieve the deserted aspect of the scene.

We lunch in a pretty olive grove, upon a slope long ago terraced and now grass-grown and flower-sown; lovely vistas open into cool glades, and paths lead upward among the rocks to inviting retreats. From this high perch in the bosom of the hills we look off upon Ram-

leh, Jaffa, the broad Plain of Sharon, and the sea. A strip of sand between the sea and the plain produces the effect of a mirage, giving to the plain the appearance of the sea. It would be a charming spot for a country-seat for a resident of Jerusalem, although Jerusalem itself is rural enough at present; and David and Solomon may have had summer pavilions in these cool shades in sight of the Mediterranean. David himself, however, perhaps had enough of this region — when he dodged about in these fastnesses between Ramah and Gath, from the pursuit of Saul — to make him content with a city life. There is nothing to hinder our believing that he often enjoyed this prospect; and we do believe it, for it is already evident that the imagination must be called in to create an enjoyment of this deserted land. David no doubt loved this spot. For David was a poet, even at this early period when his occupation was that of a successful guerrilla; and he had all the true poet's adaptability, as witness the exquisite ode he composed on the death of his enemy Saul. I have no doubt that he enjoyed this lovely prospect often, for he was a man who enjoyed heartily everything lovely. He was in this as in all he did a *thorough* man; when he made a raid on an Amorite city, he left neither man, woman, nor child alive to spread the news.

We have already mounted over two thousand feet. The rocks are silicious limestone, crumbling and gray with ages of exposure; they give the landscape an ashy appearance. But there is always a little verdure amid the rocks, and now and then an olive-tree, perhaps a very old one, decrepit and twisted into the most fantastic form, as if distorted by a vegetable rheumatism, casting abroad its withered arms as if the tree writhed in pain. On such ghostly trees I have no doubt the five kings were hanged. Another tree or rather shrub is abundant, the dwarf-oak; and the hawthorne, now in blossom, is frequently seen. The rock-rose — a delicate white single flower — blooms by the wayside and amid the ledges, and the scarlet anemone flames out more brilliantly than ever. Nothing indeed could be more beautiful than the contrast of the clusters of scarlet anemones and white roses with the gray rocks.

We soon descend into a valley and reach the site of Kirjath-Jearim, which has not much ancient interest for me, except that the name is pleasing; but on the other side of the stream and opposite a Moslem fountain are the gloomy stone habitations of the family of the terrible Abu Ghaush, whose robberies of travelers kept the whole country in a panic a quarter of a century ago. He held the key of this pass, and let no one go by without toll. For fifty years he and his companions defied the Turkish government, and even went to the extremity of murdering two pashas who attempted to pass this way. He was disposed of in 1846, but his descendants still live here, having the inclination but not the courage of the old chief. We did not encounter any of them, but I have never seen any buildings that have such a wicked physiognomy as their grim houses.

Near by is the ruin of a low, thick-walled chapel, of a pure Gothic style, a remnant of the Crusaders' occupation. The gloomy wady has another association; a monkish tradition would have us believe it was the birthplace of Jeremiah; if the prophet was born in such a hard country it might account for his lamentations. As we pass out of this wady, the German driver points to a forlorn village clinging to the rocky slope of a hill to the right, and says, —

"That is where John Baptist was born."

The information is sudden and seems improbable, especially as there are other places where he was born.

"How do you know?" we ask.

"Oh, I know *ganz wohl;* I been five years in dis land, and I ought to know."

Descending into a deep ravine we cross a brook, which we are told is the one that flows into the Valley of Elah, the valley of the "terebinth" or acacia trees; and if so, it is the brook out of which David took the stone that killed

Goliath. It is a bright, dashing stream. I stood upon the bridge, watching it dancing down the ravine, and should have none but agreeable recollections of it, but that close to the bridge stood a vile grog-shop, and in the doorway sat the most villainous-looking man I ever saw in Judea, rapacity and murder in his eyes. The present generation have much more to fear from him and his drugged liquors than the Israelite had from the giant of Gath.

While the wagon zigzags up the last long hill, I mount by a short path and come upon a rocky plateau, across which runs a broad way, on the bed rock, worn smooth by many centuries of travel: by the passing of caravans and armies to Jerusalem, of innumerable generations of peasants, of chariots, of horses, mules, and foot soldiers; here went the messengers of the king's pleasure, and here came the heralds and legates of foreign nations; this great highway the kings and prophets themselves must have trodden when they journeyed towards the sea; for I cannot learn that the Jews ever had any decent roads, and perhaps they never attained the civilization necessary to build them. We have certainly seen no traces of anything like a practicable ancient highway on this route.

Indeed, the greatest wonder to me in the whole East is that there has not been a good road built from Jaffa to Jerusalem; that the city sacred to more than half the world, to all the most powerful nations, to Moslems, Jews, Greeks, Roman Catholics, Protestants, the desire of all lands, and the object of pilgrimage with the delicate and the feeble as well as the strong, should not have a highway to it over which one can ride without being jarred and stunned and pounded to a jelly; that the Jews should never have made a road to their seaport; that the Romans, the road builders, do not seem to have constructed one over this important route. The Sultan began this one over which we have been dragged, for the Empress Eugénie. But he did not finish it; most of the way it is a mere rubble of stones. The track is well engineered, and the road bed is well enough; soft stone is at hand to form an excellent dressing, and it might be, in a short time, as good a highway as any in Switzerland, if the Sultan would set some of his lazy subjects to work out their taxes on it. Of course, it is now a great improvement over the old path for mules; but as a carriage road it is atrocious. Imagine thirty-six miles of cobble pavement, with every other stone gone and the remainder sharpened!

Perhaps, however, it is best not to have a decent road to the Holy City of the world. It would make going there easy, even for delicate ladies and invalid clergymen; it would reduce the cost of the trip from Jaffa by two thirds; it would take away employment from a lot of vagabonds who hurry the traveler over the route; it would make the pilgrimage too much a luxury, in these days of pilgrimages by rail, and of little faith, or rather of a sort of lacquer of faith which is only credulity.

Upon this plateau we begin to discern signs of the neighborhood of the city, and we press forward with the utmost eagerness, disappointed at every turn that a sight of it is not disclosed. Scattered settlements extend for some distance out on the Jaffa road. We pass a school which the Germans have established for Arab boys; an institution which does not meet the approval of our restoration driver; the boys, when they come out, he says, don't know what they are; they are neither Moslems nor Christians. We go rapidly on over the swelling hill, but the city will not reveal itself. We expect it any moment to rise up before us, conspicuous on its ancient hills, its walls shining in the sun. We pass a guard-house, some towers, and newly built private residences. Our pulses are beating a hundred to the minute, but the city refuses to "burst" upon us as it does upon other travelers. We have advanced far enough to see that there is no elevation before us higher than that we are on. The great sight of all our lives is only a moment separated from us; in a few rods more our hearts will be satisfied by that long

dreamed of prospect. How many millions of pilgrims have hurried along this road, lifting up their eyes in impatience for the vision. But it does not come suddenly. We have already seen it, when the driver stops, points with his whip, and cries, —

"JERUSALEM!"

"What, *that?*"

We are above it and nearly upon it. What we see is chiefly this: the domes and long buildings of the Russian Hospice, on higher ground than the city and concealing a good part of it; a large number of new houses, built of limestone prettily streaked with the red oxide of iron; the roofs of a few of the city houses, and a little portion of the wall that overlooks the Valley of Hinnom. The remainder of the city of David is visible to the imagination.

The suburb through which we pass cannot be called pleasing. Everything outside the walls looks new and naked; the whitish glare of the stone is relieved by little vegetation, and the effect is that of barrenness. As we drive down along the wall of the Russian convent, we begin to meet pilgrims and strangers, with whom the city overflows at this season; many Russian peasants, unkempt, unsavory fellows, with long hair and dirty apparel, but most of them wearing a pelisse trimmed with fur and a huge fur hat. There are coffee-houses and all sorts of cheap booths and shanty shops along the highway. The crowd is motley and far from pleasant; it is sordid, grimy, hard, very different from the more homogeneous, easy, flowing, graceful, and picturesque assemblage of vagabonds at the gate of an Egyptian town. There are Russians, Cossacks, Georgians, Jews, Armenians, Syrians. The northern dirt and squalor and fanaticism do not come gracefully into the Orient. Besides, the rabble is importunate and impudent.

We enter by the Jaffa and Hebron gate, a big square tower, with the exterior entrance to the north and the interior to the eastern, and the short turn is choked with camels and horses and a clamorous crowd. Beside it stands the ruinous citadel of Saladin and the Tower of David, a noble entrance to a mean street. Through the rush of footmen and horsemen, beggars, venders of olive wood, Moslems, Jews, and Greeks, we make our way to the Mediterranean Hotel, a rambling old hostelry. In passing to our rooms we pause a moment upon an open balcony to look down into the green Pool of Hezekiah, and off over the roofs to the Mount of Olives. Having secured our rooms, I hasten along narrow and abominably cobbled streets, mere ditches of stone, lined with mean shops, to the Centre of the Earth, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Charles Dudley Warner.

THE NIGHT-WIND.

AT a lonely inn among the pines
I sit alone in the firelight's glow,
Losing myself in the backlog's mines,
And hearing the night-wind come and go.

And now it threatens, and now it grieves,
Pleads at the lintel, or slams a blind;
Now it prowls, sullen, about the eaves, —
This protean, bitter autumn wind.

Fiercely it swoops on the doorside yew,
As a vulture drops upon its prey;
And now in the throat of the sooty flue
I hear it howl, like a beast at bay.

Now it flies shrieking across the downs,
And now, like a ghost, it whispers me
Of people starving to death in towns,
And of wrecks a thousand leagues at sea!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE AMERICAN.

IV.

EARLY one morning, before Christopher Newman was dressed, a little old man was ushered into his apartment, followed by a youth in a blouse, bearing a picture in a brilliant frame. Newman, among the distractions of Paris, had forgotten M. Nioche and his accomplished daughter; but this was an effective reminder.

"I am afraid you had given me up, sir," said the old man, after many apologies and salutations. "We have made you wait so many days. You accused us, perhaps, of inconstancy, of bad faith. But behold me at last! And behold also the pretty Madonna. Place it on a chair, my friend, in a good light, so that monsieur may admire it." And M. Nioche, addressing his companion, helped him to dispose the work of art.

It had been endued with a layer of varnish an inch thick, and its frame, of an elaborate pattern, was at least a foot wide. It glittered and twinkled in the morning light, and looked, to Newman's eyes, wonderfully splendid and precious. It seemed to him a very happy purchase, and he felt rich in the possession of it. He stood looking at it complacently, while he proceeded with his toilet, and M. Nioche, who had dismissed his own attendant, hovered near, smiling and rubbing his hands.

"It has wonderful *finesse*," he murmured, caressingly. "And here and there there are marvelous touches; you probably perceive them, sir. It attracted great attention on the Boulevard, as we came along. And then a gradation of tones! That 's what it is to know how to paint. I don't say it because I am her father, sir; but as one man of taste addressing another, I cannot help observing that you have there an exquisite work. It is hard to produce such things and to have to part with them. If our means only allowed us the luxury of keeping it! I really may say, sir," — and M. Nioche gave a little feebly insinuating laugh, — "I really may say that I envy you! You see," he added in a moment, "we have taken the liberty of offering you a frame. It increases by a trifle the value of the work, and it will save you the annoyance — so great for a person of your delicacy — of going about to bargain at the shops."

The language spoken by M. Nioche was a singular compound, which I shrink from the attempt to reproduce in its integrity. He had apparently once possessed a certain knowledge of English, and his accent was oddly tinged with the cockneyism of the British metropolis. But his learning had grown rusty with disuse, and his vocabulary was defective and capricious. He had repaired it with large patches of French, with words anglicized by a process of his

own, and with native idioms literally translated. The result, in the form in which he in all humility presented it, would be scarcely comprehensible to the reader, so that I have ventured to trim it and sift it. Newman only half understood it, but it amused him, and the old man's decent forlornness appealed to his democratic instincts. The assumption of a fatality in misery always irritated his strong good nature — it was almost the only thing that did so; and he felt the impulse to wipe it out, as it were, with the sponge of his own prosperity. The papa of Mademoiselle Noémie, however, had apparently on this occasion been vigorously indoctrinated, and he showed a certain tremulous eagerness to cultivate unexpected opportunities.

"How much do I owe you, then, with the frame?" asked Newman.

"It will make in all three thousand francs," said the old man, smiling agreeably, but folding his hands in instinctive suppliance.

"Can you give me a receipt?"

"I have brought one," said M. Nioche. "I took the liberty of drawing it up, in case monsieur should happen to desire to discharge his debt." And he drew a paper from his pocket-book and presented it to his patron. The document was written in a minute, fantastic hand, and couched in the choicest language.

Newman laid down the money, and M. Nioche dropped the napoleons one by one, solemnly and lovingly, into an old leathern purse.

"And how is your young lady?" asked Newman. "She made a great impression on me."

"An impression? Monsieur is very good. Monsieur admires her appearance?"

"She is very pretty, certainly."

"Alas, yes, she is very pretty."

"And what is the harm in her being pretty?"

M. Nioche fixed his eyes upon a spot on the carpet and shook his head. Then looking up at Newman with a gaze that seemed to brighten and expand, "Monsieur knows what Paris is. She is dangerous to beauty, when beauty has n't the sou."

"Ah, but that is not the case with your daughter. She is rich, now."

"Very true; we are rich for six months. But if my daughter were a plain girl I should sleep better, all the same."

"You are afraid of the young men?"

"The young and the old!"

"She ought to get a husband."

"Ah, monsieur, one does n't get a husband for nothing. Her husband must take her as she is; I can't give her a sou. But the young men don't see with that eye."

"Oh," said Newman, "her talent is in itself a dowry."

"Ah, sir, it needs first to be converted into specie!" and M. Nioche slapped his purse tenderly before he stowed it away. "The operation does n't take place every day."

"Well, your young men are very shabby," said Newman; "that 's all I can say. They ought to pay for your daughter, and not ask money themselves."

"Those are very noble ideas, monsieur; but what will you have? They are not the ideas of this country. We want to know what we are about when we marry."

"How big a portion does your daughter want?"

M. Nioche stared, as if he wondered what was coming next; but he promptly recovered himself, at a venture, and replied that he knew a very nice young man, employed by an insurance company, who would content himself with fifteen thousand francs.

"Let your daughter paint half a dozen pictures for me, and she shall have her dowry."

"Half a dozen pictures — her dowry! Monsieur is not speaking inconsiderately?"

"If she will make me six or eight copies in the Louvre as pretty as that Madonna, I will pay her the same price," said Newman.

Poor M. Nioche was speechless a moment, with amazement and gratitude,

and then he seized Newman's hand, pressed it between his own ten fingers, and gazed at him with watery eyes. "As pretty as that? They shall be a thousand times prettier — they shall be magnificent, sublime. Ah, if I only knew how to paint, myself, sir, so that I might lend a hand! What can I do to thank you? *Voyons!*" And he pressed his forehead while he tried to think of something.

"Oh, you have thanked me enough," said Newman.

"Ah, here it is, sir!" cried M. Nioche. "To express my gratitude, I will charge you nothing for the lessons in French conversation."

"The lessons? I had quite forgotten them. Listening to your English," added Newman, laughing, "is almost a lesson in French."

"Ah, I don't profess to teach English, certainly," said M. Nioche. "But for my own admirable tongue I am still at your service."

"Since you are here, then," said Newman, "we will begin. This is a very good hour. I am going to have my coffee; come every morning at half-past nine and have yours with me."

"Monsieur offers me my coffee, also?" cried M. Nioche. "Truly, my *beaux jours* are coming back."

"Come," said Newman, "let us begin. The coffee is almighty hot. How do you say that in French?"

Every day, then, for the following three weeks, the minutely respectable figure of M. Nioche made its appearance, with a series of little inquiring and apologetic obeisances, among the aromatic fumes of Newman's morning beverage. I don't know how much French our friend learned, but, as he himself said, if the attempt did him no good, it could at any rate do him no harm. And it amused him; it gratified that irregularly sociable side of his nature which had always expressed itself in a relish for ungrammatical conversation, and which often, even in his busy and preoccupied days, had made him sit on rail fences in young Western towns, in the twilight, in gossip hardly less than fraternal with humorous loafers and obscure fortune-seekers. He had notions, wherever he went, about talking with the natives; he had been assured, and his judgment approved the advice, that in traveling abroad it was an excellent thing to look into the life of the country. M. Nioche was very much of a native, and though his life might not be particularly worth looking into, he was a palpable and smoothly-rounded unit in that picturesque Parisian civilization which offered our hero so much easy entertainment, and propounded so many curious problems to his inquiring and practical mind. Newman was fond of statistics; he liked to know how things were done; it gratified him to learn what taxes were paid, what profits were gathered, what commercial habits prevailed, how the battle of life was fought. M. Nioche, as a reduced capitalist, was familiar with these considerations, and he formulated his information, which he was proud to be able to impart, in the neatest possible terms and with a pinch of snuff between finger and thumb. As a Frenchman — quite apart from Newman's napoleons — M. Nioche loved conversation, and even in his decay his urbanity had not grown rusty. As a Frenchman, too, he could give a clear account of things, and — still as a Frenchman — when his knowledge was at fault he could supply its lapses with the most convenient and ingenious hypotheses. The little shrunken financier was intensely delighted to have questions asked him, and he scraped together information, by frugal processes, and took notes, in his little greasy pocket-book, of incidents which might interest his munificent friend. He read old almanacs at the book-stalls on the quays, and he began to frequent another *café*, where more newspapers were taken and his post-prandial *demi-tasse* cost him a penny extra, and where he used to con the tattered sheets for curious anecdotes, freaks of nature, and strange coincidences. He would relate with solemnity the next morning that a child of five years of age had lately died at Bordeaux, whose brain had been found to weigh sixty ounces — the brain

of a Napoleon or a Washington! or that Madame P——, *charcutière* in the Rue de Clichy, had found in the wadding of an old petticoat the sum of three hundred and sixty francs, which she had lost five years before. He pronounced his words with great distinctness and sonority, and Newman assured him that his way of dealing with the French tongue was very superior to the bewildering chatter that he heard in other mouths. Upon this M. Nioche's accent became more finely trenchant than ever; he offered to read extracts from Lamartine, and he protested that, although he did endeavor according to his feeble lights to cultivate refinement of diction, monsieur, if he wanted the real thing, should go to the Théâtre Français.

Newman took an interest in French thriftiness and conceived a lively admiration for Parisian economics. His own economic genius was so entirely for operations on a larger scale, and, to move at his ease, he needed so imperatively the sense of great risks and great prizes, that he found an ungrudging entertainment in the spectacle of fortunes made by the aggregation of copper coins, and in the minute subdivision of labor and profit. He questioned M. Nioche about his own manner of life, and felt a friendly mixture of compassion and respect over the recital of his economical achievements. The worthy man told him how, at one period, he and his daughter had supported existence, comfortably, upon the sum of fifteen sous *per diem;* recently, having succeeded in hauling ashore the last floating fragments of the wreck of his fortune, his budget had been a trifle more ample. But they still had to count their sous very narrowly, and M. Nioche intimated with a sigh that Mademoiselle Noémie did not bring to this task that zealous coöperation which might have been desired.

"But what will you have?" he asked, philosophically. "One is young, one is pretty, one needs new dresses and fresh gloves; one can't wear shabby gowns among the splendors of the Louvre."

"But your daughter earns enough to pay for her own clothes," said Newman.

M. Nioche looked at him with weak, uncertain eyes. He would have liked to be able to say that his daughter's talents were appreciated, and that her crooked little daubs commanded a market; but it seemed a scandal to abuse the credulity of this free-handed stranger, who, without a suspicion or a question, had admitted him to equal social rights. He compromised, and declared that while it was obvious that Mademoiselle Noémie's reproductions of the old masters had only to be seen to be coveted, the prices which, in consideration of their altogether peculiar degree of finish, she felt obliged to ask for them had kept purchasers at a respectful distance. "Poor little one!" said M. Nioche, with a sigh; "it is almost a pity that her work is so perfect! It would be in her interest to paint less well."

"But if Mademoiselle Noémie has this devotion to her art," Newman once observed, "why should you have those fears for her that you spoke of the other day?"

M. Nioche meditated: there was an inconsistency in his position; it made him chronically uncomfortable. Though he had no desire to destroy the goose with the golden eggs, — Newman's benevolent confidence, — he felt a tremulous impulse to speak out all his trouble. "Ah, she is an artist, my dear sir, most assuredly," he declared. "But, to tell you the truth, she is also a *franche coquette.* I am sorry to say," he added in a moment, shaking his head with a world of harmless bitterness, "that she comes honestly by it. Her mother was one before her!"

"You were not happy with your wife?" Newman asked.

M. Nioche gave half a dozen little backward jerks of his head. "She was my purgatory, monsieur!"

"She deceived you?"

"Under my nose, year after year. I was too stupid, and the temptation was too great. But I found her out at last. I have only been once in my life a man

to be afraid of; I know it very well: it was in that hour! Nevertheless I don't like to think of it. I loved her — I can't tell you how much. She was a bad woman."

"She is not living?"

"She has gone to her account."

"Her influence on your daughter, then," said Newman encouragingly, "is not to be feared."

"She cared no more for her daughter than for the sole of her shoe! But Noémie has no need of influence. She is sufficient to herself. She is stronger than I."

"She does n't obey you, eh?"

"She can't obey, monsieur, since I don't command. What would be the use? It would only irritate her and drive her to some *coup de tête*. She is very clever, like her mother; she would waste no time about it. As a child, — when I was happy, or supposed I was, — she studied drawing and painting with first-class professors, and they assured me she had a talent. I was delighted to believe it, and when I went into society I used to carry her pictures with me in a portfolio and hand them round to the company. I remember, once, a lady thought I was offering them for sale, and I took it very ill. We don't know what we may come to! Then came my dark days, and my explosion with Madame Nioche. Noémie had no more twenty-franc lessons; but in the course of time, when she grew older and it became highly expedient that she should do something that would help to keep us alive, she bethought herself of her palette and brushes. Some of our friends in the *quartier* pronounced the idea fantastic; they recommended her to try bonnet making, to get a situation in a shop, or — if she was more ambitious — to advertise for a place of *dame de compagnie*. She did advertise, and an old lady wrote her a letter and bade her come and see her. The old lady liked her, and offered her her living and six hundred francs a year; but Noémie discovered that she passed her life in her arm-chair and had only two visitors, her confessor and her nephew: the confessor very strict, and the nephew a man of fifty with a broken nose and a government clerkship of two thousand francs. She threw her old lady over, bought a paint-box, a canvas, and a new dress, and went and set up her easel in the Louvre. There, in one place and another, she has passed the last two years; I can't say it has made us millionaires. But Noémie tells me that Rome was not built in a day, that she is making great progress and I must leave her to her own devices. The fact is, without prejudice to her genius, that she has no idea of burying herself alive. She likes to see the world, and to be seen. She says, herself, that she can't work in the dark. With her appearance it is very natural. Only, I can't help worrying and trembling and wondering what may happen to her there all alone, day after day, amid all that coming and going of strangers. I can't be always at her side. I go with her in the morning, and I come to fetch her away, but she won't have me near her in the interval; she says I make her nervous. As if it did n't make me nervous to wander about all day without her. Ah, if anything were to happen to her!" cried M. Nioche, clenching his two fists and chucking back his head again, portentously.

"Oh, I guess nothing will happen," said Newman.

"I believe I should shoot her!" said the old man, solemnly.

"Oh, we 'll marry her," said Newman, "since that 's how you manage it; and I will go and see her to-morrow at the Louvre and pick out the pictures she is to copy for me."

M. Nioche had brought Newman a message from his daughter, in acceptance of his magnificent commission, the young lady declaring herself his most devoted servant, promising her most zealous endeavor, and regretting that the proprieties forbade her coming to thank him in person. The morning after the conversation just narrated, Newman reverted to his intention of meeting Mademoiselle Noémie at the Louvre. M. Nioche appeared preoccupied, and left his budget of anecdotes unopened; he took a great

deal of snuff, and sent certain oblique, appealing glances toward his stalwart pupil. At last, when he was taking his leave, he stood a moment, after he had polished his hat with his calico pocket-handkerchief, with his small, pale eyes fixed strangely upon Newman.

"What 's the matter?" our hero demanded.

"Excuse the solicitude of a father's heart!" said M. Nioche. "You inspire me with boundless confidence, but I can't help giving you a warning. After all, you are a man, you are young and at liberty. Let me beseech you, then, to respect the innocence of Mademoiselle Nioche!"

Newman had wondered what was coming, and at this he broke into a laugh. He was on the point of declaring that his own innocence struck him as the more exposed, but he contented himself with promising to treat the young girl with nothing less than veneration. He found her waiting for him, seated upon the great divan in the Salon Carré. She was not in her working-day costume, but wore her bonnet and gloves and carried her parasol, in honor of the occasion. These articles had been selected with unerring taste, and a fresher, prettier image of youthful alertness and blooming discretion was not to be conceived. She made Newman a most respectful courtesy and expressed her gratitude for his liberality in a wonderfully graceful little speech. It annoyed him to have a charming young girl stand there thanking him, and it made him feel uncomfortable to think that this perfect young lady, with her excellent manners and her finished intonation, was literally in his pay. He assured her, in such French as he could muster, that the thing was not worth mentioning, and that he consided her services a great favor.

"Whenever you please, then," said Mademoiselle Noémie, "we will pass the review."

They walked slowly round the room, then passed into the others and strolled about for half an hour. Mademoiselle Noémie evidently relished her situation, and had no desire to bring her public interview with her striking-looking patron to a close. Newman perceived that prosperity agreed with her. The little thin-lipped, peremptory air with which she had addressed her father on the occasion of their former meeting had given place to the most lingering and caressing tones.

"What sort of pictures do you desire?" she asked. "Sacred, or profane?"

"Oh, a few of each," said Newman. "But I want something bright and gay."

"Something gay? There is nothing very gay in this solemn old Louvre. But we will see what we can find. You speak French to-day like a charm. My father has done wonders."

"Oh, I am a bad subject," said Newman. "I am too old to learn a language."

"Too old? *Quelle folie!*" cried Mademoiselle Noémie, with a clear, shrill laugh. "You are a very young man. And how do you like my father?"

"He is a very nice old gentleman. He never laughs at my blunders."

"He is very *comme il faut*, my papa," said Mademoiselle Noémie, "and as honest as the day. Oh, an exceptional probity! You could trust him with millions."

"Do you always obey him?" asked Newman.

"Obey him?"

"Do you do what he bids you?"

The young girl stopped and looked at him; she had a spot of color in either cheek, and in her expressive French eye, which projected too much for perfect beauty, there was a slight gleam of audacity. "Why do you ask me that?" she demanded.

"Because I want to know."

"You think me a bad girl?" And she gave a strange smile.

Newman looked at her a moment; he saw that she was pretty, but he was not in the least dazzled. He remembered poor M. Nioche's solicitude for her "innocence," and he laughed out again as his eyes met hers. Her face was the

oddest mixture of youth and maturity, and beneath her candid brow her searching little smile seemed to contain a world of ambiguous intentions. She was pretty enough, certainly, to make her father nervous; but, as regards her innocence, Newman felt ready on the spot to affirm that she had never parted with it. She had simply never had any; she had been looking at the world since she was ten years old, and he would have been a wise man who could tell her any secrets. In her long mornings at the Louvre she had not only studied Madonnas and St. Johns; she had kept an eye upon all the variously embodied human nature around her, and she had formed her conclusions. In a certain sense, it seemed to Newman, M. Nioche might be at rest; his daughter might do something very audacious, but she would never do anything foolish. Newman, with his long-drawn, leisurely smile, and his even, unhurried utterance, was always, mentally, taking his time; and he asked himself, now, what she was looking at him in that way for. He had an idea that she would like him to confess that he did think her a bad girl.

"Oh, no," he said at last; "it would be very bad manners in me to judge you in that way. I don't know you."

"But my father has complained to you," said Mademoiselle Noémie.

"He says you are a coquette."

"He should n't go about saying such things to gentlemen! But you don't believe it."

"No," said Newman gravely, "I don't believe it."

She looked at him again, gave a shrug and a smile, and then pointed to a small picture of the Italian school, a Marriage of St. Catherine. "How should you like that?" she asked.

"It does n't please me," said Newman. "The young lady in the yellow dress is not pretty."

"Ah, you are a great connoisseur," murmured Mademoiselle Noémie.

"In pictures? oh, no; I know very little about them."

"In pretty women, then."

"In that I am hardly better."

"What do you say to that, then?" the young girl asked, indicating a superb Italian portrait of a lady. "I will do it for you on a smaller scale."

"On a smaller scale? Why not as large as the original?"

Mademoiselle Noémie glanced at the glowing splendor of the Venetian masterpiece and gave a little toss of her head. "I don't like that woman. She looks stupid."

"I do like her," said Newman. "Decidedly, I must have her, as large as life. And just as stupid as she is there."

The young girl fixed her eyes on him again, and with her strange smile, "It certainly ought to be easy for me to make her look stupid!" she said.

"What do you mean?" asked Newman, puzzled.

She gave another little shrug. "Seriously, then, you want that portrait — the golden hair, the purple satin, the pearl necklace, the two magnificent arms!"

"Everything — just as it is."

"Would nothing else do, instead?"

"Oh, I want some other things, but I want that too."

Mademoiselle Noémie turned away a moment, walked to the other side of the hall, and stood there, looking vaguely about her. At last she came back. "It must be charming to be able to order pictures at such a rate. Venetian portraits, as large as life! You go at it *en prince*. And you are going to travel about Europe that way?"

"Yes, I intend to travel," said Newman.

"Ordering, buying, spending money."

"Of course I shall spend some money."

"You are very happy to have it. And you are perfectly free?"

"How do you mean, free?"

"You have nothing to bother you — no family, no wife, no *fiancée?*"

"Yes, I am tolerably free."

"You are very happy," said Mademoiselle Noémie, gravely.

"Je le veux bien!" said Newman, proving that he had learned more French than he admitted.

"And how long shall you stay in Paris?" the young girl went on.

"Only a few days more."

"Why do you go away?"

"It is getting hot, and I must go to Switzerland."

"To Switzerland? That's a fine country. I would give my new pair of gloves to see it! Lakes and mountains, romantic valleys and icy peaks! Oh, I congratulate you. Meanwhile, I shall sit here through all the hot summer, daubing at your pictures."

"Oh, take your time about it," said Newman. "Do them at your convenience."

They walked farther and looked at a dozen other things. Newman pointed out what pleased him, and Mademoiselle Noémie generally criticised it, and proposed something else. Then suddenly she diverged and began to talk about some personal matter.

"What made you speak to me the other day in the Salon Carré?" she abruptly asked.

"I admired your picture."

"But you hesitated a long time."

"Oh, I do nothing rashly," said Newman.

"Yes, I saw you watching me. But I never supposed you were going to speak to me. I never dreamed I should be walking about here with you to-day. It's very curious."

"It is very natural," observed Newman.

"Oh, I beg your pardon; not to me. Coquette as you think me, I have never walked about in public with a gentleman before. What was my father thinking of, when he consented to our interview?"

"He was repenting of his unjust accusations," replied Newman.

Mademoiselle Noémie remained silent; at last she dropped into a seat. "Well then, for those five it is fixed," she said. "Five copies as brilliant and beautiful as I can make them. We have one more to choose. Would n't you like one of those great Rubenses — the marriage of Marie de Médicis? Just look at it and see how handsome it is."

"Oh, yes; I should like that," said Newman. "Finish off with that."

"Finish off with that — good!" And she laughed. She sat a moment, looking at him, and then she suddenly rose and stood before him, with her hands hanging and clasped in front of her. "I don't understand you," she said, with a smile. "I don't understand how a man can be so ignorant."

"Oh, I am ignorant, certainly," said Newman, putting his hands into his pockets.

"It's ridiculous! I don't know how to paint."

"You don't know how?"

"I paint like a cat; I can't draw a straight line. I never sold a picture until you bought that thing the other day." And as she offered this surprising information she continued to smile.

Newman burst into a laugh. "Why do you tell me this?" he asked.

"Because it irritates me to see a clever man blunder so. My pictures are grotesque."

"And the one I possess" —

"That one is rather worse than usual."

"Well," said Newman, "I like it all the same!"

She looked at him askance. "That is a very nice thing to say," she answered; "but it is my duty to warn you before you go further. This order of yours is impossible, you know. What do you take me for? It is work for ten men. You pick out the six most difficult pictures in the Louvre, and you expect me to go to work as if I were sitting down to hem a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs. I wanted to see how far you would go."

Newman looked at the young girl in some perplexity. In spite of the ridiculous blunder of which he stood convicted, he was very far from being a simpleton, and he had a lively suspicion that Mademoiselle Noémie's sudden frankness was not essentially more honest than her leaving him in error would have been. She was playing a game; she was not simply taking pity on his æsthetic verdancy. What was it she expected to

win? The stakes were high and the risk was great; the prize therefore must have been commensurate. But even granting that the prize might be great, Newman could not resist a movement of admiration for his companion's intrepidity. She was throwing away with one hand, whatever she might intend to do with the other, a very handsome sum of money.

"Are you joking," he said, "or are you serious?"

"Oh, serious!" cried Mademoiselle Noémie, but with her extraordinary smile.

"I know very little about pictures or how they are painted. If you can't do all that, of course you can't. Do what you can, then."

"It will be very bad," said Mademoiselle Noémie.

"Oh," said Newman, laughing, "if you are determined it shall be bad, of course it will. But why do you go on painting badly?"

"I can do nothing else; I have no real talent."

"You are deceiving your father, then."

The young girl hesitated a moment. "He knows very well!" she said.

"No," Newman declared; "I am sure he believes in you."

"He is afraid of me. I go on painting badly, as you say, because I want to learn. I like it, at any rate. And I like being here; it is a place to come to, every day; it is better than sitting in a little dark, damp room, on a court, or selling buttons and whalebones over a counter."

"Of course it is much more amusing," said Newman. "But for a poor girl is n't it rather an expensive amusement?"

"Oh, I am very wrong, there is no doubt about that," said Mademoiselle Noémie. "But rather than earn my living as some girls do, — toiling with a needle, in little black holes, out of the world, — I would throw myself into the Seine."

"There is no need of that," Newman answered; "your father told you my offer?"

"Your offer?"

"He wants you to marry, and I told him I would give you a chance to earn your *dot*."

"He told me all about it, and you see the account I make of it! Why should you take such an interest in my marriage?"

"My interest was in your father. I hold to my offer; do what you can, and I will buy what you paint."

She stood for some time, meditating, with her eyes on the ground. At last, looking up, "What sort of a husband can you get for twelve thousand francs?" she asked.

"Your father tells me he knows some very good young men."

"Grocers and butchers! I will not marry at all if I can't marry well."

"I would advise you not to be too fastidious," said Newman. "That 's all the advice I can give you."

"I am very much vexed at what I have said!" cried the young girl. "It has done me no good! But I could n't help it."

"What good did you expect it to do you?"

"I could n't help it, simply."

Newman looked at her a moment. "Well, your pictures may be bad," he said, "but you are too clever for me, nevertheless. I don't understand you. Good-by!" And he put out his hand.

She made no response, and offered him no farewell. She turned away and seated herself sidewise on a bench, leaning her head on the back of her hand, which clasped the rail in front of the pictures. Newman stood a moment and then turned on his heel and retreated. He had understood her better than he confessed; this singular scene was a practical commentary upon her father's statement that she was a "franche coquette."

V.

When Newman related to Mrs. Tristram his fruitless visit to Madame de Cintré, she urged him not to be discouraged, but to carry out his plan of "see-

ing Europe" during the summer, and return to Paris in the autumn and settle down comfortably for the winter. "Madame de Cintré will keep," she said; "she is not a woman who will marry from one day to another." Newman made no distinct affirmation that he would come back to Paris; he even talked about Rome and the Nile, and abstained from professing any especial interest in Madame de Cintré's continued widowhood. This circumstance was at variance with his habitual frankness, and may perhaps be regarded as characteristic of the incipient stage of that passion which is more particularly known as the romantic one. The truth is that the expression of a pair of eyes that were at once brilliant and mild had become very familiar to his memory, and he would not easily have resigned himself to the prospect of never looking into them again. He communicated to Mrs. Tristram a number of other facts, of greater or less importance, as you choose; but on this particular point he kept his own counsel. He took a kindly leave of M. Nioche, having assured him that, so far as he was concerned, the blue-cloaked Madonna herself might have been present at his interview with Mademoiselle Noémie; and left the old man nursing his breast-pocket, in an ecstasy which the acutest misfortune might have been defied to dissipate. Newman then started on his travels, with all his usual appearance of slow-strolling leisure, and all his essential directness and intensity of aim. No man seemed less in a hurry, and yet no man achieved more in brief periods. He had certain practical instincts which served him excellently in his trade of tourist. He found his way in foreign cities by divination, his memory was excellent when once his attention had been at all cordially given, and he emerged from dialogues in foreign tongues, of which he had, formally, not understood a word, in full possession of the particular fact he had desired to ascertain. His appetite for facts was capacious, and although many of those which he noted would have seemed wofully dry and colorless to the ordinary sentimental traveler, a careful inspection of the list would have shown that he had a soft spot in his imagination. In the charming city of Brussels — his first stopping-place after leaving Paris — he asked a great many questions about the street-cars, and took extreme satisfaction in the reappearance of this familiar symbol of American civilization; but he was also greatly struck with the beautiful Gothic tower of the Hôtel de Ville, and wondered whether it would not be possible to "get up" something like it in San Francisco. He stood for half an hour in the crowded square before this edifice, in imminent danger from carriage-wheels, listening to a toothless old cicerone mumble in broken English the touching history of Counts Egmont and Horn; and he wrote the names of these gentlemen — for reasons best known to himself — on the back of an old letter.

At the outset, on his leaving Paris, his curiosity had not been intense; passive entertainment, in the Champs Élysées and at the theatres, seemed about as much as he need expect of himself, and although, as he had said to Tristram, he wanted to see the mysterious, satisfying *best*, he had not the grand tour in the least on his conscience, and was not given to cross-questioning the amusement of the hour. He believed that Europe was made for him, and not he for Europe. He had said that he wanted to improve his mind, but he would have felt a certain embarrassment, a certain shame, even, — a false shame, possibly, — if he had caught himself looking intellectually, as it were, into the mirror. Neither in this nor in any other respect had Newman a high sense of responsibility; it was his prime conviction that a man's life should be easy, and that he should be able to resolve privilege into a matter of course. The world to his sense was a great bazar, where one might stroll about and purchase handsome things, but he was no more conscious, individually, of social pressure than he admitted the existence of such a thing as an obligatory purchase. He had not only a dislike, but a sort of moral mistrust, of uncomfort-

able thoughts, and it was both uncomfortable and slightly contemptible to feel obliged to square one's self with a standard. One's standard was the ideal of one's own good-humored prosperity, the prosperity which enabled one to give as well as take. To expand, without bothering about it, — without shiftless timidity on one side, or loquacious eagerness on the other, — to the full compass of what he would have called a "pleasant" experience, was Newman's most definite programme of life. He had always hated to hurry to catch railroad trains, and yet he had always caught them; and just so an undue solicitude for "culture" seemed a sort of silly dawdling at the station, a proceeding properly confined to women, foreigners, and other unpractical persons. All this admitted, Newman enjoyed his journey, when once he had fairly entered the current, as profoundly as the most zealous *dilettante*. One's theories, after all, matter little; it is one's humor that is the great thing. Our friend was intelligent, and he could not help that. He lounged through Belgium and Holland and the Rhineland, through Switzerland and Northern Italy, planning about nothing, but seeing everything. The guides and *valets de place* found him an excellent subject. He was always approachable, for he was much addicted to standing about in the vestibules and porticoes of inns, and he availed himself little of the opportunities for impressive seclusion which are so liberally offered in Europe to gentlemen who travel with long purses. When an excursion, a church, a gallery, a ruin, was proposed to him, the first thing Newman usually did, after surveying his postulant in silence, from head to foot, was to sit down at a little table and order something to drink. The cicerone, during this process, usually retreated to a respectful distance; otherwise I am not sure that Newman would not have bidden him sit down and have a glass also, and tell him as an honest fellow whether his church or his gallery was really worth a man's trouble. At last he rose and stretched his long legs, beckoned to the man of monuments, looked at his watch, and fixed his eye on his adversary. "What is it?" he asked. "How far?" And whatever the answer was, although he sometimes seemed to hesitate, he never declined. He stepped into an open cab, made his conductor sit beside him to answer questions, bade the driver go fast (he had a particular aversion to slow driving), and rolled, in all probability through a dusty suburb, to the goal of his pilgrimage. If the goal was a disappointment, if the church was meagre, or the ruin a heap of rubbish, Newman never protested or berated his cicerone; he looked with an impartial eye upon great monuments and small, made the guide recite his lesson, listened to it religiously, asked if there was nothing else to be seen in the neighborhood, and drove back again at a rattling pace. It is to be feared that his perception of the difference between good architecture and bad was not acute, and that he might sometimes have been seen gazing with culpable serenity at inferior productions. Ugly churches were a part of his pastime in Europe, as well as beautiful ones, and his tour was altogether a pastime. But there is sometimes nothing like the imagination of those people who have none, and Newman, now and then, in an unguided stroll in a foreign city, before some lonely, sad-towered church, or some angular image of one who had rendered civic service in an unknown past, had felt a curious inward tremor. It was not an excitement or a perplexity; it was a placid, fathomless sense of diversion.

He encountered by chance in Holland a young American, with whom, for a time, he formed a sort of traveler's partnership. They were men of a very different cast, but each, in his way, was so good a fellow that, for a few weeks at least, it seemed something of a pleasure to share the chances of the road. Newman's comrade, whose name was Babcock, was a young Unitarian minister; a small, spare, neatly-attired man, with a strikingly candid physiognomy. He was a native of Dorchester, Massachusetts, and had spiritual charge of a small

congregation in another suburb of the New England metropolis. His digestion was weak, and he lived chiefly on Graham bread and hominy — a regimen to which he was so much attached that his tour seemed to him destined to be blighted when, on landing on the Continent, he found that these delicacies did not flourish under the *table d'hôte* system. In Paris he had purchased a bag of hominy at an establishment which called itself an American agency, and at which the New York illustrated papers were also to be procured, and he had carried it about with him, and shown extreme serenity and fortitude in the somewhat delicate position of having his hominy prepared for him and served at anomalous hours, at the hotels he successively visited. Newman had once spent a morning, in the course of business, at Mr. Babcock's birthplace, and, for reasons too recondite to unfold, his visit there always assumed in his mind a jocular cast. To carry out his joke, which certainly seems poor, so long as it is not explained, he used often to address his companion as "Dorchester." Fellow-travelers very soon grow intimate; but it is highly improbable that at home these extremely dissimilar characters would have found any very convenient points of contact. They were, indeed, as different as possible. Newman, who never reflected on such matters, accepted the situation with great equanimity, but Babcock used to meditate over it privately; used often, indeed, to retire to his room early in the evening for the express purpose of considering it conscientiously and impartially. He was not sure that it was a good thing for him to associate with our hero, whose way of taking life was so little his own. Newman was an excellent, generous fellow; Mr. Babcock sometimes said to himself that he was a noble fellow, and, certainly, it was impossible not to like him. But would it not be desirable to try to exert an influence upon him, to try to quicken his moral life and sharpen his sense of duty? He liked everything, he accepted everything, he found amusement in everything; he was not discriminating, he had not a high tone. The young man from Dorchester accused Newman of a fault which he considered very grave, and which he did his best to avoid: what he would have called a want of "moral reaction." Poor Mr. Babcock was extremely fond of pictures and churches, and carried Mrs. Jameson's works about in his trunk; he delighted in æsthetic analysis, and received the most delicate impressions from everything he saw. But nevertheless in his secret soul he detested Europe, and he felt an irritating need to protest against Newman's gross intellectual hospitality. Mr. Babcock's moral *malaise*, I am afraid, lay deeper than where any definition of mine can reach it. He mistrusted the European temperament, he suffered from the European climate, he hated the European dinner-hour; European life seemed to him unscrupulous and impure. And yet he had an exquisite sense of beauty; and as beauty was often inextricably associated with the above displeasing conditions, as he wished, above all, to be just and dispassionate, and as he was, furthermore, extremely devoted to "culture," he could not bring himself to decide that Europe was utterly bad. But he thought it was very bad indeed, and his quarrel with Newman was that this unregulated epicure had a sadly insufficient perception of the bad. Babcock himself really knew as little about the bad, in any quarter of the world, as a nursing infant; his most vivid realization of evil had been the discovery that one of his college classmates, who was studying architecture in Paris, had a love affair with a young woman who did not expect him to marry her. Babcock had related this incident to Newman, and our hero had applied an epithet of an unflattering sort to the young girl. The next day his companion asked him whether he was very sure he had used exactly the right word to characterize the young architect's mistress. Newman stared and laughed. "There are a great many words to express that idea," he said; "you can take your choice."

"Oh, I mean," said Babcock, "was

she possibly not to be considered in a different light? Don't you think she *really* expected him to marry her?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Newman. "Very likely she did; I have no doubt she is a noble woman." And he began to laugh again.

"I did n't mean that either," said Babcock; "I was only afraid that I might have seemed yesterday not to remember — not to consider; well, I think I will write to Percival about it."

And he had written to Percival (who answered him in a really impudent fashion), and he had reflected that it was, somehow, raw and reckless in Newman to assume in that off-hand manner that the young woman in Paris might be "noble." The brevity of Newman's judgments very often shocked and discomposed him. He had a way of damning people without further appeal, or of pronouncing them capital company in the face of uncomfortable symptoms, which seemed unworthy of a man whose conscience had been properly cultivated. And yet poor Babcock liked him, and remembered that even if he was sometimes perplexing and painful, this was not a reason for giving him up. Goethe recommended seeing human nature in the most various forms, and Mr. Babcock thought Goethe perfectly splendid. He often tried, in odd half-hours of conversation, to infuse into Newman a little of his own spiritual starch, but Newman's personal texture was too loose to admit of stiffening. His mind could no more hold principles than a sieve can hold water. He admired principles extremely, and thought Babcock a mighty fine little fellow for having so many. He accepted all that his high-strung companion offered him, and put them away in what he supposed to be a very safe place; but poor Babcock never afterwards recognized his gifts among the articles that Newman had in daily use.

They traveled together through Germany and into Switzerland, where for three or four weeks they trudged over passes and lounged upon blue lakes. At last they crossed the Simplon and made their way to Venice. Mr. Babcock had become gloomy and even a trifle irritable; he seemed moody, absent, preoccupied; he got his plans into a tangle, and talked one moment of doing one thing and the next of doing another. Newman led his usual life, made acquaintances, took his ease in the galleries and churches, spent an unconscionable amount of time in strolling in the Piazza San Marco, bought a great many bad pictures, and for a fortnight enjoyed Venice grossly. One evening, coming back to his inn, he found Babcock waiting for him in the little garden beside it. The young man walked up to him, looking very dismal, thrust out his hand, and said with solemnity that he was afraid they must part. Newman expressed his surprise and regret, and asked why a parting had become necessary. "Don't be afraid I 'm tired of you," he said.

"You are not tired of me?" demanded Babcock, fixing him with his clear gray eye.

"Why the deuce should I be? You are a very plucky fellow. Besides, I don't grow tired of things."

"We don't understand each other," said the young minister.

"Don't I understand you?" cried Newman. "Why, I hoped I did. But what if I don't; where 's the harm?"

"I don't understand you," said Babcock. And he sat down and rested his head on his hand, and looked up mournfully at his immeasurable friend.

"Oh Lord, I don't mind that!" cried Newman, with a laugh.

"But it 's very distressing to me. It keeps me in a state of unrest. It irritates me; I can't settle anything. I don't think it 's good for me."

"You worry too much; that 's what 's the matter with you," said Newman.

"Of course it must seem so to you. You think I take things too hard, and I think you take things too easily. We can never agree."

"But we have agreed very well all along."

"No, I have n't agreed," said Babcock, shaking his head. "I am very uncomfortable. I ought to have separated from you a month ago."

"Oh, horrors! I'll agree to anything!" cried Newman.

Mr. Babcock buried his head in both hands. At last, looking up, "I don't think you appreciate my position," he said. "I try to arrive at the truth about everything. And then you go too fast. For me, you are too passionate, too extravagant. I feel as if I ought to go over all this ground we have traversed again, by myself, alone. I am afraid I have made a great many mistakes."

"Oh, you need n't give so many reasons," said Newman. "You are simply tired of my company. You have a good right to be."

"No, no, I am not tired!" cried the pestered young divine. "It is very wrong to be tired."

"I give it up!" laughed Newman. "But of course it will never do to go on making mistakes. Go your way, by all means. I shall miss you; but you have seen I make friends very easily. You will be lonely, yourself; but drop me a line, when you feel like it, and I will wait for you anywhere."

"I think I will go back to Milan. I am afraid I did n't do justice to Luini."

"Poor Luini!" said Newman.

"I mean that I am afraid I overestimated him. I don't think that he is a painter of the first rank."

"Luini?" Newman exclaimed; "why, he 's enchanting — he 's magnificent! There is something in his genius that is like a beautiful woman. It gives one the same feeling."

Mr. Babcock frowned, and flinched. And it must be added that this was, for Newman, an unusually metaphysical flight; but in passing through Milan he had taken a great fancy to the painter. "There you are again!" said Mr. Babcock. "Yes, we had better separate." And on the morrow he retraced his steps and proceeded to tone down his impressions of the great Lombard artist.

A few days afterwards Newman received a note from his late companion which ran as follows:—

My dear Mr. Newman, — I am afraid that my conduct at Venice, a week ago, seemed to you strange and ungrateful, and I wish to explain my position, which, as I said at the time, I do not think you appreciate. I had long had it on my mind to propose that we should part company, and this step was not really so abrupt as it seemed. In the first place, you know, I am traveling in Europe on funds supplied by my congregation, who kindly offered me a vacation and an opportunity to enrich my mind with the treasures of nature and art in the Old World. I feel, therefore, as if I ought to use my time to the very best advantage. I have a high sense of responsibility. You appear to care only for the pleasure of the hour, and you give yourself up to it with a violence which I confess I am not able to emulate. I feel as if I must arrive at some conclusion and fix my belief on certain points. Art and life seem to me intensely serious things, and in our travels in Europe we should especially remember the immense seriousness of art. You seem to hold that if a thing amuses you for the moment, that is all you need ask for it; and your relish for mere amusement is also much higher than mine. You put, moreover, a kind of reckless confidence into your pleasure which at times, I confess, has seemed to me — shall I say it? — almost cynical. Your way at any rate is not my way, and it is unwise that we should attempt any longer to pull together. And yet, let me add that I know there is a great deal to be said for your way; I have felt its attraction, in your society, very strongly. But for this I should have left you long ago. But I was so perplexed. I hope I have not done wrong. I feel as if I had a great deal of lost time to make up. I beg you take all this as I mean it, which, Heaven knows, is not invidiously. I have a great personal esteem for you, and hope that some day, when I have recovered my balance, we shall meet again. I hope you will continue to enjoy your travels; only *do* remember that life and art *are* extremely serious. Believe me your sincere friend and well wisher, Benjamin Babcock.

P. S. I am greatly perplexed by Luini.

This letter produced in Newman's mind a singular mixture of exhilaration and awe. At first, Mr. Babcock's tender conscience seemed to him a capital farce, and his traveling back to Milan only to get into a deeper muddle appeared, as the reward of his pedantry, exquisitely and ludicrously just. Then Newman reflected that these are mighty mysteries; that possibly he himself was indeed that baleful and barely mentionable thing, a cynic, and that his manner of considering the treasures of art and the privileges of life was probably very base and immoral. Newman had a great contempt for immorality, and that evening, for a good half-hour, as he sat watching the star-sheen in the warm Adriatic, he felt rebuked and depressed. He was at a loss how to answer Babcock's letter. His good nature checked his resenting the young minister's lofty admonitions, and his tough, inelastic sense of humor forbade his taking them seriously. He wrote no answer at all, but a day or two afterward he found in a curiosity-shop a grotesque little statuette in ivory, of the sixteenth century, which he sent off to Babcock without a commentary. It represented a gaunt, ascetic-looking monk, in a tattered gown and cowl, kneeling with clasped hands and pulling a portentously long face. It was a wonderfully delicate piece of carving, and in a moment, through one of the rents of his gown, you espied a fat capon hung round his waist. In Newman's intention, what did the figure symbolize? Did it mean that he was going to try to be as "high-toned" as the monk looked at first, but that he feared he should succeed no better than the friar, on a closer inspection, proved to have done? It is not supposable that he intended a satire upon Babcock's own asceticism, for this would have been a truly cynical stroke. He made his late companion, at any rate, a very valuable little present.

Newman, on leaving Venice, went through the Tyrol to Vienna, and then returned westward, through Southern Germany. The autumn found him at Baden-Baden, where he spent several weeks. The place was charming, and he was in no hurry to depart; besides, he was looking about him and deciding what to do for the winter. His summer had been very full, and as he sat under the great trees beside the miniature river that trickles past the Baden flower-beds, he slowly rummaged it over. He had seen and done a great deal, enjoyed and observed a great deal; he felt older, and yet he felt younger too. He remembered Mr. Babcock and his desire to form conclusions, and he remembered also that he had profited very little by his friend's exhortation to cultivate the same respectable habit. Could he not scrape together a few conclusions? Baden-Baden was the prettiest place he had seen yet, and orchestral music in the evening, under the stars, was decidedly a great institution. This was one of his conclusions. But he went on to reflect that he had done very wisely to pull up stakes and come abroad; this seeing of the world was a very interesting thing. He had learned a great deal; he could n't say just what, but he had it there under his hat-band. He had done what he wanted; he had seen the great things, and he had given his mind a chance to "improve," if it would. He cheerfully believed that it had improved. Yes, this seeing of the world was very pleasant, and he would willingly do a little more of it. Thirty-six years old as he was, he had a handsome stretch of life before him yet, and he need not begin to count his weeks. Where should he take the world next? I have said he remembered the eyes of the lady whom he had found standing in Mrs. Tristram's drawing-room; four months had elapsed, and he had not forgotten them yet. He had looked — he had made a point of looking — into a great many other eyes in the interval, but the only ones he thought of now were Madame de Cintré's. If he wanted to see more of the world, should he find it in Madame de Cintré's eyes? He would certainly find something there, call it this world or the next. Throughout these rather formless meditations he sometimes thought of his past life and

the long array of years (they had begun so early) during which he had had nothing in his head but "enterprise." They seemed far away now, for his present attitude was more than a holiday, it was almost a rupture. He had told Tristram that the pendulum was swinging back, and it appeared that the backward swing had not yet ended. Still, "enterprise," which was over in the other quarter, wore to his mind a different aspect at different hours. In its train a thousand forgotten episodes came trooping back into his memory. Some of them he looked complacently enough in the face; from some he averted his head. They were old efforts, old exploits, antiquated examples of smartness and sharpness. Some of them, as he looked at them, he felt decidedly proud of; he admired himself as if he had been looking at another man. And, in fact, many of the qualities that make a great deed were there: the decision, the resolution, the courage, the celerity, the clear eye, and the strong hand. Of certain other achievements it would be going too far to say that he was ashamed of them, for Newman had never had a stomach for dirty work. He was blessed with a natural impulse to disfigure with a direct, unreasoning blow the comely visage of temptation. And certainly, in no man could a want of integrity have been less excusable. Newman knew the crooked from the straight at a glance, and the former had cost him, first and last, a great many moments of lively disgust. But none the less some of his memories seemed to wear at present a rather graceless and sordid mien, and it struck him that if he had never done anything very ugly, he had never, on the other hand, done anything particularly beautiful. He had spent his years in the unremitting effort to add thousands to thousands, and, now that he stood well outside of it, the business of money-getting appeared tolerably dry and sterile. It is very well to sneer at money-getting after you have filled your pockets, and Newman, it may be said, should have begun somewhat earlier to moralize thus delicately. To this it may be answered that he might have made another fortune if he chose; and we ought to add that he was not exactly moralizing. It had come back to him simply that what he had been looking at all summer was a very rich and beautiful world, and that it had not all been made by sharp railroad men and stock-brokers.

During his stay at Baden-Baden he received a letter from Mrs. Tristram, scolding him for the scanty tidings he had sent to his friends of the Avenue d'Eylau, and begging to be definitely informed that he had not concocted any horrid scheme for wintering in outlying regions, but was coming back sanely and promptly to the most comfortable city in the world. Newman's answer ran as follows.

"I supposed you knew I was a miserable letter-writer, and did n't expect anything of me. I don't think I have written twenty letters of pure friendship in my whole life; in America I conducted my correspondence altogether by telegrams. This is a letter of pure friendship; you have got hold of a curiosity, and I hope you will value it. You want to know everything that has happened to me these three months. The best way to tell you, I think, would be to send you my half-dozen guide-books, with my pencil-marks in the margin. Wherever you find a scratch, or a cross, or a 'Beautiful!' or a 'So true!' or a 'Too thin!' you may know that I have had a sensation of some sort or other. That has been about my history, ever since I left you. Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, I have been through the whole list, and I don't think I am any the worse for it. I know more about Madonnas and church-steeples than I ever supposed I should live to do. I have seen some very pretty things, and shall perhaps talk them over this winter, by your fireside. You see, my face is not altogether set against Paris. I have had all kinds of plans and visions, but your letter has blown most of them away. 'L'appétit vient en mangeant,' says the French proverb, and I find that the more I see of the world the more I want to see.

Now that I am in the shafts, why should n't I trot to the end of the course? Sometimes I think of the far East, and keep rolling the names of Eastern cities under my tongue: Damascus and Bagdad, Medina and Mecca. I spent a week last month in the company of a returned missionary, who told me I ought to be ashamed to be loafing about Europe when there are such big things to be seen out there. I do want to explore, but I think I would rather explore over in the Rue de l'Université. Do you ever hear from that pretty lady? If you can get her to promise she will be at home the next time I call, I will go back to Paris straight. I am more than ever in the state of mind I told you about that evening; I want a first-class wife. I have kept an eye on all the pretty girls I have come across this summer, but none of them came up to my notion, or anywhere near it. I should have enjoyed all this a thousand times more if I had had the lady just mentioned by my side. The nearest approach to her was a Unitarian minister from Boston, who very soon demanded a separation, for incompatibility of temper. He told me I was low-minded, immoral, a devotee of 'art for art' — whatever that is: all of which greatly afflicted me, for he was really a sweet little fellow. But shortly afterwards I met an Englishman, with whom I struck up an acquaintance which at first seemed to promise well — a very bright man, who writes in the London papers and knows Paris nearly as well as Tristram. We knocked about for a week together, but he very soon gave me up in disgust. I was too virtuous by half; I was too stern a moralist. He told me, in a friendly way, that I was cursed with a conscience; that I judged things like a Methodist and talked about them like an old woman. This was rather bewildering. Which of my two critics was I to believe? I did n't worry about it, and very soon made up my mind they were both idiots. But there is one thing in which no one will ever have the impudence to pretend I am wrong; that is, in being your faithful friend, C. N."

Henry James, Jr.

JULY.

Some flowers are withered and some joys have died;
The garden reeks with an East Indian scent
From beds where gillyflowers stand weak and spent;
The white heat pales the skies from side to side;
At noonday all the living creatures hide;
But in still lakes and rivers, cool, content,
Like starry blooms on a new firmament,
White lilies float and regally abide.
In vain the cruel skies their hot rays shed;
The lily does not feel their brazen glare;
In vain the pallid clouds refuse to share
Their dews; the lily feels no thirst, no dread;
Unharmed she lifts her queenly face and head;
She drinks of living waters and keeps fair.

H. H.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XII.

It was years after these events that Lawrence, meeting my father accidentally in the street one day, stopped him and spoke with great feeling of his sympathy for us all in my approaching trial, and begged permission to come and see my mother and become acquainted with me, which he accordingly did; and from that time till his death, which occurred but a few months later, he was unwearied in acts of friendly and affectionate kindness to me. He came repeatedly to consult with my mother about the disputed point of my dress, and gave his sanction to her decision upon it. The first dress of Belvidera, I remember, was a point of nice discussion between them. Plain black velvet and a lugubrious long veil were considered my only admissible wear, after my husband's ruin; but before the sale of our furniture, it was conceded that I might relieve the sombre Venetian patrician's black dress with white satin puffs and crimson linings and rich embroidery of gold and pearl; moreover, before our bankruptcy, I was allowed (not, however, without serious demur on the part of Lawrence) to cover my head with a black hat and white feather, with which of course I was enamored, having never worn anything but my hair on my head before, and feeling an unspeakable accession of dignity in this piece of attire. I begged hard to be allowed to wear it through the tragedy, but this, with some laughter at my intense desire for it, was forbidden, and I was reduced after the first scene of the play to my own unadorned locks, which I think greatly strengthened my feeling of the abject misery into which I had fallen.

When in town, Lawrence never omitted one of my performances, always occupying the stage box, and invariably sending me the next morning a letter full of the most detailed and delicate criticism, showing a minute attention to every inflection of my voice, every gesture, every attitude, which, combined with expressions of enthusiastic admiration, with which this discriminating and careful review of my performance invariably terminated, was as strong a dose of the finest flattery as could well have been offered to a girl of my age, on the very first step of her artistic career. I used to read over the last of these remarkable criticisms, invariably, before going to the theatre, in order to profit by every suggestion of alteration or hint of improvement they contained; and I was in the act of reperusing the last I ever received from him, when my father came in and said, "Lawrence is dead."

I had been sitting to him for some time previously for a pencil sketch which he gave my mother; it was his last work, and certainly the most beautiful of his drawings. He had appointed a day for beginning a full-length, life-size portrait of me as Juliet, and we had seen him only a week before his death, and, in the interval, received a note from him merely saying he was rather indisposed. His death, which was quite unexpected, created a very great public sensation, and there was something sufficiently mysterious about its circumstances to give rise to a report that he had committed suicide.

The shock of this event was terrible to me, although I have sometimes since thought it was fortunate for me rather than otherwise. Sir Thomas Lawrence's enthusiastically expressed admiration for me, his constant kindness, his sympathy in my success, and the warm interest he took in everything that concerned me, might only have inspired me with a grateful sense of his condescension and goodness. But I was a very romantic girl, with a most excitable imagination, and such was to me the melancholy charm of Lawrence's countenance, the elegant distinction of his person, and exquisite,

refined gentleness of his voice and manner, that a very dangerous fascination was added to my sense of gratitude for all his personal kindness to me, and my admiration for his genius; and I think it not at all unlikely that, had our intercourse continued, and had I sat to him for the projected portrait of Juliet, in spite of the forty years' difference in our ages, and my knowledge of his disastrous relations with my cousins, I should have become in love with him myself, and been the fourth member of our family whose life he would have disturbed and embittered. His sentimentality was of a peculiarly mischievous order, as it not only induced women to fall in love with him, but enabled him to persuade himself that he was in love with them, and apparently with more than one at a time.

While I was sitting to him for the beautiful sketch he gave my mother, one or two little incidents occurred that illustrated curiously enough this superficial pseudo-sensibility of his. On one occasion, when he spent the evening with us, my mother had made me sing for him, and the next day, after my sitting, he said in a strange, hesitating, broken manner, as if struggling to control some strong emotion, "I have a very great favor to beg of you; the next time I have the honor and pleasure of spending the evening with you, will you, if Mrs. Kemble does not disapprove of it, sing this song for me?" He put a piece of music into my hand, and immediately left us without another word. On our way home in the carriage, I unrolled the song, the title of which was These few pale Autumn Flowers. "Ha!" said my mother, with, I thought, rather a peculiar expression, as I read the words; but she added no further comment. Both words and music were plaintive and pathetic, and had an original stamp in the melancholy they expressed.

The next time Lawrence spent the evening with us, I sang the song for him. While I did so, he stood by the piano in a state of profound abstraction, from which he recovered himself as if coming back from very far away, and with an expression of acute pain on his countenance, to thank me repeatedly for what he called the great favor I had done him.

At the end of my next sitting, when my mother and myself had risen to take leave of him, he said, "No, don't go yet, — stay a moment, — I want to show you something — if I can;" and he moved restlessly about, taking up and putting down his chalks and pencils, and standing, and sitting down again, as if unable to make up his mind to do what he wished. At length he went abruptly to an easel, and, removing from it a canvas with a few slight sketches on it, he discovered behind it the profile portrait of a lady in a white dress folded simply across her bosom, and showing her beautiful neck and shoulders. Her head was dressed with a sort of sibylline turban, and she supported it upon a most lovely hand and arm, her elbow resting on a large book, towards which she bent, and on the pages of which her eyes were fixed, the exquisite eyelid and lashes hiding the eyes. "Oh, how beautiful! oh, who is it!" exclaimed I. "A — a lady," stammered Lawrence, turning white and red, "towards whom — for whom — I entertained the profoundest regard." Thereupon he fled out of the room. "It is the portrait of Mrs. W——," said my mother; "she is now dead; she was an exceedingly beautiful and accomplished woman, the authoress of the words and music of the song Sir Thomas Lawrence asked you to learn for him."

The great painter's devotion to this lovely person had been matter of notoriety in the London world. Strangely enough, but a very short time ago I discovered that she was the kinswoman of my friend Miss Cobbe's mother, of whom Miss Cobbe possessed a miniature in which the fashion of dress and style of head-dress were the same as those in the picture I saw, and in which I also traced some resemblance to the beautiful face which made so great an impression on me. Not long after this Mrs. Siddons, dining with us one day, asked my mother how the sketch Lawrence was making of me was getting on. After

my mother's reply, my aunt remained silent for some time, and then, laying her hand on my father's arm, said, "Charles, when I die, I wish to be carried to my grave by you and Lawrence." Lawrence reached his grave while she was yet tottering on the brink of hers.

After my next sitting, my mother, thinking he might be gratified by my aunt's feeling towards him, mentioned her having dined with us. He asked eagerly of her health, her looks, her words, and my mother telling him of her speech about him, he threw down his pencil, clasped his hands, and, with his eyes full of tears and his face convulsed, exclaimed, "Good God! did she say that?"

When my likeness was finished, Lawrence showed it to my mother, who, though she had attended all my sittings, had never seen it till it was completed. As she stood silently looking at it, he said, "What strikes you? what do you think?" "It is very like Maria," said my mother, almost involuntarily, I am sure, for immediately this strange man fell into one of these paroxysms of emotion, and became again so agitated as scarcely to be able to speak; and at last, with a violent effort, said, "Oh, she is very like her; she is very like them all!"

In spite of these emotions, which I heard and saw Sir Thomas Lawrence express, I know positively that at his death a lady who had been an intimate acquaintance of our family for many years put on widow's weeds for him, in the full persuasion that had he lived he would have married her, and that the mutual regard they entertained for each other warranted her assuming the deepest mourning for him. Not the least curious part of the emotional demonstrations I have described was the contrast which they formed to Sir Thomas Lawrence's habitual demeanor, which was polished and refined, but reserved to a degree of coldness, and as indicative of reticent discretion and imperturbable self-control as became a man who lived in such high social places, and frequented the palaces of royalty and the boudoirs of the great rival beauties of the English aristocracy.

On my twentieth birthday, which occurred soon after my first appearance, Lawrence sent me a magnificent proof-plate of Reynolds's portrait of my aunt as the Tragic Muse, beautifully framed and with this inscription: "This portrait, by England's greatest painter, of the noblest subject of his pencil, is presented to her niece and worthy successor, by her most faithful humble friend and servant, Lawrence." When my mother saw this, she exclaimed at it, and said, "I am surprised he ever brought himself to write those words — her 'worthy successor.'" A few days after, Lawrence begged me to let him have the print again, as he was not satisfied with the finishing of the frame. It was sent to him, and when it came back he had effaced the words in which he had admitted *any* worthy successor to his Tragic Muse; and Mr. H——, who was at that time his secretary, told me that Lawrence had the print lying with that inscription in his drawing-room for several days before sending it to me, and had said to him, "Cover it up, I cannot bear to look at it."

One day, at the end of my sitting, Lawrence showed me a lovely portrait of Mrs. Inchbald, of whom my mother, as we drove home, told me a number of amusing anecdotes. She was very beautiful, and gifted with original genius, as her plays and farces and novels (above all, the Simple Story) testify; she was not an actress of any special merit, but of respectable mediocrity. She stuttered habitually, but her delivery was never impeded by this defect on the stage; a curious circumstance, not uncommon to persons who have that infirmity, and who can read and recite without suffering from it, though quite unable to speak fluently. Mrs. Inchbald was a person of a very remarkable character, lovely, poor, with unusual mental powers and of irreproachable conduct. Her life was devoted to the care of some dependent relation, who from sickness was incapable of self-support. Mrs. Inchbald had a singular uprightness and unworldliness, and a childlike directness and simplicity of manner, which, combined

with her personal loveliness and halting, broken utterance, gave to her conversation, which was both humorous and witty, a most peculiar and comical charm. Once after traveling all day in a pouring rain, on alighting at her inn, the coachman, dripping all over with wet, offered his arm to help her out of the coach, when she exclaimed, to the great amusement of her fellow-travelers, "Oh, no, no! y-y-y-you will give me m-m-m-my death of c-c-c-cold; do bring me a-a-a-a *dry* man." An aristocratic neighbor of hers, with whom she was slightly acquainted, driving with his daughter in the vicinity of her very humble suburban residence, overtook her walking along the road one very hot day, and, stopping his carriage, asked her to let him have the pleasure of taking her home; when she instantly declined, with the characteristic excuse that she had just come from the market-gardener's: "And, my lord, I-I-I have my pocket f-f-f-full of onions," — an unsophisticated statement of facts which made them laugh extremely. At the first reading of one of her pieces, a certain young lady with rather a lean, lanky figure being proposed to her for the part of the heroine, she indignantly exclaimed, "No, no, no; I-I-I-I won't have that s-s-s-stick of a girl! D-d-d-do give me a-a-a girl with *bumps!*" Coming off the stage one evening, she was about to sit down by Mrs. Siddons in the green-room, when suddenly, looking at her magnificent neighbor, she said, "No, I won't s-s-s-sit by you; you're t-t-t-too handsome!" — in which respect she certainly need have feared no competition, and less with my aunt than any one, their style of beauty being so absolutely dissimilar. Somebody speaking of having oysters for supper, much surprise was excited by Mrs. Inchbald's saying that she had never eaten one. Questions and remonstrances, exclamations of astonishment and earnest advice to enlarge her experience in that respect assailed her from the whole green-room, when she finally delivered herself thus: "Oh, no indeed! I-I-I-I never, never could! What! e-e-e-eat the eyes and t-t-t-the nose, the teeth a-a-a-and the toes, the a-a-a-all of a creature!" She was an enthusiastic admirer of my uncle John, and the hero of her Simple Story, Doriforth, is supposed to have been intended by her as a portrait of him. On one occasion, when she was sitting by the fire-place in the green-room, waiting to be called upon the stage, she and Miss Mellon (afterwards Mrs. Coutts and Duchess of St. Albans) were laughingly discussing their male friends and acquaintances from the matrimonial point of view. My uncle John, who was standing near, excessively amused, at length jestingly said to Mrs. Inchbald, who had been comically energetic in her declarations of who she could or would, or never could or would, have married, "Well, Mrs. Inchbald, would you have had me?" "Dear heart!" said the stammering beauty, turning her sweet, sunny face up to him, "I'd have j-j-j-jumped at you!"

One day Lawrence took us, from the room where I generally sat to him, into a long gallery where were a number of his pictures, and, leading me by the hand, desired me not to raise my eyes till he told me. On the word of command I looked up, and found myself standing close to and immediately underneath, as it were, a colossal figure of Satan. The sudden shock of finding myself in such proximity to this terrible image made me burst into nervous tears. Lawrence was greatly distressed at the result of his experiment, which had been simply to obtain a verdict from my unprepared impression of the power of his picture. A conversation we had been having upon the subject of Milton and the character of Satan had made him think of showing this picture to me. I was too much agitated to form any judgment of it, but I thought I perceived through its fierce and tragical expression some trace of my uncle's face and features, a sort of "more so" of the bitter pride and scornful melancholy of the banished Roman in the Volscian Hall. Lawrence's imagination was so filled with the poetical and dramatic suggestions which he derived from the Kemble brother and sister, that I thought

a likeness of them lurked in this portrait of the Prince of Darkness; and perhaps he could scarcely have found a better model for his arch-fiend than my uncle, to whom his mother occasionally addressed the characteristic reproof, "Sir, you are as proud as Lucifer!" (He and that remarkable mother of his must really have been a good deal like Coriolanus and Volumnia.) To console me for the fright he had given me, Lawrence took me into his drawing-room, — that beautiful apartment filled with beautiful things, including his magnificent collection of original drawings by the old masters, and precious gems of old and modern art, — the treasure-house of all the exquisite objects of beauty and curiosity that he had gathered together during his whole life, and that (with the exception of Raphael's and Michael Angelo's drawings, now in the museum at Oxford) were so soon, at his most unexpected death, to be scattered abroad and become, in separate, disjointed portions, the property of a hundred different purchasers. Here, he said, he hoped often to persuade my father and mother and myself to pass our unengaged evenings with him; here he should like to make my brother John, of whom I had spoken enthusiastically to him, free of his art collections; and, adding that he would write to my mother to fix the day for my first sitting for Juliet, he put into my hands a copy of the first edition of Milton's Paradise Lost. I never entered that room or his house, or saw him again; he died about ten days after that.

Lawrence did not talk much while he took his sketch of me, and I remember very little that passed between him and my mother but what was purely personal. I recollect he told me that I had a double row of eyelashes, which was an unusual peculiarity. He expressed the most decided preference for satin over every other material for painting, expatiating rapturously on the soft, rich folds and infinitely varied lights and shadows which that texture afforded above all others. He has dressed a great many of his female portraits in white satin. He also once said that he had been haunted at one time with the desire to paint a blush, that most enchanting "incident" in the expression of a woman's face, but, after being driven nearly wild with the ineffectual endeavor, had had to renounce it, never, of course, he said, achieving anything but a *red face.* I remember the dreadful impression made upon me by a story he told my mother of Lady J—— (George the Fourth's Lady J——), who, standing before her drawing-room looking-glass, and unaware that he was in the room, apostrophized her own reflection with this reflection: "I swear, it would be better to go to hell at once, than live to grow old and ugly."

Lawrence once said that we never dreamed of ourselves as younger than we were; that even if our dreams reproduced scenes and people and circumstances of our youth and childhood, we were always represented, by our sleeping imagination, at our present age. I presume he spoke of his own experience, and I cannot say that I recollect any instance in mine that contradicts his theory. It seems curious, if it is true, that in the manifold freaks of our sleeping fancy, self-consciousness should still exist to a sufficient degree to preserve unaltered one's own conditions of age and physical appearance. I wonder whether this is really the common experience of people's dreams? Frederick Maurice told me a circumstance in curious opposition to this theory of Lawrence's. A young woman whom he knew, of more than usual mental and moral endowments, married a man very much her inferior in mind and character, and appeared to him to deteriorate gradually but very perceptibly under his influence. "As the husband is, the wife is," etc. Towards the middle of her life she told him that at one time she had carried on a double existence in her sleeping and waking hours, her dreams invariably taking her back to the home and period of her girlhood, and that she resumed this dream-life precisely where she left it off, night after night, for a considerable period of time, — poor thing! — perhaps as long as the roots of the young nobler self survived below the soil of a

baser present existence. This story seemed to me always very pathetic. It must have been dismal to lose that dream-life by degrees, as the real one ate more and more into her nature.

Of Lawrence's merit as a painter an unduly favorable estimate was taken during his life, and since his death his reputation has suffered an undue depreciation. Much that he did partook of the false and bad style which, from the deeper source of degraded morality, spread a taint over all matters of art and taste, under the vicious influence of the "first gentleman of Europe," whose own artistic preferences bore witness, quite as much as the more serious events of his life, how little he deserved the name. Hideous Chinese pagoda pavilions, with grotesque and monstrous decorations, barbarous alike in form and in color; mean and ugly low-roomed royal palaces, without either magnificence or simplicity; military costumes in which gold and silver lace were plastered together on the same uniform, testified to the perverted perception of beauty and fitness which presided in the court of George the Fourth. Lawrence's own portrait of him, with his corpulent body girthed in his stays and creaseless coat, and his heavy falling cheeks supported by his stiff stock, with his dancing-master's leg and his frizzled barber's-block head, comes as near a caricature as a flattered likeness of the original (which was a caricature) dares to do. To have had to paint that was enough to have vulgarized any pencil. The defect of many of Lawrence's female portraits was a sort of artificial sentimental *elegantism*. Pictures of the fine ladies of that day they undoubtedly were, pictures of *great* ladies, never; and, in looking at them, one sighed for the exquisite simple grace and unaffected dignity of Reynolds's and Gainsborough's noble and gentle women. The lovely head of Lady Nugent, the fine portrait I have mentioned of Mrs. W——, the splendid one of Lady Hatherton, and the noble picture of my grandmother, are among the best productions of Lawrence's pencil; and several of his men's portraits are in a robust and simple style of art worthy of the highest admiration. His likeness of Canning (which, by the bye, might have passed for his own, so great was his resemblance to the brilliant statesman) and the fine portrait he painted for Lord Aberdeen, of my uncle John, are excellent specimens of his best work. He had a remarkable gift of producing likenesses at once striking and favorable, and of always seizing the finest expression of which a face was capable; and none could ever complain that Lawrence had not done justice to the very best look they ever wore. Lawrence's want of conscience with regard to the pictures which he undertook and never finished is difficult to account for by any plausible explanation. The fact is notorious that in various instances, after receiving the price of a portrait, and beginning it, he procrastinated and delayed and postponed the completion, until, in more than one case, the blooming beauty sketched upon his canvas had grown faded and wrinkled before the image of her youthful loveliness had been completed.

The renewal of intercourse between Lawrence and my parents, so soon to be terminated by his death, was the cause to me of a loss which I shall never cease to regret. My father had had in his library for years (indeed, as long as I remember) a large volume of fine engravings of the masterpieces of the great Italian painters, and this precious book of art we were occasionally allowed to look at for an hour of rare delight; but it belonged to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and had accidentally been kept for this long space of time in my father's possession. One of my mother's first acts, on again entering into friendly relations with Lawrence, was to restore this piece of property to him; a precipitate act of honesty which I could not help deploring, especially when, so soon after this deed of rash restitution, his death brought those beautiful engravings, with all the rest of his property, to the hammer.

There is no early impression stronger in my mind than that of some of those

masterpieces, which, together with Winckelmann's fine work on classical art (our familiarity with which I have elsewhere alluded to), were among the first influences of the sort which I experienced. Nor can I ever be too grateful that, restricted as were my parents' means of developing in us the highest culture, they were still such as, combined with their own excellent taste and judgment, preserved us from that which is far worse than ignorance, a liking for anything vulgar or trivial. That which was merely pretty, in music, painting, or poetry, was never placed on the same level in our admiration with that which was fine; and though, from nature as well as training, we enjoyed with great zest everything that could in any sense be called good, our enthusiasm was always reserved for that which was best, an incalculable advantage in the formation of a fine taste and critical judgment. A noble ideal beauty was what we were taught to consider the proper object and result of all art. In their especial vocation this tendency caused my family to be accused of formalism and artificial pedantry; and the so-called "classical" school of acting, to which they belonged, has frequently since their time been unfavorably compared with what, by way of contrast, has been termed the realistic or natural style of art. I do not care to discuss the question, but am thankful that my education preserved me from accepting mere imitation of nature as art, on the stage or in the picture gallery; and that, without destroying my delight in any kind of beauty, it taught me a decided preference for that which was highest and noblest.

All being in due preparation for my coming out, my rehearsals were the only interruption to my usual habits of occupation, which I pursued very steadily in spite of my impending trial. On the day of my first appearance I had no rehearsal, for fear of overfatigue, and spent my morning as usual, in practicing the piano, walking in the inclosure of St. James's Park opposite our house, and reading in Blunt's Scripture Characters (a book in which I was then deeply interested) the chapters relating to St. Peter and Jacob. I do not know whether the nervous tension which I must have been enduring strengthened the impression made upon me by what I read, but I remember being quite absorbed by it, which I think was curious, because certainly such subjects of meditation were hardly allied to the painful undertaking so immediately pressing upon me. But I believe I felt imperatively the necessity of moderating my own strong nervous emotion and excitement by the fulfillment of my accustomed duties and pursuits, and above all by withdrawing my mind into higher and serener regions of thought as a respite and relief from the pressure of my alternate apprehensions of failure and hopes of success. I do not mean that it was at all a matter of deliberate calculation or reflection, but rather an instinct of self-preservation, which actuated me; a powerful instinct which has struggled and partially prevailed throughout my whole life against the irregular and passionate vehemence of my temperament, and which, in spite of a constant tendency to violent excitement of mind and feeling, has made me a person of unusually systematic pursuits and monotonous habits, and been a frequent subject of astonishment, not unmixed with ridicule, to my friends, who have not known as well as myself what wholesomeness there was in the method of my madness. And I am persuaded that religion and reason alike justify such a strong instinctive action in natures which derive a constant moral support, like that of the unobserved but all-sustaining pressure of the atmosphere, from the soothing and restraining influence of systematic habits of monotonous regularity. Amid infinite anguish and errors, existence may preserve a species of outward symmetry and harmony from this strong band of minute observance keeping down and assisting the mind to master elements of moral and mental discord and disorder, for the due control of which the daily and hourly subjection to recurring rules is an invaluable auxiliary to higher influences. The external practice does not

supply, but powerfully supplements the internal principle of self-control.

My mother, who had left the stage for upwards of twenty years, determined to return to it on the night of my first appearance, that I might have the comfort and support of her being with me in my trial. We drove to the theatre very early, indeed while the late autumn sunlight yet lingered in the sky; it shone into the carriage upon me, and as I screened my eyes from it, my mother said, "Heaven smiles on you, my child." My poor mother went to her dressing-room to get herself ready, and did not return to me for fear of increasing my agitation by her own. My dear aunt Dall and my maid and the theatre dresser performed my toilet for me, and at length I was placed in a chair, with my satin train carefully laid over the back of it, and there I sat, ready for execution, with the palms of my hands pressed convulsively together, and the tears I in vain endeavored to repress welling up into my eyes and brimming slowly over, down my rouged cheeks, upon which my aunt, with a smile full of pity, renewed the color as often as these heavy drops made unsightly streaks in it. Once and again my father came to the door, and I heard his anxious "How is she?" to which my aunt answered, sending him away with words of comforting cheer. At last, "Miss Kemble called for the stage, ma'am!" accompanied with a brisk tap at the door, started me upright on my feet, and I was led round to the side scene opposite to the one from which I saw my mother advance on the stage; and while the uproar of her reception filled me with terror, dear old Mrs. Davenport, my nurse, and dear Mr. Keely, her Peter, and half the *dramatis personæ* of the play (but not my father, who had retreated, quite unable to endure the scene) stood round me as I lay, all but insensible, in my aunt's arms. "Courage, courage, dear child! poor thing, poor thing!" reiterated Mrs. Davenport. "Never mind 'em, Miss Kemble!" urged Keely, in that irresistibly comical, nervous, lachrymose voice of his, which I have never since heard without a thrill of anything but comical association; "never mind 'em! don't think of 'em, any more than if they were so many rows of cabbages!" "Nurse!" called my mother, and on waddled Mrs. Davenport, and, turning back, called in her turn, "Juliet!" My aunt gave me an impulse forward, and I ran straight across the stage, stunned with the tremendous shout that greeted me, my eyes covered with mist, and the green baize flooring of the stage feeling as if it rose up against my feet; but I got hold of my mother, and stood like a terrified creature at bay, confronting the huge theatre full of gazing human beings. I do not think a word I uttered during this scene could have been audible; in the next, the ball-room, I began to forget myself; in the following one, the balcony scene, I had done so, and for aught I knew I was Juliet; the passion I was uttering sending hot waves of blushes all over my neck and shoulders, while the poetry sounded like music to me as I spoke it, with no consciousness of anything before me, utterly transported into the imaginary existence of the play. After this I did not return into myself till all was over, and amid a tumultuous storm of applause, congratulation, tears, embraces, and a general joyous explosion of unutterable relief at the fortunate termination of my attempt, we went home. And so my life was determined, and I devoted myself to an avocation which I never liked or honored, and about the very nature of which I have never been able to come to any decided opinion. It is in vain that the undoubted specific gifts of great actors and actresses suggest that all gifts are given for rightful exercise, and not suppression; in vain that Shakespeare's plays urge their imperative claim to the most perfect illustration they can receive from histrionic interpretation: a *business* which is incessant excitement and factitious emotion seems to me unworthy of a man; a business which is public exhibition, unworthy of a woman.

At four different periods of my life I have been constrained by circumstances

to maintain myself by the exercise of my dramatic faculty; latterly, it is true, in a less painful and distasteful manner, by reading, instead of acting. But though I have never, I trust, been ungrateful for the power of thus helping myself and others, or forgetful of the obligation I was under to do my appointed work conscientiously in every respect, or unmindful of the precious good regard of so many kind hearts that it has won for me; though I have never lost one iota of my own intense delight in the act of rendering Shakespeare's creations; yet neither have I ever presented myself before an audience without a shrinking feeling of reluctance, or withdrawn from their presence without thinking the excitement I had undergone unhealthy, and the personal exhibition odious.

Nevertheless I sat me down to supper that night with my poor, rejoicing parents well content, God knows! with the issue of my trial; and still better pleased with a lovely little Geneva watch, the first I had ever possessed, all encrusted with gold work and jewels, which my father laid by my plate and I immediately christened Romeo, and went, a blissful girl, to sleep with it under my pillow.

BUCKINGHAM GATE, JAMES STREET, *December* 14*th*.

DEAREST H——: I received your letter this morning, before I was out of my room, and very glad I was to get it. You would have heard from me again ere this had it not been that, in your present anxious state of mind respecting your brother, I did not like to demand your attention for my proceedings. My trial is over, and, thank Heaven! most fortunately. Our most sanguine wishes could hardly have gone beyond the result, and at the same time that I hail my success as a source of great happiness to my dear father and mother, I almost venture to hope that the interest which has been excited in the public may tend to revive once more the decaying dramatic art. You say it is a very fascinating occupation; perhaps it is, though it does not appear to me so, and I think it carries with it drawbacks enough to operate as an antidote to the vanity and love of admiration which it can hardly fail to foster. The mere embodying of the exquisite ideals of poetry is a great enjoyment, but after that, or rather *for* that, comes in ours, as in all arts, the mechanical process, the labor, the refining, the controlling the very feeling one has, in order to manifest it in the best way to the perception of others; and when all that intense feeling and careful work can accomplish is done, an actor must often see those points of his performance which are most worthy of approbation overlooked, and others, perhaps crude in taste or less true in feeling, commended; which must tend much, I think, to sober the mind as to the value of applause. Above all, the constant consciousness of the immeasurable distance between a fine conception and the best execution of it must in acting, as in all art, be a powerful check to vanity and self-satisfaction.

As to the mere excitement proceeding from the public applause of a theatre, I am sure you will believe me when I say I do not think I shall ever experience it. But should I reckon too much upon my own steadiness, I have the incessant care and watchfulness of my dear mother to rely on, and I do rely on it as an invaluable safeguard, both to the purity and good taste of all that I may do on the stage, and the quiet and soberness of my mind under all this new excitement. She has borne all her anxieties wonderfully well, and I now hope she will reap some repayment for them; my dear father is very happy; indeed, we have all cause for heartfelt thankfulness when we think what a light has dawned upon our prospects, lately so dismal and overcast. My own motto in all this must be, as far as possible, "Beget a temperance in all things." I trust I shall be enabled to rule myself by it, and in the firm hope that my endeavor to do what is right will be favored and assisted, I have committed myself, nothing doubting, to the stormy sea of life. Dearest H——, the papers will give you a detailed ac-

count of my *début;* I only wish to assure you that I have not embraced this course without due dread of its dangers, and a firm determination to watch, as far as in me lies, over its effect upon my mind. It is after all but lately, you know, that I have become convinced that fame and gratified ambition are not the worthiest aims for one's exertions. With affectionate love, believe me ever your fondly attached, FANNY.

I most sincerely hope that your brother's health is improving, and if we do not meet sooner, I shall now look forward to Dublin as our *point de réunion;* that will not be the least of the obligations I shall owe this happy turn of affairs.

I do not know whence I derived the deep impression I expressed in this letter of the moral dangers of the life upon which I was entering; certainly not from my parents, to whom, of course, the idea that actors and actresses could not be respectable people naturally did not occur, and who were not troubled, I am sure, as I then was, with a perception of the more subtle evils of their calling. I had never heard the nature of it discussed, and was absolutely without experience of it, but the vapid vacuity of the last years of my aunt Siddons's life had made a profound impression upon me,—her apparent deadness and indifference to everything, which I attributed (unjustly, perhaps) less to her advanced age and impaired powers than to what I supposed the withering and drying influence of the overstimulating atmosphere of emotion, excitement, and admiration in which she had passed her life; certain it is that such was my dread of the effect of my profession upon me, that I added an earnest petition to my daily prayers that I might be defended from the evil influence I feared it might exercise upon me.

As for my success, there was, I believe, a genuine element in it, for puffing can send upwards only things that have a buoyant, rising quality in themselves; but there was also a great feeling of personal sympathy for my father and mother, of kindly indulgence for my youth, and of respectful recollection of my uncle and aunt; and a very general desire that the fine theatre where they had exercised their powers should be rescued, if possible, from its difficulties. All this went to make up a result of which I had the credit.

Among my experiences of that nauseous ingredient in theatrical life, puffery, some have been amusing enough. The last time that I gave public readings in America, the management of them was undertaken by a worthy, respectable person, who was not, I think, exceptionally addicted to the devices and charlatanism which appear almost inseparable from the business of public exhibition in all its branches. At the end of our first interview for the purpose of arranging my performances, as he was taking his leave he said, "Well, ma'am, I think everything is quite in a nice train. I should say things are in a most favorable state of preparation; we 've a delightful article coming out in the ——." Here he mentioned a popular periodical. "Ah, indeed?" said I, not quite apprehending what my friend was aiming at. "Yes, really, ma'am, I should say first-rate, and I thought perhaps we might induce you to be good enough to help us a little with it." "Bless me!" said I, more and more puzzled, "how can I help you?" "Well, ma'am, with a few personal anecdotes, perhaps, if you would be so kind." "Anecdotes?" said I (with three points of interrogation). "What do you mean? What about?" "Why, ma'am" (with a low bow), "about Mrs. Kemble, of course." Now, my worthy agent's remuneration was to consist of a certain proportion of the receipts of the readings, and, that being the case, I felt I had no right absolutely to forbid him all puffing advertisements and decently legitimate efforts to attract public attention and interest to performances by which he was to benefit. At the same time, I also felt it imperatively necessary that there should be some limit to these proceedings, if I was to be made a party to them. I therefore told him that, as his interest was involved in the success

of the readings, I could not forbid his puffing them to some extent, as, if I did, he might consider himself injured. "But," said I, while refusing the contribution of any personal anecdotes to his forthcoming article, "take care what you do in that line, for if you overdo it in the least, I will write an article, myself, on my readings, showing up all their faults and turning them into ridicule as I do not believe any one else either would or could. So puff just as quietly as you can." I rather think my agent left me with the same opinion of my competency in business that Mr. Macready had expressed as to my proficiency in my profession, namely, that "I did not know the rudiments of it."

Mr. Mitchell, who from the first took charge of all my readings in England, and was the very kindest, most considerate, and most courteous of all managers, on one occasion, complaining bitterly to my sister of the unreasonable objection I had to all laudatory advertisements of my readings, said to her, with a voice and countenance of the most rueful melancholy, and with the most appealing pathos, "Why, you know, ma'am, it 's really dreadful; you know, Mrs. Kemble won't even allow us to say in the bills, *these celebrated readings;* and you know, ma'am, it 's really impossible to do with less; indeed it is! Why, ma'am, you know even Morrison's pills are always advertised as *these celebrated pills!*"—an illustration of the hardships of his case which my sister repeated to me with infinite delight.

When I saw the shop-windows full of Lawrence's sketch of me, and knew myself the subject of almost daily newspaper notices, when plates and saucers were brought to me with small figures of me as Juliet and Belvidera on them, and finally, when gentlemen showed me lovely buff-colored neck-handkerchiefs which they had bought, and which had, as I thought, pretty lilac-colored flowers all over them, which proved on nearer inspection to be minute copies of Lawrence's head of me, I not unnaturally, in the fullness of my inexperience, believed in my own success.

I have since known more of the manufacture of public enthusiasm and public triumphs, and, remembering to how many people it was a matter of vital importance that the public interest should be kept alive in me, and Covent Garden filled every night I played, I have become more skeptical upon the subject.

Seeing lately a copy of my play of Francis the First, with (to my infinite astonishment) "tenth edition" upon it, I said to a friend, "I suppose this was a bit of bookseller's puffery; or did each edition consist of three copies?" He replied, "Oh, no, I think not; you have forgotten the *furor* there was about you when this came out." At twenty I believed it *all;* at sixty-six I find it difficult to believe *any* of it.

It is certain, however, that I played Juliet upwards of a hundred and twenty times running, with all the irregularity and unevenness and immature inequality of which I have spoken as characteristics which were never corrected in my performances. My mother, who never missed one of them, would sometimes come down from her box and, folding me in her arms, say only the very satisfactory words, "Beautiful, my dear!" Quite as often, if not oftener, the verdict was, "My dear, your performance was not fit to be seen! I don't know how you ever contrived to do the part decently; it must have been by some knack or trick which you appear to have entirely lost the secret of; you had better give the whole thing up at once than go on doing it so disgracefully ill." This was awful, and made my heart sink down into my shoes, whatever might have been the fervor of applause with which the audience had greeted my performance.

My life now became settled in its new shape. I acted regularly three times a week; I had no rehearsals, since Romeo and Juliet went on during the whole season, and so my mornings were still my own. I always dined in the middle of the day (and invariably on a mutton-chop, so that I might have been a Harrow boy, for diet); I was taken by my aunt early to the theatre, and there in my

dressing-room sat through the entire play, when I was not on the stage, with some piece of tapestry or needle-work, with which, during the intervals of my tragic sorrows, I busied my fingers; my thoughts being occupied with the events of my next scene and the various effects it demanded. When I was called for the stage, my aunt came with me, carrying my train, that it might not sweep the dirty floor behind the scenes; and after spreading it out and adjusting its folds carefully, as I went on, she remained at the side scene till I came off again, then gathered it on her arm and, folding a shawl around me, escorted me back to my dressing-room and tapestry; and so my theatrical evenings were passed. My parents would not allow me to go into the green-room, where they thought my attention would be distracted from my business and where I might occasionally meet with undesirable associates. My salary was fixed at thirty guineas a week, and the Saturday after I came out, I presented myself for the first and last time at the treasury of the theatre to receive it, and carried it, clinking, with great triumph to my mother, the first money I ever earned.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more radical than the change which three weeks had made in the aspect of my whole life. From an insignificant school-girl, I had suddenly become an object of general public interest. I was a little lion in society, and the town talk of the day. Approbation, admiration, adulation, were showered upon me; every condition of my life had been altered, as by the wand of a fairy. Instead of the twenty pounds a year which my poor father squeezed out of his hard-earned income for my allowance, out of which I bought (alas, with how much difficulty, seeing how many other things I would buy!) my gloves and shoes, I now had an assured income, as long as my health and faculties were unimpaired, of at least a thousand a year; and the thirty guineas a week at Covent Garden, and much larger remuneration during provincial tours, forever forbade the sense of destitution productive of the ecstasy with which, only a short time before I came out, I had found wedged into the bottom of my money drawer in my desk a sovereign that I had overlooked, and so had sorrowfully concluded myself penniless till next allowance day. Instead of trudging long distances afoot through the muddy London streets, when the hire of a hackney-coach was matter of serious consideration, I had a comfortable and elegant carriage; I was allowed, at my own earnest request, to take riding lessons, and before long had a charming horse of my own, and was able to afford the delight of giving my father one, the use of which I hoped would help to invigorate and refresh him. The faded, threadbare, turned, and dyed frocks which were my habitual wear were exchanged for fashionably-made dresses of fresh colors and fine texture, in which I appeared to myself transfigured. Our door was besieged with visitors, our evenings bespoken by innumerable invitations; social civilities and courtesies poured in upon us from every side in an incessant stream; I was sought and petted and caressed by persons of conventional and real distinction, and every night that I did not act, I might, if my parents had thought it prudent to let me do so, have passed in all the gayety of the fashionable world and the great London season. So much cordiality, sympathy, interest, and apparent genuine goodwill seemed to accompany all these flattering demonstrations, that it was impossible for me not to be touched and gratified, — perhaps, too, unduly elated. If I was spoiled and my head turned, I can only say I think it would have needed a strong head not to be so; but God knows how pitiful a preparation all this tinsel sudden success and popularity formed for the duties and trials of my after-life.

Frances Anne Kemble.

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

DEDICATED BY A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE COLLEGIAN, 1830, TO THE EDITORS OF THE HARVARD ADVOCATE, 1866–1876; READ AT THEIR DECENNIAL DINNER, MAY 11, 1876.

'T WAS on the famous trotting-ground,
The betting men were gathered round
From far and near; the "cracks" were there
Whose deeds the sporting prints declare:
The swift g. m., Old Hiram's nag,
The fleet s. h., Dan Pfeiffer's brag,
With these a third — and who is he
That stands beside his fast b. g.?
Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name
So fills the nasal trump of fame.
There too stood many a noted steed
Of Messenger and Morgan breed;
Green horses also, not a few, —
Unknown as yet what they could do;
And all the hacks that know so well
The scourgings of the Sunday swell.

Blue are the skies of opening day;
The bordering turf is green with May;
The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown
On sorrel, chestnut, bay, and roan;
The horses paw and prance and neigh,
Fillies and colts like kittens play
And dance and toss their rippled manes
Shining and soft as silken skeins;
Wagons and gigs are ranged about,
And fashion flaunts her gay turn-out;
Here stands — each youthful Jehu's dream —
The jointed tandem, ticklish team!
And there in ampler breadth expand
The splendors of the four-in-hand;
On faultless ties and glossy tiles
The lovely bonnets beam their smiles
(The style 's the man, so books avow;
The style 's the woman, anyhow);
From flounces frothed with creamy lace
Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,
Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,
Or stares the wiry pet of Skye —
O woman, in your hours of ease
So shy with us, so free with these!

"Come on! I 'll bet you two to one
I 'll make him do it!" "Will you? Done!"

What was it who was bound to do?
I did not hear and can't tell you, —
Pray listen till my story 's through.

Scarce noticed, back behind the rest,
By cart and wagon rudely prest,
The parson's lean and bony bay
Stood harnessed in his one horse shay —
Lent to his sexton for the day.
(A funeral — so the sexton said;
His mother's uncle's wife was dead.)

Like Lazarus bid to Dives' feast,
So looked the poor forlorn old beast;
His coat was rough, his tail was bare,
The gray was sprinkled in his hair;
Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not,
And yet they say he once could trot
Among the fleetest of the town,
Till something cracked and broke him down, —
The steed's, the statesman's, common lot!
"And are we then so soon forgot?"
Ah me! I doubt if one of you
Has ever heard the name "Old Blue,"
Whose fame through all this region rung
In those old days when I was young!

"Bring forth the horse!" Alas! he showed
Not like the one Mazeppa rode:
Scant-maned, sharp-backed, and shaky-kneed,
The wreck of what was once a steed,
Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints;
Yet not without his knowing points.
The sexton, laughing in his sleeve
As if 't were all a make-believe,
Led forth the horse, and as he laughed
Unhitched the breeching from a shaft,
Unclasped the rusty belt beneath,
Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,
Slipped off his headstall, set him free
From strap and rein, — a sight to see!

So worn, so lean in every limb,
It can't be they are saddling him!
It is! his back the pig-skin strides
And flaps his lank, rheumatic sides;
With look of mingled scorn and mirth
They buckle round the saddle-girth;
With horsey wink and saucy toss
A youngster throws his leg across,
And so, his rider on his back,
They lead him, limping, to the track,

Far up behind the starting-point,
To limber out each stiffened joint.

As through the jeering crowd he past,
One pitying look old Hiram cast;
"Go it, ye cripple, while ye can!"
Cried out unsentimental Dan;
"A Fast-Day dinner for the crows!"
Budd Doble's scoffing shout arose.

Slowly, as when the walking-beam
First feels the gathering head of steam,
With warning cough and threatening wheeze
The stiff old charger crooks his knees,
At first with cautious step sedate,
As if he dragged a coach of state;
He's not a colt; he knows full well
That time is weight and sure to tell;
No horse so sturdy but he fears
The handicap of twenty years.

As through the throng on either hand
The old horse nears the judges' stand,
Beneath his jockey's feather-weight
He warms a little to his gait,
And now and then a step is tried
That hints of something like a stride.

"Go!" — Through his ear the summons stung
As if a battle trump had rung;
The slumbering instincts long unstirred
Start at the old familiar word;
It thrills like flame through every limb —
What mean his twenty years to him?
The savage blow his rider dealt
Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt;
The spur that pricked his staring hide
Unheeded tore his bleeding side;
Alike to him are spur and rein, —
He steps a five-year-old again!

Before the quarter pole was past,
Old Hiram said, "He's going fast."
Long ere the quarter was a half,
The chuckling crowd had ceased to laugh;
Tighter his frightened jockey clung
As in a mighty stride he swung,
The gravel flying in his track,
His neck stretched out, his ears laid back,
His tail extended all the while
Behind him like a rat-tail file!
Off went a shoe, — away it spun,
Shot like a bullet from a gun.

The quaking jockey shapes a prayer
From scraps of oaths he used to swear;
He drops his whip, he drops his rein,
He clutches fiercely for a mane;
He 'll lose his hold — he sways and reels —
He 'll slide beneath those trampling heels!
The knees of many a horseman quake,
The flowers on many a bonnet shake,
And shouts arise from left and right,
"Stick on! Stick on!" "Hould tight! Hould tight!"
"Cling round his neck and don't let go —
That pace can't hold — there! steady! whoa!"
But like the sable steed that bore
The spectral lover of Lenore,
His nostrils snorting foam and fire,
No stretch his bony limbs can tire;
And now the stand he rushes by,
And "Stop him! — stop him!" is the cry.
Stand back! he 's only just begun —
He 's having out three heats in one!

"Don't rush in front! he 'll smash your brains;
But follow up and grab the reins!"
Old Hiram spoke. Dan Pfeiffer heard,
And sprang impatient at the word;
Budd Doble started on his bay,
Old Hiram followed on his gray,
And off they spring, and round they go,
The fast ones doing "all they know."
Look! twice they follow at his heels,
As round the circling course he wheels,
And whirls with him that clinging boy
Like Hector round the walls of Troy;
Still on, and on, the third time round!
They 're tailing off! they 're losing ground!
Budd Doble's nag begins to fail!
Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail!
And see! in spite of whip and shout,
Old Hiram's mare is giving out!
Now for the finish! at the turn,
The old horse — all the rest astern —
Comes swinging in, with easy trot;
By Jove! he 's distanced all the lot!

That trot no mortal could explain;
Some said, "Old Dutchman come again!"
Some took his time, — at least they tried,
But what it was could none decide;
One said he could n't understand
What happened to his second hand;
One said 2.10; *that* could n't be —
More like two twenty two or three;

Old Hiram settled it at last;
"The time was two — too dee-vel-ish fast!"

The parson's horse had won the bet;
It cost him something of a sweat;
Back in the one horse shay he went;
The parson wondered what it meant,
And murmured, with a mild surprise
And pleasant twinkle of the eyes,
"That funeral must have been a trick,
Or corpses drive at double-quick;
I should n't wonder, I declare,
If brother Murray made the prayer!"

And this is all I have to say
About the parson's poor old bay,
The same that drew the one horse shay.

Moral for which this tale is told:
A horse *can* trot, for all he 's old.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CAMPAIGN AND BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, JUNE AND JULY, 1863.

After the battle of Chancellorsville the Confederates were much encouraged by the general condition of affairs. The army of the Potomac kept losing men by expiration of enlistment, until we had less than eighty-five thousand effectives, and these were badly organized, when General Lee commenced his movement the last of May, 1863. Our forces were distributed into eight army corps, necessarily of small size: the first under John F. Reynolds; second, Hancock; third, Sickles; fifth, Meade; sixth, Sedgwick; eleventh, Howard; twelfth, Slocum, and the cavalry under Pleasanton, making an average for each corps of less than eleven thousand men. The largest corps, Sedgwick's, was about fifteen thousand strong; the smallest, Reynolds's, numbered not more than eight thousand combatants. General Lee seems to have actually commenced the northward movement the 3d of June. It was always difficult for us to procure information of the movements of the enemy; more difficult than for him to gather corresponding information concerning us, because we were in the hostile country. I remember with what apparent ease and self-possession, during this northward march, farmers would be riding in pairs or threes, each with a bag of grain behind the saddle, apparently going to the neighboring mill; and how surprised beyond expression they were when their counterfeit character was revealed. With few exceptions the Southern households, when opportunity rendered it possible, as at Chancellorsville, gave constant and full information to the enemy of our strength, position, and movements. However, in spite of difficulties, General Hooker had discovered and reported to Washington, as early as the 28th of May, the collection of a large body of the enemy's cavalry at

Culpepper and Jefferson. He justly concluded that a general movement was on foot, and presumed it would be the same substantially as that of the year before. Still, everything seemed to be conjecture till after the cavalry action of General Pleasanton, the 9th of June, at Brandy Station. This was, of course, merely a grand reconnoissance in force. It resulted in giving us this desired information: the corps of Longstreet and Ewell, having turned our right flank, were already *en route* towards the north; and the enemy's cavalry surely, and his whole force probably, was destined for Maryland and Pennsylvania.

HOOKER'S PLANS AND INSTRUCTIONS.

From the information gathered from the prisoners and dispatches captured during this reconnoissance, and from scouts who had noted the time it took the enemy's column to pass a given point, it was plain to our commander that there was need of prompt action: either to cross the river and fall upon Lee's rear, or to follow up his movement upon the inner lines, ready to resist any flank movement he might make, or, if an opportunity should offer at some favorable moment, to strike him in flank. General Hooker seems to have meditated the first course, and to judge from his correspondence with Washington he deemed it feasible. Doubtless, if he had had sufficient force, he might have cut off Hill's corps, fallen upon and crushed it after the departure of Ewell and Longstreet, and afterwards, if Lee had not turned back, made as good time as Lee himself in reaching Central Pennsylvania; but his general instructions to cover Washington, always a matter of vital importance, and the specific objection of the president made at the time in a letter to him, caused him to restrict himself to a reconnoissance by the sixth corps, while the other corps were marching parallel with Lee's column. Each army in motion was covered in flank by its own cavalry. General Hooker kept steadily to his object, namely, to take positions of observation, protect the capital against sudden movements in that direction, and be ready to concentrate rapidly for any possible emergency. I belonged to the right wing, temporarily constituted under the immediate charge of General John F. Reynolds. It consisted of the first, third, and eleventh corps, and marched by the way of Bealeton, Manassas Junction (the old battle-field of Bull Run), Centreville, Gum Spring, and Goose Creek. Our three corps habitually encamped within five or six miles of each other, seldom following in precisely the same track except when forced to do so. The corps kept up constant intercommunication. There were frequent cavalry combats with Stuart's cavalry at the gaps in the Bull Run range and the Blue Ridge, but few that drew into action any considerable infantry force, though a regiment, a brigade, or sometimes a division was detached in support. Mosby's cavalry, guerrillas, scouts, and spies penetrated our lines in spite of every precaution, picked off our aids and messengers on their swift journeyings from corps to corps, and circulated every sort of false story that might be made use of to mislead us.

The major part of the army of the Potomac was on the 22d of June not far from Edward's Ferry, the place selected for crossing the Potomac.

General Lee had rightly interpreted our movements, namely, the reconnoissance at Falmouth and at Beverly Ford, and the pressure of cavalry supported by infantry at the gaps of the mountain ridges which run parallel with the Potomac; and he had scarcely been checked for an hour in the execution of *his* main purpose. He did encounter a force of about seven thousand men under General R. H. Milroy, at Winchester, Virginia, which force, in an isolated position, without support, could not afford to wait for Lee's arrival. But it was difficult for General Milroy, with his brave heart, to make up his mind to retreat till the enemy was actually upon him. He remained one day too long, his retreat was cut off, and it is a wonderful fact that nearly half of his command escaped and succeeded in getting upon the other side

of the Potomac, leaving the remainder of his men, twenty-nine guns, upwards of two hundred wagons, and four hundred horses and mules in the hands of the enemy. This unfortunate affair, ending the 15th of June, served to depress us and inspirit the enemy. He pressed on rapidly to Harper's Ferry, where doubtless he hoped to repeat the tactics of a former occasion, that is, of seizing the commanding points on the Virginia shore, and forcing a surrender. But this time we were fortunate in having in command there General Tyler, an officer as quick of apprehension and as fertile in expedients as Lee's commanders. Tyler carefully withdrew to the almost impregnable position of Maryland Heights, a range of hills, on the eastern shore of the Potomac, which completely command the ground at Harper's Ferry; thus saving his command and taking an excellent post of observation. General Hooker was entirely right when he asked the control of this force. Had Milroy's and Tyler's troops been under his command, Milroy would have held merely an outpost for Tyler, and would doubtless have retired upon him on Lee's approach. In such emergencies independent wills work at cross-purposes. For war, you must get the best will you can, and trust it wholly.

I was ordered to cross the Potomac with my corps on the 24th of June, at Edward's Ferry. The uncertainty of the enemy's movements, and correspondingly of our own, multiplied orders in an unusual manner. After my orders to cross the river and proceed to Sandy Hook, in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, General Butterfield, the chief of Hooker's staff, signaled, "Have you received orders *not* to cross at Edward's Ferry till further orders, but to camp near the telegraph office there? You report from there to head-quarters army of Potomac." Another order was to cross and march to Harper's Ferry *via* Edward's. Then came a dispatch from Hooker himself, to put my corps in camp on the *south* side of the Potomac; next, one from General Seth Williams, A. A. G., that I should guard the bridge and depots at Edward's Ferry on the *north* side of the Potomac at that place.

THE ENEMY'S CROSSING.

General Seth Williams writes, "General Tyler telegraphs from Maryland Heights, 'Longstreet's corps, which camped last night between Berryville and Charlestown, is to-day in motion, and before six o'clock this morning commenced crossing by the ford, one mile below Shepherdstown, to Sharpsburg. I have reports from reliable parties that at least fifteen thousand have crossed the ford this morning, mostly infantry and artillery. The troops are halted, and the wagon train at ten o'clock (this morning) was moving.'" General Hooker's letter of this same date, probably written early in the morning, to General Halleck, explains that Ewell is already over the Potomac, and that if he can do so without observation he proposes to send to Harper's Ferry "a corps or two to sever Ewell from the balance of the rebel army, in case he should make a protracted sojourn with his Pennsylvania neighbors."

I presume that just as soon as General Hooker knew that Longstreet was also crossing the Potomac in force, he gave up the idea of the enemy's intention to make a single corps raid. Also he surrendered the hope of dividing Lee's army by way of Harper's Ferry. In keeping with this view, the next day, the 25th of June, came new instructions to me: "The commanding general directs that you at once send a staff officer to report to General Reynolds, at or near the vicinity of Edward's Ferry, and that you move your own command in the direction of Middletown instead of Sandy Hook." This movement was executed in conjunction with the first and third corps; "with a view," General Hooker says, "to seize the passes of South Mountain . . . and confine him [Lee] to one line of invasion." These objects were fully accomplished. It was easy to concentrate at any one of the three points, Frederick, Middletown, or South Mountain, in a day. I do not

wonder at General Hooker's disappointment that the left at Harper's Ferry should be absolutely anchored by keeping ten thousand men there to defend Maryland Heights. This was in effect the decision of General Halleck, general-in-chief, telegraphed from Washington the 27th of June to General Hooker, who in person had gone to Harper's Ferry to reconnoitre. General Hooker's prompt and well-known reply to Halleck's message was, "My original instructions were to cover Harper's Ferry and Washington. I have now imposed upon me, in addition, an enemy in my front of more than my numbers. I beg to be understood, respectfully but firmly, that I am unable to comply with these conditions with the means at my disposal; and I earnestly request that I may be at once relieved from the position I occupy."

HOOKER RELIEVED; ARMY FEELING.

On the 28th, after his arrival at Frederick, General Hooker was relieved from the command, and General George G. Meade was appointed to succeed him. I was not, at this time, familiar with the points at issue between Generals Halleck and Hooker, but I was somewhat acquainted with the feeling towards General Hooker among certain officers of rank in our army. President Lincoln wrote him on the subject in a letter dated the 14th of June. He says, "I have some painful intimations that some of your corps and division commanders are not giving you their entire confidence." One of these officers, about the 18th or 19th of June, quite fiercely assailed me for "constantly sustaining General Hooker," saying in substance that I was the only corps commander that spoke always in Hooker's defense. I replied that "I was always loyal to the officer the government saw fit to place over me." Though I believed, and do so still, that my dispositions at Chancellorsville were as good as the position permitted, and that the defeat there was not due to any neglect on my part, willful or otherwise, but to other causes (as I could have explained, had I ever been called upon by the committee on the conduct of the war or by General Hooker), nevertheless I was made to feel soon after that battle that General Hooker blamed *me*, and was against me. This made me so much the more careful in what I said, particularly after General Schurz wrote me to the same effect, with a view to prevail on me to withdraw from the corps. And whatever private grievance I might have, I trod it under my feet, for I believed that General Hooker had grand qualities. He was cool and brave in action, clear-headed in council, and of a popular turn with the troops, and probably as able in matters purely military — in forming and executing plans of campaign embracing tactics and strategy — as General Lee. His great fault was that he was unmerciful in his criticism of senior and rival commanders. Judging of the army feeling as exhibited in private interviews, and in the usual canvassing of reputations and characters around the camp-fires, I believe the change of commanders, ill-timed as it seemed, was acceptable to the officers.

MEADE'S OPERATIONS.

After the telegrams between General Hooker and the government, Meade concentrated his army towards his right flank at Frederick, on the evening of the 28th, saying, "I propose to move this army to-morrow in the direction of York." After a little further consideration he set in execution, to be completed the evening of the 30th (really finished the 29th), a movement upon Emmettsburg and Westminster: first and eleventh corps to Emmettsburg, third and twelfth to Taneytown, second to Frizelburg, fifth to Union, and sixth to New Windsor. He drew French (now properly placed under his command) from Harper's Ferry to Frederick, as a reserve and protection to his line of communication with Washington. He protected his flank with cavalry.

This dispersed the army considerably, grouping two corps at Emmettsburg, two

at Taneytown, and three around Westminster, on a line from right to left of about twenty-five miles' frontage. General Meade's object, explained at the time, was, "If Lee is moving for Baltimore, I expect to get between his main army and that place. If he is crossing the Susquehanna, I shall rely upon General Couch [at Harrisburg] holding him until I can fall upon his rear and give him battle."

A part of Stuart's cavalry had crossed the Potomac in our rear, and made a raid around us. Ewell was at this time believed to be in the vicinity of York and Harrisburg. So that with Lee's army apparently scattered from Hagerstown to Carlisle, Harrisburg, and York, Meade hoped, as he said, to fall upon some portion of it in detail. But on the evening of the 30th, all our information showed that Lee was drawing in his divisions and brigades to locations between Chambersburg and Gettysburg.

The part my corps took in these grand movements of preparation was very simple. I marched on the afternoon of the 28th of June from the beautiful, fertile, loyal, hospitable valley of which Middletown is the centre, to the north of Frederick. The next day, the 29th, my notes say, "The day was rainy, the roads heavy, and the march wearisome, yet the troops were in camp at Emmettsburg, having made about twenty miles, by seven P. M." Orders June 30th sent Reynolds with first corps to Marsh Run, half-way from Emmettsburg to Gettysburg, about six miles on. I changed position from the right to the left of the town, and the third corps (Sickles's) encamped between Taneytown and my position. Slocum went to Littlestown. The cavalry kept in advance; Buford's division was already in Gettysburg. The rest of the army remained substantially as on the day before. The Confederate corps of A. P. Hill, or a large portion of it, was at Wingard's farm, on the road from Funkstown to the Chambersburg pike, the night before.

Just at night I received a note from General Reynolds requesting me to ride up to Marsh Run and see him. He was stopping at a house on the right of the road when I reached there, occupying a back room on the south side. He said he was glad to see me, and immediately gave me General Meade's confidential address, just issued, in which he required the officers in command fitly to address the troops, and appealed to every patriotic sentiment to stimulate his command on the approach of a great battle. He (Reynolds) showed me, in a bundle of dispatches, — the information brought to him during the day, — evidence of the nearness, position, and designs of the enemy. He sat down with me to study the maps of the country, and we consulted upon these matters till eleven o'clock at night, the last night of his life. He impressed me as unusually sad; perhaps not more so than any clear-headed officer would be on the eve of an important battle. I took leave of him and rode rapidly back, six miles, to my command.

It seemed that I was hardly asleep before a messenger from army headquarters at Taneytown waked me with orders for General Reynolds as the wing commander. They were the orders of march for the day. I opened the dispatch and noted its contents (we read all dispatches, however directed, lest they should fall into the hands of the enemy and be lost), but did not attempt to execute the orders directed to another till sufficient time had been allowed him to give his own instructions based on them. But these orders of march, so soon known, enabled me to be in readiness. From them I quote the following: —

"Orders. Headquarters at Taneytown. Third corps to Emmettsburg; second corps to Taneytown; fifth corps to Hanover; twelfth corps to Two Taverns; first corps to Gettysburg; eleventh corps to Gettysburg (in supporting distance); sixth corps to Manchester. Cavalry to front and flanks, well out in all directions, giving timely notice of positions and movements of the enemy."

After indicating the probable position of Longstreet and Hill between Chambersburg and Gettysburg, and Ewell at

Carlisle and York, and expressing the opinion that movements favored a disposition on Lee's part to advance from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, General Meade concludes, "The general believes he has relieved Harrisburg and Philadelphia, and now desires to look to his own army and assume position for offensive or defensive, or for rest to the troops."

GENERAL HOWARD'S MOVEMENT AND OBSERVATION.

I will now ask the reader to narrow his view, and accompany me while I play the small part assigned to me, and note what I observed, remembering that if I write more fully of my own work it is no disparagement to others who distinguished themselves.

At 8.30 A. M., at Emmettsburg, I received the order of march from Reynolds, for the time my immediate commander, and at once set in motion two columns then in readiness. One, Barlow's division, with a battery, was put upon the direct road from Emmettsburg to Gettysburg (eleven miles); the other two divisions, Schurz's and Steinwehr's, with four batteries remaining, upon an indirect road (thirteen miles) by Horner's mill, coming into Gettysburg by the Taneytown road. An average of two and one half miles per hour on a hot July day, with the load of supplies each soldier had to carry, would be enough, and would bring Barlow's division into Gettysburg a little after one P. M. (His road was already cut up by Reynolds's wagons, and much obstructed all the way by trains and artillery carriages.) Schurz and Steinwehr, upon an unobstructed road, would do well to make an average of three miles per hour, and might come in about the same time with Barlow.

THE BATTLE: FIRST DAY.

As soon as the columns were in motion, accompanied by my staff I took the shortest route, riding rapidly by the side of the road, in the woods, in the fields, anywhere to get past the impedimenta and Reynolds's moving columns, and reached the vicinity of Gettysburg by 10.30 A. M. (All the time I give was by my own watch. I notice variations in the time from a half to three quarters of an hour, as different officers have recorded the same event.) A staff officer met me from Reynolds as I came in sight of town, and said that General Wadsworth had come suddenly upon the enemy and was engaged beyond the seminary; and it was very evident from the sound and smoke that there was artillery firing and some musketry. Reynolds's column had left the road towards the west; one division seemed on the ground and another was skirting the Oak or Seminary Ridge, closing up.

My orders to keep within supporting distance, with a corps, would mean four or five miles back, if no combat was at hand. But Reynolds's word to me now by his aid was, "Come quite up to Gettysburg." And as I asked *where* he wished to place me, the aid said, in substance, "Encamp anywhere about here, according to your judgment at present." But circumstances change rapidly when an action has already begun. After his aid had gone and the firing seemed to increase, I became very anxious to see General Reynolds himself, that I might act with him to the best advantage. I sent an aid and orderlies to different places to look for him and report to me. Meanwhile, with the remainder of my staff I reconnoitred for the best position in which to locate my command. I went to the west of Sherfy's peach-orchard, to a little rising ground there, then across the field, and ascended Cemetery Ridge. While there looking at the broad expanse of country over and beyond the little town at my feet, I distinctly remember turning to Colonel Meizenburg, the corps adjutant general, and saying, "This seems to be a *good position*, colonel." He answered briefly, "It is the *only* position, general."

I now passed rapidly into the town and at first tried to get into the belfry of the court-house, but found no ladder; some one recommended another place,

across the street, through a store, up a stairway, through a lumber-room, then up another flight of stairs, and out upon a balcony. It was probably the work of two minutes, when from what is now called Fahnestock's observatory I had a fine post of observation. What could we see? The roads, now so familiar, from Bonnaughtown, York, Harrisburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Chambersburg, and Hagerstown; roads emerging from Gettysburg like the spokes from the hub of a wheel; roads which are exceedingly important for the soldier in command to have engraven on his memory. I saw Buford's division of cavalry perhaps two miles off towards the northwest, seeming, in the distance and in the largeness of the field beyond the college, but a handful. I got glimpses of Wadsworth's division of infantry, fighting near the Oak Ridge railroad cut. Success was then attending him, and prisoners in gray were being conducted into the town. I saw Doubleday's division beyond the Lutheran seminary, filing out of sight beyond the Oak Ridge to the south of west, a mile away.

REYNOLDS'S DEATH.

As I stood there, and looked and heard and thought, of a sudden a young officer rode rapidly up the street from the west, touched his hat as he halted, and said, "General Reynolds is wounded, sir." I replied, "I am very sorry; I hope he will be able to keep the field." A few minutes after (about 11.30 A. M.), his aid-de-camp, Major Biddle, brought me news of his death. His words were, "General Reynolds is dead, and you are the senior officer on the field."

Is it confessing weakness to say that when the responsibility of my position flashed upon me I was penetrated with an emotion never experienced before or since? I realized that we had close to us a large part of Lee's army, and that we ourselves had on the field *now* less than ten thousand men all told, and it seemed almost hopeless that Meade could gather his scattered forces in time for any considerable success to attend our arms. "But," I thought, "God helping us, we will stay here till the army comes." I assumed the command of the field, giving to General Schurz command of the eleventh corps. Doubleday succeeded to Reynolds, and Buford continued with his cavalry. I had sent an earnest call from Reynolds, received just before his death, back to the columns of Schurz and Barlow. It was his last order to me: "I am hardly pressed; have your troops move up at double-quick." Immediately I sent the news to General Sickles, who must have been at Emmettsburg before that hour, urging him to come up as quickly as possible; and through him on to General Meade at or near Taneytown, back to Slocum along the Baltimore pike to the vicinity of the Two Taverns, where he was supposed to be; and again to the commanders of the eleventh corps on both roads of approach.

I then rode slowly to the position Meizenburg and I had agreed upon as a good one, near the cemetery gate, where very soon I met General Carl Schurz in person, who had hastened on to see me; and I instructed him, as soon as the troops should arrive, to place his reserve batteries and Steinwehr's division in support on those heights, and to send his other two divisions, Barlow's and his own, now Schimmelpfennig's, to the right of Doubleday's corps, as relief.

Several writers have criticised this disposition, one set asserting substantially that it was a lame attempt on my part to carry out the instructions of General Reynolds, which he himself would have modified had he lived; another, that I scattered my troops too much, and should have concentrated them at once; and another still, that the disposition was well enough, but that I should have intrenched or barricaded more than was done.

The first objection is simply not true. General Reynolds, as a true soldier and a military man of good capacity, met the enemy with his troops, which were but the advance of the main army, and attacked at once with boldness, as the wisest course to make the enemy more careful

and slower in developing his forces; but he fell before he had informed me of any plan for a subsequent arrangement of troops. The second objection would be of value provided there had been time to take and fortify prominent points in the enemy's front; but it was better to interpose a weak line to Ewell's corps than to let the flanking operation of Chancellorsville be repeated upon our exposed right flank. A well organized skirmish-line is better than nothing. The alternative would have been to occupy, at once and fully, Cemetery Ridge and vicinage, and draw back the first corps. But this could not be done safely so early in the morning. The repulse of the Oak Ridge line would surely have fallen upon the new line at the cemetery, for the enemy's numbers present were at least two to our one. Possibly more barricading and intrenching might have been done, even in the presence of actual firing; I had it done in Georgia afterwards, under similar circumstances, but more was effected at Gettysburg than is usually believed. The batteries on the cemetery heights were many of them covered. The walls and fences were taken possession of, and the houses towards the north and west of the town, as I ordered and as I am informed, were prepared and used as barricades.

FURTHER MOVEMENTS.

As soon as General Schurz had received his instructions near the cemetery gate, he met his column that appeared first on the Taneytown road, and detached the brave and prompt Captain Dilger with his first Ohio battery in advance, which passed through Gettysburg at a trot and went at once to a good position on the right of Robinson's division. I insert a short extract from General Schurz's report to me. He says, "The right of the first corps seemed to extend across the Cashtown road and the railroad northeast of it. It was at this time difficult to see how far the ground was in our possession. Of the enemy we saw but little, and had no means of forming a just estimate of his strength. Either the enemy was before us in small force, and then we had to push him with all possible vigor, or he had the principal part of his army there, and then we had to establish ourselves in a position which would enable us to maintain ourselves until the arrival of reënforcements. Either of these cases being possible, provision was made for both.

"Accordingly you ordered me to take the third and first divisions of the eleventh corps through the town, to endeavor to gain possession of the eastern prolongation of the ridge partly held by the first corps, while you intended to establish the second division and the artillery (the reserve batteries, Major T. W. Osborne, commanding), except the batteries attached to the first and third divisions, on the cemetery and the eminence east of it, as a reserve.

"The third division arrived at 12.45 P. M. [probably, time blank in my copy], at a double-quick. The weather was sultry, and the troops, that had marched several hours without halting a single time, were much out of breath. I ordered General Schimmelpfennig . . . to advance briskly through the town, and to deploy on the right of the first corps in two lines. This order was executed with promptness and spirit. Shortly afterwards the first division, under General Barlow, arrived by the Emmettsburg road proper, advanced through the town, and was ordered by me to form on the right of the third division."

Meanwhile, as General Schurz was conducting his third division to battle, I left orders for Steinwehr and Osborne to halt and form upon Cemetery Ridge, and also directed my chief of staff to remain there with all that pertained to my head-quarters, namely, clerks, orderlies, servants, horses, and the small cavalry detachment. I set forth with two or three officers for a personal reconnoissance of the troops engaged at the front. I was just in time to meet the head of Barlow's division, and accompanied it through the town along the street that is nearest the extension of the Emmettsburg road. He detached Captain Wheeler's battery in advance. It moved with the

utmost rapidity to join Captain Dilger. The infantry marched more slowly, that they might come fresher into battle. As the column passed along, the street and houses seemed almost deserted. But for the occasional firing beyond the seminary, echoing through the town, they were at this time as silent and undemonstrative as were the streets of Baltimore when we came through that city a few days after the riot in 1861. One beautiful exception greeted our eyes. A young lady, standing upon a piazza near a street corner upon our right, waved her handkerchief continuously as the men passed by. It gave them heart, reminding them of the true and loved ones for whom they were fighting. The soldiers answered with cheers, prolonged as the regiments came and went.

My senior aid-de-camp, Major C. H. Howard, was sent with orderlies to the position of General Buford to consult with him, reconnoitre, and bring me information. I then rode rapidly along our line from our right to the position of General Doubleday on the left. General Wadsworth in his testimony says: "General Howard had ridden over to see me about two o'clock, and told me to hold the position as long as I could and then to retire." Probably, as he was subordinate to General Doubleday, I told him those *would be* the instructions; my record of this visit is, "I found General Doubleday about a quarter of a mile beyond the seminary. His third division was drawn up with its front and left facing towards the northwest, making a large angle with the ridge; the artillery of this division was engaging the enemy at this time. His first division [Wadsworth's] was located a little to the right of the railroad [merely a railroad cut running from Gettysburg towards Chambersburg], and his second division [Robinson's] on Wadsworth's right." The left of Doubleday's line, resting on a small stream called Willoughby's Run, extended to an elevation north of the Chambersburg road and was then refused. Then there was an interval, occupied after one P. M. by Wheeler's and Dilger's batteries belonging to the eleventh corps. From this place to Rock Creek, almost at right angles with the first corps line, were the two divisions of the eleventh corps, Barlow's and Schimmelpfennig's.

Such was the position of the troops. Now, with a view to relieve a constant pressure upon Doubleday's division, I directed General Schurz to move forward and seize a woody height in front of his left, on the prolongation of Oak Ridge. But before he had advanced many steps, the report of Ewell's corps advancing between the York and Harrisburg roads was brought in by Major Howard, and confirmed by reports from Generals Buford and Schurz. I saw at once that my right would be completely enveloped if I pressed on for the woody height referred to, so I ordered the line to be halted, and skirmishers to be sent to try to get upon and occupy that position. Before their arrival the enemy had it in force.

From this time, about two, till four P. M., General Schurz with the advance division stood mainly on the defensive, constantly firing and receiving fire of artillery and infantry. General Barlow made one bold advance that for a few minutes broke the continuity of the line. The enemy's batteries could be distinctly seen on a prominent slope north of Gettysburg, between the Carlisle and Harrisburg roads. To these batteries we constantly replied from the three batteries at the front (Lieutenant Wilkeson's, of the fourth artillery, being with Barlow hotly engaged), and from Wildrick's three-inch rifle guns on the cemetery heights near my head-quarters. A sad complaint came from General Buford that our shots from the latter, Wildrick's battery, fell short, and only reached his line. Fortunately nobody on our side was killed by this fire. The accident arose from the poorness of the ammunition, and not from want of skill in the artillery officers. Not long after my return from Doubleday's, about 2.45 P. M., perceiving that a severe attack had actually been begun upon the eleventh corps and right of the first, I sent again to General Slocum, stating that my right

flank was attacked and asking him if he was moving up to my relief. I stated that I was in danger of being turned and driven back. As to another message, owing to some difficulty in finding General Sickles's head-quarters, my aid-de-camp, Captain Pearson, did not deliver it to him till 3.30 P. M., so that it was vain to expect help from that quarter short of two hours and a half. The first corps really did more fighting than the eleventh. It began early, when Wadsworth's two brigades, Cutler's and Meredith's, came into position. Doubleday says, "General Reynolds took Cutler's brigade and Hall's battery to hold his part of the line, and directed the other brigade to be placed on a line with the first in a piece of woods which lay between the two roads [probably the Chambersburg and the next road to the south]. These roads were already occupied by the enemy, who opened fire upon us, killing General Reynolds almost on the first volley." The result of this first combat, thus begun, was to dislodge the enemy from the woods and take a large number of prisoners, his force being driven beyond Willoughby's Run. Here is where Colonel Fairchild so distinguished himself at the head of a Wisconsin regiment. Wadsworth's right being turned and a battery (Hall's) being nearly disabled, all the horses and men at one gun either killed or wounded, he fell back with a part of Cutler's brigade along the railroad cut towards town. Doubleday now assumed the offensive with a reserve regiment and some others at hand, and attacked the enemy's advance in flank, enabling Wadsworth to catch in the railroad cut General Archer, of North Carolina, with part of his brigade and part of Davis's (rebel) brigade, and make them prisoners. General Doubleday now extended his line with Robinson's division and supported his right with proper reserves.

This seems to have been the position of things when I went along his line. There was constant skirmishing and some artillery firing kept up all this time, but no vigorous attack again till it came along the whole line. My record is: "At 3.20 P. M. the enemy renewed his attack upon the first corps, hotly pressing the first and second divisions." This was simultaneous with Ewell's movement against Schurz on the right. Earnest requests came to me from both corps for reënforcements; Schurz must have another brigade on his right. My report says truly, "I had then only two small brigades of Steinwehr's in reserve, and had already placed three regiments from these (Costar's brigade) in the north edge of the town, with a view to cover the eleventh corps should it be forced to retire." I feared the consequence of sparing another man from the cemetery. It was not a time to lose the nucleus for a new line that must soon be formed. I did, however, give General Schurz another battery from the reserve, and requested General Buford with his cavalry to retire from his advanced position, to support as well as he could the right of Doubleday's line.

At 3.45 Generals Doubleday and Wadsworth besought me again for reënforcements. I directed General Schurz if he could possibly spare a regiment to send one immediately to Wadsworth, for I deemed his front the ground which General George H. Thomas used to call "the hitch" (where the enemy is most obstinate). I have no record as to whether Schurz sent this regiment or not. In fact, fifteen minutes after this order left me, the musketry fire on the right and left became terrific, seemingly all along the line, and Doubleday was outflanked toward the left. I then sent an aid (I think it must have been Captain Hall) to General Doubleday with these words: "If you cannot hold out longer, you must fall back to the cemetery and take position on the left of the Baltimore pike." The general, and I believe him a true man, does not give me credit for this order. It is possible the aid may have said, "We must hold on to the seminary as long as possible," in the excitement using *seminary* for *cemetery;* or he may have failed to reach him with the order.

ORDERS FOR RETREAT.

A few minutes later, being satisfied I could hold the front no longer, at 4.10 P. M. I sent a positive order (General Schurz names this order in his report) to Generals Schurz and Doubleday to fall back gradually, disputing the ground obstinately, and to form near my position, the eleventh corps on the right and the first corps on the left of the Baltimore pike; and, as I knew our line would necessarily be short, and appear so to General Lee's observation, I asked General Buford to make all the show he could on our left, fronting the enemy's right. This he promptly did. Now let it be remembered, when the staff officers left me with orders, our troops were already giving way. Soon the division of the eleventh corps nearest Doubleday was flying to the shelter of the town, widening the gap there; and the enemy in line pressed rapidly through the interval. Of course Robinson and Wadsworth had to give way. General Doubleday says, "I think the retreat would have been a very successful one if it had not been unfortunately the case that a portion of the eleventh corps, which had held out very well on the extreme right, had been surrounded and had fallen back at the same time that my right flank fell back. These two bodies of men became entangled in the streets of the town, and quite a number were captured." This was literally the case. The provisions made to cover the retirement of the troops, namely, the sending of Costar's brigade to the edge and front of the town, and the proper location and service of batteries by my chief of artillery, Major T. W. Osborne, checked the eager advance of the enemy, and broke and flung back a column of his in the act of turning the right flank of our new position. As the troops came up the Baltimore pike, very much broken, Schimmelpfennig, the commander of the leading division, lost his way, and to avoid falling into the enemy's hands hid himself among some piles of lumber, and did not succeed in joining his command until after the battle of the third day. Generals Schurz and Doubleday were in front of the town till the last minute, doing everything to inspirit their troops engaged, and save what they could of their broken columns.

I received the first regiment arriving, and, leading the way with the corps flag, placed it in position on the right of Steinwehr's line. Its colonel, Von Amsburg, seemed at the time utterly crestfallen and broken, but the German soldiers answered my action and followed my signal with a shout. General Adelbert Ames, who succeeded General Barlow in command of his division after Barlow was badly wounded, came to me about this time and said, "I have no division: it is all cut to pieces." I replied, "Do what you can, Ames, to gather the fragments and extend the line to the right." He did so, and succeeded better than he had feared. The firing of the enemy now measurably subsided; only an occasional cannon shot and scattering musketry reached us.

HANCOCK'S ARRIVAL.

At this moment, 4.30 P. M., according to the time I had gone by all day, General Hancock appeared. (He reports to the committee on the conduct of the war that he was at Cemetery Hill by 3.30 P. M.) General Doubleday states that his troops did not commence to give way till a quarter before four; and surely it was half an hour later than this that he was leading his corps into position on Cemetery Ridge, where he and I first met Hancock. General Hancock greeted me in his usual frank and cordial manner, and used these words: "General Meade has sent me to represent him on the field." I replied, "All right, Hancock. This is no time for talking. You take the left of the pike and I will arrange these troops to the right." He said no more, and moved off in his peculiar gallant style to gather scattered brigades and put them into position. I noticed that he sent Wadsworth's division, without consulting me, to the right of the eleventh corps, to Culp's Hill; but as it was just the thing to do, I

made no objection, — probably would not have made any in any event, — but worked away, assisted by my officers, organizing and arranging batteries and infantry along the stone wall and fences toward Gettysburg, and along the northern crest of the ridge. It did not strike me then that Hancock, without troops, was doing more than directing matters as a temporary chief of staff for Meade.

MEADE'S ORDER SUPERSEDING HOWARD.

But just before night, when the order from General Meade came to me, superseding me in command of the field by a junior in rank, I was of course deeply mortified, and immediately sought General Hancock and appealed to his magnanimity to represent to General Meade how I had performed my duty on that memorable day, which I think he then did. I know that afterward General Hancock said in substance to Vice-President Hamlin, concerning this battle, "The country will never know how much it owes to your Maine general, Howard." At seven I turned over the command to General Slocum, whom I saw in company with Hancock for the first time. He had placed his two divisions as I had requested, one at the extreme right, and the other at the left, some time before I saw him. Slocum answered me roughly that evening, and feeling that for some unaccountable reason I was blamed where I ought to be commended, I sat down and wrote a letter to General Meade.

HEAD-QUARTERS ELEVENTH CORPS,
July 1, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE, commanding Army of the Potomac:

GENERAL, — General Hancock's order to assume command reached here in writing at seven (P. M.). At that time, General Slocum being present, having just arrived at this point, I turned over the command to him. This evening I have read an order stating that if General Slocum was present he would assume command.

I believe I have handled these two corps to-day from a little past eleven until four o'clock, — when General Hancock assisted me in carrying out orders which I had already issued, — as well as any of your corps commanders could have done. Had we received reënforcements a little sooner, the first position assumed by General Reynolds and held by General Doubleday till my corps came up might have been maintained; but the position was not a good one because both flanks were exposed, and a heavy force approaching from the north roads rendered it untenable, being already turned, so that I was forced to retire the command to the position now occupied, which I regard as a very strong one.

The above has mortified and will disgrace me. Please inform me frankly if you disapprove my conduct to-day, that I may know what to do.

I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant, O. O. HOWARD,
Major-General Commanding.

General Sickles had meanwhile arrived with the third corps, and placed his command on our left, extending the line, heartily approving the position and distribution of the troops.

CLOSE OF FIRST DAY'S BATTLE.

Thus ended the first day's battle, a rough, hard, bloody day. No sane man expected a victory over Lee's army to be gained with an advance guard; twenty-two thousand infantry against sixty thousand of the same blue-eyed Saxon race, in an open country, where there was no pass to be defended, no mountain or river to be used as an auxiliary obstacle. The first and eleventh corps and Buford's small division of cavalry did wonders: held the vast army of General Lee in check all day; took up a strong position; fought themselves into it, and kept it for the approaching army of the Potomac to occupy with them, so as to meet the foe with better prospects of victory. General Lee saw our position, was deceived as to our numbers, and therefore waited for the remainder

of his army before re-attacking. But the battle cost us many valuable lives.

Doubleday fixes his loss at upwards of five thousand. General Buford's and Schurz's would probably reach four thousand, killed, wounded, and prisoners; so that twenty-two thousand effectives engaged were reduced to within thirteen thousand.

Barlow with more than a thousand other wounded men was left in the hands of the enemy. Mrs. Barlow generally kept near the field of battle where her husband was engaged, for he seldom escaped a shot. He was wounded in many battles. After Antietam he recovered with great difficulty and many drawbacks, under his wife's most careful nursing. I shall never forget Mrs. Barlow's coming up to the cemetery and saying she *must* go to her husband. She started at once down the Baltimore pike into the town, but the skirmishers would not cease firing to enable her to pass that way; then she returned and took another course, going west across the fields, where everybody could see her to be a non-combatant. This time she passed through both lines unharmed, and reached her husband.

General Slocum, with whom I had been acquainted at West Point, and with whom I had become better acquainted during our service together in the army of the Potomac, sometimes serving under his temporary command, to my astonishment declined to come up to Gettysburg to participate in the action, and only sent his troops late in the afternoon at my request. He explained the course he took by showing that it was contrary to the plan and purpose of General Meade to bring on the battle at Gettysburg, he having arranged for another defensive position at Pipe Clay Creek. I think he did wrong to delay, and was hardly justified under the circumstances, even by the written orders of General Meade; still, in all his previous history and subsequent lengthy service by my side in the West and South he showed himself a patriot in spirit, a brave man, and an able commander. As the result proved, it is perhaps as well that he did not come earlier, for he and his troops were fresh for the very hardest fighting on subsequent days. I must speak of General Steinwehr. He came upon the field with a hearty spirit, ready to do his part. During the retreat he kept his men steadily in position on the Cemetery Ridge, as a nucleus on which the line of battle, probably the most important in the annals of our war, was formed.

SECOND DAY'S BATTLE; MEADE'S ARRIVAL.

Generals Slocum and Sickles and myself took up our quarters for the night near the cemetery gate. About three o'clock on the morning of the 2d, General Meade and staff appeared at the cemetery. The first words he said to me were in substance that "he was very sorry to have seemed to cast any discredit upon me; he had no blame to affix."

General Butterfield, it seems (according to his own testimony), as soon as Reynolds's death was known at Taneytown, had urged General Meade to go to Gettysburg himself, or send there his chief of staff. Meade not thinking this best, Butterfield said he ought to send some one on the field fully possessed of *his* views and intentions; adding, "*I* should entrust that duty to General Hancock." Meade assented, and Butterfield then drew the order accordingly, which did not take from me my corps, but placed me under the general command of an officer my senior in years and service in the old army, but my junior in the volunteer appointment. From these statements it is now easy to understand General Meade's attitude toward me. He may have been prejudiced, but certainly, as I understood the matter at the time, General Meade really intended, and Hancock so implied in his conversation with me, that he (Hancock) was to represent Meade as Butterfield, the chief of staff, would have done on the field of battle. Of course it will make very little difference to posterity whether *I* served under Hancock unwittingly for two hours

and a half, or not. But it is of importance to me and to mine to explain the facts of the case.

General Meade then asked me concerning the position. I said, "I am confident we can hold this position." "I am glad to hear you say so," he replied, "for it is too late to leave it." General Sickles remarked, "It is a good place to fight from, general."

After a brief conversation concerning the location of the troops, as the dawn was just appearing in the east, we rode along the lines in rear of the sleeping soldiers, and the general saw for himself how much these lines needed strengthening and extension. The different corps, except the sixth, were near at hand for this work. General Meade, stationed near where the soldiers' monument now is, took an officer's survey of the whole field, as the sun was rising at his back. The cannonade, which began and continued for an hour from a Confederate battery situated near Blochor's house beyond our right, and was replied to by our own guns, and the rattling of musketry along the picket-lines, intensified every faculty of observation. He could see Cemetery Ridge almost like a bastioned fort on his right, where it was broken by the valley of Rock Creek, with Culp's Hill fringed with trees for the flank, and the ridge thence to its crossing of the Baltimore pike for its face. This ridge, turning near the town, passed in front of him, gradually diminishing in elevation, till, just beyond Zeigler's Grove, on his left, it is scarcely higher than the ground for a quarter of a mile in its front. He noticed then, a little farther to the south, what we called at the time Little Round Top, a small rocky spur rising abruptly, and beyond this a higher hill of the same nature, more wooded and more extended, called Big Round Top. Beginning at the crossing of Rock Creek, off to the right and rear of Meade's post of observation, near McAllister's mill, and letting the eye sweep around westward by Culp's Hill to the highest point of Cemetery Hill, thence southward to the farthest end of Big Round Top, General Meade beheld the natural formation destined to be covered by his lines of infantry. It was shaped like a fishing-hook (to which several writers have aptly compared it), the point resting at McAllister's mill, the convex bend at the Cemetery Hill near Gettysburg, and the shank representing the remainder of the line.

The position of the enemy could be divined only by glimpses of batteries, location of skirmish lines, and general probabilities. Meade could see Oak or Seminary Ridge running north and south a mile to the westward, partially covered with trees. He caught the motion of a column of infantry far to the north, moving towards our right. He saw the several roads converging toward the town, the rolling interval to the northwest, the detached hills to the north and beyond Rock Creek, which were in view, and evidently afforded excellent positions to the enemy for placing artillery on our front and flank, so as to bring a concentrated fire upon the cemetery. The general stood here in this magnificent morning light with a panorama spread before him of hill and valley and mountain, of woodland and cultivated farms, of orchard and grassland, as beautiful as nature anywhere furnishes. But he saw not the beauty; he was planning for Lee and planning for himself; plan against plan, move against move. In a few minutes he turned away slowly and thoughtfully, rode back to the gate, and soon after, the army lines began to take new form. Geary's division of Slocum's corps passed from the left, near Zeigler's Grove, to the east of Culp's Hill, and Williams's division extended thence to McAllister's mill; this located the twelfth corps line, partially intrenched or covered by rocks and trees, on the extreme right. Wadsworth's division of the first corps stayed and fortified Culp's Hill, where Hancock placed it the evening before. Ames's division of the eleventh corps carried on the line to the steep part of Cemetery Ridge, facing northwest. There were Schurz's and Steinwehr's divisions behind the famous stone wall and the apple orchard near town. Doubleday's and Robin-

son's divisions, first corps, came next in order, strengthened by Stannard's brigade of Vermont troops, newly arrived. Hancock's second corps, which had marched up from Taneytown the night before, under General Gibbon, to within three miles of the battle-field, now filed into place, extending south over the lower land, from and beyond Zeigler's Grove. Then Sickles's third corps was moved to the left and farther west than Hancock's, a part being in front of Little Round Top. About eight o'clock A. M., the fifth corps, commanded by General Sykes, coming in along the Hanover road, marched through the fields to a position as a temporary reserve in rear of Little Round Top. General Pleasanton's cavalry corps was disposed beyond Rock Creek to protect our flanks, General Gregg commanding a division operating on the extreme right, near the Bonnaughtown road, and General Kilpatrick's division, on the extreme left beyond Big Round Top, pushing towards the Emmettsburg road. General Buford's division of cavalry, that had served so faithfully during the preliminary operations, was withdrawn from Sickles's left, where I had placed it, and sent on the 2d of July to guard our main trains at Westminster. General Sedgwick, as soon as he received his orders on the night of the 1st, set his sixth corps in motion from Westminster about nine o'clock P. M., and marched all night and the next day, with scarcely a halt, making thirty-four or thirty-five miles in seventeen hours. At two P. M. I saw this corps move to the rear of the first and second corps, forming each brigade in line in rear of the preceding. As soon as a brigade had reached its position the officers and men unslung their blankets and lay down, covering themselves for rest; they were soon sleeping soundly.

General Meade's head-quarters were established at Mrs. Leister's house, situated on the Taneytown road not far to the southeast of Zeigler's Grove, a point that proved to be more exposed to the enemy's artillery fire than any other within our lines, except the cemetery itself.

LEE'S POSITION.

In rear of and near the middle of his own lines, where the Chambersburg road crosses the Oak or Seminary Ridge, at the stone house of Mrs. Mary Marshall, General Robert E. Lee made his head-quarters. They had an advantage over General Meade's, being less exposed to the fire and more commanding as a post of observation. His troops after getting into place were situated as follows: Ewell with three divisions opposite our right, Johnston's division having his left beyond Rock Creek at Benner's Hill, and Early's division extending the line to near town, the two confronting Slocum, Wadsworth, and Ames. Then Rhodes's line, passing through Gettysburg along Middle Street, stretched out toward the Seminary Hill or Oak Ridge. Hill's corps of three divisions faced the eleventh corps (my own), the first (General Newton commanding), and the second (Hancock's), extending from the Shippensburg road to and a little beyond the Hagerstown road; his divisions were commanded by Heath, Pender, and Anderson, in the order named. Longstreet's corps continued the line along the Oak Ridge and across the fields to the Emmettsburg road, Hood's division being located at the right of McLaws's, and Pickett's in reserve. Lee's cavalry was not much used till near the close of the engagements at Gettysburg, being allowed to rest after its arduous service in the preliminary campaign and long raids around our right flank. General Lee's artillery officers had placed their guns on every favorable position, as I have intimated, on front and flanks, having for use two hundred and seventy-five guns. General Hunt, Meade's chief of artillery, saw to the posting of *our* batteries. Cemetery Ridge was covered with them, and batteries or parts of batteries were placed wherever there was an available point. I took my head-quarters in the cemetery at the highest point, where the ridge slopes to the eastward, very near the place where the monument now is. The officers and men were rested and encouraged by the usual

influence of complete arrangement, confident movements, and large auxiliaries.

OPENING OF THE BATTLE.

My record of the opening of this battle is as follows: "Very little occurred while the other corps were moving into position until about four P. M. Just before this, orders had been issued to the [my] divisions to make ready for battle, as the enemy was reported advancing on our left. Now the enemy opened fire from some dozen batteries [Hunt says one hundred and twenty guns], to our right and front, bringing a concentrated fire upon our position." Osborne and Wainwright replied with spirit. Projectiles filled the air; they went over us and set ambulances, spare wagons, and a host of army followers into rapid motion farther to the rear, for shelter. A part fell short and were harmless, or occasionally exploded, throwing out their fragments to trouble the artillery men and horses, or to rattle among the tombstones. Seldom did a shell explode on the crest where the infantry was lying; but now and then one more murderous than the rest would strike a regiment. One such shell, I remember, killed in a single regiment of ours twenty-seven men.

There was a battery directly in front of me that kept very actively at work during this cannonade. My attention was called to a young artilleryman who ran backward and forward from the gun to the limber, carrying ammunition. He was singing and whistling, and very active. As a shot or shell came near, the horses would spring to one side or pull back. He would then run to their heads and straighten the team, and return to his work, exhibiting no impatience. Just as I was remarking him for his heartiness and lively conduct, a solid shot struck him on his thigh; he gave one sharp cry, and was no more. One who stood near me at this time writes, "Then came a storm of shot and shell; marble slabs were broken, iron fences shattered, horses disemboweled. The air was full of wild, hideous noises, the low buzz of round shot, the whizzing of elongated bolts, and the stunning explosion of shells overhead and all around. . . . In three minutes [after our batteries opened] the earth shook with the tremendous concussion of two hundred pieces of artillery."

Undoubtedly General Lee made up his mind from careful observation that the hills, Little and Big Round Top, afforded the key to our position. Could he get a lodgment on these heights, a single battery might be so placed as to paralyze our whole centre and right. There would be an enfilading fire, sweeping the troops of Hancock, Newton, and myself, and a reverse fire — or fire from the rear — upon the rest of our line.

LONGSTREET'S ATTACK ON SICKLES.

General Sickles, for the time constituting our left, had moved his corps forward to the slight ridge of land that runs obliquely from the cemetery southwest towards Oak Ridge, taking ground considerably in advance of Hancock's left. The position itself was doubtless intrinsically better for meeting an assault than the continuation of Hancock's line at that time, but it isolated the third corps and exposed its flank to be turned. While Longstreet made the main attack here, Ewell was to attack in *his* front, and Hill to threaten, each to work opposite his own place in the general line, that Meade might not reënforce. In perhaps three quarters of an hour after the batteries began, there was for a few minutes a lull in the firing, when it again opened with redoubled violence on our left. Hood and McLaws in line moved to the attack. The division on Sickles's left, extending back from the peach orchard, rested its flank on Big Round Top. The brigades of Wood and De Trobriand on that flank received the first onslaught, but, being posted as well as could be under the circumstances in that advanced position, returned the enemy's fire with vigor and effect. Graham's brigade, making an angle just north of the orchard, and with little cover, met a fearfully destructive fire

almost simultaneous with that on the left; it did not hold its ground long, though the contest at the peach orchard, and at Rose's house, a little to the south of it, was somewhat prolonged. Sickles's batteries here did wonderfully effective service: Bigelow's fired rapidly from a position near A. Trostle's barn, and when forced to retire, did so with the prolonge, keeping up the fire. The Confederates, pressing back the broken infantry line, came upon this battery with a rush. Bigelow is said to have blown them from the muzzles of his guns, but still they came on, and clambered over his limbers and shot his horses. Five of his non-commissioned officers and twenty-two of his men were killed or wounded, and he himself wounded in the side. Still he held on and fired till the corps chief of artillery, McGilvery, had brought up his reserve battery to the high ground in his rear. These brave men brought off only two guns, but they had done their part in delaying Longstreet's advance.

General Humphreys's division, being opposite A. P. Hill's men, was not hotly engaged till our troops on his left had been for some time in the fight; but by six P. M. the fierce battle rolled along to his front, and after making all possible resistance he retired slowly and in very good order to the position of Hancock. During this fearful conflict between the Round Tops and the Emmettsburg road, groves, orchards, trees, knolls, stone walls, large rocks, and every natural obstacle or cover had been taken advantage of by our men in retiring, and by the enemy in advancing, so that the necessary delay was effected to enable General Meade to do what it would of course have been wise to do before, namely, get the fifth corps upon the heights at the left. Birney had called for this corps as reënforcement before the action began. General Sykes is said to have replied "that he would be up in time, that his men were making coffee and were tired." The spirit of the men going into battle is all important. The coffee and the resting are often absolutely necessary to the soldier, to enable him to keep on his feet and bear his part. General Meade and not General Birney was Sykes's commander, and the latter was clearly in position to reënforce Birney, in case of need, in a very few minutes. But to my mind there is a remarkable providence in the fact so much complained of, namely, that "General Sickles had taken up an advanced position;" for thus he caused the delay of Longstreet, and enabled Meade to put Sykes into position to save his extreme left, which was the very high ground that Lee made his main attack to secure. General Sickles was severely wounded, losing his leg. He called upon Meade for reënforcements, and turned over his command to Birney.

While the fifth corps was moving into position, General Warren, Meade's chief engineer, kept the signal flags waving on Little Round Top, detached Hazlett's battery and supported it by Vincent's brigade of Barnes's division, and undertook to secure this vital point. He was just in time, for Hood's men were upon them in five minutes; but they had our best troops to meet. They came with their fearful yell up the rough steeps, over the precipitous crags, only to be hurled back again.

"Never was there a wilder place for combat, and never was there a combat more fierce than was seen there on that hot July evening, with blazing musketry and hand-to-hand struggles, with clubbed fire-arms and jagged stones. For half an hour this conflict went on, when a charge from the twentieth Maine, under Colonel Chamberlain, hurled the Texans from the hill." [1] Chamberlain occupied the left of the line, while Vincent's brigade and Weed's brigade of Ayer's division and Crawford's division broke Hood's and McLaws's advance farther to the right. General Hancock, after Sickles's wound, was given the care of the two corps, the second and third. He pressed forward reënforcements as they were needed. From my post of observation I could see brigades and divisions move out westward, with their flags flying and their bayonets gleaming

[1] Lossing.

in the sunlight; then the fearful rattling of the musketry would follow, and the brigades and even divisions would melt away. When Humphreys, on retiring, reached the open space at his rear, he thought for a moment the day was lost, and the enemy thought their victory sure. But in a few moments Meade had sent forward Wheaton's division of the sixth corps, and the other fresh troops just named; the new line was complete; then, as soon as Humphreys's men were out of the way, a sheet of fire opened from Zeigler's Grove to Little Round Top, and the enemy were repulsed.

Histories, reports, testimonies, and letters are crowded with thrilling incidents in the battle I have outlined. General Weed fell at Hazlett's battery on Little Round Top. Lieutenant Hazlett saw his commander fall, and as he hastened to him to catch his last words, he was struck by a bullet and fell dead across the body of his general. General Vincent, commanding the supporting brigade of Hazlett's battery, fell while standing in an elevated position where he could see and be seen, cheering on his men. Colonel Edward E. Cross, in Caldwell's division of Hancock's corps, commanded the brigade that I had led during McClellan's campaign. His regiment was the fifth New Hampshire. He was tall, handsome, with a clear, black, restless eye, and a warm heart. Nothing seemed to please him better than the excitement of battle. He is said to have been wounded nine times in previous combats. He exclaimed, a few hours after the fatal shot had struck, "I did hope I would live to see peace and our country restored!" General Zook, of New York, in the same division, was another that I counted as a personal friend. He fell in Caldwell's advance. I remember distinctly his high character, pleasant face, and genial companionship, and can hardly realize that he is gone. My brother, who is a minister, having been sent by the Christian Commission, was moving around relieving the wounded, and found his own cousin, Major S. P. Lee, with his right arm shattered, and at first quite unconscious. He took charge of him and carefully nursed him till he became convalescent.

NIGHT ENGAGEMENT.

After the struggle had closed, and when we supposed we should have a rest for the night, some troops in our front, said to be the "Louisiana Tigers," sprang from their cover under the steep hill on the north end of Cemetery Ridge, broke through Ames's division, and in three minutes were upon our batteries, Wiedrick's and others, almost without firing a shot. General Schurz by my order sent a part of a brigade under Colonel Krizanowski to the batteries' immediate relief; the artillerymen left their guns, and used sponge-staffs, handspikes, or anything they could lay hold of, to beat back the enemy, and as soon as help came the batteries were cleared. Schurz also sent a brigade farther to the right to help General Green, who requested reënforcements. I sent to Meade for more troops, as a part of Ames's division was forced back and a gap made. But Hancock, hearing the firing, had detached Colonel S. S. Carroll, with his spirited brigade, to my aid. His men formed at right angles to the general line, and swept swiftly over the highest ground northward, carrying everything before them.

Generals Steinwehr and Newton immediately filled any gaps made on my left by sudden withdrawals. This night engagement extended as far as Slocum had any troops. It was Ewell's effort on our right to assist Lee's main attack after Williams's and a part of Geary's divisions had been withdrawn, and ordered off to reënforce the right. The enemy's troops took quiet possession of the points vacated, and really slept within our lines, but the ground was so rough, and the woods so thick, that their generals did not realize till morning what they had gained.

This then was the condition of things at the close of the second day. Lee held Sickles's advance position of the morning, and part of our rifle-pits or barricades between McAllister's mill and

Culp's Hill. Lee modestly says, "These partial successes determined me to continue the assault next day."

THIRD DAY'S BATTLE.

The detachments of the twelfth corps (Williams's division strengthened by Lockwood's brigade) that had given efficient help on the left during the 2d of July, and two brigades of Geary's division, which Meade says did not reach the scene of action from having mistaken the road, attempted after night to return to their breastworks on the extreme right of our line; but, as I have intimated, they found them already occupied by Johnston's Confederates. General Slocum was at this time in command of more troops than the twelfth corps, and General A. S. Williams had the latter. Williams made arrangements to attack the enemy at daylight and regain the position formerly occupied by the corps.[1]

I slept with others inside of a family lot in the cemetery, beside an iron fence, with a grave mound for a pillow. Being very weary, for want of rest on previous nights, I was not awakened till five A. M., when I heard quick and sharp musketry firing, with an occasional sound of artillery. It began like the pattering of rain on a flat roof, only louder, and was at first intermitted. Then it would increase in volume of sound till it attained a continuous roar. Of course I sent at once to the right and to headquarters to ascertain what the firing meant. The reply came shortly, "The twelfth corps is regaining its lines." By seven o'clock the battle was fully joined. The Confederates were determined to hold on, and disputed the ground with great obstinacy. But after a lively contest of five hours, Ewell was driven beyond Rock Creek, and the breastworks were reoccupied and held. I went over this ground five years after the battle, and marks of the struggle were still to be observed: the moss on the rocks was discolored in hundreds of places where the bullets had struck; the trees, as cut off, lopped down, or shivered, were still there; stumps and trees were perforated with holes where leaden balls had since been dug out, and remnants of the rough breastworks remained. I did not wonder that General Geary, who was in the thickest of this fight, thought the main battle of Gettysburg must have been fought there.

[1] See General Meade's corrected report.

CAVALRY COMBATS ON THE FLANK.

Stuart's cavalry made a demonstration at this time beyond Ewell. General Gregg's division, by Pleasanton's direction, engaged the enemy in an artillery duel near the Bonnaughtown road, and checked his advance so as to prevent mischief from that quarter. About this time our bold, sanguine Kilpatrick moved his division of cavalry over beyond the enemy's right, near the Emmettsburg road, where Pleasanton later in the day directed him "to pitch in with all his might on Longstreet's right." In these combats of Kilpatrick several valuable officers lost their lives; among them was General Farnsworth, in command of a brigade, near the time of Pickett's repulse. Pleasanton speaks of this work on the enemy's right as follows: "I have always been of the opinion that the demonstration of cavalry on our left materially checked the attack of the enemy on the 3d of July; for General Hood, the rebel general, was attempting to turn our flank when he met these two brigades of cavalry, and the officers reported to me that at least two divisions of the rebel infantry and a number of batteries were held back, expecting an attack from us on that flank."

LAST CANNONADE AND ASSAULT.

The last bloody contest at Gettysburg opened about one P. M. by a cannonade. Lee's plan of attack was the same as that of the day before, except that Longstreet now had Pickett's division, and Lee added one division and two brigades of A. P. Hill to the attacking column. Also there was a different massing of the artillery. Longstreet is said to have

brought together in his front, opposite the low ground north of Little Round Top, fifty-five long-range guns, and Hill massed some sixty more a little farther towards and opposite to our centre.

The signal-gun was fired by the enemy, and from the southwest, west, north, and northeast, his batteries opened, hurling into the cemetery grounds missiles of every description. Shells burst in the air, on the ground, at our right and left, and in front, killing men and horses, exploding caissons, overturning tombstones, and smashing fences. The troops hugged their cover, when they had any, as well as they could. One regiment of Steinwehr's was fearfully cut to pieces by a shell. Several officers passing a certain path within a stone's-throw of my position were either killed or wounded. The German boy holding our horses under the cover of the Cemetery Hill, on the eastern slope, near a large rock, had his left arm clipt off with a fragment of a shell. Men fell while eating, or while the food was in their hands, and some with cigars in their mouths. As there seemed to be actually no place of safety, my staff officers sat by me nearly in front of four twelve-pound Parrott guns that played over our heads, almost every available space being covered with artillery. As the sabots (the pieces of wood that are placed between the cartridges and the elongated shot) would sometimes fly off and hit us when the guns fired, we made large piles of hard-bread boxes, and sat in front of them, watching the operations of the enemy with our glasses; thus protected against our own guns, but exposed to the enemy's.

At half past two P. M. we ceased to reply. We had ammunition and were not silenced, but we knew that this cannonade preceded an attack, and we thought it possible the enemy would conclude that we had been stopped by their effective shots, and would proceed to the contemplated assault; then we should need batteries in readiness, and plenty of ammunition.

We were right. The firing of the enemy lulled, and I could see, better than the day before, their infantry in line; at least a quarter of a mile of it was exposed to my view, as it started from Oak Ridge, opposite our left. It was like an extensive parade; the flags were flying and the line steadily advancing. As I now know, these were Pickett's and Petegrew's divisions and part of Anderson's. On, on they came. As soon as they were near enough Osborne, Wainwright, McElvery, and other artillery chiefs started the fire of their batteries; first with solid shot, making hardly any impression, soon with shells exploding near and over and beyond the advancing line. Now gaps were plainly made, but quickly filled. When nearer, the canister was freely used, and the gaps in the enemy's line grew bigger and harder to close. Soon this array came within short musketry range of our full long line in their front, all concealed by temporary cover, breastworks, stone walls, and trenches. As if by some simultaneous impulse, the whole line fired and continued to fire rapidly for perhaps five or ten minutes. As the smoke rose I saw no longer any enemy's line. There was running in every direction. Regiments of ours from Steinwehr's position to Round Top were moving into the valley with their flags flying and apparently without much order, taking flags, guns, and prisoners, and bringing them in. General Hancock commanded the majority of the troops on that front of attack, namely, the first, second, and third corps; Newton having the first, Gibbon the second, and Birney the third, during this day's combat. Hancock says: —

"The shock of the assault fell on the second and third divisions of the second corps; and those were the troops, assisted by a small brigade of Vermont troops, together with the artillery of our line, which fired from Round Top to Cemetery Hill at the enemy, all the way as they advanced, whenever they had the opportunity. . . . No doubt there were other troops that fired a little, but these were the troops that really withstood the shock of the assault. . . . I was wounded at the close of the assault, and that ended my operations with the army for that campaign."

General Hancock mentions the fact that General Gibbon was also wounded during this assault, and thinks that the absence of two commanders who knew thoroughly the circumstances at such a moment as this was a great detriment; otherwise, advantage would have been taken of the enemy's repulse by our making a decisive advance.

Longstreet's troops on the right of his attacking column attempted to turn our left, as I have previously stated, and such of them as were beyond our infantry were held in check by Kilpatrick's cavalry, while the remainder made nothing more than a demonstration against Big Round Top. But it is represented in the reports that as Ayer's regulars were disputing with the foe the possession of the ground near Little Round Top, General Meade himself made a visit to that point, accompanied by several general officers. He asked what command that was occupying the stone wall. When told it was Crawford's division of Sykes's corps, he directed Sykes to order Crawford to advance and clear the woods in his front. General Crawford says: "I directed the command at once to advance. Hardly had the men unmasked from the hill before a battery of the enemy, stationed on a ridge beyond the wheat field, opened with grape and canister." Crawford's skirmishers pushed forward, and began to fire upon the cannoneers. The battery limbered up and fled. Crawford adjusted his line and charged across the wheat field and into the piece of wood beyond, driving a brigade of Georgia troops, of Hood's division, before him, capturing 260 prisoners, a gun, caisson, 7000 stand of arms, and all the wounded that had been there for some time uncared for. Crawford in this gallant charge, initiated by General Meade himself, retook the ground that had been lost the day before, and ended the battle.

Our entire loss is reported at 23,186, of whom 2834 were killed, 13,709 wounded, and 6643 missing. It is difficult to ascertain Lee's losses. We had in our hands upwards of 7000 wounded Confederates, the most of whom were so severely injured that they could not accompany the retiring army. The hospital record gives the number 7262. If we deduct this from the whole number of prisoners, which I believe is understated by General Meade at 13,621, it gives us 6359 well prisoners. The most moderate estimate that I have seen of the enemy's loss in killed is 5500. Now, if we place the number who were not so severely wounded as to be left behind, and those who escaped from the field and did not fall into our hands but were lost to the enemy, at 10,000 (probably the number was much greater), we have 29,121 for the aggregate of Lee's losses.

Another classmate of mine besides Weed was killed during this engagement, but on the other side, General Pender. He had a division in Hill's corps. The Richmond Enquirer blamed him for too strictly obeying his orders, and not pushing into action sooner. He was of rather small stature, full of quaint humor when a cadet, and quite popular. Our mathematical professor at West Point, Guy Peck, used to say to him, in his inimitable style, as he would ask some queer question during recitation: "Don't be facetious, Mr. Pender."

It was told me at this time that General Armistead, one of Pickett's brigade commanders, started with his brigade, and moved straight forward till he reached our batteries. He had his hat on the point of his sword, pressing forward with his men diminishing in number till his surrender, when he had less than ten left. He was several times wounded, and died within our lines.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Nothing can ever give an adequate picture of that field of battle during the night of Friday and the two following days. There is an exhilaration in the preparation for conflict, there is spirited excitement during the storm of the heated engagement; but who can bear the sight of the blackened corpses, of the distorted faces of the dying, or of the pale, quiet sufferers who lie for hours and sometimes days for their turn to

lose an arm or a leg at the hands of the overtasked surgeon?

I saw, just before leaving the cemetery on the 5th of July, a large plat of ground covered with wounded Confederates, some of whom had been struck on the first and some on the second day's battle, not yet attended to. The army surgeons, and the physicians who now flocked to their aid by every incoming railroad train from the North, were doing their best, yet it took time and unremitting labor to go through the mass. The dirt and blood and pallor of this bruised mass of humanity affected me in a manner I can never forget, pleading pathetically for peace and good-will toward men.

A story is told by Hon. E. P. Smith of an army chaplain (William R. Eastman, seventy-second New York regiment), the son of the secretary of the American Tract Society. The incident probably occurred during Friday night. "His horse, plunging during the battle, struck him on the knee-pan; . . . the pain became almost unendurable. As he lay suffering and thinking, he heard a voice: 'Oh my God!' He thought, Can anybody be *swearing* in such a place as this! He listened again: a prayer began. He tried to draw up his stiffened limb, but he could not rise. He then thought, I can roll; and over and over he rolled, in pain and blood, and by dead bodies, till he reached the dying man, and prayed with him. At length one of the line officers came up and said, 'Where 's the chaplain? One of the staff officers is dying.' 'Here he is!' cried out the sufferer. 'Can you come and see a dying officer?' 'I cannot move.' 'If I detail two men to carry you, can you go?' 'Yes.' They took him gently up and carried him, and that livelong night the two men bore him over the field and laid him down beside bleeding, dying men, while he preached Christ, and prayed."

Would that every regiment at Gettysburg had had such a true hero for a chaplain, and that he had been desired and permitted thus to do his lawful work! The annals of the celebrated Christian Commission, of which the noble, indefatigable George H. Stuart was president, show the truly Christian work that was done through this channel at Gettysburg, in the alleviation of human suffering and the lifting up of human hearts into perennial joy. These facts relieve the gloom somewhat.

SLOWNESS OF PURSUIT.

I have never been able satisfactorily to account for General Meade's apparent reluctance to push in his reserves promptly, after the repulse of the third day. He could have struck Lee's right flank vigorously with twenty thousand fresh men before Lee could have recovered from the shock of his defeat, and before Ewell could with safety have brought reënforcements from his left. General Hancock testifies that Meade said, before the fight, that he intended to put the fifth and sixth corps on the enemy's flank. He (Meade) said "he had ordered the movement, but the troops were slow in collecting, and moved so slowly that nothing was done before night," except what I have related of the division of General Crawford, who commanded the Pennsylvania reserves. I have thought that the fearful exposure of General Meade's head-quarters, where so many of his general and staff officers were wounded, and where so much havoc was occasioned by the enemy's artillery, had so impressed General Meade that he did not at first realize the victory he had won. This he would have done from some other post of observation. Had he thus realized the situation, he would not at such a time have tolerated slowness on the part of any of his lieutenants. Still, it is well for our countrymen to remember that this was the end of three days of extraordinary anxiety and excitement. Officers and men were quite ready to be satisfied with the success which was apparent, for the sake of the much-needed rest, and were fearful of losing, by a too sudden advance, what had already been gained. And doubtless the greater sense of responsibility felt by the commanding general

had the effect to increase his natural conservatism.

As soon as the news of Lee's defeat reached General French at Frederick, he reoccupied Harper's Ferry and destroyed Lee's bridge across the Potomac; so that it would seem that his defeated army was almost at our disposal. He withdrew from our front, during the night of the 4th of July, by the way of Fairfield and Cashtown, and pushed on as rapidly as he could to Williamsport.

The circumstance of the retreat and our slow pursuit, the stand of Lee at the river, our council of war, where Wadsworth, Pleasanton, and myself urged an immediate attack, and our failure to attack, are familiar to all who were connected with the army.

THE THANKS OF CONGRESS; PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

When General Meade and his army received the thanks of Congress, Senator Grimes, of Iowa, said on the floor of the Senate, "As I have read the history of that campaign, the man who selected the position where the battle of Gettysburg was fought, and who, indeed, fought it on the first day, was General Howard; and to him the country is indebted as much for the credit of securing that victory as to any other person. I wish, therefore, as a recognition of his merits, to couple his name with that of General Meade in the vote of thanks." It was so done. And surely I had a right to be glad and proud of this unsought and unexpected testimonial. But as it was intimated to me, after Lee's escape, that it was believed that I was ambitious for the command, for Meade's place, I wrote to Mr. Lincoln a letter which drew from him a characteristic answer. Since neither of these letters has ever been in print, I insert them both at length.

HEAD-QUARTERS ELEVENTH CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, NEAR BERLIN, *July* 18, 1863.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

SIR, — Having noticed in the newspapers certain statements bearing upon the battle of Gettysburg and subsequent operations which I deem calculated to convey a wrong impression to your mind, I wish to submit a few statements. The successful issue of the battle of Gettysburg was due mainly to the energetic operations of our present commanding general prior to the engagement, and to the manner in which he handled his troops on the field. The reserves have never before, during this war, been thrown in at just the right moment; in many cases when points were just being carried by the enemy, a regiment or brigade appeared, to stop his progress and hurl him back.

Moreover, I have never seen a more hearty coöperation on the part of general officers than since General Meade took command. As to not attacking the enemy prior to leaving his stronghold beyond the Antietam, it is by no means certain that the repulse of Gettysburg might not have been turned upon us. At any rate, the commanding general was in favor of an immediate attack; but with the evident difficulties in our way, the uncertainty of a success, and the strong conviction of our best military minds against the risks, I must say that I think the general acted wisely. As to my request to make a reconnoissance on the morning of the 14th, which the papers state was refused, the facts are that the general had required me to reconnoitre the evening before, and give my opinion as to the practicability of making a lodgment on the enemy's left; and his answer to my subsequent request was that the movements he had already ordered would subserve the same purpose. We have, if I may be allowed to say it, a commanding general in whom all the officers with whom I have come in contact express complete confidence.

I have said thus much because of the censure and of the misrepresentations which have grown out of the escape of Lee's army.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

O. O. HOWARD,
Major-General.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, 21*st July*, 1863.

MY DEAR GENERAL HOWARD, — Your letter of the 18th is received. I was deeply mortified by the escape of Lee across the Potomac, because the substantial destruction of his army would have ended the war, and because I believed such destruction was perfectly easy; believed that General Meade and his noble army had expended all the skill and toil and blood up to the ripe harvest, and then let the crop go to waste. Perhaps my mortification was heightened because I had always believed — making my belief a hobby, possibly — that the main rebel army, going north of the Potomac, could never return if well attended to, and because I was so greatly flattered in this belief by the operations at Gettysburg. A few days having passed, I am now profoundly grateful for what *was* done, without criticism for what *was not* done. General Meade has my confidence as a brave and skillful officer and a true man.

Yours very truly, A. LINCOLN.

The main hindrance to our concentrating at Gettysburg as rapidly as Lee was a strategic one. Meade threw forward the left flank of his general line, so that Lee was able to strike it. Had Gettysburg, and not Taneytown or Pipe Clay Creek, been Meade's objective point, his general line on the 30th of June would have been more nearly parallel to that of Lee. But a kind providence overruled even this mistake to our advantage, inducing as it did undue confidence on the part of General Lee.

For myself, I am content with the work accomplished at Gettysburg, and avoid aiming any bitter criticism whatever at those true-hearted officers and men, in any corps or division of our army, who there acted to the best of their ability.

O. O. Howard.

THE KING'S MEMENTO MORI.

INTO the regal face the risen sun
Laughed, and he whispered in dismay,
"How is it, victor of a world, that none
Remind you what you are, to-day?

"Your sword shall teach the slave, who could forget
That men are mortal, what they are!
How dared he sleep — he has not warned me yet —
After that last, loath, lagging star!"

Across his palace threshold, wan and still,
His morning herald, wet with dew,
Stared at him with fixed eyes that well might chill
The vanity of vanity all through!

"Good-morrow, King," he heard the dead lips say;
"See what is man. When did I tell
My bitter message to my lord, I pray,
So reverently and so well?"

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

THE STATE AND THE RAILROADS.

III.

No body of men in this country ever had so good an opportunity for the intelligent discussion of the railroad problem in the form in which it presents itself in America, as did that committee of the Chicago Board of Trade to which, in the winter of 1875–6, was referred the question of alleged railroad discriminations against Chicago as a shipping point. Not only were they sure of an audience, but their audience was of the best description, — the individually interested members of a most energetic business community. It was a well-informed audience, also; for those composing it had for years been vexed and wearied by a resultless discussion on this very subject, so that now they might fairly be considered as educated up to a highly receptive point. No seed thrown into that soil was in danger of a way-side fate. The investigation of the committee also involved, almost as a matter of necessity, every phase of the problem. For instance, no State had attempted more persistently than Illinois to regulate, through legislation, the working of its railroad system. Yet here was that railroad system obstinately refusing to be so regulated, and doing its best, in the face of all regulation, to destroy the commercial ascendency of the chief city of Illinois. More convincing proof of the utter failure of state legislation to compass the solution of the problem could hardly have been hoped for, or feared. But Chicago was more than the chief city of Illinois. Above all other places it was also the great point of Western railroad concentration. One mile in every four of railroad iron in the United States has probably been laid where it rests with a distinct reference to the geographical bearing of Chicago. Yet in the winter of 1875–6, from Chicago alone of all the cities of the West no competition between railroads existed. Natural laws as well as state legislation had thus failed satisfactorily to regulate the railroad system. The spirit of competition seemed no more reliable than the enactments of the statute-book. Under such circumstances as these, in what new direction was the community to look? In the apparent general failure of all attempts at the regulation of the railroads, either through competition or statutes, was their ownership in whole or in part by the government worthy of consideration? And thus it seemed as though the whole subject of the relations of the railroads to the state, involving for their consideration, as they necessarily do, the most thorough insight into the principles at the base of our political institutions, was all a part of the answer to that simple question, What is to be done to prevent railroads from charging more for the carriage of a bushel of wheat from Chicago to New York, than they charge for its carriage from Milwaukee to Boston?

In two very important respects the work of investigation imposed by this inquiry was greatly simplified. In the first place there was no question about the facts; and, in the second place, there was no mystery about the causes which had led to the existence of those facts. The railroad corporations owning the through lines from Chicago to the sea-board had combined, and agreed upon a tariff on all Eastern bound freights from that city. On this point there was no concealment. The daily transactions at other places then made it notorious that these corporations had for one reason or another been unable also to agree as respected them; or else that these places, having other channels of communication with the East, were beyond their exclusive control. Consequently rates from Chicago were firmly sustained, while those from all other points were subject to fierce competition. So far, all was very simple. At this point, how-

ever, the investigation was brought face to face with the question of remedy, and with that question the difficulties began.

In the present somewhat confused and bewildered state of the public mind in respect to the railroad system, it is curious to consider what might have been the effect upon it had the Chicago committee, as the result of their investigations into the admitted state of facts, presented a bold, blunt, paradoxical report in lieu of the somewhat commonplace document with which they contented themselves. They certainly had the means of doing so, and no better text from which to preach is likely to offer. They might well have begun by reminding their audience of the simple principle, which the world is apt to forget in cases where railroads alone are concerned, that, wherever it is possible for them to do so, men engaged in any branch of trade will combine sooner than ruin themselves by unlimited and endless competition. They might have gone on to point out that Chicago was then suffering, in comparison with other places, under the effect of one of these combinations; but that, if Chicago was not suffering in this way, other places would be, for such inequalities and hardships always had been and necessarily were incident to the existing railroad system, and must remain incident to it just so long as it continued to exist. Just so long as railroads compete with each other, the points at which they compete must needs enjoy very considerable advantages over other points at which they combine. As there is no force known by which men can be compelled to compete with each other in spite of themselves, it necessarily follows that different places must take their chances. The remedy for this condition of affairs, in the case of Chicago, was obvious; that the community was ready to have recourse to it was far more questionable. That remedy lay not in limiting or temporarily breaking up the existing railroad combination, but in extending, perfecting, and regulating it. Under these circumstances the cry of monopoly was most shallow and senseless. On the contrary, the fact of monopoly ought to be recognized, and the effort should be to so systematize it as to make it subserve the public interests, and to so extend it that it should include in its operations Milwaukee and Peoria, and all other competing points, as well as Chicago. Then at last equality would be secured, while the regulation of a confessed and recognized monopoly, whether through the force of public opinion or the direct intervention of the government, might with confidence be relied upon as sure to follow. So far as the community as a whole was concerned, experience clearly showed that the difficulty lay not in the fact of the existence of this or any other monopoly, but in the other fact that although really existing it was not recognized and treated as such. In the case of the American railroad system, it had not yet had time, nor indeed had it been permitted, to pass untrammeled through its natural phases of development, in its own time and way, to assume its ultimate shape. Consequently, as recent experience shows, it has not yet been brought into a position in which it can be directly and effectually dealt with.

Nevertheless, though details are still obscure, it is now obvious enough to what result the ever-increasing pressure of the law of self-preservation is compelling the individual members of the railroad system. The movement is not only direct and irresistible, but it is also rapid, and it is always in the direction of a more perfect combination and concentration of railroad interests. It cannot be denied that hitherto this tendency has been regarded with great popular disfavor, and considered as opposed to every principle of sound public policy. The time, however, has now come in which the public mind should think of things as they are, and be disabused of this prejudice. Henceforward, so far from denouncing and resisting it, every facility and even encouragement should be given to the more rapid and complete combination of railroad interests. As, step by step, this works its way out, the system will be brought into a shape which will admit of something approach-

ing to wise regulation in the interests of the public. Then, and not until then, will such unjust discriminations as Chicago has recently had cause to complain of cease to exist.

Such, or some such report as this, looking the inevitable — even though it be the undesirable — fairly in the face, could hardly have failed, under the circumstances, of one good effect. Emanating from a representative body, whether accepted in its reasoning or not, it would at least have set those to whom it was addressed on a course of vigorous private reflection. It would have suggested a line of thought in place of a string of hard words, — a substitution eminently desirable just now in this railroad discussion. The committee, however, did not arrive at any such conclusions as these, nor, indeed, at any remotely resembling them. On the contrary, perplexed apparently by the difficulties of the situation, when they came to making their report they fell stolidly back upon time-honored principles. The existing lines having ceased to compete and tried to combine, the one chance of salvation in the eyes of the committee was to go forth and to find other lines in which the spirit of competition should be more fully developed. This idea indeed led them, not to the definite promulgation, but to the very distinct suggestion of a new theory of railroad competition through the introduction of chronically bankrupt lines. These, having no dividends or interest to pay, could be depended upon to do business always at lower rates than solvent companies, and the presence of one such line at Chicago would, it was boldly urged, go very far indeed towards the solution of the difficulty. If nothing else, this proposition, emanating from such a source, strikingly illustrates the unsound way in which practical business men of the West — men who are neither Grangers nor demagogues — look upon any matter in which the pecuniary interest of railroad companies is involved. They do not look upon them as subject to ordinary rules. For them a life of uncontrolled competition resulting in a condition of chronic bankruptcy is not necessarily a disaster; and indeed some such condition might, it would seem, prove a not undesirable solution of the American railroad problem. Such is the new theory of competition stimulated by bankruptcy; a theory now in great vogue in the West. It is in fact a species of public management, devoid of the disagreeable incident of public ownership. There are objections to the assumption of the railroads by the State, which, however, do not seem to apply to their operation by receivers appointed by the courts of law. And experience is rapidly demonstrating the fact that roads thoroughly insolvent may be relied upon to accept all business which offers, without that perpetual eye to profit which is so disagreeably characteristic of the Railroad Kings. It would seem that in some quarters the great lesson remains yet to be learned that the laborer is worthy of his hire, even though that laborer be but a corporation operating a railroad.

Leaving, however, the committee of the Chicago Board of Trade and their report, it is now proposed to offer some considerations in support of the proposition that the obstacle in the way of any satisfactory solution of the American phase of the railroad problem by no means lies in the success with which those managing railroads have effected combinations, but rather in their inability to effectively combine. To the great majority of Americans such a proposition will at first sound not only paradoxical but absurd. The people of this country have been so thoroughly educated in the dread of great corporations and in a belief in the supreme efficacy of competition, that anything looking to the untrammeled growth of corporations and to the frank acceptance of the principle of private monopoly in place of competition in so important a branch of the public service as transportation, seems to combine with economical paradox a certain element of political treason. Nevertheless, not only is the course of events unmistakably setting that way, but both reason and experience begin to

indicate with tolerable clearness that, for America at least, that way is the best way.

In the first place, as respects the course of events and the general conclusion to which it is tending. This subject has heretofore been referred to, and the process through which certain general results have been partially brought about has been described in some detail. The leading facts will, however, bear a brief repetition. No one can for an instant deny that free railroad construction and unchecked railroad competition have in this country been productive of very marvelous results; only, as now seen, it is equally undeniable that these results are scarcely less chaotic than wonderful. It may not unfairly be claimed that neither those owning the railroads nor those whom the railroads were built to serve are content. On the one side is an enormous financial interest, the most enormous interest of all, reduced to a position of great and pressing danger; one half of its members bankrupt, the bankrupt half seems bent on making the solvent half share its fate. Yet on the other side the community finds its work of transportation done in a manner which defies calculation. That business which has to be fought for is secured upon the best terms which can be got, — indeed, upon any and upon all terms; while that which does not have to be fought for is done upon terms not necessarily in themselves excessive, but still excessive when compared with terms that are competitive. The cases of New York and Chicago, as compared with Boston and Milwaukee, are illustrations directly in point. While the two former places were paying one scale of rates, the two last were for the same services paying on a much lower scale; and yet it was never maintained that the higher rate was excessive. The higher rate was simply unjust, owing to the fact that the lower rate was competitive. These cases attracted notice only because they were on a somewhat larger scale than usual, and the communities injured happened to be sufficiently prominent to make their complaints audible. The difficulty does not cease to exist because it is not heard of; it is radical in the system, and is felt somewhere all the time. Just at the present time, for very obvious reasons, it is felt more than ever. The results of the financial collapse of 1873 are seen in a railroad war of unusual length and severity, a war the end of which is not yet. The battle-field is full of bankrupt companies, and those which are solvent find themselves placed in the difficult position of having to elect between the surrender of their business or the doing it at a loss. Hence the confusion, for the time being, seems complete, and will probably prove to be that condition of utter chaos which usually precedes the genesis of a new system. It can result but in one thing, an agreement.

Now, as the result of a long experience of these railroad wars, one thing may safely be predicted of them: the fiercer and longer the preparatory struggle, the more complete is the ultimate agreement. Sometimes, when the parties are worn out by years of conflict, it takes the form of consolidation; at other times it is a combination; then again it is only a truce. In England they have now got as far as consolidation; in America, though the struggle has been long and destructive, it has as yet rarely resulted in more than a temporary truce, and at most only in a feeble combination. For this reason it is safe to say that the ruinous process of competition has in this country got to go on a good while longer yet. That the preliminary warfare with us should be longer, fiercer, and more destructive than has ever been experienced elsewhere, is in no respect matter for surprise. It is on the contrary perfectly natural, and due to obvious causes. Of these the most noticeable are the vast extent of the territory to be served, the perfect freedom of construction permitted, the number of competitors, the interest of each one of whom has to be taken into consideration, and last, though perhaps most significant of all, the fact that in the great majority of cases the stockholders live at a distance from their property, and in almost absolute ignorance of the real

condition of its affairs. All these circumstances could not but combine to make of the United States a field in which the experiment of regulating the railroad system through competition could be tried under conditions which would insure success, if success was possible. It did, indeed, seem as if in so vast a field, and among so many competitors, the obstacles in the way of effecting a close combination of interest were too many and too great ever to be overcome. If, however, they were, or rather if they ever are to be overcome, it can only be as the result of a series of long, severe, and ruinous conflicts, exhausting to all and destructive to most. This series of conflicts has now been going on for many years, and is raging at the present time with a perhaps greater degree of fierceness than ever before. There are, however, many and obvious indications that it is drawing near to a close. In the first place it is too destructive to last, for, through the mere process of the absorption of the weaker by the stronger, power is rapidly centering in hands which know well how to use it, and which will not hesitate to use it effectively. The result cannot certainly be prevented by the passage of any act of legislation; it is questionable whether it could in this way even be greatly delayed. It will thus make very little difference whether what is soon to follow be consistent with, or opposed to, what are termed principles of sound public policy. It is a case of self-preservation, in which the ablest, the most energetic, and by no means the most scrupulous men in America have millions at stake.

Even though this agreement or confederation, which is destined to put an end to uncontrollable railroad competition, be inevitable or not, it is still worth considering whether any shape it is likely to assume is indeed opposed to the true interests of the people of this country, — those who, whatever form the railroad system may assume, must yet use it, and those for whose use it exists. The answer to this question necessarily depends in some degree, though in a far less degree than is usually supposed, on the form which the combination ultimately assumes. The great essential is that it should be so close and so real as to be, so to speak, tangible. It must, to be successfully regulated, be brought under one head. A mob is never responsible; a ringleader always is. In the case of the railroad system, this principle of concentrated responsibility involves all that is, from a public point of view, worth contending for. Fortunately, also, it is difficult to see how any combination strong enough to effect what the interests of the railroads themselves call for, the complete control of all irregular competition, can be brought about without involving a direct responsibility somewhere. The two things go together, — indeed they are inseparable, — power to control, and responsibility for the way in which the control is exercised.

Until very recently the railroad combinations in this country have usually taken one of two forms, both of them crude and manifestly little better than temporary makeshifts, rough antecedents of better things. Of these two forms, one was the ordinary common-tariff, which was agreed upon from time to time by the agents of competing lines; the other was the "pooling," or, as it is called in England, the "common purse" arrangement. The first of these two methods of stopping competition is simply an agreement among a number of competitors to charge similar prices for the same services. It depends for effectiveness solely on the good faith of very unscrupulous men, thoroughly versed in every device of evasion. It knows no law but that of retaliation, and recognizes no authority but might. So far as the railroad corporations are concerned, this is the most elementary and the least satisfactory form of combination. So far as the public is concerned, it is open to the obvious objection that no one is responsible for it. It is the compact of independent agents recognizing no common and supreme authority.

It is the absence of a central executive power, capable not only of deciding

but of enforcing what it decides, which constitutes the essential weakness of the common-tariff combination. It is too weak and crude to bear the rough test of practical working. Accordingly, when the exigency is great, or when railroad managers really wish to agree, they are in the practice of making good this defect by supplementing the common-tariff by an arrangement for the division of the profits made under it. The earnings to and from competing points are paid into a common fund, or "pooled," and divided. A consolidation, so far as certain points are concerned, is thus effected. A strong prejudice against arrangements of this character exists in the public mind, and they are uniformly denounced wherever they are suspected of existing. Indeed, distinct prohibitions of them have been incorporated into many statute-books, and even into some state constitutions. It is, however, very difficult to see what sound objections can be urged against them. That railroad corporations should agree upon a common-tariff at competing points is a mere matter of necessity. One cannot always charge for the same services more or less than is charged by others, without going out of the business wholly or securing it wholly, as the case may be. If all by agreement charge alike, therefore, it is difficult to see how the disposition they make of their receipts in any way affects the community. It is the common-tariff which puts an end to competition, and not the pooling of receipts. The only effect of this last is, through the substitution of something fixed in place of a reliance on good faith, to prevent the possibility of underhand dealing. By so doing, it certainly greatly strengthens the combination.

So far as the corporations are concerned, the real defect of the pooling, as of the common-tariff arrangements, is the absence of any supreme executory power. It is, after all, only a voluntary compact, and one liable at any time to be broken; — sure to be broken if any party to it thinks that by so doing he can secure the lion's share. It is the absence of this executory power, also, which constitutes the real ground for objection to the system on public considerations. The contract is a secret one, and in the eye of the world no one is directly and immediately responsible for what is done under it.

The scheme matured at Saratoga in 1874 was a decided advance, both on the common-tariff and on the pooling arrangements, in the direction of a more perfect railroad combination. Its essential principle lay in the attempt to bring all of the railroads operating over a vast extent of country under an acknowledged system of external control. Boards of arbitration were to fix certain rules under which the business of transportation to competing points was to be done, and these boards were also to see that the rules were enforced. Unfortunately for the scheme, the duty of the arbitrators in this last respect was one thing, while the power at their disposal was altogether another. There was no outside agency upon which they could call, and, though the different members of the combination did indeed pledge themselves to respect and enforce their decisions, yet the pledges of railroad men constitute a somewhat notoriously unreliable basis upon which to found a confederate government. A certain proportion of uneasy, unreliable, and contentious men must always be dealt with in carrying out every scheme which involves any considerable degree of joint action; and in this particular scheme no provision was, or perhaps under the circumstances could be made, to force such into submission. There was no substitute for the constable. That substitute, if found at all, had necessarily to be found somewhere within the combination itself; nor, had the time arrived, would there have been much difficulty in finding it. Not that the members of the combination as a numerous whole could easily have been induced to surrender their rude independence and to voluntarily impose a yoke of subordination on themselves. On the contrary, they seemed to recoil from any suggestion of this sort, more as if they were the chiefs of so many wild highland clans

in the sixteenth century than managers of peaceful railroads in the nineteenth. This general consent was not, however, necessary. The leading trunk lines were so powerful that their hearty co-operation only was needful. They had but to agree, to be able to compel. For this, however, they were not yet ready; and so the association speedily fell to pieces from its own weight, in the manner which has already been described. It was but the repetition of an experience as old as civilization itself; which forms the staple of Greek and German and American history, — the jealousy of petty independence, the fond secret belief which every man nourishes that some one else may obtain the advantage over him in time of peace, perhaps, but that he is especially qualified to take care of himself in a period of perpetual war.

Nevertheless, though it resulted in a speedy and to all outward appearance an irretrievable failure, the Saratoga combination was a natural outgrowth; and for that reason the experience derived from it could hardly fail to be of value. The attempt was both crude and premature, but the evil it was meant to remedy was real and permanent. Failure in one place only implied new attempts in another. Consequently, almost before that short-lived combination had ceased to exist, another attempt of a similar character was made, both in a new field and under far more auspicious circumstances. Uncontrollable and ruinous railroad competition was not at all confined to any single section of the United States, or to any particular system of railroads. It had been felt at the South even more than at the North and West, and the corporations there were in no condition to bear through any long period a heavy strain on their resources. It was in the South, accordingly, that the next attempt was made to reduce the railroad chaos to some degree of order. In principle this experiment was very like that which resulted from the Saratoga conference, but its working details had been much more carefully thought out. It assumed a definite shape under the name of the Southern Railway and Steamship Association.

Pressed by an unendurable competition which threatened to them nothing less than common bankruptcy, the representatives of a number of independent railroad and steamship companies met at Atlanta, Georgia, in September, 1875, and regularly associated themselves. A formal constitution of some thirty articles, setting forth both the objects the association was designed to secure and the means through which it was proposed to secure them, was agreed upon and signed by the representatives of thirty companies. Under this constitution those signing it agreed upon a certain specific mode in which they proposed to transact that portion, and that portion only, of their business in which they might be jointly concerned, and to the proper conduct of which constant negotiations and even coöperation were necessary. A central bureau was provided for, which was in fact a species of clearing-house, through the agency of which all the joint business of the associated corporations was to be transacted, whether among themselves or with foreign corporations. A single official, with the style of general commissioner, was to preside over this bureau. The necessity of transacting business through the clumsy agency of conventions was thus obviated, and, as all matters in dispute had to pass through the hands of an experienced and impartial officer, that personal contact between incompetent and irritated subordinates which is the cause of at least one half of the railroad wars became wholly unnecessary. The general commissioner was intended to be the common executive officer of the association. As all negotiations were to be carried on through him, every difficulty as it arose necessarily came under his eye, enabling him to prevent many complications by judiciously acting as adviser and mediator. If, however, harmonious coöperation could not be preserved in this way, it then became the duty of the general commissioner, as umpire, to judicially decide questions at issue between the members of the as-

sociation, though his decisions were at all times subject to appeal to a board of mutually appointed arbitrators. The next duty of the general commissioner was to see that all agreements entered into, and all his own decisions or those of the boards of arbitration, were fully and honestly carried out. In this respect, of course, he, like the Saratoga commissioners, could bring no legal power to bear on a recusant. Yet, though the force he could exercise was in main a moral one only, he was not confined to that. He could, in case of need, declare a partial or even a general war of rates, and the combined force of the association being thus wielded by one hand, it was in a position to practically enforce a policy, and, what was more, in doing so to expend only that amount of strength necessary to accomplish the end in view. Neither could the withdrawal from it of any one member, nor indeed of a number of them, dissolve the association. For, in spite of such withdrawal, the clearing-house and the agency for the transaction of joint business still remained in the service of those which were left. As other companies could also at any time join the association, the system admitted of indefinite expansion, and, indeed, could with mere changes in detail be made to include the entire railroad system of the continent, much as the similar German association includes all the railroads of Central Europe.

Next to the outside pressure which causes those managing the individual lines to yield something of their independence for the sake of order, the success of any such combination as this depends almost exclusively upon the ability, temper, and skill of the general commissioner, and upon the degree in which he is able to inspire respect and confidence in the minds of the associates. In this particular the Southern association was fortunate. Mr. Albert Fink, for a number of years superintendent of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company, in which capacity he had displayed qualities especially fitting him for such a post as he was now chosen to fill, became its general commissioner. He, if any man, could be expected to carry the plan of the association into successful working, for it was he who had devised and matured it. The experiment was thus inaugurated under the most favorable auspices, and, after six months of successful operation, Mr. Fink has recently reported that thus far experience has suggested no change in its constitution.

So far as the public is concerned, everything essential as a safeguard against abuse seems in this case to exist. It is a complete, but not a secret combination. It exists in the full light of publicity. The purposes for which it was organized are openly avowed, and its every transaction is, or may easily be made, matter of general observation. To secure this result it would only be necessary to give it legal recognition. It is, however, by no means generally appreciated as yet what an important matter as respects railroads this publicity is. It in fact overshadows everything else. It is not too much to say that from the moment the railroad system grows, or can be brought, into such a shape that its working is carried on without concealments, from that moment the most difficult phase of the railroad problem may be looked upon as solved. As a necessary consequence of their combining together, the members of the Southern association put forward before the community an avowed and responsible head, answerable for every abuse. Upon him, and through him upon each and all members of the association, the full weight of public opinion could be brought to bear. In case of discriminations or extortions the community, and if need be its political representatives, would know just where to look for a remedy.

Although hitherto reported as in successful operation, this experiment cannot yet be regarded as an assured success. Time is necessary to mature and strengthen it. For the present, at least, it contains within itself many of those germs of inherent weakness which so rapidly developed in the case of its Saratoga predecessor. Men accustomed to a sort of lawless independence remain

for a long time restive under any sense of control. They need constantly to feel that a policeman's eye is upon them, and that there is a station-house in the next street. There is no reason to suppose that any one or two individual parties to the Southern association are powerful enough to assume a protectorate over it; and without the cohesive influence of some such protectorate there is in all voluntary combinations a sort of natural tendency to anarchy. In the absence, therefore, of any compelling force, the chances would seem to be that, in the South as well as in the North, the mill of competition has got to keep on grinding for some time yet. Its work is not done. Indeed it will not be done until, through the process of grinding, the great principle of the survivorship of the fittest is finally ground out.

This process is not likely to prove a rapid one, for order is not easily established in any community which has been long in a state of anarchy. In such cases the demoralization becomes general; the tone of the individual deteriorates. This is what is now the matter with the railroad system in America. Lawlessness and violence among themselves, the continued effort of each member to protect itself and to secure the advantage over others, have, as they usually do, bred a general spirit of distrust, bad faith, and cunning, until railroad officials have become hardly better than a race of sublimated horse-jockeys. There are notable individual exceptions to this statement, but, taken as a whole, the tone among them is indisputably low. There is none of that steady confidence in each other, that easy good faith, that *esprit du corps*, upon which alone system and order can rest. On the contrary, the leading idea in the mind of the active railroad agent is that some one is always cheating him, or that he is never getting his share in something. If he enters into an agreement, his life is passed in watching the other parties to it, lest by some cunning device they keep it in form and break it in spirit. Peace is with him always a condition of semi-warfare; while honor for its own sake and good faith apart from self-interest are, in a business point of view, symptoms of youth and defective education. Under such circumstances, what is there but force upon which to build? It was the absence of the element of force which caused the failure of the Saratoga association, and probably will cause the failure of that at Atlanta. Taken as a whole, the American railroad system is in much the same condition as Mexico and Spain are politically. In each case a Cæsar or a Napoleon is necessary. When, however, the time is ripe and the man comes, the course of affairs can even now be foreshadowed; for it is always pretty much the same. Instead of the wretched condition of chronic semi-warfare which now exists, there will be one decisive struggle, in which, from the beginning to the end, the fighting will be forced. There will be no patched-up truces, made only to be broken, for the object of that struggle will be the complete ruin of some one in the shortest possible time. Then will come the combination of a few who will be sufficiently powerful to restrain the many. The machinery through which this can be done will be found simple enough, and, indeed, it is all in use in the Atlanta association. The protectorate only is there wanting. That machinery consists simply of a clearing-house through which all joint business between the corporations would be carried on. To be thrown out of this might be made to entail for a railroad corporation the same consequences which being thrown out of the clearing-house now entails on a bank; it could no longer make through or joint rates, or sell through tickets. Shut up within its own territory, its whole business would be local business. As a competing power, therefore, it would cease to exist. The result, expressed in few words, would be a railroad federation. The united action of the great through lines is necessary to bring this about; and how to secure that action is now the problem. If the elder Vanderbilt were twenty years younger than he is, he probably might be relied upon to solve it

speedily and decisively. As it is, however, there does not appear to be any man upon the stage distinctively equal to the occasion.

It is necessary, however, to return to the past and the experiments which have already been made. Whether either of them is to be accounted a success, or whether both are to result in failure, the Saratoga and the more recent Atlanta combinations were both of them distinct attempts to bring about a result than which none has been hitherto more popularly dreaded in America, — a general railroad combination. The alarm and bitter denunciation with which the Saratoga effort towards the same end was received is too recent to be yet forgotten, and, even if it were forgotten, it would be unreasonable to expect a community to abandon at once the ingrained convictions of forty years. The time has not yet come for the people of this country to cut loose from their reliance on the competition of railroads with each other. The point in connection with railroads which now stands in greatest need of thorough discussion is therefore, after all, a new one. It is whether such a combination as that effected at Saratoga, or that now in existence in the South, is indeed opposed to any sound principle of public policy; whether in fact the community would not derive benefit rather than suffer injury from it should it naturally come about.

There are three familiar grounds — the economical, the political, and the sentimental — upon which the popular apprehension as respects the combining together of railroads is based. It is now proposed to examine each of these grounds of apprehension in some detail; and first, the economical. After all is said and done, it is the pocket nerve which is the most sensitive in the human system. In the popular mind, and with good reason, the idea of any industrial combination is closely connected with that of monopoly, and monopoly with extortion. Why then, it is most pertinently asked, should a railroad combination, avowedly intended to hold competition in check, if not to put an end to it, produce any result other than the natural and obvious one of raising prices? Who is to protect the community against the extortions of these great corporations, should they cease to quarrel and compete with each other? The question is direct and practical; an answer, to be satisfactory, must be not less so. The answer, then, simply is that — what ought to be, or what the economical treatises tell us ought to be, to the contrary notwithstanding — practical experience has shown, and is yearly showing with more and more clearness, that there are limitations even to the economical working of the principle of competition in trade. These general principles, however, were sufficiently discussed in the last number of The Atlantic, and it now remains only to make a direct application of them to the subject in hand. And in the first place it must be frankly acknowledged that the argument against railroad competition can only be advanced subject to great limitations. Undoubtedly the fierce struggles between rival corporations which marked the history of railroad development, both here and in England, were very prominent factors in the work of forcing the systems of the two countries up to their present degree of efficiency. Railroad competition has been a great educator for railroad men. It has not only taught them how much they could do, but also how very cheaply they could do it. Under the strong stimulus of rivalry they have done not only what they declared were impossibilities, but what they really believed to be such. None the less, extraordinary as these results have been, they have been reached only at an excessive cost; a cost so excessive as to show clearly that the process is one which cannot be continued indefinitely. Under the excessive strain of competition the number of competitors is being steadily reduced. The present question, therefore, is not whether good results have ever been secured through railroad competition, but whether the same or even better results may not now be secured through other and less costly processes. During the last twenty years

the railroad system has grown, and experience has grown with it. During that time, also, competition has to a degree expended its force, and is now obviously working its way out to a final result, of which the Saratoga and Atlanta combinations are very definite indications.

In endeavoring to forecast the probable results of having the railroad system assume the form of an organized combination, we are by no means without analogous cases having a very close bearing on the argument. In our cities, for instance, as regards the supply of gas, it is found cheaper and better for the community to have to do with one company than with several. So also as respects the supply of water. In this country it is now usual for cities and towns to construct their own water works. If this, however, were not the case, few would be disposed to deny that a city having to do with a single aqueduct company would be apt to have a much more satisfactory service than one which sought to divide it among many. Carrying now the argument directly into the case of railroads, and having recourse again to experience, we find, as was shown in the March number of The Atlantic, that railroad competition has been tried all over the world, and that everywhere it is now, consciously or unconsciously, but with one consent, slowly but surely being abandoned. In its place the principle of responsible and regulated monopoly is asserting itself. The same process, varied only by the differing economical, social, and political habits and modes of thought of the people, is going on in France, in Belgium, in Germany, and in Great Britain. The experience of the three first named countries bears much less strongly than that of England on the particular conditions existing in America, yet even for us their experience is not without its significance. In France we see five great corporations dividing the country into distinct territories, and each of the five directly responsible for the territory served by it; while both these corporations and the government view with undisguised apprehension the recent appearance of a competing, though subsidiary, system which must ultimately be absorbed, though perhaps only as the result of more or less complete bankruptcy. In Germany the lines are rapidly passing into the hands of the government. Apart, however, from this aspect of the question, which, for the present generation at least, has little direct significance for Americans, the German experience in one respect deserves peculiar notice. The local and governmental subdivisions of Germany, more than those of any other country of Europe, resemble our federated system of States. Placed in the centre of Europe, Germany is a species of thoroughfare, while at the same time the individual members of its railroad system belong under different jurisdictions. Here, then, every condition was found which was likely to incite an uncontrolled railroad competition. To a degree it existed, at one period, but the German temper and habits of thought are so different from the American that competition there speedily resulted in combination. The German railroad union was referred to in The Atlantic for March. Including nearly one hundred different managements, operating twenty-six thousand miles of track, this association actually accomplishes all the results which the Saratoga and Atlanta combinations were designed to accomplish. It makes all necessary arrangements respecting joint traffic, settles questions of fares and freight, and substitutes arbitration in place of wars of rates. It has introduced uniformity and stability into the system, and rendered the tariffs at once intelligible and equal. The fact that such an association is easily formed in Germany, and is formed only with the greatest difficulty in America, proves nothing except the powerful influence of national thought and temper. A certain amount of waste and confusion sufficed to bring a system into being in the one case; the present question is, how much more waste and how much greater degree of confusion will be necessary to bring a somewhat similar system into being in the other case?

In Belgium alone has railroad competition proved a permanent advantage; and it has proved so there for the simple reason that the competition between railroads in Belgium, unlike that in the United States, was never uncontrolled. The hand was ever on the regulator. The government, as the largest owner of railroads, was itself the chief competitor, and as such its action was certain, equable, and justly distributed. It could not show preferences, or discriminate, or make good the losses sustained in fighting over a divided business out of profits extorted from an exclusive business. Regulated in this way, competition could be kept alive and made beneficial. It did not wear itself out by its own excesses.

Of all foreign experience, however, that of England most resembles our own. The only essential difference is that England is wealthier and infinitely more compact than the United States, so that, as respects railroads, causes produced their results much more quickly there than here. Nowhere, however, is the present tendency towards the concentration of railroad interests in a few hands more apparent than in England. The mill of competition has there about fulfilled its allotted work. The whole English railway system has now passed into the hands of a few great companies, by whom the country is practically divided into separate districts. These are literally in the hands of monopolies. The practical result of this consolidation, as compared with the old-fashioned competition, was set forth in two concrete cases by the recent parliamentary committee on railway amalgamation, in language which has heretofore been quoted, but which in this connection will bear repetition.

The North Eastern Railway "is composed of thirty-seven lines, several of which formerly competed with each other. Before their amalgamation they had, generally speaking, high rates and fares and low dividends. The system is now the most complete monopoly in the United Kingdom; from the Tyne to the Humber, with one local exception, it has the country to itself, and it has the lowest fares and the highest dividends of any large English railway. It has had little or no litigation with other companies. Whilst complaints have been heard from Lancashire and Yorkshire, where there are so-called competing lines, no witness has appeared to complain of the North Eastern; and the general feeling in the district it serves appears favorable to its management." [1]

There is probably scarcely a section of the United States which has not at some time had an experience very like the English one just referred to. Massachusetts, for instance, could supply a well-known case in point, of very recent date. Of the two sections of that State lying north and south of the city of Boston, the one known as the Cape Ann and the other as the Cape Cod district, the first has from the beginning been served by two rival lines whose whole history has been one long trial of strength, resulting at last in the absolute ruin of one line and in the severe crippling of the other. How many millions of dollars were recklessly squandered in the long course of the struggle, it is impossible to compute. While the Cape Ann district has thus enjoyed the benefits of railroad competition, the southern, or Cape Cod district has, on the other hand, been served by a single consolidated corporation, the cardinal principle with which has been monopoly. It took to itself a well defined district, and that district it undertook to furnish with all reasonable railroad facilities; but within the limits of its own territory it did not propose to tolerate any rival. The result in these two cases, whether in accordance with theory or not, is confirmatory of experience. Between its two rival corporations the northern district was through years converted into a battle-ground and turned upside down; rates fluctuated wildly and varied everywhere; common tariffs were made and not observed, and profits were pooled; bits of connecting road were seized hold of by the one combatant or the other and were

[1] Report from Select Committee on Railway Companies Amalgamation (1872), page xxvii.

perverted from serving the community into being engines of attack or defense. As to the two companies, with that impenetrable stupidity which usually characterizes the lover of petty independence, they sturdily preferred to lose thousands in conflict rather than incur the risk of being overreached in negotiation by so much as a dollar. Meanwhile, in the southeastern section of the State peace certainly prevailed, if not absolute contentment. As respects railroads this last it is not well to expect, and, if expected, it will not be found. Nevertheless it is certainly true that, according to general experience, the nearest approach to it is reached, not only abroad but here, through the course pursued in this case. The reliance on competition seems to give throughout a false direction to public opinion as respects railroads. They are looked upon as something alien, if not hostile. On the other hand a unity of interest is generally followed by a sense of responsibility on the one side, and of ultimate friendliness on the other.

Leaving, however, the economical objections to any recognized railroad combination, the political objections are yet to be considered. It is certainly not too much to say that jealousy of great corporations is a cardinal article in American political faith. There is reason for it, too, and in this respect recent scandals have given to railroad corporations a peculiar and unpleasant prominence. Neither is this instinctive jealousy confined to America. It is only a very few years since Captain Tyler, in one of the reports of the Board of Trade of Great Britain, formulated the proposition that the time was at hand when "the state must control the railroads or else the railroads would control the state." Yet when the parliamentary committee on amalgamations considered this question in 1872, they were obliged to report that the "growth of the corporations had not brought with it the evils generally anticipated." The fact is that in this, as in so many other instances, the truth of Mr. Disraeli's aphorism that "in politics it is the unexpected which is apt to occur" received strong illustration. In this country, as well as in Great Britain, those wise people who so earnestly pointed out the dangers incident to railroad concentration wholly ignored the important practical fact that concentration not only brings with it a corresponding increase of jealousy, but also an equally increased sense of responsibility. It is not the few great corporations which are politically dangerous, but the many log-rolling little ones. No one who has had experience in dealing before a legislative body with questions affecting railroad interests has failed to realize this fact. The burden of responsibility — almost of popular odium — which the large corporation bears, the ease with which a senseless cry can be raised against it, is even, as compared with smaller corporations, out of all proportion to its increased strength.

Finally it remains to consider the sentimental objections. The combination of railroads, it is claimed, is unrepublican, — through it the dynasty of the Railroad Kings is insidiously asserting itself. This argument is of the kind which sets refutation at defiance. Not infrequently it is met with in the columns of the press, but it is an argument appropriately addressed only to that discouragingly large class among whom words are money and not counters. There is, however, a principle much nearer the foundation of republican institutions than any jealousy or apprehension of Railroad Kings — the great principle of not unnecessarily meddling. After all, men and systems can best develop themselves in their own way, and it is hardly worth while either to continually prognosticate evil, or to pass one's life in fighting shadows.

If the solution, for the time being at least, of this American railroad problem should indeed prove to be near at hand, and should come through a more perfect concentration of railroad interests, like most solutions of great questions it will have come in its own way and from the quarter least anticipated. It will not have been reasoned out, but practically evolved. Indeed, the long public dis-

cussion of the subject has in fact done little more than sweep away a vast quantity of rubbish through the process of showing by experience what cannot be done. It has been a sort of long-continued attempt to organize chaos through the instrumentality of ignorance. It now remains to be seen whether in settling itself this question will leave a single anticipation in regard to it fulfilled, a single argument unrefuted. The next few years will probably witness great changes. Should, as now seems most probable, the excess of competition speedily force the railroads into the position of one subordinated whole, the problem will for the first time have assumed a shape which makes a solution of it possible. Combination involves responsibility. By it the system will be brought into a position where it can at last be reached. This result once arrived at, the task of perfecting the machinery necessary for its just regulation will be comparatively little more than matter of detail.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FAIR.

To those who know Philadelphia well, yet not exactly as she is known of her own, there is an enormous incongruity in her being the site of an international exhibition. The historical propriety of celebrating the centennial anniversery here is self-evident, but the exhibition involves many ideas besides that of a national festival, and for the most part ideas of an order peculiarly opposed to the Philadelphian habit of mind. No place of such size has been so consistently averse to everything new; no large community ever set its face so firmly against innovations and improvements. It is probably not easy to convince any city, as a body, that it is making a mistake; in such cases the teaching of time is the best argument; but the pride of Philadelphia has been to perpetuate the mistakes of previous generations. In these days of recollections and reminiscences, everybody has, or should have, read of the circumstances which induced the tendency; it would be superfluous and perhaps invidious to rehearse them now. One of the strongest was the influence of the original settlers, with whom the element of change was opposed to the essence of their creed. As time went on they were somewhat pushed into a corner, and retired within the pale of extreme exclusiveness from contact with profane manners; but the standard they had established continued to shape and color the notions of those who superseded them. When the government withdrew on one hand to Washington and commerce on the other to New York, and the high fashion of the republican court vanished with other vestiges of the old order, there ensued a long period which may be called the rule of the mediocracy. Public opinion was controlled by society, a term which still had a significance such as it cannot have again in any part of this now republican country, nor probably in the republicanized world. Society here consisted in a number of families of high respectability, more or less entitled to the appellation of old, which they all now claim equally in speaking of those past times. The great division between Quakers and "the world's people" continued, and the ideas of the former still gave the law to the latter, unconsciously to both. This law was the principle of universal conformity; whatever was different was disapproved. Everybody must dress, speak, build, live, and think alike. Diversity of taste or fortune excused none in external modes. The few fine old houses of colonial and revolutionary days had been turned into hotels and boarding-houses, or pulled down to make room

for stores and shops; the descendants of their builders had moved up-town into the regulation red-brick, white-shuttered edifice of the gridiron pattern, — to live in the handle, as somebody said, for there was much respect shown for the front parlor, which wore the stiff, uninhabited air proper to apartments reserved for state occasions. Of course there were individuals to break the law; there always are; but they were regarded with a severity of which the most daring offender against the written code need no longer stand in fear. If anybody built himself a different house, or lived in it differently from his neighbor, the rest of the community might not actually look forward to his robbing a bank or murdering his wife, but they felt no surprise were he guilty of such a lapse. The house is the best illustration of a Procrustean rule by which everything was tried. The penalty of failure to be like everybody else was inexorable; it was not open persecution, but a moral process which answered to the old punishment of pressing to death. Transgressors were not cut or dropped, but a sort of ostracism was practiced against them which, if it did not shut them out of society, made them glad to keep away from it. No one who has not heard an old-school Philadelphian, strong in conscious similarity, pronounce a fellow-being "peculiar," can estimate the chilling, killing, damning force of the epithet. It availed naught that habits and fashions came from England or France, countries which were supposed to be in advance of ours in some respects half or a quarter century ago. Such a plea was met with derision. "It may do for Paris, but it will not do for Philadelphia," was the fiat on a pretty and rational change in women's dress, and no one ventured to adopt it. So much for outlandish customs; an attempt to introduce them from another part of our own country was an impertinence.

Migrating from one city to another along the Atlantic coast was an unusual step then, but various considerations from time to time brought people of good standing from other places to Philadelphia; they never became amalgamated; although passing strangers were most hospitably treated, those who came to make their abode here remained "outsiders." With regard to the different strata of society, at long intervals an individual, more rarely still a family, penetrated by slow and painful degrees the upper crust; some unusual qualification was recognized as warranting their admission. But it was mutually understood that absolute conformity was the price; the distinctive merit which had won the privilege must disappear on exercise of that privilege. Those admitted on such terms always became the greatest conservatives.

Although the academies of the fine arts and natural sciences were founded early in this century, art and science met with no general encouragement; the Quakers were the chief patrons of the latter, those of the former were among the "peculiar." There was no value for persons of an intellectual or literary bent; the few who followed such pursuits must have been as lonesome as the honest Yankee says he feels nowadays. To know, or to try to know, anything beyond the common stock was discountenanced as sternly as living in a house higher than the rest on the street. Thus a dead level was produced, no doubt the most comfortable footing for the majority everywhere. How long this would have lasted, by what natural process it would have expired, what would have succeeded, can be but guesses. The place had spread immensely in the rapid development of its manufacturing resources, but the effects of this were not felt beyond the business world, and business itself was conducted on the old, slow, narrow system. Suddenly, violently, in an hour the end came. The day which brought the news of the fall of Fort Sumter saw the overthrow of the mediocracy. All the old customs, barriers, molds of opinion, were broken up at a blow. Not that there was the unanimity of feeling shown in some places. The affinities of Philadelphia for other parts of the country had always turned southward; the Quak-

er spirit was again active in absurd appeals for peace and brotherly love. We had throughout the war a large though ever-diminishing party of Southern sympathizers, to give them the mildest name by which they were called. Yet everybody was the better even for the errors, even for the passions, of those years, which shook us from our habitual apathy and lethargy. The Cooper's Shop refreshment-saloon, where every coming and going regiment was entertained on its passage through town, the Sanitary Fair, the military hospitals, the inexhaustible subscriptions, were proofs of the enthusiasm and sacrifices of which Philadelphia was capable. Quakers, whose religion forbade their bearing arms themselves, with a noble inconsistency gave wealth and health and even life in the service of the sick and wounded soldier. Of those who went to the field, whether they fell there or lived to come home, there is no need to speak.[1] We can look back to those years with pride and gratitude.

At length the war was over, and the country gradually adapted itself to normal conditions. We began to look about for the old roads and landmarks; they were gone. Numbers of men and women unknown before had been brought to the front by their courage, ability, and devotion. Some had lost money; others had made great fortunes. Energy and enterprise had been awakened; every faculty had received an impetus; incessant excitement for so many years had destroyed humdrum habits. The mediocrats discovered that their power had long been dead, and that they were even in danger of being forgotten altogether. The old *régime* was over. Those who can remember it will do it justice; its cleanly ways, its unostentatious forms, the benevolence and philanthropy which constituted its chief interests, the hearty hospitality, the respect for one's neighbor which had no small share in keeping up self-respect, are things that one misses, whatever has been gained. But the time for change had come. That showed itself first superficially in the aspect of the town: handsome houses appeared, not on the old, invariable model; an architect was needed where formerly there had been only a builder; the irritating and wearisome monotony of the red brick was relieved by sandstone, marble, granite, by every variety of material and style. Hot-houses, conservatories, and picture-galleries were often appurtenances of the new residences; a new need — the desire for the magnificent, for the beautiful — had come up with the new caste.

Statues, paintings, bronzes, began to find their way into many houses; a taste for art, and a determination to cultivate and gratify it, manifested itself in many ways. The enchanting park, the like of which no other city in the world can boast, was one of the first achievements of the new epoch. It is not to the old Philadelphians that this dawning phase of luxury and culture belongs; it is to new men, who brought new ideas with their new money. It is to the credit of the old stock that they have been ready to adopt these larger, more civilized views. The last decade has been preparing Philadelphia for the great events of this summer. Ten years ago it would have been impossible. The men who have paved the way for the result are also for the most part those who have carried it through, and it is a prodigious undertaking to have performed with but little aid and encouragement from without.

It now stands inaugurated, open, soon to be complete. All winter long our quiet streets have been crowded and bustling, the town alive with an all-pervading stir. The unwonted sound of foreign speech, which once made Philadelphians turn to look, has become as familiar as the varieties of our own; we have grown used to the sight of Europeans staring impartially at every woman; the numerous types of our countrymen have more interest for some of us, especially certain dark, long-haired figures distinguished by studied dignity and courtesy, wearing thin-soled boots and an indescribable wide felt hat, who

[1] The officers of the best Pennsylvania regiments were in most cases from Philadelphia; so was her most distinguished general.

have not been seen here since the close of the year 1860. The centre of all these intimations and apparitions has been the exhibition grounds, where, throughout the mild, open winter, the work has gone on without pause. For some time before the 10th of May, the interiors — above all that of the Main Building — offered most curious sights and studies. Groups of workmen from all parts of the world were unpacking and arranging with amazing celerity; the contents of cases lettered in all known and unknown tongues, with strange cabalistic characters, stamped with the arms of every government, were piled and scattered by thousands. These ruder, earlier tokens of universal industry make the ends of the earth whence they come nearer and clearer to the mind than the rarest and most finished productions. The familiar names and look of the American show-cases gave an extraordinary edge to the strangeness of the rest; the contrast was needful to the full effect. In this host of heterogeneous humanity, this wilderness of deal boxes of all shapes and sizes, of temples, pavilions, booths, grand pianos, porcelain tea-cups, flags, chips, shavings, planks, and paint-pots, there were all the elements of an organic chaos, yet an indefinable sense of order predominated, which must have been the mental recognition of a plan as yet invisible in the faintest outline. It was a most singular, mysterious expression of purpose amid what looked like a mere riot of inchoate matter. Immense preparation was the prevailing impression. The intelligence of the faces one met and of the answers one received was a most striking feature of these visits; not surprising if it be remembered that those employed, from superintendents to laborers, were naturally chosen for their superiority; yet one is so often overcome by the aggregate of human stupidity that it is a comfort once in a life-time to realize the amount of intelligence there must be in the world. This was a marvelously curious and attractive period of the exhibition, which disappeared in the nature of things as the day of opening approached.

If everything was not ready on the 10th of May, it was not the Centennial Commission that was behindhand. The foreign commissioners bear flattering testimony to the forwardness of our exhibition compared with previous ones. The day was on the whole fortunate, notwithstanding the early and the latter rain. The cool, damp spring had emerged into a May as green and blossomy as the Mays of England. The refulgent sun and the sky across which rolled great, white, rounded masses of cloud, belonged to America alone. The universal flutter of flags, the grouping and draping of tricolor, woke a strange thrill. The last time the waving of those colors brightened the air, it meant war and woe; now it means peace and exultation; how much lies between! Some comparisons and contrasts, some old memories and associations, could not be kept out of mind, and perhaps it was good to remember them.

The crowd was the most interesting part of the opening ceremonies, and that best worth observing, for to most of the spectators even on the platform the speaking was dumb show, the music merely reverberation. But the hundred thousand good-tempered, well-dressed lookers-on, whose patience could not be exhausted nor their holiday humors spoiled by hours of waiting, and seeing and hearing nothing after all, was what gave the occasion its strongest stamp. The group of diplomatic personages, officers, and elegantly dressed women which headed the procession was a mere point in the panorama; the character of the assemblage was democratic. It was a cosmopolitan concourse, if one takes note of a large sprinkling of foreign faces, of turbaned or pig-tailed heads, but its concrete expression was American; a decent, dryly-humorous multitude, peaceable, yet having its own way despite police and soldiery. It was not enthusiastic as our people sometimes are, and bore strong, silent witness to its convictions. Those who have observed the rejoicing or homage of an American crowd know how different it is from the windier demonstrations of European

ones, in which the majority of the shouters could not tell what they are shouting about; there is little of follow-the-leader in our popular manifestations, but the individual fervor of thousands, each one of whom thinks for himself, makes a collective excitement of tremendous intensity. There was an incident on the inaugural programme which tested the state of public opinion and feeling like a touchstone. The President of the United States came, spoke, and went, without applause. A few scattering cheers made more apparent the silent indifference with which he was received. Let the truth be told in spite of the reporters: there were more groans and hisses than huzzas, as he finished his brief address. Ten years ago earth and sky would have shaken with the thunder of his welcome. What a sublime possession to have thrown away, the confidence and gratitude of a nation! He stood there, as it were, discrowned and disowned, the frock-coat and black hat typifying the loss of the glory he put off forever with his uniform.

The 10th of May was no day for seeing the exhibition itself. The next time that I went there the whole place looked deserted: it was only in the Japanese department or picture-galleries that one became aware of a crowd through which it was not easy to pass, and which, though constantly changing, did not decrease hour after hour. The Japanese collection is the first stage for those who are moved chiefly by the love of beauty or novelty in their sight-seeing. The gorgeousness of the specimens is equaled only by their exquisite delicacy. To judge of the antiquity of their art, let any one who has been in Europe compare them with the treasures which have accumulated at famous shrines where the lamp of sacrifice has been kept burning for centuries by the piety and gratitude of the richest sovereigns; what barbarous lumps of gold and silver stuck full of jewels of the rudest shape are the crowns, the carcanets, the holy vessels, of the ages before the *quattro cento*. The preciousness of the material, the size and number of the diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and pearls, aggravate the clumsiness of design and execution. Here is the handicraft of those extremest Orientals, five, eight, eleven hundred years old, if we can believe it, with a grace and elegance of design and fabulous perfection of workmanship which rival or excel the marvels of Italian ornamental art at its zenith; and as one of discernment standing by said, there is no decline nor degeneracy, no period of corruptness and coarseness, such as the Renaissance shows in its decay. There may be a monotony of theme, a sameness of idea, but endless variety of representation. It is all reproduction of natural objects with nothing conventional in the treatment, no attempt to compose patterns, or combine the trees, blossoms, birds, and animals according to decorative theories. Yet somehow these creatures are transported out of the realm of reality before we find them on the screens, hangings, and vases. The fancy and sentiment shown in the mode of depicting and arranging them seems inexhaustible. I do not know whether familiarity would dispel this illusion. There is a large painting on silk, meant, perhaps, for a curtain, which has in the foreground a group of animated nature in a flowery jungle on the bank of a stream: there is every sort of beautiful beast which one could fondle, there are fish in the water, birds on the branches, butterflies in the air, all colored in the softest, most harmonious, delicate tints; it looks like a glimpse of the garden of Eden on the evening of the fifth day; the river glides away from this happy nook like a ghost fleeing before the dawn, through a blank, shadowy waste, towards far distant mountains melting into mist. There are other paintings — drawings, sketches, what shall they be called? — on screens, a few houses and trees beside water which vanishes amid outlines of scenery as ethereal as visions; you hardly see them as you examine the picture, they steal out as you are turning away; the whole landscape has hardly any color, yet it is not in black and white; it might be veiled moonlight without shadows. There is

an indefinable suggestiveness about these pictures, like those mental processes which evade analysis, those memories of something one cannot recall yet feels to have been full of charm.

> "The wandering airs they faint
> On the dark, the silent stream.
> The champak odors fail
> Like sweet thoughts in a dream,"

comes nearer to the impression they produce than anything else I remember in Western literature, and these lines convey it too palpably yet not exactly; the inspiration must emanate from some source of poetry deep in the Eastern breast, to which we have never penetrated. Side by side with these dissolving views are splendid scarlet cranes, purple iris-flowers in painting and embroidery, slabs of solid tortoise-shell two and three feet high, embossed with birds and beasts and flowers in gold and silver, of massy richness, yet so cunningly wrought that every feather of the plumage and vein of the petals may be traced. And so it is in everything they do, — painting, porcelain, bronzes; of the last there are some of a warm yellow brown, like smoked amber, with a surface as soothing to the eye as satin, on which are raised designs of deep gold color, and others of dark, rich red; the whole hue is golden, but a superb contrast is produced by the three shades. The Japanese seem to possess the secret which the modern pre-Raphaelites have striven for without success, the union of detail and effect; perhaps they limit the choice of their subjects to those in which the two can be happily combined. An enumeration of even the most striking objects in the Japanese department would be the driest of catalogues; description can give no idea of them; wherever you look, the eye is delighted and contented. The commonest object of pottery or cotton-stuff for daily use has a merit of design or color which it does not owe to oddity alone, as one may see by comparing it with similar objects in the Chinese department close at hand; those for rather finer purposes, such as little fans and toilet-boxes, which are displayed wholesale, have each some of the exquisite, generic grace of the most rare and costly specimens.

After the Japanese collection everything looks in a measure commonplace, almost vulgar. The English embroidery and china in imitation of their models are either pitiably weak or like feverish fancies, quite disordered and unnatural. The only piece of needlework we saw which held its own against Japan was a three-leaved screen by a Miss Gemmel, of the Royal School of Art Needlework; it is a lovely design of white fruit blossoms on two of the panels, and wild roses on the third, — if I remember right, — with light green leaves on a very dark green ground, free and simple and yet controlled by rule; the pattern in shining silk on a cloth ground heightens the contrast of shades and colors very happily. The whole nearer East looks dim and rough after the splendor and sheen of Japan. China strikes one as elaborately ugly and grotesque, Egypt as poor and semi-civilized; unfortunately, Egyptian wares have been discredited by the shams which have lately been sold even on the Nile; some of the embroidery in the show-cases of that department, if genuine, looks more like imitation than the imitations themselves. If Egypt has finished unpacking, she makes but a poor display, but like many others she may not be ready; one powerful nation, more than a week after the opening, was represented only by her flag and a packing-case. This incompleteness, which is not confined to the interior of the buildings, but is to be seen in every direction as the eye wanders over the grounds, imparts to the aspect of the whole place an air of rawness and impermanence which is probably common to all exhibitions on the same plan, but which is also emphatically American. The detached cottages and pavilions, especially our own, have in most cases a lamentable look of smart new railway stations. Inventions, modern improvements, machinery, patents, and the last Paris fashions, are the only objects and ideas which surround us from the cradle; there is nothing in our country as in older ones to give contrast to such an exhibition. Besides ever-present traditions and recollections of an ancient past, London

had Westminster Abbey and the Tower, Paris her old churches and bridges, Vienna her grand cathedral and gloomy palaces, to add relief to the novelty of a world's fair. The absence of such elements in our surroundings gives a double delight to objects like the Japanese, whose beauty has nothing to do with newness or utility. In the cities of Europe, it is true, the spectacle of people from far-off countries in strange, picturesque garb is an every-day matter, and fails to raise the emotions it does with us; yet after all, the occasional Arab, Turk, or Chinaman one meets here, among hosts of people in what it is agreed to call the European dress, is a very small part of the show, and does no more to transport us in imagination to his native country than the lion in the Zoölogical Gardens hard by makes that corner of the West Park look like a tropical forest. It is only lucky that they have not all followed the examples of the Japanese clerks and showmen, who in our dress look like the ugliest and most unfortunate of little mortals; their inferior countrymen, the carpenters, working outside at the cottage in their national costume, are far more comely to behold. They are the sweetest-voiced, gentlest-mannered folk, and it is impossible to look from their small forms to their exquisite productions without an uncomfortable misgiving that they may feel like so many Gullivers in Brobdingnag.

For these reasons the exhibition presents to Americans a national rather than an international physiognomy, and for these and others ought to be more interesting to foreigners than to ourselves. Except the Australians, nobody else has a country where everything is new. In no other could it happen that, going from one building to another of a great industrial exhibition, within the precincts of an immense modern city, the path should lead through dells and dingles whose pristine sylvan sweetness lingers among old forest trees and beside singing brooks, where the wild flowers of the wood are springing under milk-white canopies of dogwood and pale pink azaleas.

BEFORE THE PRIME.

You think you love me, Marguerite,
Because you find Love's fancy sweet;
So, zealously, you seek a sign
To prove your heart is wholly mine.

Ah, were it so! But listen, dear!
Bethink you how, this very year,
With fond impatience you were fain
To watch the earth grow green again;

When April's violets, here and there,
Surprised the unexpectant air,
You searched them out, and brought me some,
To show, you said, that spring was come.

But, sweetheart, when the lavish May
Rained flowers and fragrance round your way,

You had no thought her bloom to bring
To prove the presence of the spring!

Believe me, when Love's April time
Shall ripen to its perfect prime,
You will not need a sign, to know
What every glance and breath will show!

Kate Putnam Osgood.

A SENNIGHT OF THE CENTENNIAL.

THE Centennial is what every one calls the great fair now open at Philadelphia. "Have you been at the Centennial?" "How do you like the Centennial?" Some politer and more anxious few struggle for logical precision, reflecting that you cannot go to a Centennial, any more than you can go to a Millennial. These entangle themselves in International Exhibition, or talk of the Exposition. The English, who invented it, and have a genius for simplicity (in some things), called the first international exhibition the World's Fair. But this simple and noble name does not quite serve for us, since our World's Fair means the commemoration of our hundredth national anniversary; and so, at last, Centennial is the best name, in spite of its being no name at all.

The Centennial is so far peculiar in other ways that one may fitly give one's self the benefit of a doubt whether it is wholly advantageous to have seen other world's fairs in order to the intelligent appreciation of this; whether, in fact, it were not better never to have seen anything of the sort before. We will assume, for the present writer's purpose, that this is so. We may even go a step further and suppose that one's acquaintance with the Centennial is to be most fortunately formed upon a dull, drizzling day, somewhat cold and thoroughly unpleasant, like the 17th of May, for example. On that day, a week after the opening of the show, the first impression was certainly that of disorder and incompleteness, and the Centennial had nothing to do but to grow upon the visitor's liking. The paths were broken and unfinished, and the tough, red mud of the roads was tracked over the soft asphalt into all the buildings. Carts employed in the construction came and went everywhere, on easy terms alike with the trains of the circular railway whose engines hissed and hooted at points above the confusion, and with the wheeled-chairs in which ladies, huddling their skirts under their umbrellas, were trundled back and forth among the freight cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad. At many points laborers were digging over the slopes of the grounds and vigorously slapping the sides of the clayey embankments with the flat of their spades; and ironical sign-boards in all directions ordered you to keep off the grass on spaces apparently dedicated to the ceramic arts forever. Even if these grassless spots had been covered with tender herbage, there seemed not enough people present to justify the vigilance that guarded them; but I think this was an illusion, to which the vastness of the whole area and its irregular shape and surface contributed. There were probably fifteen thousand visitors that day, but many thousands more dispersed over the grounds and scattered through the different buildings would have given nowhere the impression of a crowd. With my simple Bostonian experiences as ground of comparison, I had been diffidently thinking that Mr. Gilmore's Ju-

bilees possibly afforded some likeness to the appearance of the spectators at the Centennial; I am bound to say now that the Centennial at no time and in no place gave any such notion of multitude. From day to day the crowd sensibly increased, but it never struck one as a crowd, and it hardly ever incommoded one, except perhaps in the narrow corridors of the Art Hall, and the like passages of the Annex to that building; these were at times really thronged.

If we had been the most methodical of sight-seers we could hardly have systematized our observations on a first day. It was enough if we could form a clear idea of the general character of the principal features and their position. Even this we did not at all do. We wandered quite aimlessly about from one building to another, and, if we ever had anything definite in view, gave ourselves the agreeable surprise of arriving at something altogether different. Nevertheless from these desultory adventures some distinct impressions remained, — such, namely, as that of a great deal of beauty in the architecture. The Agricultural Hall we did not see till next day, and we therefore did not see what I believe is considered the best of the temporary structures; but the Main Building has a lightness, in spite of its huge extent, which is as near grace as it might hope to come; and the Machinery Hall has the beauty of a most admirable fitness for its purpose. The prospect of the interior is very striking, and much more effective than that of the Main Building, where the view, from the floor at least, is more broken. The Art Hall, which is otherwise conventionally well enough, is disfigured by the colossal bronzes at the entrance: —

"Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa."

The show of sculpture within seems to have been almost entirely left to the countrymen of Michelangelo, who are here reposing, for the most part, upon his laurels. One of them has posted in the most conspicuous place in the rotunda his conception of Washington, — Washington perched on an eagle much too small for him. The group is in plaster; the eagle life-size and the Washington some six feet high from the middle up; having no occasion for legs in the attitude chosen, Washington thriftily dispenses with them. The poor man who made this thing is so besotted with it as to have placarded his other works, "By the sculptor of the Washington." This is not his fault, perhaps, and I am not so sure after all that his Washington is as bad as the bronze statue of Emancipation (I suppose), a most offensively Frenchy negro, who has broken his chain, and spreading both his arms and legs abroad is rioting in a declamation of something (I should say) from Victor Hugo; one longs to clap him back into hopeless bondage. Then there is the wax Cleopatra in the Annex: an image to bring tears to the eyes of the legislative gentleman who lately proposed to abolish the study of the nude in our State drawing-schools. It will not do to describe the extreme dishabille of this figure; it is enough to say that it is Cleopatra coming to meet Antony (the delightful printed explanation handed you by the attendant says Cæsar) in her barge, fanned by a black slave, and attended by a single Cupid, whose ruff, as he moves his head, shows the jointure of his neck; a weary parrot on her finger opens and shuts its wings, and she rolls her head alluringly from side to side and faintly lifts her right arm and lets it drop again — for twelve hours every day. Unlike many sculptures this has no vagueness of sentiment, and it explicitly advertises a museum of anatomy in Philadelphia. For the last reason it might be fitly expelled, but a large number of visitors of every age and sex would miss it; certainly it has a popularity which the other two Disgraces of the Art Hall have not.

After the three objects I have mentioned, I think the room devoted to the German paintings is most disagreeable. The pictures are indifferent good and bad; the taste, the gross and boastful vanity, the exultant snobbishness, of the show is intolerable. Of course portraits of the imperial family, in all attitudes of triumphant warfare, abound, but

there is one picture, the Surrender of Sedan, which ought not to have been admitted except for extraordinary artistic merits; and these it has not. On the brow of a hill stand Wilhelm, Bismarck, and the other Chiefs of Police, swollen with prodigious majesty and self-satisfaction, while a poor little Frenchman, with his hat in one hand and a paper in the other, comes creeping abjectly up the slope, half bowed to the earth and not daring to lift his eyes to the imperial presence. It is a picture to make any Frenchman "bound" with rage, if he happens not to laugh, and I do not see how we are to escape our share of the outrage offered in it, by the singularly offensive despotism from which it comes, to our ancient friend and sister (or say step-sister) republic. When I think of it, I am ready to justify the enormous charges at the restaurant of the Trois Frères Provençaux (so called because each of the Brothers makes out his bill of Three Prices, and you pay the sum total), as a proper reprisal upon us; but I would fain whisper in the ears of those avengers that not all Americans are guilty. There is nothing else among the works of art that I can recollect, calculated to wound any one's national sensibilities. To be sure, Mr. Rothermel does not spare a huge slaughter of rebels in his Battle of Gettysburg, but I heard it said that this picture was not a work of art. I do not know about such things myself. I had a horrific interest in the spectacle, almost as large as the canvas, which covers the whole end of one room; and I thought the rebels were fighting hard, and, if they were dying, were dying bravely.

The rooms devoted to the English pictures were most delightful. There were many works of their masters; they had sent us of their best, and not of their second-best, as the French had done, and there was a kindliness of intent and a manifest good feeling toward our fair, if not toward our nation, to which every generous American must at once respond. Not only had they sent us of their best, but their best pictures are for our pleasure and not their profit; they are owned by Englishmen who risk everything that may happen to their treasures in the voyage over-seas, and gain nothing but the satisfaction of doing a gracious and graceful thing. To courtesy of which we cannot be too sensible we owe the sight not only of famous Gainesboroughs, Reynoldses, Wests, and Lawrences, but also the works of the great modern painters, Landseer, Leighton, Millais, Alma Tadema, and the rest. I may be wrong in stating that no other nation has done anything like this, but I certainly recollect nothing else of the kind; and the English have added to the favor done us by having distinctly lettered on the frame of each picture the name of the painter and the owner, as well as the subject of it, thus sparing the spectator the fatigue and trouble of referring to the catalogue. By all odds theirs is the most satisfactory department of the Art Hall; and they have not only done us a great pleasure, but have done themselves great honor. Here, if nowhere else, one is conscious of modern mastership in painting; here is the sense of a strong and definite impulse which in all its variety has a unity expressed in every work; one would know these strikingly characteristic pictures for English art anywhere and everywhere; one might like them or not, but one could not mistake them; and with any refinement of literary taste, one quite ignorant of the technicalities of art may enjoy them. It may be a fault in painting to be so literary; nevertheless it is pleasant to see pictures painted by poets — by men who have evidently had ideas to express, and have thought and felt and wrought poetically. These great Englishmen have not merely painted well, but they have painted about something; their pictures tell stories, and suggest stories when they do not tell them. I leave to skilled criticism the discussion of their comparative artistic merits, and speak as one of the confessedly unlearned in art, when I say that their pictures interested me far beyond any others. We had certainly no cause, considering all things, to be ashamed of the show of American paintings in comparison even with many of the English,

and still less with those of other nations. There were not many positively poor, and there were many strikingly good, especially landscapes painted with sympathy, and portraits painted with character; but they showed a distracting variety of influences, and they did not detain you and call you back again and again to tell you something more, and to add yet this suggestion and that. Some did so, but most did not; a perception of their merely artistic qualities exhausted them — the point at which the English pictures began more deeply to delight. They were too often unstoried like our scenery, without our scenery's excuse. You felt that American art had made vast advances on the technical side, but that it lacked what English art has got from its intimate association with literature; that it was not poetical; that generally its subjects were seen, not deeply felt and thought; it wanted charm.

Of the French pictures the most striking were the horribly fascinating Rispah defending her dead Sons from the Vulture, — a powerful achievement of ghastly fancy, painted with prodigious realism and knowledge, — and Carolus Duran's deliciously fascinating portrait of Mademoiselle Croisette (of the Théâtre Française) on horseback. Comparatively few of the pictures were yet in position, and the display had nothing of the strongly distinctive quality of the English. Whole rooms devoted to the French were barred against the public, but enough was visible to emphasize the national taste for the nude. When one caught sight of this in paintings just unpacked and standing against the wall, it was as if the subjects had been surprised before they had time to dress for the Centennial, so strongly is the habit of being clothed expressed in the modern face. In the Austrian room were some needless exposures, for which the vast and rather cumbrous gorgeousness of the Homage of Venice to Queen Catharine Cornaro hardly atoned, with all its overdressing. But that is an interesting picture.

The Belgian rooms were very incomplete, and not very characteristic. Among the Swedish pictures were some beautiful landscapes, full of the cold northern sentiment, with the dark water and the birchen shade. From Mexico and South America there were curious specimens of the theatrico-historical, such as used to please us fifty years ago, and some portraits of national statesmen, interesting for their evident faithfulness. Italy had sent no pictures that commended themselves to special remembrance. Her strength — or her weakness — was her sculpture, which had at its best the character of illustration. I believe there were few things ideal, and with all the exquisite execution and pleasing fancifulness of conception, the capricious and the absurd intolerably superabounded. Indeed, England alone of all the foreign countries had sent of her best art to the Centennial. At almost any sale of French pictures in Boston you see the work of more famous painters; here there was not one first-rate name; and this was true of the Continent generally. The show impressed one as that of pictures that had not succeeded at home.

The Horticultural Hall, whither we went from the Art Gallery, is one of the buildings which are to remain, and its lovely architecture, in which the light arabesque forms express themselves in material of charming colors, merits permanence. It is extremely pleasing, and is chiefly pleasing as architecture; for the show of plants is not very striking to the unbotanized observer, who soon wearies of palms and cactuses and unattainable bananas, and who may not have an abiding joy in an organ played by electricity, with a full orchestral accompaniment similarly operated. Far more beautiful than anything in the hall was the great bed of English azaleas near it, as delicate and tender and rare in color as the lovely English pictures. At the fact that these and a houseful of rhododendrons could be safely brought so far and made to bloom so richly in our alien air, one may fitly wonder not a little.

We had time that first day for hardly

more than a glance at the different buildings. We went next to the Machinery Hall, through the far extent of which we walked, looking merely to the right and left as we passed down the great aisle. Of that first impression the majesty of the great Corliss engine, which drives the infinitely varied machinery, remains most distinct. After that is the sense of too many sewing-machines. The Corliss engine does not lend itself to description; its personal acquaintance must be sought by those who would understand its vast and almost silent grandeur. It rises loftily in the centre of the huge structure, an athlete of steel and iron with not a superfluous ounce of metal on it; the mighty walking-beams plunge their pistons downward, the enormous fly-wheel revolves with a hoarded power that makes all tremble, the hundred life-like details do their office with unerring intelligence. In the midst of this ineffably strong mechanism is a chair where the engineer sits reading his newspaper, as in a peaceful bower. Now and then he lays down his paper and clambers up one of the stairways that cover the framework, and touches some irritated spot on the giant's body with a drop of oil, and goes down again and takes up his newspaper; he is like some potent enchanter there, and this prodigious Afreet is his slave who could crush him past all semblance of humanity with his lightest touch. It is, alas! what the Afreet has done to humanity too often, where his strength has superseded men's industry; but of such things the Machinery Hall is no place to speak, and to be honest, one never thinks of such things there. One thinks only of the glorious triumphs of skill and invention; and wherever else the national bird is mute in one's breast, here he cannot fail to utter his pride and content. It would be a barren place without the American machinery. All that Great Britain and Germany have sent is insignificant in amount when compared with our own contributions; the superior elegance, aptness, and ingenuity of our machinery is observable at a glance. Yes, it is still in these things of iron and steel that the national genius most freely speaks; by and by the inspired marbles, the breathing canvases, the great literature; for the present America is voluble in the strong metals and their infinite uses. I have hinted already that I think she talks too much in sewing-machines, but I dare say that each of these patents has its reason for being, and that the world would go mostly unclad without it. At least I would not like to try to prove the contrary to any of those alert agents or quick young lady attendants. Nevertheless, a whole half-mile of sewing-machines seems a good deal; and *is* there so very much difference between them?

Our first general impressions of the different buildings were little changed by close acquaintance. What we found interesting in the beginning, that we found interesting at the end, and this is an advantage to those whose time is short at the Centennial. You know and see continually more and more, but it is in the line of your first enjoyment. This is peculiarly the case in the Main Building, where the contrasts are sharpest, and the better and worse most obvious. In the case of some of the nations (notably Russia, Turkey, and Spain) no judgment could be formed, for there was as yet nothing to look at, when we first came, in the spaces allotted to them. A few amiable young Spanish workmen loitered smiling about, but neither Turk nor Russ was visible. Before the end of the week the Muscovite had developed a single malachite table, but the Ottoman had still done nothing. But by this time the vigor of Spain was surprising: her space was littered with unpacking goods, and already many things were in place, though the display had not yet the order that could make it easily enjoyed. The people who had been most forward were the Norwegians, the Swedes, the Danes, the Egyptians; and to the last I found pleasure in this superior readiness of their departments. The Chinese, whom we found in disorder and unreadiness, pushed rapidly forward during our stay, and before

we left, the rich grotesquery of their industries had satisfactorily unfolded itself. We were none the less satisfied that there should be still a half-score of their carpenters busy about the show-cases; their looks, their motions, their speech, their dress, amidst the fantastic forms of those bedeviled arts of theirs, affected one like the things of a capricious dream. It would be interesting to know what they thought of us spectators. We saw but one Jap in his national costume: a small, lady-handed carpenter, who wrought with tools of eccentric uses upon one of the show-cases, and now and then darted a disgusted look through his narrow eye-slits at the observer; he had his name neatly lettered on the back of his coat, and it is the fault of my ignorance that I cannot give it here. The other Japanese were in our modification of the English dress; they all had that gentlemanly air of incurious languor which we know in students of their nation at the Cambridge law-school, and that unease in our dress, which they had evidently but half subdued to their use. It is a great pity not to see them in their own outlandish gear, for picturesqueness' sake; the show loses vastly by it; and if it is true that the annoyances they suffered from the street crowds forced them to abandon it, we are all disgraced by the fact. It would have been better to give each Jap a squad of soldiers for his protection everywhere, than lose his costume from our fair for such a reason. There is a lamentable lack of foreignness in the dress at the Centennial. The costumed peoples have all put on European wear. To be sure, the still, sphinx-eyed young Egyptian whom we saw scorning our recentness from a remote antiquity in his department wore a fez, but a fez is very little; at the Hungarian wine-booth the waiters wore the superb Hungarian dress, but this seemed somehow in the way of trade, and I suspect their name was Schulze, they spoke German so well. One Turk we did indeed see, in most consoling bagginess of trousers, crimson jacket, and white stockings, but we liked quite as well the effect that so many Quaker bonnets on dear old Quaker ladies gave the crowd. One hears that you find nothing characteristically Quaker at Philadelphia, any more, and perhaps these ladies were from the country. At any rate they were frequently to be seen in their quaint bonnets and dresses of drab, often with quiet old gentlemen in broad-brims and shad-bellied coats, who would have been perfect if their cloth was drab instead of black, though one must still thank them for the cut of it.

We saw them not only at the Centennial, but also on the trains going to and from the lovely country-place in which our favored lines were cast during our sojourn. New England has so many other advantages that one may freely own she is but a barren stock in comparison with the fertile Pennsylvanian country. With us, even Nature is too conscientious to waste anything, and after our meagreness the frolic abundance of that landscape was not less than astonishing. The density of the foliage, the heavy succulent richness of the herbage, the look of solid comfort and content about the farms, spoke of both pleasure and profit in the country life; whereas our farmers seem (and with reason) to hate their thankless and grudging acres. There were great barns and substantial homesteads of brick and stone, kept with a scrupulous neatness; the pretty, tasteful stations were of stone, and all day long and all night long the incessant trains came and went upon that wonderful Pennsylvania Railroad, bearing the prosperity of the most prosperous commonwealth to and fro. From the passenger's point of view it is the best managed road in the country. I have heard Mr. Scott spoken of as a railroad despot, and I have felt it my duty to hate him. I now make him my apology — if it is he who has been able to teach all those amiable and efficient young men in charge of his trains to treat the public not only with civility but respect; to be polite, to be prompt, to call out intelligibly the name of the next station after that you have just left; to be cleanly uniformed, and to be a joy instead of an abomination to travel. I say from

a conscience blameless of free passes that such a man has a right to enslave the public, and I wish that all the conductors and brakemen throughout the land might go and sit at the feet of his employees, and learn their kindness and quickness. Perhaps, however, they must all be Pennsylvanians to do this. Nothing at the Centennial strikes you more agreeably than the good manners of the public functionaries of every grade and service. They listen patiently and answer clearly (in that Philadelphian accent which has its charm), and one may accost them without the least fear of being snubbed out of countenance. They might not improve on acquaintance, but I came away friends with all the Philadelphians I saw in any sort of office. When one thinks of how many officials in other parts of the country he has (in imagination) lain in wait to destroy, this seems a good deal to say.

Our second day at the Centennial began in the Main Building, where after a glance at the not very satisfactory Italian department we found ourselves presently amid the delicate silver-work, the rich furs, the precious and useful metals, the artistic representations of national life of Norway. It was by far the completest department in the building, and for that little country, winter-bound in paralyzing cold and dark for so great a part of the year, the display of tasteful and industrial results was amazing.

The Viking race is not extinct, but the huge energies are refined and directed by the modern spirit to the production of things that may take the mighty West and the delicate South equally with surprise. The silver jewelry was as airily pretty and elegant in device and workmanship as the famous filigree of Genoa, which it so much resembled; and the iron-workers had indulged their stalwart poetry in an iron ship, fashioned like the old Viking craft, and all equipped with iron, at whose prow stood the effigy of Leif Ericsson:—

> "His helmet was of iron, and his gloves
> Of iron, and his breastplate and his greaves
> And tassets were of iron, and his shield;
> In his left hand he held an iron spear."

And his ship, with a touch of that sentiment painfully lacking in so many of the foreign departments, was called the Vinland. The show of furs and feathers, of luxurious wraps and quilts of eider-down, was surpassingly rich, and the mark of an artistic taste was observable in the preparation and arrangement of these, as in everything else. The most interesting things in this and the Swedish departments were, of course, the life-size figures illustrative of present costumes and usages, the work, I believe, of a distinguished Norwegian sculptor. It was like reading one of Björnson's charming stories, to look at these vividly characteristic groups, all of which were full of curious instruction. In one place an old peasant and his wife sit reading in a cottage room; in another a bereaved family surround the cradle of a dead child; here is a group of Laps; there some Swedish peasants stand over a stag which one of the hunters has shot; yonder are a Norwegian bride and groom in their wedding-gear, the bride wearing a crown and ornaments of barbaric gold, — which in this case were actual heirlooms descended from mother to daughter in one peasant family through three hundred years. All was for sale. "We will even separate husband and wife, and sell the bride away from the groom," laughingly explained the commissioner. The very pavilion itself, built of Norse pines, and ornamented in the forms of the old Norse architecture, was to be sold; yet there was nothing of the offensiveness of a mere mart in this, as there was in other departments, notably in the extremely shoppy show of the Austrians. The Norwegians had not merely contributed their wares, but had done us an honor and a pleasure by the thoroughly artistic character of their exhibition. So had the Swedes; so had in less degree the Danes, who showed some interesting figures illustrative of the Danish military service, actual and historic, and whose display of exquisite pottery, shaped and colored in the most delicate spirit of antique art, Greek and Egyptian, was certainly one of the most charming features of the fair. So had

the Khedive of Egypt, whose section was in perfect order, and who has superbly commanded, it is said, that nothing shall be returned to him and nothing shall be sold, but that all his contributions shall be appropriately given away in this country: despotic splendor that one could more admire if one did not know that the Khedive's march of improvement has been through the blood and tears of his subjects, and that his prosperity is in reality the pomp of a successful slave-driver.

The Italian department, to any one who knows what Italy's wealth in objects of art is, seems — with some signal exceptions — a rather poverty-stricken effort of bric-à-brackishness. It presents a huddled, confused appearance; it is a shop where the prices asked are worthy of the Trois Frères themselves. The spirit of the Brazilian exhibition is in pleasant contrast. The things shown are sincere evidences of the national industry and illustrative of the national civilization; moreover, they are displayed in a Saracenic pavilion that pleases the eye, and are tastefully and intelligibly ordered.

It was not possible, when we saw it, to judge the French department as a whole, and I ought not perhaps to speak of it at all, since so much of it was incompletely arranged. Yet, with all the richness and infinite variety of material the general effect was of shoppiness. The British show was in a more generous spirit, and it was far more interesting. It represented, of course, in English and colonial exhibits, a whole world of varied arts and industries, among which the æsthetic observer would be most taken with the contributions from the Indian empire, and with that wide and beautiful expression of the artistic feeling in household decoration in which England is now leading the world. We Americans could long ago show machinery whose ingenuity and perfection surpassed anything the insular brain had conceived, and now we show in the utilitarian application of the metals, as in tools, and the like, an easy equality, but we cannot yet approach the English in the subjection of material to the higher purposes of both use and pleasure. Their show of tiles, of brasses, of artistically wrought steel and iron, of pottery, of painted glass, was wonderful. We ought, however, to take credit where it is due; in artificial teeth and all the amiable apparatus of dentistry, nothing could approach us; and I must except from a sweeping confession of inferiority the style and workmanship of several large American displays of gas-fixtures: as the most gas-burning people in the world, we were here fitly first; and we were first too, I thought, in the working of silver. The shapes and ornamentations by the different great silver-working houses did justice to the nation which owns the Nevada mines; it proved our capacity for rising equal to an advantage. In glass, however, after the rich colors and manifold lovely forms of the foreign exhibits, we were cold and gray, and in all manufactured stuffs dull and uninteresting; we may have been honest, but we looked poor. I say nothing of our supremacy in a thousand merely ingenious applications and adaptations: that goes without saying; and I say nothing of the display of the publishing houses: books were the last things I cared to see at the Centennial. But I heard from persons less disdainful of literature that the show of book-making did us great honor.

The Main Building is provided with many fountains of the soda sort, and one large fountain for the unsophisticated element, all of which were pretty, and contributed to that brightness of effect which was so largely owing to the handsomeness of the show-cases and pavilions. The finest of these were American. We were thought to have sometimes dimmed the lustre of our jewels by the brilliancy of the casket, but the general display gained by this error. In the middle of the building a band played many hours every day, and over all, with his *bâton* and both arms extended, perpetually triumphed the familiar person of Mr. Gilmore, whom one fancied partially consoled for his lost Coliseums by the bigness of the edifice and the occa-

sion, though, as I said before, the multitude was in nowise comparable to that of our Jubilees. The sparseness of the visitors was more apparent than real, as seen from the organ loft at the end of the building or from the galleries overlooking the central space, but it was worth while to suffer the illusory regret produced by this appearance in order to enjoy the magnificent *coup d'œil* which was to be gained only from those heights.

In the afternoon we made the tour of the State buildings, of which, generally speaking, it is hard to detect at once the beauty or occasion. Doubtless the use could be discovered by public or representative bodies from the various States. The most picturesque building is that of New Jersey; that of Massachusetts was comfortable and complete, which most of the others were not. The Michigan building promises to be handsome; the Ohio building has some meaning in being of Ohio stones, and it is substantially and gracefully designed; the West Virginia building is observable for its exterior display of native woods. But really the most interesting of these not apparently well-reasoned structures is the Mississippi house, which is wholly built of Mississippi woods, the rough bark logs showing without, and the gables and porch decked with gray streamers of Spanish mosses. A typical Mississippian, young in years but venerable in alligator-like calm, sits on this porch (or did there sit on the afternoon of our visit), with his boots on the railing and his hat drawn down over his eyes and sheltering his slowly moving jaws as they ruminate the Virginian weed. He had probably been overquestioned, for he answered all queries without looking up or betraying the smallest curiosity as to the age, sex, or condition of the questioner. Being tormented (I will not name the sex of his tormentress), concerning the uses of a little hole or pouch (it was for letters, really) in the wall near the door, he said that it was to receive contributions for a poor orphan. "I," he added, "am the orphan;" and then at last he looked up, with a faint gleam in his lazy eye which instantly won the heart. This Mississippian was white; another, black, showed us civilly and intelligently through the house, which was very creditable every way to the State, and told us that it was built of seventy different kinds of Mississippi wood. We came away applauding the taste and sense shown in the only State building that seemed to have anything characteristic to say for itself. But in a country where for the most part every State is only more unrepresentative in its architecture than another, it is very difficult for the buildings to be representative.

In their neighborhood were the foreign buildings, the most noticeable of which were the English, Japanese, and Canadian. The English were stuccoed without, showing the wooden anatomy of the building to some extent, and suggesting the comfort of country or suburban homes; the Japanese was like the pictures of all Japanese houses; the Canadian was a sturdy stroke of poetry. It was all built of Canadian timber and lumber. Rough saw-logs formed the stalwart pillars of the portico; boards and planks piled upon each other defined the shape of the building, which had something immensely gratifying and impressive. To be sure, no Canadian could go there for entertainment, but no Canadian could look at this great lumber lodge without thinking of home, which the profuse tiles of the New Jersey house or the many-shingled sides of the Massachusetts building could never suggest to a native of those States.

Massachusetts, through the poetic thoughtfulness of one of her women, had done far better in the erection of the Old Colony House of logs, which we found thronged by pleased and curious visitors. Without, it looks much like the log-cabins with which any dweller in the Middle West is familiar, but it is of three rooms instead of one; and within it aims at the accurate commemoration of Plymouth in its arrangement and furnishing. There are many actual relics of the Pilgrim days, all of which the crowd examined with the keenest interest; there was among other things the

writing-desk of John Alden, and at the corner of the deep and wide fire-place sat Priscilla spinning — or some young lady in a quaint, old-fashioned dress, who served the same purpose. I thought nothing could be better than this, till a lovely old Quakeress, who had stood by, peering critically at the work through her glasses, asked the fair spinster to let her take the wheel. She sat down beside it, caught some strands of tow from the spindle, and with her long-unwonted fingers tried to splice the broken thread; but she got the thread entangled on the iron points of the card, and there was a breathless interval in which we all hung silent about her, fearing for her success. In another moment the thread was set free and spliced, the good old dame bowed herself to the work, and the wheel went round with a soft triumphant burr, while the crowd heaved a sigh of relief. That was altogether the prettiest thing I saw at the Centennial.

It was not till our third day that we went to the Woman's Pavilion. Those accustomed to think of women as the wives, mothers, and sisters of men will be puzzled to know why the ladies wished to separate their work from that of the rest of the human race, and those who imagine an antagonism between the sexes must regret, in the interest of what is called the cause of woman, that the Pavilion is so inadequately representative of her distinctive achievement. The show is chiefly saved to the visitor's respect by the carved wood-work done by ladies of the Cincinnati Art School. Even this, compared with great wood-carving, lacks richness of effect; it is rather the ornamentation of the surface of wood in the lowest relief; but it is very good of its kind, full of charming sentiment; it is well intentioned, and executed with signal delicacy and refined skill. It is a thing that one may be glad of as American art, and then, if one cares, as women's work, though there seems no more reason why it should be considered more characteristic of the sex than the less successful features of the exhibition. We did not test the cuisine of the School of Cooking attached to the Woman's Pavilion; the School of Second Work was apparently not yet in operation: if it had been a Man's Pavilion, I should have thought it the dustiest building on the grounds. It seems not yet the moment for the better half of our species to take their stand apart from the worse upon any distinct performance in art or industry; even when they have a building of their own, some organizing force to get their best work into it is lacking; many of those pictures and pincushions were no better than if men had made them; but some paintings by women in the Art Hall, where they belonged, suffered nothing by comparison with the work of their brothers. Woman's skill was better represented in the Machinery Hall than in her own Pavilion; there she was everywhere seen in the operation and superintendence of the most complicated mechanisms, and showed herself in the character of a worker of unsurpassed intelligence.

I sometimes fancied that the Agricultural Hall might reclaim the long-sojourning visitor rather oftener than any other building, if he were of a very patriotic mind. It seems the most exclusively American, and it is absorbingly interesting in traits of its display. There are almost as many attractive show-cases and pavilions as in the Main Building, and they are somehow seen to better advantage. Then there is obviously a freer expression of individual tastes and whims. It was delightful, for example, to walk down the long avenue of mowing and reaping machines, and see those imperfectly surviving forms of "dragons of the prime," resplendent in varnished fine woods and burnished steel, and reposing upon spaces of Brussels carpeting, attended by agents each more firmly zealous than another in the dissemination of advertisements and in the faith that his machine was the last triumph of invention. Their fond pride in their machines was admirable; you could not but sympathize with it, and on a morning after it had rained through the roof upon the carpet and shining metals of one reaper-man, who went about mopping and re-

touching in an amiable desolation, we partook almost insupportably of his despair. We railed bitterly at the culpable negligence of the management, and were not restored to our habitual mood of uncritical enjoyment till we came to our favorite case of sugar-cured hams: a glass case in which hung three or four hams richly canvased, not in the ordinary yellow linen, but in silk of crimson, white, and gold. These were of course from Cincinnati, and the same pork-packer had otherwise shown a humorous fancy in the management of material which does not lend itself readily to the plastic arts in their serious tempers.

The most artistic use of any material was undoubtedly made by some Louisville tobacco dealers, who had arranged the varieties and colors of their product with an eye to agreeable effect which I never saw surpassed in any Italian market, and who had added a final touch by showing different sorts of tobacco growing in pots. It would be interesting to know whether this most tasteful display was the work of an American. Vastly and more simply impressive was a wholly different exhibition from Iowa, to some of whose citizens the happy thought of showing the depth and quality of the soil in several counties of the State had occurred. Accordingly there it was in huge glass cylinders, in which it rose to a height of four, five, and six feet — a boast of inexhaustible fertility which New England eyes could hardly credit. This was one of the inspirations which gave a shock of agreeable astonishment, and revived the beholder even after a day of sight-seeing.

There were fanciful and effective arrangements of farm implements; exhibitions of farm products both foreign and domestic; shows of the manufactured and raw material — literally without number. To remember one was to forget a thousand, and yet each was worthy to be seen. I remember the cotton from India with its satisfying Hindoo names; the pavilion of Brazilian cotton, and the whole array of Brazilian products; the pavilions of American wines and the bacchanal show of Rhine wines, where the vine in leaf and cluster wreathed pillar and cornice, and a little maid sat making more vine-leaves out of paper. The finest of the pavilions seemed to me that of an Oswego starch manufacturer, where an artistic use of the corn and its stalk had been made in the carved ornamention of the structure. But there were many and many cases and pavilions which were tasteful and original in high degree; and when one looked about on the work of preparation still going forward over the whole territory of the building, — as large, almost, as a German principality, — one felt that the tale was but half told.

A beneficent Sunday in our country retreat interrupted our sight-seeing: a Sunday of rural scenes and sounds, when the trains forbore to chuckle to and fro on the Pennsylvania Railroad in exultation at Pennsylvanian prosperity, and the rich landscape throbbed under the gathering heat. The meadow-lark sang everywhere; the redbird's voice was mellow in the dense woods; the masses of the dogwood blossoms whitened through all the heavy foliage. It was a land of blossoms and of waving grass, and a drive over the country roads in the afternoon, past thriving farms and thrifty villages, showed it a land of Sabbath-keeping best clothes, clean faces, neat hair, and domestic peace on innumerable front steps and porches, where children sat with their elders, and young girls feigned to read books while they waited for the young men who were to come later.

Monday was hot and abated our zeal for the Philadelphian spring by giving us a foretaste of what the Philadelphian summer must be. The sun fried the asphalt pavements of the Centennial grounds, and a burning heat reverberated from them, charged with the sickening odor of the cement. That was a day for the stone interior of the Art Hall, but to tell the truth we found none of the buildings so hot as we feared they would be. It was very tolerable indeed both in the Main Building and the Machinery Hall, and in the United States Building we should not have lost

patience with the heat if it had not been for the luxurious indifference of that glass case full of frozen fishes there, which, as they reposed in their comfortable boxes of snow, with their thermometer at 30°, did certainly appeal to some of the most vindictive passions of our nature; and I say that during the hot months it will be cruelty to let them remain. There are persons who would go down from Massachusetts to join a mob in smashing that case on the 4th of July, and tearing those fish to pieces. There are also people of culture in this region who would sign a petition asking the government to change the language of the placard on the clothes of the Father of his Country, which now reads, "Coat, Vest, and Pants of George Washington," whereas it is his honored waistcoat which is meant, and his buckskin breeches: pantaloons were then unknown, and "pants" were undreamt-of by a generation which had time to be decent and comely in its speech. This placard is a real drawback to one's enjoyment of the clothes, which are so familiarly like, from pictures, that one is startled not to find Washington's face looking out of the coat-collar. The government had been well advised in putting on view these and other personal relics, like his camp-bed, his table furniture, his sword, his pistols, and so forth. There are also similar relics of other heroes, and in the satisfaction of thus drawing nearer to the past in the realization of those historic lives, one's passion for heroic wardrobes mounts so that it stays at nothing. In one of the cases were an ordinary frock-coat of black diagonal, and a silk hat such as is worn in our own epoch, objects which it is difficult to revere in actual life, but for which in their character of relics we severely summoned what veneration we could, while we searched our mind for association of them with some memorable statesman. We were mortified to think of no modern worthy thus to hand down a coat and hat to the admiration of posterity, and in another moment we should have asked whose they were, if we had not caught sight of a busy attendant in his shirt-sleeves and bare head, just in time to save us from this shame.

We passed on to the interesting exhibition of Indian costumes and architecture, and to those curiously instructive photographs and plaster models of the ancient and modern towns of the Moquis. These rehabilitate to the fancy the material aspect of the old Aztec civilization in a wonderful manner, and throw a vivid light upon whatever one has read of the race whose empire the Spaniards overthrew, but which still lingers, a feeble remnant, in the Pueblos of New Mexico. If the extermination of the red savages of the plains should take place soon enough to save this peaceful and industrious people whom they have harassed for hundreds of years, one could hardly regret the loss of any number of Apaches and Comanches. The red man, as he appears in effigy and in photograph in this collection, is a hideous demon, whose malign traits can hardly inspire any emotion softer than abhorrence. In blaming our Indian agents for malfeasance in office, perhaps we do not sufficiently account for the demoralizing influence of merely beholding those false and pitiless savage faces; moldy flour and corrupt beef must seem altogether too good for them.

I have to leave in despair all details of the government show of army and navy equipments, the varied ingenuity and beautiful murderousness of the weapons of all kinds, the torpedoes with which alone one could pass hours of satisfaction, fancifully attaching them to the ships of enemies and defending our coasts in the most effectual manner; the exquisite models of marine architecture; the figures of soldiers of all arms — not nearly so good as the Danish, but dearer, being our own. Every branch of the administrative service was illustrated, so far as it could be, and the bribes almost sprang from one's pocket at sight of the neat perfection with which the revenue department was represented. There was manufacture of Centennial stamped envelopes, which constantly drew a large crowd, and there were a

thousand and one other things which every one must view with advantage to himself and with applause of the government for making this impressive display in the eyes of other nations.

After paying our duty to these objects, we took our first ride on the narrow-guage railroad, of which the locomotive with its train of gay open cars coughs and writhes about the grounds in every direction, with a station at each of the great buildings. I believe this railroad has awakened loathing in some breasts, and that there has been talk of trying to have it abolished. But I venture to say this will never be done, and in fact I do not see how the public could get on without it. The fare is five cents for the whole tour or from any one point to another; the ride is luxuriously refreshing, and commands a hundred charming prospects. To be sure, the cars go too fast, but that saves time; and I am not certain that the flagmen at the crossings are sufficiently vigilant to avert the accidents whose possibility forms a greater objection to the railroad than mere taste can urge against it. As we whirled along, a gentleman next us on the transverse seat entered into an agreeable monologue, from which we learned, among many other things, that they had in the Agricultural Building the famous war-eagle, Old Abe, whom a Wisconsin regiment carried through the war; and the next morning we made haste to see him. We found him in charge of one of the sergeants who had borne him through thirty battles, and who had once been shot down with the eagle on his perch, and left for dead on the field. The sergeant was a slim young fellow, with gray eyes enough like the eagle's to make them brothers, and he softly turned his tobacco from one cheek to the other while he discoursed upon the bird — his honors from the State government of Wisconsin, which keeps him and a man to care for him at the public charge; his preference for a diet of live chicken; his objection to new acquaintance, which he had shown a few days before by plunging his beak into the cheek of a gentleman who had offered him some endearments. We could not see that Old Abe looked different from other bald eagles (which we had seen in pictures); he had a striking repose of manner, and his pale, fierce eye had that uninterested, remote regard said to characterize all sovereign personages. The sergeant tossed him up and down on his standard, and the eagle threw open his great vans; but otherwise he had no entertainment to offer except the record of his public services, — which we bought for fifty cents.

We were early on the ground that morning, and saw the Centennial in some aspects which I suppose the later visitor misses, when the crowd becomes too great for social ease. The young ladies in charge of pavilions or quiescent machinery, and the various young men in uniforms who superabounded at nine o'clock, gave the Machinery Hall the effect of a vast *conversazione*, amidst which no one could wander unconscious of a poetic charm. I am sure this was blamelessly pleasant, and if the Centennial did nothing but promote all that multitudinous acquaintance, it could not be considered other than a most enormous success. These happy young people neglected no duty to the public; there never was on this continent such civility and patience as that of the guards and policemen and officials of the Centennial, and the young ladies would leave a word half-breathed, half-heard, at the slightest demand of curiosity concerning anything they had in charge. In the midst, the Corliss engine set an example of unwearying application to business, and even while one gazed in fond approval, innumerable spindles began to whirr and shuttles to clack, and a thousand *tête-à-têtes* were broken up as by magic.

It was very pleasing to see the enthusiasm of inventors or agents concerning their wares, and the eagerness with which they met curiosity. I do not now speak so much of young ladies like her in charge of a perfumery stand in the Main Building, who would leave her company with both elbows on the counter and his chin in his hands, to spring away and atomize with odorous extracts

any passer who showed signs of loitering near; rather I sing such geniuses as he of the Carriage Hall, who illustrated his cradle attachment to the parental bedstead, and his automaton baby-tender. From how much getting up at night, and how much weary care by day, these inventions had sprung, one could only conjecture; but I am sure that the most profound domestic experience inspired them. The inventor was never weary showing how, with his cradle hung by springs to your bedside, you had but to roll over and rock the most refractory baby to sleep, without losing your temper or your rest; how on simply inserting an infant into the aperture of his wheeled stool, the child walked about all day in perpetual content, a blessing to himself and his parents. The terms of confidence which he established with admiring mothers, the winks he gave, the nudges which I am sure he aspired to give, were all charming, and came from nothing less than a sense of having benefited the whole human race. Almost as serenely confident was the young lady who operated the Radiant Flat Iron in the Machinery Hall, an implement in whose hollow frame burnt a gas-flame blown hotter by a draft of air, the two elements being conveyed thither by India-rubber tubes from reservoirs under the ironing-table. "But what makes the pressure of the gas and air?" "Oh, you see I stand on a sort of bellows, which I work by resting from one foot to the other as one always does in ironing." The world is perhaps not yet prepared for the intricate virtues of the Radiant Flat Iron, but in the mean time we venerated its ingenuity. It is, doubtless, as promising of general usefulness as that beautiful ice-boat which our chair-boy hurried us away to see, and which seems peculiarly popular with the wheelers of chairs; they perhaps envy its capacity for getting over space at the rate of a mile a minute, though this need not be, as it is time they should rather desire to annihilate. They are an obliging race, and the chairs are a great help to the enjoyment of the Centennial. They are to be found in each of the principal buildings, and it is best to take them anew in each hall, instead of hiring one for a tour of the whole. If you do that, much time is lost, and in getting out to climb steps and cross broken spaces and railroad tracks, the occupant of the chair shares too actively in the enterprise. The chairs are mainly for ladies; very few men have the self-respect requisite for being publicly trundled about in that manner.

To any one who knows the different American types, the attendants and operatives in the Machinery and Agricultural Halls would afford curious study. The Western face distinguishes itself very easily from that of the Middle States, but in its eagerness is not so readily told from that of New England, which shows how largely New England has characterized the appearance, while Pennsylvania has prevailed in the accent, of the younger States. Where New England came out with most startling evidence was in the visages of the Waltham watch-makers, who, whether pure Yankees or Yankeeized foreigners, had looks that no one could mistake. They were at work there all day with their life-like machinery, and on every side the thousand creations of American inventive genius were in operation, with an exhilaration and impressiveness in the whole effect which can in no wise be described. Of the huger machinery, the working of some pumps that drove their streams of water far over and across a great tank was the gayest and most strenuous sight. I should hardly know how to justify to the inexperienced the joy I knew in putting my hand over an air-blast, that flung it into the air like a leaf. Nevertheless, such things are.

I have left the Carriage Hall to the last, though it was one of the first things we saw. I am not a connoisseur of wheeled vehicles, and I dare say I admired not too wisely. The American shapes seemed to me the most elegant; there was a queerness, a grotesqueness, an eccentricity, about the English, when they were not too heavy. But what most seizes the spectator is some one's ghastly fancy of a white hearse. It

shows that a black hearse is not the most repulsive thing that can be. There are some exquisite specimens of car-architecture for a Brazilian railroad; a buggy from Indiana is kept — I do not know why — in a glass case; and there is a very resplendent Pullman car through which we walked, for no reason that I can give — probably the mere overmastering habit of sight-seeing.

We thought it well during our week at the Centennial to lunch as variously as possible, and I can speak by the card concerning the German Restaurant, the two French Restaurants, and the Vienna Bakery; the native art in cooking we did not test. The German Restaurant and the Lafayette Restaurant are very reasonable in their charges, less expensive, indeed, than most first-class city restaurants. The Trois Frères Provençaux is impudently extortionate. Not that dishes cooked with so much more sentiment than any you can find elsewhere are not worth more, but that there are absurd charges for what Americans ordinarily pay nothing for: bread, butter, and service at double and quadruple the Parisian rates. But it is even worse at the Vienna Bakery, where they have twenty-five cents for a cup of coffee, and not good coffee at that — not at all the coffee of Vienna. Happily, no one is obliged to go to these places for sustenance. There are a hundred others within the grounds where you may lunch cheaply and well, or cheaply and ill, which most of our nation like better. There is, for instance, a large pavilion where one may surcharge the stomach with pie and milk at a very low price. There is an American Restaurant, there is a Southern Restaurant (served by lustrous citizens of color), there is a restaurant attached to the Old Colony House; there is no end to them; and I am very glad to say of them, and of all other American enterprises for the public comfort, that their opportunity has not been improved to the public ruin. The extortion seems to be all by the foreigners, — unless sixty cents an hour is too much for a wheeled chair. I think it is; but the chairs will doubtless be cheaper when the cars of the circular railroad have run over two or three. All stories of the plundering of strangers by the Philadelphians may be safely distrusted. Probably never before in the history of world's fairs has the attitude of the local city towards its guests been so honest, so conscientious, so generous.

The grounds of the Centennial are open twelve hours every day, and your payment of fifty cents admits you for all that time to everything there. No account, however close, however graphic, can give a just conception of the variety and interest of the things to be seen. The whole season would not exhaust them; a week or a month enables you to study a point here and there. Yet if you have but a single day to spend, it is well to go. You can never spend a day with richer return.

A very pleasant thing about the exhibition is your perfect freedom there. There are innumerable officials to direct you, to help you, to care for you, but none of them bothers you. If you will keep off those clay slopes and expanses which are placarded Grass, there will be no interference with any caprice of your personal liberty. This is the right American management of a public pleasure.

The muse at all minded to sing the humors of a great holiday affair could find endless inspiration at the Centennial; but there are space and the reader to be regarded. Yet I must not leave the theme without speaking of the gayety of the approaches and surroundings; the side shows are outside here, and the capacity for amusement which the Centennial fails to fill need not go hungering amid the provision made for it by private enterprise. It is curious to see the great new hotels of solid and flimsy construction near the grounds, and the strange city which has sprung up in answer to the necessities of the world's fair. From every front and top stream the innumerable flags, with which during a day in town we found all Philadelphia also decked. Yet it is an honest and well-behaved liveliness. There is no disorder of any sort;

nowhere in or about the Centennial did I see any one who had overdrunk the health of his country.

Not the least prodigious of the outside appurtenances of the Centennial is that space allotted on a neighboring ground to the empty boxes and packing cases of the goods sent to the fair. Their multitude is truly astonishing, and they have a wild desolation amidst which I should think the gentlemen of the Centennial Commission, in case of a very disastrous failure of the enterprise, would find it convenient to come and rend their garments. But no one expects failure now. Every day of our week there saw an increase of visitors, and the reader of the newspapers knows how the concourse has grown since. The undertaking merits all possible prosperity, and whatever were the various minds in regard to celebrating the Centennial by an international fair, no one can now see the fair without a thrill of patriotic pride.

W. D. Howells.

CONTRAST.

The day is bitter. Through the hollow sky
Rolls the clear sun, inexorably bright,
Glares on the shrinking earth, a lidless eye,
Shedding no warmth, but floods of blinding light.

The hurricane roars loud. The facile sea
With passionate resentment writhes and raves
Beneath its maddening whip, and furiously
Replies with all the thunder of its waves.

The iron rock, ice-locked, snow-sheathed, lies still,
The centre of this devastated world,
Beaten and lashed by wind and sea at will,
Buried in spray by the fierce breakers hurled.

Cold, raging desolation! Out of it,
Swift-footed, eager, noiseless as the light,
Glides my adventurous thought, and lo, I sit
With Memnon and the desert in my sight.

Silence and breathless heat! A torrid land,
Unbroken to the vast horizon's verge,
Save once, where from the waste of level sand
All motionless the clustered palms emerge.

Hot the wide earth and hot the blazing sky,
And still as death, unchanged since time began.
Far in the shimmering distance silently
Creeps like a snake the lessening caravan.

And on the great lips of the statue old
Broods silence, and no zephyr stirs the palm.
Nature forgets her tempests and her cold,
And breathes in peace. "There is no joy but calm."

Celia Thaxter.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Mr. Warner says in the preface to his book of Egyptian travel, called Mummies and Moslems,[1] that he has tried to "look at Egypt in its own atmosphere and not through ours." In this design he has, we are glad to say, exemplarily failed; and we owe one of the most delightful books of travel we have read to the constantly American quality of the air through which all Egyptian things appear to him. In fact, it is only by carrying his native atmosphere with him that the traveler can make his report of strange lands intelligible to his own countrymen, and Mr. Warner succeeds in representing "Egypt in its true colors and perspective" simply because he never sees it through its own atmosphere, but always through ours. It is this which we are to thank for all the generous and charming traits of his book: for its quaint and delicate humor; its humane sympathy with the haplessness, the hopelessness of the life of that old land; the reverence for what is truly venerable in her past; the keen appreciation of the effects of European civilization, artificially induced, upon her; whereas, if he could really have looked at Egypt through an Egyptian atmosphere, he would have seen no more to move him to laughter or compassion or veneration than his dragoman would. We take leave to fancy that he supposed his design after his book was written. We feel pretty sure that no design of any kind produced the fortunate mood which characterizes it throughout; and we certainly detect nothing so disagreeable in the structure of the book. It is the record of events as they happen, thoughts as they occur, things as they appear, day after day, set down clearly and simply, but with all the unconscious charm of a style which is here at its best, and with a touch so light, so brief, so passing, so uninsistent, that from beginning to end the book never wearies. The author's humor is a delicious light upon it all. He did not go to Egypt to make people laugh; and you laugh all the more contentedly with him because you feel that it is not required of you; because the traveler, who finds it impossible not to see the fun of Egypt, sees also its vast gravity and sadness, and, while guarding himself a little overscrupulously, perhaps, against poetic or emotional expression, knows how to be satisfactorily serious at the right moment.

The thirty-eight chapters of the book are mostly a record of the Nile voyage in a dahabeëh, or dahabeiah, — for, as Mr. Warner says, "It seems to be the privilege of travelers to spell Arabic words as they please, and no two writers agree on a single word or name," — but several of the best treat of some preliminary and subsequent days in Cairo. Our readers have already had the chapter concerning the voyage to Egypt and the author's first days there, with which the book opens, and which he calls At the Gates of the East, as well as that on Passing the Cataracts of the Nile. The latter is rather more elaborate than the rest of the book; but the former gives a very good notion of its prevailing tone and manner.

The voyager on the Nile cannot hope to see anything novel; he can hardly hope for experiences that differ from those of any other of the hundreds of people who make the voyage in the same season with him, and write or do not write about it. The freshness must be all in the spirit with which he looks at things; the variety in the ideas and associations which they evoke in him. We could not easily give special proof of Mr. Warner's gift of being constantly entertaining amid scenes which are so pitilessly bewritten in all languages, but his book will afford all the necessary proof. What strikes one most in a critical glance at his work is how unfailingly he keeps, throughout, the happy tone which he falls into at the outset. He makes you free of his dahabeëh at once, with the least possible ostentation of hospitality, and you lead its daily life with him, in a good comradeship which never ceases to be easy. He calls your notice to this or that aspect of life on the shores; he asks you to view the customary objects of interest with him; to go with him to such houses as he is invited to visit; he makes his comment, brief, pointed, wittily thoughtful; that is all at which an analysis of his charm arrives, but this does not begin to be all.

The multitude of the pictures in which

[1] *Mummies and Moslems.* By Charles Dudley Warner. Hartford: American Publishing Company. 1876.

his pages abound makes it hard to choose any one that shall seem more characteristic than another, but here is one, taken at a venture, that is at least characteristic: —

"As we lay, windbound, a few miles below Soohag, the Nubian trading-boat I had seen the day before was moored near; and we improved this opportunity for an easy journey to Central Africa, by going on board. The forward-deck was piled with African hides so high that the oars were obliged to be hung on outriggers; the cabin deck was loaded with bags of gums, spices, medicines; and the cabin itself was stored so full that, when we crawled down into it, there was scarcely room to sit upright on the bags. Into this penetralia of barbaric merchandise the ladies preceded us, upon the promise of the sedate and shrewd-eyed traveler to exhibit his ostrich feathers. I suppose nothing in the world of ornament is so fascinating to a woman as an ostrich feather; and to delve into a mine of them, to be able to toss about handfuls, sheafs of them, to choose any size and shape and any color, glossy black, white, gray, and white with black tips — it makes one a little delirious to think of it! . . .

"While the ostrich-trade is dragging along its graceful length, other curiosities are produced: the short, dangerous tusks of the wild boar; the long tusks of the elephant — a beast whose enormous strength is only made a show of, like that of Samson; and pretty silver-work from Soudan.

"'What is this beautiful tawny skin, upon which I am sitting?'

"'Lion's; she was the mother of one of the young lions out yonder. And this,' continued the trader, drawing something from the corner, 'is her skull.' It gave a tender interest to the orphan outside, to see these remains of his mother. . . .

"'What's that thick stuff in a bottle there behind you?'

"'That's lion's oil, some of *her* oil.' . . .

"I took the bottle. To think that I held in my hand the oil of a lion! . . .

"'And is that another bottle of it?'

"'*Mais*, no; you don't get a lion every day for oil; that is ostrich-oil. This is good for rheumatism.'

"It ought to be. There is nothing rheumatic about the ostrich. When I have tasted sufficiently the barbaric joys of the cabin, I climb out upon the deck to see more of this strange craft.

"Upon the narrow and dirty bow, over a slow fire, on a shallow copper dish, a dark and slender boy is cooking flap-jacks as big as the flap of a leathern apron. He takes the flap-jack up by the edge in his fingers and turns it over, when one side is cooked, as easily as if it were a sheepskin. There is a pile of them beside him, enough to make a whole suit of clothes, burnous and all, and very durable it would prove. Near him is tied, by a cotton cord, a half-grown leopard, elegantly spotted, who has a habit of running out his tongue, giving a side-lick of his chops, and looking at you in the most friendly manner. If I were the boy, I would n't stand with my naked back to a leopard which is tied with a slight string.

"On shore, on the sand and in the edge of the wheat, are playing in the sun a couple of handsome young lions, gentle as kittens. . . . The two play together very prettily, and when I leave them they have lain down to sleep, face to face, with their arms round each other's necks, like the babes in the wood. The lovely leopard occasionally rises to his feet and looks at them, and then lies down again, giving a soft sweep to his long and rather vicious tail."

Then here is a pretty study, of a kind whose humorous compassion always tinges Mr. Warner's contemplation of modern Egyptian life: —

"I encountered here a little boy who filled my day with sunshine. He was a sort of shepherd boy, and I found him alone in a field, the guardian of a donkey which was nibbling coarse grass. But his mind was not on his charge, and he was so much absorbed in his occupation that he did not notice my approach. He was playing, for his own delight and evidently with intense enjoyment, upon a reed pipe, an instrument of two short reeds, each with four holes, bound together, and played like a clarionet. Its compass was small, and the tune ran round and round in it, accompanied by one of the most doleful drones imaginable. Nothing could be more harrowing to the nerves. I got the boy to play it a good deal. I saw that it was an antique instrument (it was in fact Pan's pipe unchanged in five thousand years), and that the boy was a musical enthusiast, a gentle Mozart, who lived in an ideal world which he created for himself in the midst of the most forlorn conditions. The little fellow had the knack of inhaling and blowing at the same time, expanding his cheeks, and using his stomach like the bellows of the Scotch bagpipe, and producing the same droning sound as that delightful instrument. But I would

rather hear this boy half a day than the bagpipe a week.

"I talked about buying the pipe, but the boy made it himself, and prized it so highly that I could not pay him what he thought it was worth, and I had not the heart to offer its real value. Therefore I left him in possession of his darling, and gave him half a silver piastre. He kissed it and thanked me warmly, holding the unexpected remuneration for his genius in his hand and looking at it with shining eyes. I feel an instant pang, and I am sorry that I gave it to him. I have destroyed the pure and ideal world in which he played to himself, and tainted the divine love of sweet sounds with the idea of gain and the scent of money. The serenity of his soul is broken up, and he will never again be the same boy, exercising his talent merely for the pleasure of it."

The sketches of life and character in the book are often of the airiest slightness, but they never fail of an effect, taken with the context, which we are not sure they would have without it. In Mr. Warner's writing, the insidious approach to the reader's sense of the ridiculous is what gives much of his humor its delightfulness, and the unexpectedness of many of these little glimpses or pictures seems great part of their value; they are like those bits and scraps in an artist's portfolio, which lurk about among the larger drawings, and which, as you seize upon them, you rather pride yourself on not letting escape you. For all that, they are too slight to be separately shown and boasted of. It is with an infinite number of touches, occurring at most uncertain intervals, that the characters of Abd-el-Atti, the dragoman, and his subordinates, are drawn, and it is not till far on in the book that we fully realize the discipline of the crew when Mr. Warner tells us that "the boat might as well be run by ballot." In most cases Mr. Warner has no opportunity to recur to his subject, but then, he contrives to make a few graphic lines efficiently record it, as in the case of the venerable sheik who takes the boats up the cataract, and who, being bribed with a piece of cotton cloth by the owners of the author's dahabeëh to delay its ascent, incorruptibly appropriated the cloth and earned the usual fee besides, by promptly taking the dahabeëh up the cataract.

At Luxor an Arab performs the duties — such as they may be at Luxor — of American consul, and he hospitably entertained Mr. Warner and his friends at dinner.

"There is no difficulty in getting at the meats; we tear off strips, mutually assisting each other in pulling them asunder; but there is more trouble about such dishes as pease, and a *purée* of something. One hesitates to make a scoop of his four fingers, and plunge in; and then, it is disappointing to an unskilled person to see how few peas he can convey to his mouth at a time. I sequester, and keep by me the breast-bone of a chicken, which makes an excellent scoop for small vegetables and gravies, and I am doing very well with it, until there is a universal protest against the unfairness of the device.

"Our host praises everything himself in the utmost simplicity, and urges us to partake of each dish; he is continually picking out nice bits from the dish and conveying them to the mouth of his nearest guest. My friend who sits next to Ali ought to be grateful for this delicate attention, but I fear he is not. The fact is that Ali, by some accident, in fishing, hunting, or war, has lost the tip of the index finger of his right hand, the very hand that conveys the delicacies to my friend's mouth. And he told me afterwards that he felt each time he was fed that he had swallowed that piece of the consul's finger."

It is at the house of this officer of our government — whose taste in entertainments might well be made a subject of congressional investigation — that the American traveler is enabled to see the dance of the Ghawazees, a demoralizing spectacle which has its absurdities. But it is now a thoroughly stale subject, both in its sadness and its absurdity, and what will more interest the reader are the glimpses of life in Cairo, presenting some of those points at which Egyptian and European civilization meet to corrupt each other.

One has reason to be thankful to Mr. Warner that he does not affect to be very instructive, still less to be prophetic concerning the Khedive's attempts to Europeanize his people, but one cannot read what he says without a better sense of the situation. The experiment is in most respects superficial, and it involves the most grotesque anomalies. The Khedive has a model farm and model manufactures; but the labor in these is the old underpaid, enforced labor that built the pyramids. His wives and concubines are indulged in the Paris fashions, and are guarded in the harems by black eunuchs out of the Arabian Nights. The same incongruity runs through all

phases of the scheme; and yet some little good is slowly accomplished; at least matters are changed, and no change can be for the worse, in Egypt. At present the taxes are enormous and lay the final burden upon agriculture, which sinks under it. But untaxed agriculture could hardly flourish in the hands of the fellahs, who do every year what has been done for five thousand years, planting and reaping from the same soil the same crops, till at last the life-sustaining principle is so enfeebled in the superannuated grain, that the bread made from it fills without nourishing the consumer; though as for that, in Egypt it is no small matter merely to be filled.

Something is done for reform in Egypt by the army under the control of American officers, who introduce an enlightened discipline and some small measure of education. But after all, this is a slight affair. Nothing can be done for Egypt except through the relief and emancipation of the women; and nothing can be done for the women except through Christianity. This is the sum of all intelligent thinking about the East, and this is the end at which Mr. Warner, who writes so compassionately of women throughout his book, always arrives. He gives some pages to an account of the Presbyterian mission school at Assiout, where a small beginning is made in the right direction: —

"The school for girls, small as it is, impressed us as one of the most hopeful things in Egypt. I have no confidence in any scheme for the regeneration of the country, in any development of agriculture, or extension of territory, or even in education, that does not reach woman and radically change her and her position. It is not enough to say that the harem system is a curse to the East; woman herself is everywhere degraded. Until she becomes totally different from what she now is, I am not sure but the Arab is right in saying that the harem is a necessity; the woman is secluded in it (and in the vast majority of harems there is only one wife), and has a watch set over her, because she cannot be trusted. One hears that Cairo is full of intrigue, in spite of locked doors and eunuchs. The large towns are worse than the country; but I have heard it said that woman is the evil and plague of Egypt — though I don't know how the country could go on without her. Sweeping generalizations are dangerous, but it is said that the sole education of most Egyptian women is in arts to stimulate the passion of men. In the idleness of the most luxurious harem, in the grim poverty of the lowest cabin, woman is simply an animal.

"What can you expect of her? She is literally uneducated, untrained in every respect. She knows no more of domestic economy than she does of books, and she is no more fitted to make a house attractive, or a room tidy, than she is to hold an intelligent conversation. Married when she is yet a child, to a person she may have never seen, and a mother at an age when she should be in school, there is no opportunity for her to become anything better than she is. . . .

"On our return to the river, we passed the new railway station building, which is to be a handsome edifice of white limestone. Men, women, and children are impressed to labor on it, and, an intelligent Copt told us, without pay. Very young girls were the mortar-carriers, and as they walked to and fro, with small boxes on their heads, they sang, the precocious children, an Arab love-song: —

'He passed by my door, he did not speak to me.'

"We have seen little girls, quite as small as these, forced to load coal upon the steamers, and beaten and cuffed by the overseers. It is a hard country for women. They have only a year or two of time in which all-powerful nature and the wooing sun sing within them the songs of love, then a few years of married slavery, and then ugliness, old age, and hard work.

"I do not know a more melancholy subject of reflection than the condition, the lives, of these women we have been seeing for three months. They have neither any social nor any religious life. If there were nothing else to condemn the system of Mohammed, this is sufficient. I know what splendors of art it has produced, what achievements in war, what benefits to literature and science in the dark ages of Europe. But all the culture of a race that in its men has borne accomplished scholars, warriors, and artists has never touched the women. The condition of woman in the Orient is the conclusive verdict against the religion of the prophet."

The Nile Notes of a Howadji gave merely the sentiment of Nile travel, and we know of no book on the same subject which is charming in so many different ways as Mr. Warner's, which, while so informal and desultory, is so honest in material, and tells so much that one cares to know in the fash-

ion one cares to learn it. If this book can make its way among the subscription-book public, it will do a vast service to literature in educating the popular taste to the appreciation of good reading, and the time will yet come when the book-agent will be welcomed at all our doors instead of warned from them by every prohibitory device.

— No one need be deterred from reading Mr. Hamerton's volume, Etching and Etchers,[1] by the fear that it will have no interest except to those especially seeking information upon the subjects. In spite of the attention given to technical details, it will be found to deal even more extensively with general principles, applicable to all the arts of design, and interesting to all students and lovers of art. Besides, it is well worth while to study for its own sake a form of art which was the favorite mode of expression of some of the greatest of the old masters, and though as yet but little practically known among ourselves, is giving employment in Europe to much of the best artistic talent of the day.

Mr. Hamerton's book was first published in London in 1868, almost simultaneously with the beginning of the recent revival of etching in England. While intended in part as a manual of practical instruction, it had for its higher and chief purpose to stimulate and guide the newly awakened interest in an art which, though practiced by Albert Dürer and brought to perfection by Rembrandt, had, in England at least, fallen into almost total neglect. This first edition was embellished by thirty-six etchings — ancient as well as modern — printed, with the exception of two copies from Ostade, from plates actually executed by the artists whose names they bore. Among them were specimens of the genuine handiwork of such illustrious masters as Rembrandt and Paul Potter. This little collection of etchings at once attracted the attention of connoisseurs; the edition, to which it gave in their eyes an exceptional value, was soon exhausted, and copies can now be obtained only of dealers in rare books, and at extravagant prices. But the author had a still better evidence of success in the numerous letters he received from artists and amateurs, not in England alone, but in foreign countries, including our own, asking for further enlightenment, and submitting to him specimens of the etchings which the perusal of his book had led them to attempt The present edition is substantially the same as the first, excepting a few omissions and the addition of more than two hundred pages of new matter. But the number of plates has been reduced to twelve, and of these only two are original etchings: a sketch from nature by the author, and another by the French etcher, Lalanne. All the rest are copies, made by Mr. Hamerton himself, of plates, or parts of plates, by various masters, "selected in almost every instance for some special reason, and not to make the book look pretty." They are given "not at all as embellishments, but simply to make the text more intelligible," and with the same view each plate is accompanied by a page of letterpress, printed in red, noting the processes employed in its production. The book in its present form will be less attractive to the mere connoisseur, but equally valuable and instructive to the practical student; while the reader who may feel the want of a collection of original etchings is furnished in the appendix with a plan for making one for himself.

Though the author disclaims any "prettiness" for his copies of other etchers' work, it would be a mistake to suppose that they have no artistic merit or attractiveness. Several of them are from originals by masters of the highest reputation, and reproductions of the works of Rembrandt, Ostade, and Haden cannot but retain something of the charm of the originals, even when interpreted by a less skillful etcher than Mr. Hamerton. Something, perhaps, of the "thinness and hardness" to which, the author tells us, the art has a natural tendency, may be observed in these copies, and more especially in Mr. Hamerton's original work, in this as in other volumes illustrated by him; but this is a fault easily pardoned, as being rather the coming short of a true aim than a false direction in the aim itself. Although as cosmopolitan in his tastes and as free from prejudice as a writer can well be, our author has, as an artist, an undisguised preference for what are sometimes called "artist's etchings," that is, for the free and unconstrained expression of an artist's thought, by his own hand, on the copper. The influence of this preference can be detected in these copies. In one or two instances where an opportunity of comparison with the originals has been possible, it is plain that, while keeping sufficiently near to his model for the purpose he had in view,

[1] *Etching and Etchers.* By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, author of The Intellectual Life, etc. Illustrated. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

he has not attempted to reproduce it line for line. In the copy of a part of one of Waterloo's plates, for example, it has apparently been impossible for him to follow exactly the somewhat too classical and conventional forms of the masses of foliage. He has, consequently, substituted for the old etcher's rounded and graceful curves the angular and "scratchy" method of indicating leafage which may be remarked in his own studies from nature. The result, while not altogether satisfactory as a copy, has at least this advantage over the original, that it looks much more like an actual transcript from nature, and less like an imitation of an oil-painting or a steel engraving.

But though Mr. Hamerton's own position as an etcher may not be in the very front rank, he is a most instructive as well as entertaining writer upon art. The subject, indeed, is one upon which it is very difficult to write well, though by some unfortunate fatality it seems to be the one topic most often selected by the merest tyro for the exercise of his skill in the utterance of sounding phrases and glittering generalities, or else as a fair field for sharp criticism and dogmatic assertion. But Mr. Hamerton is no tyro. His qualifications, for which his whole life has been a preparation, are numerous and of a high order, and not the least among them is a practical knowledge of his subject. He is a painter in oil and in water-colors, as well as an etcher. In early life a disciple of Ruskin, and beginning the practice of art under the influence of the pre-Raphaelite school, he has gradually thrown off whatever was vicious in the theory and practice of his teachers, and has learned to look at nature synthetically instead of analytically. He has also had the opportunity of personal acquaintance with some of the most eminent artists of the day, both at home and abroad, while his long residence in France has made it easy for him to place himself in a truly cosmopolitan position with regard to art and artists, a stand-point outside of all cliques and nationalities. Nor has he been so bound up in art as to have no thought for other subjects; as the readers of his numerous publications well know.

The book is written in sound English prose, simple, vigorous, and manly, occasionally becoming a little confused when the author ventures too far into philosophic depths, but often rising into heights of true and unexaggerated eloquence. The development of his analytic faculty by his early studies stands Mr. Hamerton in good stead in the critical examination of different masters and schools. It is perhaps to be regretted that more of the synthetic faculty had not been displayed in binding together the component parts of his work. Scarcely a topic is touched upon which is not referred to again and again in scores of widely separated pages. But a more methodical arrangement might have impaired the readableness of the book, which now has the unconstraint and desultory freedom of an evening talk by the fireside.

We must content ourselves with calling attention to the first of the five books into which the volume is divided, as in a general way containing the pith and kernel of the whole, though the topics discussed in its several chapters are by no means exhausted there, but are referred to again and again in the succeeding books. These chapters, and all in other parts of the work relating to the same subjects, will be found to have an interest and an application far beyond the limits of any special branch of art. They may be read with profit by art students in whatever department, and by that large class who desire to obtain a true understanding of the principles of art as a part of the general culture which the age more and more demands. Above all, they may be recommended to the art critic. The discouraging view the author gives of the probability of pecuniary success for those who practice the art in strict accordance with its central idea will be likely to deter our professional artists from engaging in it, while the difficulties it presents to the amateur will probably incline him to prefer some of the other methods of working which the author recommends to beginners, especially the newly developed art of charcoal drawing, so ably practiced by our own Hunt, and in which he has so successfully trained his pupils. It is true that the great success in etching attained by amateurs in a few exceptional cases has given rise to the impression that etching is a particularly easy art. But it is only the mechanical part of it that is easy; the intellectual, the truly artistic part of it demands greater and more concentrated mental power and more thorough knowledge than almost any other of the arts.

Although Mr. Hamerton in speaking of etching has, as a rule, always in view its employment in a strictly artistic way, he expressly recommends (page 286) a certain

kind of etching for the illustration of scientific works by their authors themselves. He regrets "that De Saussure, for example, had not been trained to work of this kind, instead of being dependent upon the feeble draughtsmanship of his assistants, and the miserable engravers who reproduced their drawings." Any one who ever saw Agassiz draw upon the blackboard can imagine what admirable illustrations to his own works he might have etched. And what an advantage would be gained to students in medicine, if, to the skill in drawing by no means uncommon in the profession, the authors of works on anatomy should join a proficiency in the use of the etching-needle.

Another application of the process, and one for which it is peculiarly adapted, will be suggested to the reader of antiquarian tastes by the chapter on the French etcher, Méyron (page 167), whose remarkable talent owed its development to "his passionate wish to preserve some adequate memorial of that picturesque old city of Paris which has disappeared before the constructive activity of Haussmann and Louis Napoleon." It is not impossible that some Yankee Méyron may arise to secure for us "some adequate memorial" of the historic edifices and picturesque nooks and corners of the fast disappearing old city of Boston.

Another field, indeed, has been opened for the etcher, and it is the only one, according to our author, in which he can earn a livelihood, by the quite recent application of etching to the copying of pictures. This new branch of the art, which has in Europe now become the principal one, has there been fostered by the establishment of art journals, such as the Gazette des Beaux Arts and L'Art, in France, and The Portfolio in England, which largely employ it in the illustration of their pages. How admirably successful this new development of the art has become in the hands of the few talented and well-trained Frenchmen who are almost exclusively its practitioners may be seen by these periodicals. Another example is the series of etchings by the Frenchman Jacquemart from pictures belonging to the Metropolitan Museum of New York. It will be long, however, before we can hope to have native etchers competent to render adequately our own precious Copleys and Allstons and Stuarts.

— This volume[1] comes to supplement the Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame Récamier, which, although a lively and exceedingly entertaining sketch of the society of the Abbaye-aux-Bois, occasioned very general dissatisfaction among both its French and American readers; for, being made up of letters which were written to her, and not of those which she had herself penned, it did not leave upon the mind any clear, definite impression of the real character of Madame Récamier, into whose secret history all the world was curious to inquire. The failure of that copious work in its main purpose is the ostensible cause of the existence of this after-volume, in which are introduced over forty of the private notes and letters of Madame Récamier; these are as graceful, genial, and chatty as any of the gossip, legitimized under the name of memoirs, recollections, correspondence, or what not, which we have met with, but they hardly fill the gap which was left in the previous volumes.

A faithful autobiography of this brilliant woman, narrating the various changes in her feelings during her strangely romantic life, the story of her fortunate and cloudy days, with their delight and passion, if she ever felt passion, most of all the ceaseless interplay of motive in her who kept so many lovers at her feet and yet never acknowledged one as her master, would have been an invaluable contribution to literature, could she have written it. This loss is poorly supplied by the history of her relations with Camille Jordan, of whom she was hardly more than the esteemed friend, and with her niece, Madame Lenormant, of whom she was the faithful guardian. In the life of the unfortunate J.-J. Ampère, however, who occupies here the place which Châteaubriand filled in the former work, we get some glimpses of her real social relations; for his experience serves to formulate and throw out in sharp outline some vague misgivings which we have always felt in regard to the career of this charming woman. Pure, intelligent, of surpassing beauty, which retained until late in life all the freshness and bloom of girlhood, yet dignified, withal, with womanly grace and sweetness, facile and entertaining in conversation, of gentle and attractive manners, she won by such spells all who came near her, and none ever broke the spell. But her fascinations awoke in men a sense of want, a passion which mere friendship is impotent to satisfy; the attraction which

[1] *Madame Récamier and her Friends.* From the French of Madame Lenormant. By the translator of Madame Récamier's Memoirs. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

she exercised was essentially that of sensuous beauty, and her position forbade her to yield to the love which she enkindled. Many of her friends outlived their passion, and time transmuted it into friendship. But with Ampère, whose experience this little volume narrates, the case was otherwise. Introduced to her when he was on the verge of twenty, before long he fell upon his knees before her in her gardens, his declaration was made, and, Sainte-Beuve touchingly adds, "she never cured him." His life after that was one long travel; he visited Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, Greece, Egypt, and America, but in all his wanderings he remained faithful to the woman who had won him. He became eminent in letters and scholarship; his restless spirit fled from one province of learning to another, nor did he ever know calm until he died. Here was a life made miserable by the incapacity of a shallow woman to love the man whom she had charmed. She never loved, it is said, she was a woman of friendships; and one relents when he sees how warm were those friends of her *salon* whose wit and learning were in the service of beauty. "She was a coquette," says Sainte-Beuve, and coquetry is ever hand and glove with danger; "but," he adds, "if the ministers will let me say so, she was an angel of a coquette."

We notice here and there a few inelegancies in the translation, but as a whole the book is very readable; those who like to discover the secret business and foibles of the great will find food for their curiosity, and if they make no attempt to separate the wheat from the chaff, they will lay the volume down with a feeling of quiet satisfaction.

— There is no period of English literature which appeals to us with so personal an interest as that which derived its main impulse from the French Revolution. We recognize its somewhat hectic life, and acknowledge that it was consciously, in certain phases, a reflection of the greater Elizabethan epoch, yet it is bound to us by political and personal ties which make us willing to indulge in the minutiæ of biographical details respecting the men and women who formed the very animated literary circle in London and Westmoreland at that time, giving a degree of attention to the literature then produced somewhat out of proportion to its intrinsic worth. Every new book concerning Charles Lamb, for example, has been sure of an intelligent and somewhat eager audience any time the past forty years, and this not merely because of the personal affection which Lamb excites, but because he was one of many centres about which revolved the intense life, large and petty, of a crowd of men and women whose shadows, cast under the light of the lurid, angry political heavens, look mightier than a close acquaintance with their real persons would seem to justify.

Of these people William Godwin[1] enjoys a singular reputation. Judged by the fears and admiration of his contemporaries, he has always seemed to readers of the history and literature of the period to be an intellectual bowlder, yet on reading his Caleb Williams and St. Leon, and on dipping into his Political Justice, it has been difficult to account for his great reputation. The only theory which has appeared tenable has been that Political Justice was precipitated from the fluid notions of the day, and, by its presentation in solid form of what seemed lawless and reckless, assumed at once an importance which in steadier days it inevitably lost. The breaking of popular talk and sentiment against this book produced a sort of foam which rendered it very conspicuous for a while; the prominence of Godwin lent its force to his novels and other writings, and gave them a reputation which has scarcely proved enduring. Caleb Williams, indeed, contains a certain fascination by its steel-cold force, and all of Godwin's works merit praise for their vigorous English, but it is useless to count upon his retaining in public estimation anything like the relative importance which he held during his lifetime.

Mr. Paul's work will be gratefully received by all who own to an interest in the period to which it refers, and such readers will find in it some explanation from Godwin's own character, as displayed in his friendships and experience, of the singular mark which he made. Those who take up the book with little previous acquaintance with the persons about whom it is concerned, will be in some perplexity to know why it was written. That is to say, Mr. Paul has performed his task of biographer under such strict limitations that he has hardly provided the reader with sufficient account of the historical *entourage* of Godwin's life. As a psychological revelation

[1] *William Godwin: his Friends and Contemporaries.* By C. Kegan Paul. With Portraits and Illustrations In two volumes. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

it strikes us as admirable, and hence we say that to readers and students of the period he has rendered substantial service.

Godwin appears in this portrait as a man of intellectual force which is bounded by high walls of conceit and ignorance. Within the channel hewed out for him his life flowed with a certain depth of purpose and singleness of aim which unquestionably separated him from more timid, irresolute, and selfish men. It is not to be wondered at that he excited the admiration of young men, nor that he turned to their enthusiasm for the sympathy which discreeter or more careless men withheld from him; yet he had his warm friends among his associates. Coleridge and Lamb both respected and admired him, and we are indebted to their friendship for some entertaining and characteristic letters. His most intimate friends, however, were not among the better known Englishmen of the period, but were found in a half-educated class who were impressed by the calm audacity of his principles and speculations. With them he was perpetually quarreling and perpetually renewing friendship. His almost unbounded self-conceit was sure to tempt disagreements, and his steadfastness to make him after all a good rock for vacillating minds to anchor under. His family relations were from first to last of a troubled character. His mother, as seen in her letters, was the original fountain, plainly, of much of his temper, and Mr. Paul has introduced no one more striking in personality than this shrewd, tenacious, illiterate, affectionate, and iron-bound old lady. Mary Wollstonecraft and her squalid kin have a positive interest for the reader, and make large claim upon his affection; and the second Mrs. Godwin suggests family squabbles which leave one with a substantial pity for Godwin himself.

Godwin moves throughout the book, among the figures who surround him, with a kind of tragical pain on his countenance, which deepens as mean losses and ignoble failures close in his life. It is a dismal book, and few, we suspect, will fail to recognize in its suggestion of unhappiness the moving cause in Godwin's self-centred, unhopeful nature. Indeed, he seemed always to be recoiling from the logical results of his own life and doctrines. Sometimes those results struck him with all the force with which personal disaster can strike, sometimes they were sharply visible to him in the conclusions drawn by others from premises which he had supplied, and sometimes they appeared in the absolute refusal of his principles to maintain themselves in the presence of obstinate conditions. De Quincey, in his somewhat contemptuous notice of Godwin, represents him as shrinking from the consequences of his Political Justice and really appalled by the sound of his own challenge to the world. "The second edition," he says, — on which, by the bye, Mr. Paul is absolutely silent, — "as regards principles is not a recast, but absolutely a travesty, of the first; nay, it is all but a palinode." Other illustrations will be found in Godwin's dismay at finding one of his young disciples rejoicing in converting a friend to atheism; in the necessity he was under to be inconsistent with his own views respecting marriage, and the ceremonies at death. There is frequently displayed an uneasiness respecting religion which leads one to suspect that he was less of a stoic than he or his biographer would have us believe. Godwin began life as a dissenting minister, but soon abandoned the views which he began to preach. There is nothing in his life as set forth in these two volumes which would lead one to fall in love with the views which he afterwards adopted; so far as he seems to have been guided by them, he was led into cold, damp regions, scarcely penetrated by any brighter rays than those which issue from a dreary slavery to a sense of duty.

French and German.[1]

Mr. Hillebrand is a writer who has perfect command of four languages, German, French, English, and Italian, and he has the rarer faculty of writing nothing in any one of these tongues which is not entertaining as well as linguistically correct. To France, a country which he knows very well, he devoted the first volume of this series; the second was made up of a variety of miscellaneous papers about other parts of the Continent, notably Italy and Germany, while this volume[2] deals entirely with English affairs. It really consists of an agreeable gossiping account of certain English sights, with the moralizing upon them that suggests itself to an observer both intelligent and practiced, who draws his com-

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

[2] *Zeiten, Völker und Menschen.* Von Karl Hillebrand. Dritter Band. Aus und über England. Berlin 1876.

parisons from a large number of cases, and who is enough of a cosmopolitan to be above a good many of the prejudices which characterize most travelers and writers. That this book is a profound one it would be hard to say, but it is interesting, and it will, perhaps, be found of greater importance at some future time, when there will be a demand for contemporary criticism of England in its present condition. It is for supplying just that want that Mr. Hillebrand is peculiarly fitted.

He notices the indifference of the English public to what is going on in Germany in comparison with its keen interest in the condition of France, and he explains this by the well-known intimacy that has long existed between France and England, and the hardly obsolete provincialism of Germany, and he might have added the slowness of the English in receiving new impressions. He says, "In spite of all the translations, how remote Goethe and Schiller are from the Anglo-Saxons, who are yet allied to them by race. The only thing in our literature which they really understand and love is the sentimental, that is to say, our lyrical poetry. This is encouraged by their kinship. One of the Latin or Celtic races neither understands the language, nor feels the melody, nor imagines the feeling, which combine to form a song. An Englishman is very quick to enjoy it. But, on the other hand, everything fantastic, speculative, or mystical in our literature is for him a closed volume. All our idealism is to him a puzzle, because our idealism is metaphysical, while his is practical." This is not the only acute comparison he makes between the English and the Germans. He even asserts that the two Germanic races are about to interchange their *rôles*, and that the philosophizing nation is about to turn its attention to politics, while the nation exercised in politics is about to take up philosophy, which, he takes the precaution of adding, in no way means that both the politics and the philosophy will not be very unlike what they have been before. And elsewhere he throws a great deal of ridicule on the general ignorance in England of Kant and his philosophy. This is in a chapter on John Stuart Mill and his school of thinkers, a school which has not earned his thorough approval. Of Mill's autobiography he gives a clear and interesting account, closing with the statement (made in 1873) that there are signs in England of the beginning reaction in favor of Cæsarean conservatism, and that Mill is more responsible for this than is any other man. He then takes up Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and gives it warm praise. However one may disagree or agree with Mr. Hillebrand's judgments, it is necessary to credit him with giving in a clear way the core of this book, as it stands opposed to the essence of what Mill teaches. The two books of course represent conflicting elements, and Mill's theoretical, impracticable system of social philosophy naturally called forth a speedy and truculent reply from the Englishman, who was frightened, as Mr. Hillebrand has shown, into clutching at conservatism to save himself. In English literature he has observed a peculiarity which is only of modern growth, namely, its inclination to fantastic refinement. After praising a tolerably unknown poem, The Charm and the Curse, a Tale dramatized from the Edda, by Charles Grant, he says that its simplicity is really delightful after the affected parlor and nursery language, the neck-breaking syntax and decorative word-painting, the artificial excess of words and the attempted imitation of Milton, which characterize modern English poetry. It is, he goes on, as if it were going back to the good old fashion of facilitating the comprehension of the thought by means of the rhythm and expression, instead of, like the modern school, making it more difficult, or instead of making good the absence of thoughts by the clatter of sesquipedalian words. "This tendency of European taste in all the arts is not the work of chance alone; the example of Théophile Gautier and of Baudelaire has been followed in Germany and Italy as well as in England, in music, painting, and sculpture, as well as in poetry, not from conscious imitation, but from the general demand of the times. Sensuousness and extravagance in thoughts and images, as in method and expression, accumulation of material, regard for the form as an end, rule everywhere, and the controlling intelligence, pure and chaste perception, are equally wanting in our popular artists. For in addition to this brilliant coloring which rejoices so much in costume-painting, in addition to the endless amplification of a few thoughts, and the ever-increasing obscurity of expression, and the Bernini-like restlessness of forms, there is also the willful effort to be concrete which marks a period taught to be abstract, as well as a certain morbid inclination to voluptuousness, an un-naïve

paganism, which has as little to do with the simple, frank enjoyment the ancients had in nakedness, as certain oracular, symbolical verse-making has with the granite lines of Æschylos, or a certain dazzling extravagance of color has with Paul Veronese's generous richness."

This long quotation will perhaps show that Mr. Hillebrand does not join in any hue and cry simply because it happens to be popular; when he proceeds to examine the English, for instance, he brings to bear an experienced eye that has looked at other people, and he does not stand in awe of the objects he is studying. Elsewhere in the book he writes with equal intelligence. He treats at some length of Bulwer, who has always had more admirers among cultivated foreigners than he has found among cultivated Englishmen and Americans, who refuse to take him quite as seriously as he took himself or as German critics seem disposed to take him. If we make allowance for what seems to us the usual exaggeration, no further fault can be found. Dickens comes in too for admiration; and it must be said that Mr. Hillebrand seems to have enjoyed Forster's life of him more than most of its readers did. Of Morley's Voltaire, and Rousseau, he speaks with fitting praise, without overlooking the shortcomings of these remarkable books. He corrects Mr. Morley's denunciation of Frederick the Great, and points out cases in which the biographer errs by too great devotion to views better fitted for the scholar's closet than to the every-day world; but he is emphatic in approving what is good.

These chapters, which apparently are letters about three years old, reprinted, compose all that he has to say about England in its present condition, and although they by no means go over the whole field of active English thought, they take up many of its interesting sides. Before leaving this part of the book it may be worth while to turn to Hillebrand's defense of Bulwer, which is certainly interesting reading: "He has always seemed to me to be a good example of the English aristocrat, such as was frequently to be seen in the last century, a combination of Walpole and Chesterfield, with a little German metaphysics added, and a Byronic pose. Bulwer is decidedly an attractive nature, whose affectation is rendered tolerable by his innate grace. For Bulwer is affected; not in his old-school, French airs, which are those of the cultivated French nobleman of the century of enlightenment who has come down to our day; he is affected when he assumes the ways of the fashionable dandy, or plays the profound philosopher, or coquettes with his stores of learning, or sets out to be the earnest, romantic poet of melancholy despair. He cannot help it, he must always pretend to be some one else; but his easy, attractive form is to be seen beneath the artificial, fashionable veil, and it is impossible to be angry with him. Everything about the man is noble; he has no hidden vein of commonness. All the qualities which one associates with the cavalier are united in him; one can see in the author how courageous, high-hearted, and knightly he was in his life, and what facility he had in everything, in writing as well as in speaking. Hence it is that for us Germans his somewhat abstract idealism brings him nearer to us than to his practical countrymen and contemporaries. His philosophy is not original, but he has an understanding of philosophy. To a scholar of Waitz or Giesebrecht his study of history may seem insufficient and uncertain, but they are enough for a man of the world, and they offer him a tolerable insight into historical sequence, and into the community of our European culture. In Bulwer there was no poet, but he was a poetic soul, and he could revel in the enjoyment of poetry and poetic things." After speaking of his lack of humor and of the heaviness of his satire, Mr. Hillebrand goes on, "One gets to love the author; one often shares with approval in his views of life; one likes the thoroughly gentlemanly society one meets in his books; one gives him applause when he protests against the wisdom of this work-day world, when he steps forward in defense of the great glories of humanity, for the idols which rude hands would destroy, and in his Quixotic enthusiasm breaks a lance for what Goethe called the *ahnungsvoll*." To be sure, this outburst is tempered by a speedy enumeration of Bulwer's faults, of his lack of skill in drawing real human beings, of the unsoundness of the situations he invents, and of the sluggish movement of the action in his stories, — a tolerably complete list, which covers a good part of the ground covered by the novelist; but on the whole he admires Bulwer. It is hard to see how any one can like characters which are unlifelike even if they are gentlemanly, as also to understand how any one can sympathize with Bulwer's loudly professed adoration of the ideal. In fact, that novelist was always trifling with the popular taste,

and imitating what was good in a palpably insincere fashion. To say that he was not admired in England because he was averse to preaching a practical philosophy seems to be a rather hasty judgment. He was much read and admired, but for the most part only by young people, who were unable to discriminate between what was genuine and what ungenuine. Others could not help being conscious of his deficiencies, of the emptiness of his various pretenses, and of his incessant assumption of all manner of virtues and excellences. Why he has been so much admired by Germans is still a puzzling question. An advocate of Schopenhauer certainly would not seem likely to be the prey of false sentimentality, unless it be that Schopenhauer's philosophy exists in Germany only as a sort of bulwark against the softer trait which has so long marked that country.

As a sort of postscript to the book, two agreeable chapters are inserted, one on Tom Jones, to which Mr. Hillebrand gives fitting praise, and the other on Sterne, of whom he writes entertainingly.

On the whole, this volume will be found interesting, bright, and readable. That it gives a complete picture of modern England cannot be affirmed. Like the second volume of this series, reviewed last October in The Atlantic, it is somewhat superficial, and hardly comes up to the promise of the title or of the first book, Frankreich und die Franzosen, noticed some three years ago. The author's position is that of a cosmopolitan, with its advantages in the way of brilliancy and facility of expression; but there is also a less attractive side, that of superficiality in spite of the great acuteness of part of the book. Nevertheless, it is well worth reading.

ART.

Any amount of discussion about the progress we are making in the way of popularizing art education in this State has not a feather's weight in comparison with the eloquent and intelligible language of the last exhibition of the drawings shown in Horticultural Hall, examples of work from the various art schools in the commonwealth. The display was like a great open book, chronicling exactly the extent of the advancement of the students under the system of art instruction which has for some years been in practice here. The specimens shown received from the public deserved, if not altogether judicious praise. The avowed intention of the managers of the school has always been to teach solely industrial art, and not in any way to attempt instruction in the purely æsthetic branches, making a distinct division between industrial and artistic education. Indeed, this intention has been so often declared that it is quite superfluous to repeat it here. Without any question the mechanical drawings were the most perfect in execution and best adapted to the purpose for which they were made. Drawings of machinery, nicely finished problems of house and ship architecture, original plans, designs more or less ornamental, — in fact, there was an embarassment of riches in this line. Of the primary steps in the system, which were as far as possible shown in a progressive series, there is little to say. No one will pretend to deny that the mechanism of drawing, the mental operation of constructing a figure with any material, is essentially the same the world over, and is based on the application of simple forms, easily grasped, to assist in the representation of complex form. By the aid of horizontal and perpendicular lines or simple geometrical figures, placed in imagination in reference to the object before him or drawn lightly on the paper as guides to be erased in the finish, every artist makes his drawing. This has always been the alphabet of drawing, and the practical service of such aids is axiomatic. Mr. Walter Smith and his assistants teach, if we understand rightly, by no new rules, but by a carefully systematized scale of progression, trying to lead the beginner by the shortest and most reasonable path to a certain degree of proficiency in the illustration of solid objects, and in original design for whatever purpose his course of study

may imply. In the exhibition — the first thoroughly representative one — the work of the young scholars always testified to an earnest training in the precise direction laid out by Mr. Smith; and this gentleman is to be congratulated on the success of his efforts in securing the undivided attention of a large number of scholars and in awaking general interest in the subject of drawing, rather, we think, than felicitated on the proficiency of his pupils. It is true that there are great difficulties in the way of teaching drawing in the public schools; the benefit of another obligatory course in addition to the now too heavy list of studies is, with reason, doubted. It is also true that this exhibition has had the field all to itself, that the public have had no opportunity of comparing the work done under Mr. Smith's direction with that performed under other influences. Hence it would be idle to attempt a critical consideration of the examples shown. Not being able to gauge the capabilities of the scholars of the public schools, we have no way of determining whether they are doing as well in drawing as they might do. We can only say that the examples shown in the exhibition were, in comparison with similar drawings produced in other countries and under parallel conditions of age and previous training, by no means wonderful. Nevertheless it was a gratifying display.

Mr. Smith's method of instruction is popularly called the English system. What his ideas are of the prevailing systems in France and England may be found in the following extract from his report on the art educational section of the Paris Exhibition of 1867: "Compared with the English school of art system, the French is deficient in breadth and comprehensiveness, and yet it gets more valuable results than the English does. . . . What we want in England is to engraft upon our system this French plan as to drawing, and then we should have absorbed, as it were, the soul of French art education. It is, I am prepared to allow, a very rough-and-ready method, all the more suitable, therefore, for students who begin their studies with taste and power at zero; but it has, on the other hand, capacity of development to suit the education of the most perfect taste and the maturest power. Some years ago the practice of working light-and-shade drawings with leather and stump as instruments, using chalk or charcoal as a medium, was entirely scouted in English schools of art. The examination and reports upon the French art schools' exhibition by inspectors and masters of the English schools, in 1864, drew attention to the excellence of the method, and its adoption was very strongly advocated by at least one master. Since then, both in London and the provinces, several masters have partially adopted the system, and it was well represented in this year's national competition in London. . . .

"What I propose to do is to see whether we cannot combine with our English art education the good features by which the French and German educationalists try to develop art feeling among the actual producers of the works."

We have spoken of the declared intentions of the state director of art education and his corps of teachers in regard to their instruction. One item in the declaration we must protest against, namely, the complete separation of the artistic from the industrial. This is no less than tearing the heart from the body. It would lead one to believe that decoration is mechanical, whereas it is only those decorations which possess the artistic element that are valuable. Imitative decoration, Chinese copying of the originals of others, is in no sense æsthetic; but this cannot be the limit proposed by Mr. Smith's course of instruction. In the last paragraph quoted above, Mr. Smith testifies to the value of this same artistic element. In France and Germany, artist and artisan study side by side, and often the latter is the better workman, from a mechanical point of view. For the productions which demand only a modicum of artistic feeling, but insist upon at least something in this way, the artisan fills his position exactly as well as the artist in his branch, and the more of an artist the artisan may be, the higher value will be placed on his productions. The greatest decorators have been the greatest artists. The Ducal Palace, the Campo Santo, and the Sistine Chapel, and in modern times the vestibules of the academies of fine arts in Paris and Antwerp and the walls of many public buildings in Europe, are monuments to the truth of this assertion.

The difficulties of introducing any system which should not have immediate practical results of more or less commercial value is well understood. It is possible that the patrons of the schools would object to any instruction that was not pronounced industrial, and since we are to judge altogether by results and only to note intentions for

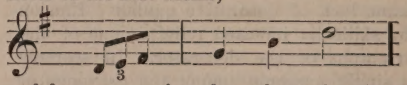
the sake of comparing them with results, we may safely assert that there were a sufficient number of important works shown in the exhibition to prove that it has been impossible to separate the industrial from the artistic, and that the advanced course of study was in the way of artistic education more or less wisely directed, notwithstanding repeated announcements to the contrary. In almost every section of the display there were copies of illustrations, photographs, or drawings, not chosen for the perfection of their execution but for their artistic qualities. To be sure, there were also examples of very painstaking point drawing from the solid object, which could have no other purpose than to train the pupil to precision in executing the mechanical part of the work. Among others, in the section of the normal art school there were a great many drawings from casts, copies in color from examples of recognized merit, and still-life studies, which could only be decorative, and in this sense industrial to the extent that they were artistic. It is the assimilation of the principles governing the works of the great artist-decorators that would give a decorative value to the examples above cited. Very many of these drawings were quite correct in contour, the oil copies were not without considerable merit, but the general fault of all the black and white studies was the very lack of the decorative element which it is the intention of the school to cultivate. Scarcely one among them gave an impression of the material from which it was studied. Drawings from the cast gave no hint of the appearance of plaster. And yet it would seem to be the first aim of a decorative drawing from a plaster cast to render an impression of the character of the object and its value as a spot of color, as an ornament. In form, also, was there the same lack of decorative quality Illusion by skillfully imitated relief is one of the triumphs of the decorator. In scarcely a single example among the drawings or monochrome paintings is there any intention of relief. It is of no use to try to express solidity on a flat surface unless it is felt. All the rules and appliances in the world will not assist the pupil unless he can be led to appreciate the relief of the object, and thus work it into his drawing. And this sentiment is artistic. It is easy to define exactly where the drawings fell short in their professed purpose. The reason is found, in the majority of cases, in the falsity of the oppositions of tone. The minutest variation in tone will change the apparent form. Most perfect relief is seen in the broad masses of flesh in Titian's pictures. Analyze the delicate modeling, and it is plain that the refinement of variation in the tone causes the apparent relief. We would not be so exacting as to demand an approach to perfection of relief in the drawings spoken of, but we would have welcomed an echo of a sentiment of this most vital element of the highest branch of industrial art. Any one would have been puzzled to assert what was the color or material of the groups of blocks, the torso from the Vatican, or the mutilated Nike Apteros. He would have been equally at a loss to find the intermediate steps between these performances, and to follow the pupil as he left simple objects and reached the antiques. To be sure, the Normal Art School is established for the training of teachers, but from the works of the teachers we must prophesy results of like stamp from the pupils they are destined to instruct, for no one can teach more than he knows.

In considering this subject of art education, it must not be lost sight of that we have in this country no class of men trained in a way that they may be drawn upon for our art-instructors. But putting a saw in a workman's hand will not make him a carpenter, and if we are to judge from results before us it would seem to be wiser to trust to a natural growth of men who are proper instructors than to force them injudiciously in an expensive hot-bed. When the Art Museum shall have accomplished one of the best purposes of its establishment, and we see within its walls a body of diligent students all striving to become artists, even if destined to come out artisans, there will be teachers enough for the primary classes. Meanwhile there are scores of American art students at home and abroad, old enough in experience and properly educated to give instruction, who would gladly welcome employment as teachers.

MUSIC.

WAGNER'S Centennial March[1] (of which we have unfortunately seen only a poor piano-forte arrangement) is perhaps the most foiling composition to criticism that we have yet met with. To any one who is comfortably content to look for the whole musical essence of a work in the character and relationship of its various themes, and their formal working out, this march presents little difficulty. The two contrasted themes it is built upon are neither new nor especially interesting; they are certainly neither trivial nor very commonplace, they have even a certain stateliness and grandeur, but they do not of themselves produce any marked effect upon either the feelings or the imagination. Their formal treatment, judged by any genuinely musical standard, is so very loose and inorganic that it is wholly uninteresting, and, by itself, monotonous. Sheer persistence and reiteration must not be confounded with thematic development, although when done with a will, and with sustained power, they may at times produce wonderful effects, though of the physical sort; witness the first movement of Gade's C-minor Symphony. Judged from the printed notes, then (always bearing in mind that we are speaking of a very inadequate piano-forte transcription, the merest spectre of the original work), this march should be pronounced, by the most time-honored rules of criticism, to be wholly flat, unprofitable, and without foison. Beyond all doubt, Wagner's superb command over all the resources of the modern orchestra, his wondrous power of contrasting different shades of tone, his gorgeous instrumental coloring, will, in any case, go far toward galvanizing even the deadest inorganic mass of notes into life. We know that this faculty is held in light esteem by many, and we are often brought up short in our admiration of works that are purely orchestral in their character, and are comparatively uninteresting when heard through the medium of a piano-forte transcription, by the reproving remark that a Beethoven symphony does not need its orchestral dress to be beautiful. Aye, very true! Just in so far as the instrumentation of a Beethoven symphony is merely its orchestral *dress*, can it bear being stripped of it; it can even better do without it. But in so far as the instrumentation is an organic part of the symphony itself, it is an utterly indispensable part. Music is most assuredly the art of *tones*. We cannot but feel that all those who rejoice in piano-forte arrangements of Beethoven symphonies, and orchestral transcriptions of Bach passacaglias and toccatas, fail to feel some of the very essential beauties of those works. It would appear, then, that the critic must look to the orchestra to reveal to him whatever of beauty lies in the Centennial March; otherwise there seems to be little hope either for the march or for him.

So much for criticism. But one rather disconcerting fact remains. After playing over the march some half a dozen times, we must candidly admit that we greatly enjoy it. We find it neither monotonous nor dry, but full of fire, dignity, and energy. The themes are given out with such convincing authority, the whole thing is carried through with such indomitable, spontaneous power, there is so much fine, effectual heat in the work, such a total absence of anything small or niggardly in its composition, that it carries us away, in spite of ourselves, perhaps, at first, but very willingly at last. We will mercifully say nothing about the ever-occurring triplet figure, which the newspapers have quite sufficiently talked of in a more or less distracted state of mind, except that it is, as Hamlet might say, an honest triplet. It is simply the first three notes of the first theme, —



and keeps recurring throughout the piece (as fragments of themes have often done before in other pieces), greatly adding to its brilliancy. The effect of the whole march is, no doubt, mainly physical, but we cannot help thinking it an inspiring and wholesome one.

— Mr. Dudley Buck's Centennial Cantata[2] is a very favorable example of the com

[1] *Grand Festival March.* For the opening of the Centennial. By RICHARD WAGNER. Arranged for piano by THEODORE THOMAS Cincinnati: John Church & Co

[2] *The Centennial Meditation of Columbia.* A Cantata for the inaugural ceremonies at Philadelphia, May 10, 1876. Poem by SIDNEY LANIER. Music by DUDLEY BUCK New York: G. Schirmer

poser's style. Anything other than a masterly treatment of easily melodious and dramatically pertinent themes, coming from his facile pen, would have surprised us. We must think that Mr. Buck has been unfortunate in the text to which he has written music. The greater part of Mr. Lanier's poem, apart from all considerations of its intrinsic poetical worth or unworth is suitable to musical treatment in the dramatic, declamatory, Liszt-Wagner style, but is very ill adapted to musical treatment in the purely musical style in which Mr. Buck is so gracefully at home. Mr. Buck is, above all things, a musician, and never allows the dramatic possibilities of his text to lure him away from a musically self-dependent and consistent form.

Mr. Lanier recently wrote a newspaper letter in which he defended at great length his choice of method in composing this cantata-text. He there lays down three principles (which, in his view, constitute the *a*, *b*, *c* of the matter): (*a*) that every modern musical composer must write for the human voice as a part of the orchestra; (*b*) that only one general conception is permissible in the text, with some subordinate ideas very broadly contrasted; and (*c*) that in the case in point the poem should consist mainly of Saxon words, in order to aid in producing an effect of "big, manly, and yet restrained jubilation." We have nothing to object to the sincerity of Mr. Lanier's convictions, and, as we have intimated, we think he produced various phrases and movements well adapted to dramatic musical arrangement; but we feel bound to oppose his theory that poetry written for music need no longer be "perfectly clear, smooth, and natural." There are critics quite as competent as Mr. Lanier who do not believe that the poorness of Wagner's texts for his own operas is at all essential to their musical splendor. And what does Mr. Lanier say to Schiller's ode, An die Freude, so magnificently set by Beethoven in his Ninth Symphony? We know of no text, either, which might so well inspire a musician of the modern school as Coleridge's Ancient Mariner (though this has been very inadequately used by the English composer, Barnett), a poem largely made up of clear and precise narrative. But, to take the example which seems to have been most immediate in its influence upon Mr. Lanier, Dr. von Bülow's orchestral rendering of Uhland's Sänger's Fluch, we may observe that the simple fact of the composer's skipping the "connective tissue" of narrative in that poem, and dwelling on the dramatic episodes in it, by no means proves that the intermediary narrative portions are "so much waste matter *quoad* music." Without these portions, the poem would have been comparatively worthless and ineffective, and could hardly have inspired any musician to the effort of interpretation. If Uhland had, without further explanation, given the ejaculative utterances of the king, the queen, and the singer, he would have been unintelligible; and before his poem could have been translated into tones by Von Bülow, explanatory marginal notes would have been required, similar to those which Mr. Lanier wisely took the precaution to send to Mr. Buck; and possibly a posthumous newspaper letter from Uhland would not have been amiss. Moreover, a conception to be embodied in words and music cannot safely be subjected to just the same treatment as that which is given to the *impression* derived from a clear, concise poem, and about to be translated into orchestral effects. Mr. Lanier's fundamental error appears in a simile to which he confidently calls our attention, namely, that a poet asked to write a cantata-text is in precisely the predicament of a painter whimsically required to paint a picture that shall be viewed only by moonlight. This is as ludicrous as it is loose in its analogy. Mr. Lanier himself points out in one case the power of music to invest unmeaning syllables with great effect; and this alone shows that music is not an indistinct medium for the transmission of impressions, comparing with the power of non-musical vocal inflections "as moonlight . . . with sunlight." The syllables "zig, zig, zig" cannot possibly be made impressive in non-musical utterance. So that the idea that music, as contrasted with simple elocution, enfeebles and makes vague, falls to the ground. And even granting that it does make things vague, we should say that the poet, instead of adding to the dimness and mysticism of musical expression, ought to throw into his words a compensating clearness. In either case, then, Mr. Lanier is at fault. He has been misled by a simile, and has gone astray by reason of that peculiar and excessive roominess which an uncertain grasp of principles is apt to create in the mind. His law of the prevailing general idea and of the related subordinate ideas is quite correct, but not at all new; his choice of Saxon words is highly commendable; but his rejection of clearness

and intelligibility is a lamentable error. It is quite possible that fine things may be produced in a mystical and indefinite vein, but no art can ever achieve greatly which sets out with forethought to be mystical and vague. Mr. Lanier says that he saturated his mind with a theory, and then waited for the poem to come. He would have done better to keep his mind more clear from theories, and to have gone ardently and without prejudice in search of his poem. As it is, in expounding the alphabet of a new poetic-musical art, he has forgotten that it must have a grammar also. And though undoubtedly revolutionary forces have been at work in music, and are now at work in poetry, which the general public may not appreciate, yet the criticisms which the Centennial cantata-text has met represent a healthy and instinctively correct popular protest against what is really a hasty and defective attempt to overthrow artistic order.

The *character* of Mr. Buck's music is almost always in keeping with the *spirit* of the text; we may be sure not to find him writing triumphal marches to words like "Cujus animam gementem," for instance; but all entering into dramatic details, to the detriment of essentially musical thematic development, seems to be repugnant to his nature. Now many of Mr. Lanier's verses are of that involved grammatical structure that makes them utterly incomprehensible when read merely prosodically. We must confess that Mr. Buck's setting often rather increases than lessens this quality in the poetry. Take, for instance, the lines, —

> "Winter cries, Ye freeze: away!
> Fever cries, Ye burn: away!
> Hunger cries, Ye starve: away!
> Vengeance cries, Your graves shall stay!"

The music to the first line is admirable: the basses thunder out, "Winter cries, Ye freeze;" upon which the whole chorus shriek, "Away!" But in the two following lines, all that the listener can understand is, "Fever cries, Ye burn away! Hunger cries, Ye starve away!" In the next line the music again makes the text wholly comprehensible and effective. There are one or two other places where the sense of the text is equally obscure to the listener.

Musically considered, the cantata is a most capital piece of writing. Mr. Buck does not write with a very Titanic pen, but his style is so pure and unforced, his effects are so easily and naturally brought about, that we cannot but overlook an occasional tendency to the trivial and commonplace. The bass solo, "Long as thine art," which sets out in a quite sufficiently commonplace and sentimental vein, gains strength as it goes on, and at the words, "Thy fame shall glow, thy fame shall shine," shows real power and effective brilliancy. The fugued final chorus is a great advance upon the composer's "The God of Jacob is our refuge," in his Forty-Sixth Psalm, and all the choral part from the words, "Mayflower, Mayflower," to the words, "Toil, give, kiss o'er and replight," is brilliant, and, barring the occasional obscurity we have already mentioned, effective, dramatic even, if you will, but always in a merely general way.

— Mr. John K. Paine's music to Whittier's Hymn[1] shows plainly the master's hand in its calm, reposeful beauty. It is a very perfect piece of plain choral writing, and we should place it in the foremost rank among the many modern attempts at *original* composition in this style. We have heard many large adjectives coupled with this music, and many sublime comparisons made with old works of the sort. But the opportunity seems to us hardly to have given room for anything *great*. An opening hymn for the Centennial Exhibition was required of Mr. Paine, and he has given us one such as we are persuaded few other men in the country could write.

[1] *Hymn.* Written for the opening of the International Exhibition. Words by JOHN G. WHITTIER. Music by JOHN K PAINE Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co.

EDUCATION.

In the Southern country, as a whole, the public-school system is rather in a state of trying to be than of actual being, and therefore in that quarter of our Union it presents as yet no feature of interest beyond the simple fact that in this, its initial stage, it is making so good a fight for existence as to give hopes of vigorous health and a strong constitution in the future. Some of its guardians and nurses are endowed with intuitions and generalizations of liberal culture, so that it is quite possible that the mistakes of the North in elaborate text-books and narrow courses of study may be avoided by this later comer into the public-school field. All the Southern superintendents are in sympathy with the common-school education of the negro, not, it must be admitted, so much for his own sake as in order to mitigate and remove the curse of the ignorant ballot, which now afflicts the recent slave communities. But the superintendent of Virginia believes warmly in the "improvability" of the negro himself as a "man and a brother." Some superintendents recommend that all the taxes of every description raised by negroes should be devoted to the support of schools for their benefit. This amount could not nearly supply them with instruction, since even in Kentucky it would only reach about $15,000 annually. On the present system, says one report, "one race bears all the burden and the other reaps the benefit;" and the popularity of the common-school system, and the zeal with which it is supported, are very much affected thereby.

In the Southern States public-school funds are raised by state instead of by local taxation, and leading superintendents are anxious that in this regard the laws of their respective States should be changed so as to allow of taxation at will for the support of schools. This is the system at the North, and it has proved successful in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. The Peabody fund is doing service of such immense value in inaugurating common-school education in the South, that the only wonder is that some other millionaire has not doubled it. This fund does not assist colleges, academies, or any private, sectarian, or charity schools, nor does it aid schools whose average attendance is less than eighty-five pupils. As a specimen of the work it is doing we quote from the last report of the superintendent of Virginia, who says, "It may safely be asserted in regard to the majority of our one hundred and fifty-five graded schools that they could not have come into being without aid from this source; but, having been tried, and their superior advantages exhibited to the people, these schools will be permanent wherever there is sufficient population to maintain them. The aid given to teachers' institutes was also of great value. It enabled me to send highly-qualified lecturers to instruct the teachers in a number of places." The Peabody fund aids, too, in the publication of the Virginia Educational Journal.

No Southern State has more willingly received the modern doctrine of universal education than Virginia. She is prosecuting the common schooling of her children with vigor, and the last statistics show a gain in almost every particular. The number of teachers has increased two hundred during the past year. Improved furniture and apparatus are coming into use, and the attendance on the public schools has been greater than at any previous time. The primary public schools are rapidly absorbing the lower grades of private schools. There are nearly two hundred academies in the State, from which large classes yearly enter the colleges. The Virginians carry the family idea into the school, and there are "few places where brothers and sisters are sent to different schools. The educational advantages of co-education as to grading, study, and manners are so great that they will prevail over a prejudice which, so far as children are concerned, is left without an argument when the school premises and supervision are what they should be." There are two excellent colored normal schools in Virginia, but no steps have as yet been taken for the normal training of white teachers. The cities of Richmond and Lynchburg are particularly mentioned as having made the greatest advance toward the modern public-school ideal.

West Virginia has sent us no report, but from the last national report (1874) we

learn that "the results of the free-school work in the State for the last two years are very gratifying, and show a steady and healthy increase in the attendance of pupils at school, as well as greater efficiency in financial and school management." The State has established a normal school with five branches — an instance of energy and wise foresight in the right direction.

At no time in the State of Maryland, since the state school system came into existence, has there been greater activity in all departments than during the year 1874. Although the amount of public-school money received from the State was less than in any previous year, the people of the several counties, by their voluntary contributions, have made up the deficiency nearly threefold. "An important element of educational progress in the State was the establishment, in September, 1874, of the Maryland School Journal, a monthly paper devoted to the cause of education, with the state superintendent and the superintendent of Baltimore as editors." The schools in Baltimore, as is natural in so old a Roman Catholic city, separate the sexes from the primary schools upward. The public-school system was not inaugurated in Baltimore until 1828, when three schools were opened and 269 pupils enrolled. In nine years these had only increased to 659, but in 1837 the city and school authorities established a high school. "The opportunities thus afforded for advancement to a higher grade of training immediately resulted in enlargement of the lower schools, so that in 1840, nine schools were in existence, with over 1800 pupils, while in 1874 there were one hundred and twenty-two schools and 39,569 pupils." This rapid increase, doubtless due in some degree to the great growth of population in the city, was attributed by the late city superintendent mainly to the influence of the *central high school.*" Drawing and music form a part of the public-school training of Baltimore, and in the girls' schools the teachers cheerfully undertook the work of teaching sewing, knitting, embroidery, and other useful branches to the female pupils of their schools, and set apart one afternoon in each week for this purpose. The experiment was very successful. Secondary education throughout Maryland is reported in a declining condition, though the State was once noted for its numerous and excellent classic schools.

In the city of Washington there is no high school excepting a colored one called a "preparatory high school." There is a normal school in which, "besides a review of previous studies, the pupils have been instructed in drawing, in methods of instruction, and in all that relates to the general management of schools," after which course the graduates must answer perfectly to Goethe's definition, "There is nothing more frightful than a person who knows only so much as he is required to teach." Drawing and music and a little natural science and physics are taught in the public schools, but apparently no foreign language.

The proportion of colored pupils is larger in Washington than in any other city in the country. Only twenty-six per cent. of the persons who send their children to the public schools pay any taxes for them, yet the school-tax in Washington is nearly twice as great as in any other locality. There are as yet seatings enough for only half the children. The school-houses are generally overcrowded and ill-ventilated, though two of them, the Franklin and the Jefferson schools, for white and colored children respectively, are fine buildings which took very high medals at the Vienna Exposition. There are seventy-eight private schools in Washington, of which three are kindergartens. The one under Miss Marwedal is very completely organized, having a principal and six assistants and about seventy scholars.

In Kentucky the state and county teachers' associations are thoroughly organized and united, and the recently conferred right of district taxation will enable local enterprise to develop a common-school system commensurate with the wants of the State. The greatest present want of the State is good school-houses, the complaints respecting them being universal, and the pictures drawn of some of them being disgraceful and repulsive in the extreme. Yet improvement in these has set in vigorously, one hundred and forty-one new ones having been built in the past year.

In Tennessee not one fifth of the eligible population of the State had any means of education in 1872. In some of the counties there was not a single school, public or private, in operation. Now over one half of the children are enrolled, and over one quarter are in daily attendance. As the expenditure is only $3.40 per capita, the quality and quantity of the teaching must of course be very elementary. In Kentucky and Virginia it is about $5.08. There are thirty-three "colleges, academies, and

seminaries" in Tennessee, especially "colleges."

According to the last Arkansas report, the superintendent could not even provide shelving for the preservation of the educational reports of the other States and of the national government. The school-teachers were paid in state scrip, which had depreciated to thirty-five cents on the dollar. At present "the political convulsions by which this State has been shaken appear to have temporarily paralyzed the free-school system. . . . Public-school matters in our State are now at a stand-still. But now that our political troubles are over, and this present state government is fully established, I am satisfied that both public-school and other interests will in a short time revive and be carried on with renewed energy."

In Mississippi, owing to the teachers being paid in "warrants," whose value ranged from nothing up to fifty cents on the dollar, many schools were closed and most were kept open only a small portion of the year. The colleges of Mississippi are for one sex. Education for women appears to be extremely superficial and defective. There are two normal schools, but only for colored teachers. The city centres are apparently doing nothing for public-school education. Only half of the children of the State went to school at all.

In Louisiana, in 1873, only one fifth of the children were even *enrolled*. The revenue was not large enough to cover half the current expenses for half of the children, leaving nothing for building, repairs, and furnishing. The report itself admits that "official rascality" has destroyed confidence in the public-school system. "In most parishes of the State the need of school-houses is the greatest source of embarrassment. Scholars, for want of buildings, have been taught under trees and in buildings that had no doors, windows, or floors. There are no school-buildings worthy the name in the State, with the exception of a few in New Orleans and in one or two of the older towns in the interior. Indeed, even the best of the New Orleans school-houses would not be tolerated in any large town at the North longer than to give time to erect others." There is a high school at Baton Rouge, and three others in New Orleans are creditably spoken of. The financial condition of the Louisiana State University remains deplorable.

In Texas there "is in some counties evidence of a return of public confidence in free education." But the system is struggling with every conceivable difficulty: school-houses *rented* instead of being owned by the State, thus adding one fourth to the school expenses; the one per cent. tax peculated and misapplied; free schools and private schools blended together; a multiplicity of school districts; no provision for the school organization of cities and towns as such, these being under the control of county officers.

In Alabama "the provision of the constitution which requires the inviolable devotion of certain revenues and school funds to the purposes of education has been disregarded by each successive legislature. Each year an increasing percentage of the school fund has been diverted from its legitimate use to the defraying of the general expenses of the State." The indebtedness of the State to the school fund, from this diversion of the revenues, had risen from $187,872 at the end of 1869, to $1,260,511 at the end of 1873, in which year, out of $522,810 apportioned for educational purposes, only $68,313 was paid from the state treasury, and *that* only in teachers' warrants! "The result has been an almost entire paralysis of primary education." In the report for 1874 the retiring superintendent says that "during the past school year the difficulties above referred to have neither been removed nor lessened. On the contrary, new complications have arisen." There are apparently ten institutions in the State for the training of teachers, eight of these being for the colored race and two for the white. "With the zeal for college training which marks the Southern people, the University of Alabama has been kept in operation by the State, while the common schools have been suffered to go down."

The superintendent of Florida reports that "half a decade ago there were no schools outside a few of the larger towns and cities. We have now nearly six hundred scattered throughout the State. They are springing up by the highways and by-ways as pledges of future improvement and progress. Out of a total population of two hundred thousand we have twenty thousand children attending school." Sixteen schools in Florida are beneficiaries of the Peabody fund. Three out of every four of the teachers of Florida are reported as "unfit for their work," and there does not seem to be a single agency in the State, except an "academic department" in the Peabody school at St. Augustine, capable

of making them any better; no high school or normal school, teacher's institute or college.

Georgia has been called the Empire State of the South, and the Proceedings of the Seventh Annual Meeting of the Georgia Teachers Association give promise of an intellectual life within her borders which will easily enable her to maintain her supremacy. Of the eight papers read at this meeting, six — The Higher Education of Women, Modern Uses of the Ancient Languages, Scientific School Studies, A Plea for Common Sense in Education, Practical Education, and Theories of College Education — would have been considered able in any similar meeting in any part of the country. The venerable Dr. Lyscomb presided, and opened the conference with an appeal to teachers to magnify their office. "There is a Georgia greater than the Georgia we have lost; a Georgia grander than the old Georgia was. The Georgia in our brains, under our feet, and in our hills and our rivers, will be the Georgia that will gladden the hearts and homes of our children."

In South Carolina, of an apparent school revenue of over half a million, "not a cent of an appropriation of $300,000 for 1873 ever reached the schools;" and in 1874 also there was a large deficiency. Great numbers of the schools were closed, and the teachers suffered from "great distress and privation." In 1873 Grenville County received but $800 of the $12,252 of school funds which came into the hands of the county treasurer, a man who, being pardoned from serving a term in the state penitentiary, *afterward* received possession of the school funds from the state treasurer and immediately left the State! Charleston College, with its fine museum of natural history, is still in operation, and probably has to do duty, as far as the whites are concerned, for both itself and the state university at Columbia. Since 1873 the latter has been principally in the hands of negroes, and therefore abandoned by the better class of whites. A preparatory school has been added to it under its new *régime*, and also one hundred and twenty-four state scholarships of four years each, and each with an income of $200, — and this though the number of students in the preparatory school is but one hundred and seventeen, and in the college itself but forty-two. But the practical operation of the measure is far from favorable. "The board of trustees has likewise remitted all fees and rent hitherto imposed upon students, thus rendering the university practically free to all. The university buildings are in an unfortunate condition, and unless prompt and efficacious measures be taken to protect them from the further ravages of time and the weather, they will suffer permanent and irreparable damage."

In North Carolina the State has not yet authorized local taxation for school purposes. It attempts to provide for the schools out of the state taxes, and the result is of course inadequate. Teachers' wages are low, and there appear to be no county superintendents. At the date of the report the state university was in a condition of suspension, and had been so for some time. At the state convention of 1874 a young colored man made a speech at the suggestion of the state superintendent, in which he deprecated the excessive multiplication of studies in the schools for colored children. His address met with a very cordial appreciation by the assembly. Three other colored men took part in the discussions and "were heard with a friendly and respectful interest."

For ourselves, we look for a great educational impetus to be given to the whole South when the magnificent Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore is fairly organized and in operation. It has admirable material to work upon. No observer can teach Southern schools, whether for poor or rich, without recognizing the abounding talent, as well as the docility and enthusiasm and *abandon*, of the Southern children.

With this number we bring our review of the school reports of all the States and Territories to a close. The present defects of our public-school system may be briefly summed up. They are an alarming absence of definite moral teaching, and a disgraceful neglect of historical studies; too much elaboration of arithmetic, grammar, and geography, and too little attention to the other elements of knowledge, together with a complete failure to impart any conception of, or taste for, English literature. Yet in all the thousands of pages of these reports which we have toiled through, only one man — a local superintendent in Rhode Island — perceived that this *not teaching the masses what to read* is in truth the great short-coming of our public-school system.

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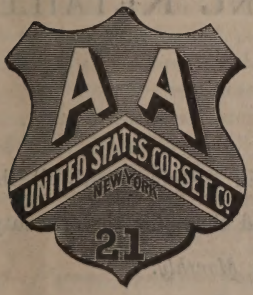

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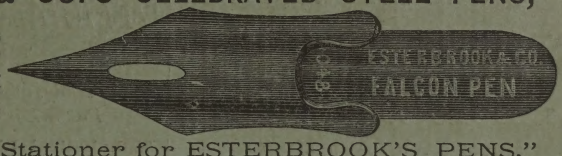

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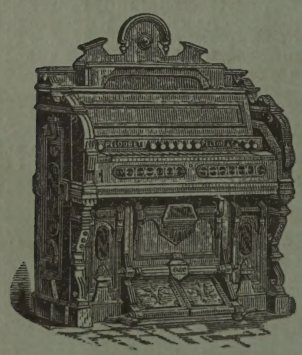

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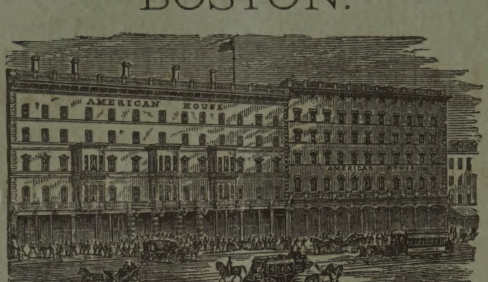

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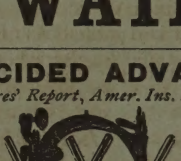
WILLCOX  & GIBBS

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THE ARTHURIAD.

TROUBADOURS and Trouvères! The English-speaking student of the early Provençal poetry feels himself constantly solicited and allured by the echoes of that antiphonal singing which men were beginning to essay north of the Loire, and which was fostered with especial enthusiasm at the Norman court and in the Norman halls of our own ancestral England. While William of Poitiers boasted of the vanquished hearts that vied for his choosing, or dolorously deplored the loves and luxuries which he left behind him when parting for the Holy Land, Wace was chanting the victories of Rollo in Normandy, the exploits of Brutus, and the woes of Lear, and Marie (that prototype of the modern literary lady, who felt that it would be wrong to suffer her powers to lie idle) was weaving into her Lay of the Honeysuckle an incident from the amours of Cornish Tristram and Irish Isolt. These are themes nearer to our Anglo-Norman hearts, or at least our imaginations, than most others of that primitive time; and when some of the foremost singers of our own generation apply themselves to illustrating the incomparable cycle of romances of which these are but the crude beginnings, we can no longer resist their fascination.

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> Not for itself, but through thy living love
> For one to whom I made it o'er his grave
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> New-old, and shadowing sense at war with soul,
> Rather than that gray king whose name, a ghost,
> Streams like a cloud man-shaped from mountain-peak
> And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still; or him
> Of Geoffrey's book or him of Malleor's."

The fresh touches, which the reader familiar with the separate poems will detect in many parts of the united work, are almost all applied to the central figure of Arthur himself, — a figure which,

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despite its melancholy grandeur, more than one of the laureate's critics have heretofore pronounced the weakest in his book. The outlines of that figure are now finished and strengthened. The lights of the king's destiny are enhanced and its shadows deepened. The grandeur of his dream and the cruelty of his disappointment are set in more distinct and affecting contrast than before, and yet the changes and additions are made with so masterly a care and restraint that the result — for a wonder in the emendations of this or of any poet — is only and exceedingly beautiful. Some reasons will by and by be given for the private fancy that Mr. Tennyson's Arthurian epic is not exactly, in all respects, what he once meant to make it; but it is fully an epic, vindicating the capacity of the age for that high style of composition made out of the proper epical material, that is to say, the mythology, the pre-literary traditions, and the first literature of the poet's own country, with much the noblest of all epic heroes and a marvelously picturesque group of subordinate characters. It can but enhance our admiration of his work to ascertain just how much of this impressive story the poet found ready to his hand in the ancient metrical and prose romances of England and France, especially in the two English authorities which he distinguishes in his final dedication, and how much we owe to his own inventive genius and exquisite skill in composition. This, in brief, is the argument of the complete poem.

Arthur, believed of men to be the child of King Uther Pendragon and Ygerne, or Igerna, the Queen of Cornwall, was set on the throne of Britain by the might of the great magician Merlin. For then the Romans no longer ruled in the island, but it was rent by factions and laid waste by heathen hordes from over the seas. And Arthur was in truth not Uther's son, but cast up, a babe, out of the stormy sea, being sent by Heaven to appease the land and establish the faith of Christ therein; and he was delivered to Merlin to be brought up. And Merlin sang of him at his coming, "From the great deep to the great deep he goes." Arthur founded a new order of knighthood, called that of the Round Table, and his knights he made swear to uphold the faith of Christ, and right all wrongs of men; and, above all, themselves to live chaste lives, each with the one woman of his sacred choice. Of the knights whom Arthur made, the first in time was Sir Bedivere, but the first in prowess, and his own dearest friend and brother-in-arms, was the famed Sir Launcelot of the Lake. Him Arthur sent to fetch his betrothed bride Guinevere out of the land of Cameliard, for she was a princess of that province, and the fairest woman upon earth. After Sir Launcelot, Arthur's greatest knights were Sir Tristram of Lyoness, Sir Gawain, Sir Gareth, and Sir Modred, sons of Arthur's reputed sister, the Queen of Orkney, and true grandsons of Uther Pendragon; Sir Kay, his foster-brother, Geraint, a tributary prince, Sir Pelleas of the Isles, Sir Galahad, and Sir Percivale. All these kept their vows for a time, and lived purely, and the heathen were overthrown in twelve great battles and the land was at peace. And Merlin, of his deep wisdom, showed Arthur how to rule, and made the cities of the realm beautiful by his magic arts, and built for the king, on a hill in the ancient city of Camelot, the most glorious palace under the sun. But first the great Sir Launcelot, who had loved Queen Guinevere from the time when he brought her to her wedding, broke his vows and sinned with her, and Arthur knew it not, nor, being himself incorruptible, so much as dreamed of this treachery for many years. Howbeit, others knew, and this sin became the occasion and excuse for many more. For then Sir Tristram of Lyoness loved guiltily Isolt the Fair, the wife of King Mark of Cornwall, and she returned his love, and in the end Mark slew Tristram, not in open fight, but treacherously, having tracked him to his lady's bower. Next, Merlin the Wise was himself beguiled by a fair and wicked woman, — some say a sprite, — who robbed him of his mighty wit and allured him into some strange prison, so

that he was lost to Arthur and no man saw him more. And Prince Geraint withdrew from Arthur's court because he had heard the scandal against Queen Guinevere, and would not that his own true wife should be beloved by her. And Sir Pelleas of the Isles, being young and himself spotless, loved a lady who deceived him and was false with Sir Gawain, the reputed nephew of Arthur, which when Sir Pelleas knew he went mad for grief and shame. And Sir Galahad and Sir Percivale, who were also pure knights, grieved by the growing baseness of the time, vowed themselves to the quest of the Holy Grail or cup of the Last Supper, in the hope that if the sacred vessel were brought back among men, their hearts might become clean once more, and the work of the Lord and of the righteous king be revived. And Galahad found the grail, indeed, but was himself immediately caught away to heaven, and the holy vessel with him; but Percivale went into a monastery and took vows. There were many other knights also, who, following these, undertook the quest of the Holy Grail, but idly and from motives of vanity; and not being themselves pure, they could achieve nothing; but some perished on their adventures, and many went far astray and returned no more, so that the might of the Round Table was broken and the heathen were no longer held at bay. Erelong the treason of Launcelot was discovered to the king, and the queen fled and found sanctuary with the nuns in the convent of Almesbury, and Launcelot himself withdrew to his own realm over-seas, whither Arthur pursued and where he besieged him; albeit, Launcelot would not lift his hand against the king who had made him knight. Finally, while Arthur was yet away, Modred revolted and seized the crown, and Arthur, returning, met Modred and his forces in Lyoness, and there was fought a great battle in which an hundred thousand men were slain, and nearly all the remnant of the Round Table perished. Last of all, Arthur slew Modred in a single contest, and was himself wounded unto death, but certain queens removed him by ship from the battle-field, promising to cure his wounds in the mystic island of Avallon. Howbeit, he returned no more, and the prophecy was fulfilled, "From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Now it can hardly be necessary to say that for this mystical and moving tale there is not the faintest foundation in veracious history. We may cherish in our secret hearts, but we would blush to have discovered, the wild hope that Dr. Schliemann may yet drain some Welsh lake and lay bare Excalibur, or unearth the sculptured gates of sacred Camelot. What students of early mediæval literature do know for certain, and a gracious point of support they find it, is that the Normans marched to victory at the battle of Hastings to the unimaginable tune of the Chanson de Roland, as chanted by one Taillefer, who fell gallantly in the forefront of the invaders, with that rude strain upon his lips. But once planted and at peace in those ill-gotten new homes, — the remote inheritance of which is so particularly glorious, — the Norman gentry must have had but a dreary time of it, and they early learned to vary the monotony of their indoor entertainments by inviting the performances of the bards and wandering gleemen of the conquered land. Brutus, Lear, Merlin, Arthur, Tristram, Gawain, these were the heroes whom those gleemen sang, and their names, however barbarous to Norman ears, were new, or at least had been but rarely and faintly heard before in the echoes of Armorican song, and their exploits made an exhilarating variety after the hackneyed tales of the Moorish wars and the monstrous rhymed biographies of Grecian heroes and early saints. We conclude, at all events, that this British lore had come fully into fashion eighty years after the Conquest; for then, in 1147, the enterprising monk, Geoffrey of Monmouth, himself a Norman, dedicated to Robert, Earl of Gloucester, his Historia Britonum, triumphantly announced as a Latin translation out of a "precious treasure" of early manuscript written on parchment, in the ancient British tongue, and

brought to light with exultation by Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, in a convent in Armorica. If such a manuscript ever existed, it was likely enough to have been found in Armorica, that early civilized and Christianized province, to which so many Britons fled for refuge during the era of the Saxon invasions that it came in time itself to be called Brittany. But whether or no the Walter who discovered it were Walter Mapes the poet, *alias* Calenius, a famous enthusiast in Celtic story, and himself the reputed author of sundry French Arthurian romances of the twelfth century, must depend, unhappily, on the date of Calenius' birth, which some of the authorities place later, by a few years, than the appearance of Geoffrey's book. And it is certainly remarkable that so complete a work in prose should have been composed in any other tongue than monkish Latin, before the adoption by the Normans of the British legendary lore, and the date of the first prose romances. Moreover, there is, so to speak, an absurd consistency, an incredible richness and roundness, about Geoffrey's tale which convince us that at least his Armorican material suffered nothing by its passage through his hands. Curious it is to learn from his conscientious chronology that Brutus, the grandson of Æneas, emigrated to Britain at the time when Eli governed Israel and the ark of the Lord was taken by the Philistines, that Lear divided his kingdom among his ingrate daughters in the days of Elijah, and that Christ was born in Bethlehem during the reign of Cymbeline. But our present concern is with Geoffrey's Arthur only, a splendid figure, the clearly defined and obvious prototype of him who continued to shine without a peer in Norman song and story for more than three hundred years. Not until 1485 did Sir Thomas Malory sum up the growth of legend concerning the king and his knights in his Morte d'Arthur, the latest and finest of the great chivalric romances, whose artless and beautiful phraseology Tennyson himself has not always cared to alter.

The following is the story of Arthur's birth as it is told by Geoffrey, afterwards with more fullness of detail by the French romancers, and finally, with that added grace of characterization which was far beyond Geoffrey's range, by Malory.

King Uther Pendragon was enamored of Igerna, the wife of Gorlöis, King of Cornwall, on which account Gorlöis shut her up in the strong castle of Tintagil, but himself withdrew to another castle, — "hight Terrabil," says Sir Thomas Malory, — where Uther besieged, conquered, and slew him. The king, by the assistance of the magician Merlin, then assumed the appearance of Gorlöis and hastened to Tintagil, where Igerna gave him a wife's welcome. Immediately he dropped his disguise, informed her of her husband's death, and compelled her to wed him. Their child was Arthur.

In this narrative the only supernatural element is the transformation of Gorlöis by Merlin, and Merlin, Geoffrey candidly allows, was not *canny*. He was, by all accounts, the child of a mortal maiden and a spirit descended from one of the angels who fell with Lucifer, and bearing a general resemblance to the Dæmon of Socrates; not a common mode of origin, certainly, but one of which, the historian assures us, divers instances were known.[1] The beautiful fancy of a dragon-shaped vessel, "bright with a shining people on its decks," which appeared off Tintagil on the night of Uther's death without issue, and of the naked babe "descending in the glory of the seas" to the beach at Merlin's feet, is Tennyson's own. He made it, as a poet abundantly may, to correspond with the really ancient and tenacious fable that Arthur, when his life-work was ruined and his kingdom rent, passed to a sleep of ages in the isle of Avallon, but did not die. On the whole, it is worth, for purposes of art, the sac-

[1] For a monstrous amplification of this bit of "history," with the addition of all manner of unpleasant details, see abstract of the English metrical romance of Merlin, in Ellis's Specimens of Early English Romances.

rifice of the rather touching scene in Malory where Igerna is roughly accused of treasonably protracting the quarrels over the succession, by concealing the circumstances of Arthur's birth: "Then spake Igraine and said, 'I am a woman, and I may not fight. . . . But Merlin knoweth well how King Uther came to me in the castle of Tintagil, in the likeness of my lord that was dead three hours tofore. And after, Uther wedded me, and, by his commandment, when the child was born it was delivered to Merlin and nourished by him; and so I saw the child never after, nor wot what is his name, for I knew him never yet.' And there Ulfius said to the queen, 'Merlin is more to blame than ye.' 'Well I wot,' said the queen, 'that I bare a child by my lord, King Uther, but I wot not where he is become.' Then Merlin took King Arthur by the hand, saying, 'This is your mother!' And therewith King Arthur took his mother, Queen Igraine, in his arms and kissed her, and either wept upon other."

The account of Arthur's progressive subjugation of native factions and heathen invaders in the twelve great battles which Nennius had enumerated as early as the fifth century [1] is that which, in Tennyson, first fires our imagination and enlists our sympathy for the king. In both Geoffrey and Malory this pacification of the realm is dwarfed by comparison with the pompous details of Arthur's Roman war, of victories over the Emperor Lucius Tiberius, a court held at Paris, and a coronation at Rome. All such chimeras the laureate's fine sense of symmetry compelled him to dismiss in a single passage: —

"There at the banquet those great lords from Rome,
The slowly-fading mistress of the world,
Strode in and claimed their tribute as of yore.
But Arthur spake, 'Behold, for these have sworn
To wage my wars and worship me their king;
The old order changeth, yielding place to new;
And we that fight for our fair father Christ,
Seeing that ye be grown too weak and old
To drive the heathen from your Roman wall,
No tribute will we pay:' so those great lords
Drew back in wrath, and Arthur strove with Rome."

Indeed, a sovereign so enamored of foreign conquest as Geoffrey's Arthur could hardly claim our sympathy for the ignominious but not very unnatural catastrophe of his reign, which the monk records in these few dry words: —

"As he was beginning to pass the Alps he had news brought him that his nephew Modred, to whose care he had entrusted Britain, had, by tyrannical and treasonable practices, set the crown upon his own head, and that Queen Guanhumara, in violation of her first marriage, had treasonably married him" (!) This is actually the only time that the gracious Guinevere is mentioned by name in Geoffrey's history, although she is alluded to in his thirteenth chapter, where he gives a description of the king's coronation-feast, far more stately than Malory's transcript from the French, and a worthier preliminary to Tennyson's noble picture of the royal wedding. To this last is added, in the recent edition, a passage full of splendor: —

"Far shone the fields of May through open door,
The sacred altar blossomed white with May,
The sun of May descended on their king,
They gazed on all earth's beauty in their queen,
Rolled incense, and there passed along the hymns
A voice, as of the waters, while the two
Sware at the shrine of Christ a deathless love:
And Arthur said, 'Behold, thy doom is mine:
Let chance what will, I love thee to the death!'
To whom the queen replied with drooping eyes,
'King and my lord, I love thee to the death!'
And holy Dubric spread his hands and spake,
'Reign ye, and live and love, and make the world

[1] "Then it was that the magnanimous Arthur, with all the kings and military force of Britain, fought against the Saxons. And though there were many more noble than himself, yet he was twelve times chosen their commander, and was as often conqueror. The first battle in which he was engaged was at the mouth of the river Gleni. The second, third, fourth, and fifth were on another river, by the Britons called Duglas, in the region Linuis; the sixth, on the river Bassas. The seventh in the wood Celidon, which the Britons call Cat Coit Celidon. The eighth was near Gurnion Castle, where Arthur bore the image of the Holy Virgin, Mother of God, on his shoulders, and through the power of our Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Mary put the Saxons to flight and pursued them the whole day with great slaughter. The ninth was at the city of Legion, which is called Cair Lion. The tenth was on the banks of the river Trat Treuroit. The eleventh was on the mountain Brenguorn, which we call Cat Bregion. The twelfth was a most severe contest when Arthur penetrated to the Hill of Badon. . . . For no strength can avail against the will of the Almighty." (Nennius, History of the Britons, A. D. 452.)

Other, and may thy queen be one with thee,
And all this order of thy Table Round
Fulfill the boundless purpose of their king!'"

Nor must we omit here to notice — for this also is new — the strange pæan sung by Arthur's victorious knights as they march in the bridal procession, to the sound of trumpets, through a city "all on fire with sun and cloth of gold;" more especially the refrain, "Fall battle-ax and flash brand," where the movement of the verse expresses so curiously the descent of the heavy-headed primitive weapon.

In a passage which is indirectly of unusual interest, as reflecting the Norman ideal of chivalry in the twelfth century, Geoffrey says that in the reign of Arthur "Britain had arrived at such a pitch of grandeur that in abundance of riches, luxury of ornaments, and politeness of inhabitants, it far surpassed all other kingdoms. The knights in it, that were famous for chivalry, wore their clothes and arms all of the same color and fashion; and the women also, no less celebrated for their wit, wore all the same kind of apparel, and counted none worthy of their love but such as had given proof of their valor in three successive battles. Thus was the valor of the men an encouragement for the women's chastity, and the love of the women a spur to the soldiers' bravery."

And this is the sum of what the monk of Monmouth contributes to the epic of Arthur, if we except the matter-of-fact statement to the effect that after Arthur was mortally wounded he had himself conveyed to the island of Avallon, — where, by the way, was situated the Castle Perillous in which Lynette, or Linet, wrought so many cures, — in the hope that he might there be healed.

There is no allusion in Geoffrey's chronicle to the mysterious manner of Merlin's taking-off, although great stress is laid on his weight in Arthur's councils, and his famous prophecy, which the monk had previously translated from an independent source, is incorporated with the Historia Britonum entire. Even the comparatively late English metrical romance of Merlin, although ten thousand lines long, is unfinished, and breaks off in the midst of the war in which Arthur engaged on behalf of Leodogran, the father of Guinevere. But there is little doubt that the story of the great magician's dishonorable death is of French origin, as the name of his enchantress, whether Vivien or Niume, is undoubtedly French. In Malory, Merlin is made to foreshadow his own sombre end, at the same time that he foretells to Arthur the ruin of the kingdom through his marriage with Guinevere.

"'Ah,' said King Arthur, 'ye are a marvelous man, but I marvel much at thy words that I must die in battle.' 'Marvel not,' said Merlin, 'for it is God's will. . . . But I may well be sorry,' said Merlin, 'for I shall die a shameful death, — to be put in the earth quick, — and ye shall die a worshipful death.' . . . So after these quests, it fell so that Merlin fell in dotage on one of the damsels of the lake. But Merlin would let her have no rest. . . . And ever she made Merlin good cheer till she learned of him all manner thing that she desired, and he was asotted upon her that he might not be from her. So on a time Merlin told Arthur that he should not dure long, but for all his crafts he should be put in the earth quick; and so he told the king many things that should befall, but always he warned the king to keep well his sword and the scabbard, for he told him how the sword and the scabbard should be stolen from him by a woman whom he trusted. Also he told King Arthur that he should miss him: 'Yet had ye lever than all your lands to have me again.' 'Ah,' said the king, 'since ye know of your adventure, purvey for it, and put away by your crafts that misadventure.' 'Nay,' said Merlin, 'it will not be.' So then he departed from the king. And within a while the damsel of the lake departed, and Merlin went with her, evermore, wheresoever she went. And often Merlin would have had her privily away by his subtle crafts. Then she made him swear that he should never do none enchantment upon her, if he would have his will. And so he sware. So she and

Merlin went over the seas. . . . And always Merlin lay about the lady to have her love, and she was ever passing weary of him, and fain would have been delivered of him, for she was afeard of him, because he was a devil's son and she could not put him away by no means. And so it happed on a time that Merlin showed to her in a rock which was a great wonder, and wrought by enchantment, that went under a great stone. So by her subtle working she made Merlin to go under that stone, to let her wit of the marvels there, but she wrought so there for him that he came never out for all the marvels he could do."

It will be seen that Malory has not distributed the balance of censure, so to speak, for the wizard's unhappy end precisely as Tennyson does. But the passage is quoted entire because it illustrates better and more briefly than almost any other the miraculous development which Tennyson sometimes gives his material. The breathless interest and appalling beauty of the story of Merlin and Vivien as we have it in the Idyls, the sublime fitness of the scenery, the subtle analysis of instinct and motive, and, above all, the irresistible force and solemnity of the lesson conveyed, — they are all here in embryo, in this dreamy fragment of a garrulous old tale. But the power which can evolve the one out of the other seems to us like the power which causes the seed to grow. "What thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain; it may chance of wheat or of some other grain." This is indeed the *maker's* proper function among men, but here we see it almost in its highest exercise. Sir Thomas Malory himself must have possessed no small share of this vivifying and organizing power, or he never could have wrought, as he assuredly has, the heterogeneous materials which he collected from so many sources into a *naïve*, consistent, and affecting whole. But usually, except in one remarkable instance to be noticed hereafter, Tennyson's mode of treatment is as great an advance in art and in refinement on Malory's, as Malory's is on the crudeness and puerility of Wace or the lusty coarseness of Thomas the Rhymer of Ercildoune.

The story of Geraint and Enid is more purely episodical than any other Idyl, and is derived from an entirely independent source. The story of Gareth and Lynette, as we have it in Tennyson, belongs wholly to the earlier and happier period of Arthur's reign. Its events bear a general resemblance to those which are recounted, in this instance very much more at length, in Malory; and the marked peculiarities of Lynette, her rudeness and petulance and entire lack of the softer graces which belonged, as a rule, to the lady of chivalry, are fully indicated in the old story. In fact, Lynette, or Linet, is called in Malory the "damsel savage," although considerable stress is laid on her skill in the arts of healing, which she practiced on many a wounded knight besides Gareth in the Castle Perillous of her beautiful sister Lyonors. There is a very life-like scene in Malory where the mother of Gareth, Queen Belicent, alarmed at his protracted absence on his first adventure, appears at Arthur's court and reproaches the king for the lad's non-appearance, with the true, unreasoning fierceness of feminine anxiety; there is also a particularly pretty scene at court where Gareth and Lyonors finally meet and both confess to Arthur their love for one another.

"And among all those ladies she [Lyonors] was named the fairest and peerless. Then when Sir Gareth saw her, there was many a goodly look and goodly words, that all men of worship had joy to behold them. Then came King Arthur and many other kings, and Dame Guinevere and the Queen of Orkney, and there the king asked his nephew, Sir Gareth, whether he would have that lady to his wife. 'My lord, wit you well that I love her above all ladies living.' 'Now, fair lady,' said King Arthur, 'what say ye?' 'Most noble king,' said Dame Liones, 'wit you well that my lord, Sir Gareth, is to me more lever to have and hold as my husband than any king or prince; and if I may not have him I promise you I will never

have none. For, my Lord Arthur, he is my first love, and he shall be my last.'" Malory, it will be observed, is that "earlier" author who says "that Gareth married Lady Lyonors," and a stately wedding is described, while Arthur is represented as taking rather an active part in bringing about the marriage of Lynette to Sir Gaberis, a comparatively obscure brother of Gareth, Modred, and Gawain, but still a very suitable *parti* for that spirited damsel. Malory's Gareth continues to figure with distinction throughout Arthur's reign, and is closely involved in its catastrophe. He was slain by Launcelot's own hand "unwittingly," amid the bloodshed which followed the discovery by Modred of the great knight's treason, thus causing Gawain, who, up to this time, quite consistently with his character in Malory, had been inclined to screen the distinguished lovers from Arthur's wrath, to swear an oath of mortal vengeance against Launcelot, in performing which he was himself slain. Tennyson's Gawain is identical with the Gawain of Malory, and hardly more elaborated: a brave, unprincipled man, adorned with all chivalric accomplishments, but of a vindictive temper, as unlike as possible to the proud and patient magnanimity of Arthur, Launcelot, and his own young brother, Gareth. "For," says Malory, "after Sir Gareth had espied Sir Gawain's conditions, he withdrew himself from his brother Sir Gawain's fellowship, for he was vengeable, and where he hated he would be avenged with murder, and that hated Sir Gareth."

Gawain though a frequent is seldom a principal actor in the great scene of Arthur's life, and the sad story of Pelleas and Ettarre, in which he figures most conspicuously, is but the briefest of episodes in Malory, illustrating, hardly less remarkably than the story of Merlin and Vivien, Tennyson's magnificent power of amplification. It is proper, however, to observe that the Gawain of all elder romance is a very different person from Malory's, much more admirable and commonplace. His chivalric rank is second only to that of Launcelot and Tristram. He is the hero of many an honorable adventure, and is confidently identified with the golden-tongued Gwalzmai of the Welsh triads, as Tristram is identified with Tristan the Tumultuous, the son of Tallwyz.

Let us now consider briefly Tennyson's treatment of the world-renowned story of Tristram and Isolt. The high antiquity of this tale, its peculiar picturesqueness, and the prominent place which it occupies in the Arthurian cycle of romances, including Malory's, of which it constitutes at least a quarter part, would have led us to expect that the laureate would give it more space than he has done in the dreary fragment of The Last Tournament. That singular poem, as it first appeared independently, did certainly seem to deserve much of the severe criticism which it received for obscurity of style, repulsive details, and inconsequent action. It can hardly be re-read in its proper connection without receiving a tribute of admiration. The last ray of sunshine swallowed up in storm, the last gleam of honorable courtesy vanishing in a cynical and lazy libertinism, the last flaming-up of passion quenched by a stealthy revenge; these things, and the dun, sallow tints of latest autumn in which they are all represented, give The Last Tournament a marvelous fitness for its place in the thick-coming shadows of an imminent tragedy. And yet every verse of the poem presupposes on the part of the reader a previous knowledge of the story of Tristram and Isolt, which most readers doubtless possess, but which the poet had, artistically speaking, no right to assume. And we cannot rid ourselves of the fancy that he once meant to have told it in full in a separate and earlier idyl. The epic, even in its latest form, falls short of the canonical number by two books. We infer from the introduction to the fine fragment which first appeared a generation ago under the title of Morte d'Arthur, and has since been expanded into the Passing of Arthur, that this, in the poet's original scheme, was to have been the eleventh book of the epic. It seems impossible but that

the earlier missing canto was to have rehearsed all of the romantic story, except its grim catastrophe, of those lovers who are so constantly compared with Launcelot and Guinevere in all old romance, nay, even poetically styled the only two in the world beside them. Why was this classic tale rejected? Was it because the poet deemed it too hackneyed, or because of its utter impracticability for that strenuous moral purpose which came so palpably to modify his treatment of the Arthurian story, and which must have deepened so fast between the purely æsthetic days of the Morte d'Arthur and those of the supreme idyl of Guinevere? Sir Walter Scott, in the fascinating preface to his edition of Thomas the Rhymer's Tristram, speaks of the "extreme ingratitude and profligacy of the hero." In Malory, and apparently in the later French prose romance which he closely followed, these ugly qualities are veiled by every lesser chivalric grace, by consummate skill in music and the arts of the chase, and by an almost fantastic magnanimity in combat. But the character is essentially the same. Tristram is the most notorious and the most elegant of libertines; and the full knowledge and open toleration of his intrigues on the part of Arthur himself, as compared with his noble incredulity and righteous wrath when he was himself wronged, constitute the most glaring inconsistency in Malory's romance, and the greatest blemish on the character of his king. In Malory, indeed, the *dénouement* of the story, which is the same as that recorded in The Last Tournament, is retributive, and so may be considered, in a general way, moral. There is another and much more commonly received ending, which may be called the sentimental, to distinguish it from the other. In this, Tristram, after deserting his wife, Isolt of the White Hands, and dallying a while with his former paramour, Isolt the wife of King Mark, returns again to Brittany, and receives in battle a wound from a poisoned spear which even the skill of his injured wife is powerless to cure. The sick man takes a fancy that Isolt the queen could cure him, and sends his faithful squire, Gouvernail, to beg her to come and save his life. His weakness warns him that the least delay will be fatal, and accordingly he orders Gouvernail on his return to the Breton coast to hoist white sails if he shall have prevailed on the queen to accompany him; black, if she shall have refused. Isolt the wife overhears the charge, and heartsick awaits the return of the vessel: when its approach is announced, and Tristram gasps out a question as to the color of the sails, she tells him a lie, says black, and he dies. And when Isolt the queen arrives, amid the universal lamentation over Tristram, she refuses to survive him.

It would be interesting to know whether the moral or the sentimental ending of the story is the elder. Sir Walter Scott assumes the latter, but does not give his reasons for so doing, and there seems at least a possibility that the moral ending may also be of great antiquity. Thomas of Ercildoune wrote his metrical romance of Sir Tristram somewhere about the middle of the thirteenth century. Sir Walter, in the preface and notes to his edition of this ancient English poem, has illustrated it with all the wealth of his curious antiquarian lore, and argues with much ardor for the Celtic origin and character of the story. He admits, however, that Marie's Lay of the Honeysuckle, which relates one of its incidents, and two French metrical fragments which correspond much more closely with the Rhymer's version than the later romances, are earlier than his; and the best modern French criticism places them nearly a century earlier. Now the Rhymer's Tristram is incomplete. Not only are the illuminations which surmounted the original black-letter cut away from every page, but the last half of the last *fytte* or canto is gone entirely, and it is Scott who supplies the defect by adding the usual sentimental ending of the story in an exquisite imitation of Thomas's own quaint verse, hardly to be distinguished from it in style, and much more tender and delicate in spirit. But it is singular that

in one of the old French metrical fragments, whose place is near the end of the story, there is a passage which Sir Walter Scott himself quotes in his preface, for its bearing on another question, where the author, after saying that the tale was even then told in a great many different ways, proceeds to argue that it is absurd to suppose that Gouvernail could ever have gone to Cornwall and taken away Queen Isolt.[1] How this author eventually disposed of the difficulty, we shall probably never know, but we may safely conclude that it was not exactly in the sentimental fashion. Here is a curious point for future researches.

We have now glanced at the originals of nearly all the great Arthurian heroes whom Tennyson has restored, except the two who move us most deeply — Launcelot the Peerless, and Galahad the Spotless. To these immortal figures we must allow a purely French origin. In Malory, and in the French prose romances of Launcelot du Lac and the Saint Grael, they are father and son. In the refined version of Tennyson it would hardly have been possible to admit this relation, yet it adds a peculiar interest and pathos to some of the scenes in that quest of the Holy Grail in which from motives so dissimilar they both engaged. For example, Malory tells us how once, during that fateful year of the quest, they met on board the ship which was conveying to their last rest the remains of Percivale's holy sister. It was just before Sir Launcelot had the veiled vision which taught him that his own quest was vain, in an interval of his so-called madness, when he was enjoying a great but transitory peace of mind.

"'Ah,' said Sir Launcelot, 'are ye Galahad?' 'Yea, forsooth,' said he. And so he kneeled down and asked him his blessing, and after took off his helm and kissed him. And there was great joy between them, for there is no tongue can tell the joy that they made either of other, and many a friendly word spoken between as kind would, the which is no need here to be rehearsed. And there every each told other of their adventures and marvels that were befallen to them in many journeys sith that they departed from the court. . . . So dwelled Launcelot and Galahad within that ship half a year, and served God daily and nightly with all their power. . . . Then came to the ship a knight armed all in white, and saluted the two knights on the high Lord's behalf, and said, 'Galahad, sir, ye have been long enough with your father; come out of the ship and go where the adventures shall lead thee in quest of the Sancgreal.' Then he went to his father and kissed him sweetly, and said, 'Fair, sweet father, I wot not when I shall see you more till I see the body of Jesu Christ.' 'I pray you,' said Launcelot, 'pray ye to the high Father that He hold me in his service.' And so he took his horse, and there they heard a voice that said, 'Think to do well, for the one shall never see the other before the dreadful day of doom.' 'Now, son Galahad,' said Launcelot, 'since we shall depart, and never see other, I pray to the high Father to preserve both me and you both.' 'Sir,' said Galahad, 'no prayer availeth so much as yours!'"

Galahad's death occurred shortly after, and Launcelot was never again at ease in his sin. The mighty struggles of this great and tender soul with the guilt that was crushing it are plainly foreshadowed in Malory, but of course they do not receive anything like the searching examination with which he is made in Tennyson to face his own "remorseful pain" at the close of the thrilling episode of

[1] "Cist fust par tut la part conçus
E par tut le regne sius,
Qui de l'amur ert parjurers,
Et enuers Ysolt messagers.
Li reis l'en haiet mult forment;
Guaiter le feseit à sa gent;
E cument put-il dunc venir
Sun service à la caert offrir," etc.

"He [Gouvernail] was known in all those parts
And throughout the kingdom
As being privy to the love of [Tristram and Isolt],
And often sent with messages to Isolt.
The king hated him for it profoundly,
And had him watched by his people;
How then could he come
To offer his service at the court," etc.

Elaine of Astolat; although otherwise, in this episode, Tennyson follows Malory with unusual closeness. The cruel reaction of Launcelot's divided loyalties, the deep "dishonor in which his heart's honor was really rooted," are set in stronger light than ever in Tennyson's last edition in two interpolated passages of such unusual beauty and significance that we make room for them, our last quotations from the Idyls here. The first occurs on the threshold of the story, before Launcelot had sought and brought Guinevere to be Arthur's wife, — which, by the way, in Malory, he does not do, — when Arthur had finally broken the might of the last insurgent army: —

"Then, before a voice
As dreadful as the shout of one who sees
To one who sins and deems himself alone
And all the world asleep, they swerved and brake
Flying, and Arthur called to stay the brands
That hacked among the flyers. 'Ho! They yield!'
So like a painted battle the war stood
Silenced, the living quiet as the dead,
And in the heart of Arthur joy was lord.
He laughed upon his warrior whom he loved
And honored most: 'Thou dost not doubt me king,
So well thine arm hath wrought for me to-day.'
'Sir and my liege,' he cried, 'the fire of God
Descends upon thee in the battle-field;
I know thee for my king!' Whereat the two
Sware on the field of death a deathless love.
And Arthur said, 'Man's word is God in man;
Let chance what will, I trust thee to the death.'"

And the second is after the final parting of the king and Guinevere: —

"On their march to westward, Bedivere,
Who slowly paced among the slumbering host,
Heard in his tent the moanings of the king:
'I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I marked Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find him not.
I waged His wars, and now I pass and die.
Oh, me! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter in and make it beautiful?
Or else as if the world were wholly fair
But that these eyes of men are dense and dim,
And have not power to see it as it is:
Perchance because we see not to the close;
For I, being simple, thought to work His will,
And have but stricken with the sword in vain,
And all whereon I leaned in wife and friend
Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm
Reels back into the beast and is no more.
My God, Thou hast forgotten me in my death!
Nay, God, my Christ; I pass, but shall not die.'"

So the king goes away into the mist and darkness of that "last, dim, weird battle in the west," — a marvelous picture in its wintry tints of white and monotonous gray, indelibly drawn on the memory of the present generation. And this, with Tennyson, is the end. But here at last we venture to think that the poet's art has overreached itself, and that his *finale*, fine and imaginative though it be, is less impressive than that of the simple old master. It seems impossible to read the Idyls in their connection, and to go directly from Guinevere to the Passing of Arthur, from the verity, solemnity, and intense humanity of the former, and the extraordinary moral elevation which it induces, to the mists and portents and fairy uncertainties of the latter, without experiencing a painful shock and chill. The two poems, both so beautiful, belong to different spheres. There is a life-time, a spiritual revolution, between the two. Malory's story and that of his "French book" by no means end with the battle. Is it possible that the absent twelfth book of Tennyson's epic was to have related these subsequent incidents?

At all events Malory's ending is realistic and credible, sad but satisfying. On the morning after Sir Bedivere had seen, as in a dream, the king conveyed away, he came in a maze of grief and weariness to a chapel, where he heard of a hurried funeral which had taken place there the midnight before. Certain weeping ladies had brought to this humble hermitage a stately corpse and prayed for it sepulture. "Alas," cried Sir Bedivere, "that was my Lord Arthur, and there he lies;" and Sir Bedivere straightway vowed to live always in that hermitage and pray for Arthur's soul. But when the tidings of Arthur's death had traveled over-seas, Launcelot arose in despair, and returning to England prayed for a last interview with Guinevere. It was granted, and they met in the cloister of her convent and in the presence of her nuns.

"Then she said to all her ladies, 'Through this man and me hath all this war been wrought, and the death of the most noblest knights of the world, for through our love that we have loved together is my most noble lord slain.

Therefore, Sir Launcelot, wit thou well, I am set in such a plight to get my soul's health; and yet I trust through God's grace that after my death to have a sight of the blessed face of Christ, and at doomsday to sit on his right side; for as sinful as ever I was are saints in heaven. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, I require thee and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, that thou never see me more in the visage; and I command thee on God's behalf that thou forsake my company and to thy kingdom thou turn again and keep well thy realm from war and wrack. For as well as I have loved thee, my heart will not serve me to see thee; for through thee and me is the flower of kings and knights destroyed. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, go to thine own realm and there take thee a wife and live with her with joy and bliss; and I pray thee heartily, pray for me to our Lord that I may amend my misliving.' 'Now, sweet madam,' said Sir Launcelot, 'would ye that I should return again to my country and there wed a lady? Nay, madam, wit you well that shall I never do, for I shall never be so false to you of that I have promised; but the same destiny that ye have taken you to, I will take me unto, for to please Jesu, and ever for you I cast me specially to pray. . . . I insure you faithfully I will ever take me to penance, and pray while my life lasteth, if that I may find any hermit, either gray or white, that will receive me. Wherefore, madam, I pray you kiss me, and never no more.' 'Nay,' said the queen, 'that shall I never do, but abstain you from such works.' And they departed. But there was never so hard an hearted man but he would have wept to see the dolor that they made."

In all this there is a grave and simple fitness to the inalienable majesty of the guilty pair. They never met again; but six years later, after long prayer and penance, there came to Launcelot one night a vision, warning him to seek once more the convent at Almesbury, where he would find Guinevere dead, and to see that she was buried beside her lord, King Arthur.

"Then Sir Launcelot rose up or day, and told the hermit. 'It were well done,' said the hermit, 'that ye made you ready, and that ye disobey not the vision.' Then Sir Launcelot took seven followers with him, and on foot they went from Glastonbury to Almesbury, the which is little more than thirty miles. And thither they came within two days, for they were weak and feeble to go. And when Sir Launcelot was come to Almesbury, within the nunnery, Queen Guinevere died but half an hour before. And the ladies told Sir Launcelot that Queen Guinevere told them all, or she passed, that Sir Launcelot had been priest near a twelvemonth. 'And hither he cometh, as fast as he may, to fetch my corpse; and beside my lord King Arthur he shall bury me.' Wherefore the queen said, in hearing of them all, 'I beseech Almighty God that I may never have power to see Sir Launcelot with my worldly eyes.' 'And thus,' said all the ladies, 'was ever her prayer these two days till she was dead.' Then Sir Launcelot saw her visage, but he wept not greatly but sighed."

The Idyls themselves contain no touch finer than this last. Sir Launcelot's own release was not long delayed, "For he did never after eat but little meat, nor drank; and evermore night and day he prayed, but sometime slumbered a broken sleep, and ever he was lying groveling on the tomb of Arthur and Guinevere." His brethren remonstrated with him for his despair, but his answer was simple: "'When I remember me how by my default, mine orgule, and my pride, that they were both laid full low that were peerless that ever was living of Christian people, wit you well,' said Sir Launcelot, 'this remembered of their kindness and mine unkindness sank so to my heart that I might not sustain myself.' So the French book maketh mention."

In six weeks he also died. "Thou, Sir Launcelot," cried his brother Sir Ector, as he stood by his wasted remains, "there thou liest that were never matched of earthly knight's hand; and thou wert the courtiest knight that ever bare shield;

and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou was the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest."

It is evident that both Malory and the author of the "French book" believed far too sincerely in the reality of their characters seriously to doubt that Arthur's mysterious evanishment was indeed death. However, Malory observes that "some men yet say in many parts of England that Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu in another place. And men say that he shall come again, and he shall win the holy cross. I will not say it shall be so, but rather I will say, here in this world he changed his life. But many men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse: 'Hic jacet Arthurus, Rex quondam, Rexque futurus.'"

May not the laureate have closed his tale with Arthur's mystic removal to Avallon rather than with these last affecting incidents, — which undoubtedly confirm our human sympathy with the creatures from whom we are now loath to part, — by way of additional tribute to the character of the Prince Consort, who seemed to him "scarce other than his own ideal knight," as an unspoken professional intimation that in him the fancy of the early ages had actually found its fulfillment?

So much for the material out of which the great Victorian poet has constructed the frame of his most durable work. How entirely we owe to himself the spiritual unity and symmetry of it is too obvious for further remark. Yet we are far from agreeing with those who think that he has defaced the *naïveté* of ancient story by infusing into it a too modern scrupulousness. It is a question whether morality is ever modified by time so much as by those other influences, clime and race. The endeavor to cast off the conscience which we know, and to substitute for it the supposed conscience which regulated a by-gone state of society, almost always fails deplorably, sometimes disgustingly. Thus the Defense of Guinevere and the other Arthurian poems of William Morris, with all their melody and passion, barely escape repulsiveness; and for a similar reason the studies of Matthew Arnold in the Story of Tristram, though pretty, are in their fancied reality exquisitely unreal. It is the mistake of painting things preposterously because they "seem so," which is the favorite foible of our generation in more than one branch of art. Chivalry, the *motif* of all mediæval romance, was the youngest dream concerning social relations of the modern world after its conversion to Christianity, — a part of the general ecstasy of its recent regeneration. It was the bright, audacious ideal of a love between mortal man and woman as wholly supersensual as the fabled love of the Redeemer for his bride, the church. The knight assumed, under the formal sanction of the church, a triple vow which constituted his practical religion: to serve his master Christ, to succor the defenseless, to love one woman and her supremely. It seems not naturally to have occurred to the Latinized mind of Southern Europe to inquire what woman. If — as indeed usually happened — she chanced to be the wife of another man, it was equal. The love of chivalry was a something which transcended all accidental relations and prudential arrangements. And the love which is so melodiously celebrated by the more refined of the Southern troubadours is, in very truth, just such a sublimated sentiment. It is incapable of coarse offense. Natural jealousy cannot attain unto it. We may listen for hours to the echoes of those rapturous lyrics, and find them always the same, sweet, ardent, innocent because unmoral, breathing an air of sunny license, awakening not the faintest vibration of the sense of right and wrong.

But the Trouvères and the minstrels were for the most part the descendants,

or at least the near kindred, of those quaint barbarians of whom Tacitus wrote with languid wonder and approbation, "Quanquam severa illic matrimonia nec ullam morum partem magis laudaveris." The theoretic lady-love of the Norman or Scandinavian knight could hardly be other than his wife, present or future. Behold an earnest restriction! The path of honor at once becomes narrow, strait, and difficult. All deviations from it are recognized as transgressions, all tragic results of such deviations as punishment. Where, as in the story of Launcelot and Guinevere, there are struggles, remorse, and a piteous expiation, our keenest sympathies are, no doubt, demanded, and not vainly, for those who love and sin. But where, as in the story of Tristram and Isolt, the constitutional instinct of chastity is unblushingly defied, the effect is one of extreme coarseness. Here is precisely the spirit of conscious and blasphemous brutality which M. Taine is always encountering amid his researches through our early literature, and which partly fascinates and partly horrifies, but always amazes him. He barely recognizes the apparently irresistible truth that the very impudence and desperation of the spirit in question argue the presence of a more tyrannous conscience than can be inferred from the milder and more graceful licentiousness of softer climes.

If there ever could have been a knightly Arthur, and he could ever have founded an ideal code and state, they may well have been essentially the code and state whose brief glory Tennyson has so splendidly portrayed. It was a sublime but very premature dream, the disappointment of which appeared inevitable even in the days of Malory. Let us derive what consolation we may from the fact that it appears no more than probable in the days of Tennyson.

Harriet W. Preston.

SHAKESPEARE.

Like to a glass of magic old
His soul each passing image caught;
His mind an ocean that could hold
The river of each human thought.

My dimmer eyes meet far-off rays
His all immortal vision saw;
That inner world — the Dawn of days —
Breaks through the clouds earth's vapors draw.

And ever, while I read, there seems
A world of real life around;
And friends of old float through the dreams
Of peopled air and fairy ground.

Great nature's self so in him dwelt,
With all her wealth of songs and springs,
That never throb of *his* is felt,
But *she* is vocal while he sings.

J. M. Rogers.

JERUSALEM.

It was in obedience to a natural but probably mistaken impulse, that I went straight to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre during my first hour in the city. Perhaps it was a mistake to go there at all; certainly I should have waited until I had become more accustomed to holy places. When a person enters this memorable church, as I did, expecting to see only two sacred sites, and is brought immediately face to face with *thirty-seven*, his mind is staggered, and his credulity becomes so enfeebled that it is practically useless to him thereafter in any part of the Holy City. And this is a pity, for it is so much easier and sweeter to believe than to doubt.

It would have been better, also, to have visited Jerusalem many years ago; then there were fewer sacred sites invented, and scholarly investigation had not so sharply questioned the authenticity of the few. But I thought of none of these things as I stumbled along the narrow and filthy streets, which are stony channels of mud and water, rather than foot-paths, and peeped into the dirty little shops that line the way. I thought only that I was in Jerusalem; and it was impossible, at first, for its near appearance to empty the name of its tremendous associations, or to drive out the image of that holy city, "conjubilant with song."

I had seen the dome of the church from the hotel balcony; the building itself is so hemmed in by houses that only its south side, in which is the sole entrance, can be seen from the street. In front of this entrance is a small square; the descent to this square is by a flight of steps down Palmer Street, a lane given up to the traffic in beads, olive-wood, ivory-carving, and the thousand trinkets, most of them cheap and inartistic, which absorb the industry of the Holy City. The little square itself, surrounded by ancient buildings on three sides and by the blackened walls of the church on the north, might be set down in a mediæval Italian town without incongruity. And at the hour I first saw it, you would have said that a market or fair was in progress there. This, however, I found was its normal condition. It is always occupied by a horde of more clamorous and impudent merchants than you will find in any other place in the Orient.

It is with some difficulty that the pilgrim can get through the throng and approach the portal. The pavement is covered with heaps of beads, shells, and every species of holy fancy work, by which are seated the traders, men and women, in wait for customers. The moment I stopped to look at the church, and it was discovered that I was a newcomer, a rush was made at me from every part of the square, and I was at once the centre of the most eager and hungry crowd. Sharp-faced Greeks, impudent Jews, fair-faced women from Bethlehem, sleek Armenians, thrust strings of rude olive beads and crosses into my face, forced upon my notice trumpery carving in ivory, in nuts, in seeds, and screamed prices and entreaties in chorus, bidding against each other and holding fast to me, as if I were the last man, and this were the last opportunity they would ever have of getting rid of their rubbish. Handfuls of beads rapidly fell from five francs to half a franc, and the dealers insisted upon my buying, with a threatening air; I remember one hard-featured and rapacious wretch who danced about and clung to me, and looked into my eyes with an expression that said plainly, "If you don't buy these beads, I'll murder you." My recollection is that I bought, for I never can resist a persuasion of this sort. Whenever I saw the fellow in the square afterwards, I always fancied that he regarded me with a sort of contempt, but he made no further attempt on my life.

This is the sort of preparation that one

daily has in approaching the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The greed and noise of traffic around it are as fatal to sentiment as they are to devotion. You may be amused one day, you may be indignant the next; at last you will be weary of the importunate crowd; and the only consolation you can get from these daily scenes of the desecration of the temple of pilgrimage is the proof they afford that this is indeed Jerusalem, and that these are the legitimate descendants of the thieves whom Christ scourged from the precincts of the temple. Alas that they should thrive under the new dispensation as they did under the old!

A considerable part of the present Church of the Holy Sepulchre is not more than sixty years old; but the massive, carved, and dark south portal, and the remains of the old towers and walls on this side, may be eight hundred. There has been some sort of a church here ever since the time of Constantine (that is, three centuries after the crucifixion of our Lord), which has marked the spot that was then determined to be the site of the Holy Sepulchre. Many a time the buildings have been swept away by fire or by the fanaticism of enemies, but they have as often been renewed. There would seem at first to have been a cluster of buildings here, each of which arose to cover a newly discovered sacred site. Happily, all the sacred places are now included within the walls of this many-roofed, heterogeneous mass of chapels, shrines, tombs, and altars of worship of many warring sects, called the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Happily also the exhaustive discussion of the question of the true site of the sepulchre, conducted by the most devout and accomplished biblical scholars and the keenest antiquarians of the age, relieves the ordinary tourist from any obligation to enter upon an investigation that would interest none but those who have been upon the spot. No doubt the larger portion of the Christian world accepts this site as the true one.

I make with diffidence a suggestion that struck me, although it may not be new. The Pool of Hezekiah is not over four hundred feet, measured on the map, from the dome of the sepulchre. Under the church itself are several large excavations in the rocks, which were once cisterns. Ancient Jerusalem depended for its water upon these cisterns, which took the drainage from the roofs, and upon a few pools, like that of Hezekiah, which were fed from other reservoirs, such as Solomon's Pool, at a considerable distance from the city. These cisterns under the church may not date back to the time of our Lord, but if they do, they were doubtless at that time within the walls. And of course the Pool of Hezekiah, so near to this alleged site, cannot be supposed to have been beyond the walls.

Within the door of the church, upon a raised divan at one side, as if this were a bazar and he were the merchant, sat a fat Turk, in official dress, the sneering warden of this Christian edifice, and the perhaps necessary guardian of peace within. His presence there, however, is at first a disagreeable surprise to all those who rebel at owing an approach to the holy place to the toleration of a Moslem; but I was quite relieved of any sense of obligation when, upon coming out, the Turk asked me for backsheesh!

Whatever one may think as to the site of Calvary, no one can approach a spot which even claims to be it, and which has been for centuries the object of worship of millions, and is constantly thronged by believing pilgrims, without profound emotion. It was late in the afternoon when I entered the church, and already the shades of evening increased the artificial gloom of the interior. At the very entrance lies an object that arrests one. It is a long marble slab resting upon the pavement, about which candles are burning. Every devout pilgrim who comes in kneels and kisses it, and it is sometimes difficult to see it for the crowds who press about it. Underneath it is supposed to be the Stone of Unction upon which the Lord's body was laid, according to the Jewish fashion, for anointing, after he was taken from the cross.

I turned directly into the rotunda,

under the dome of which is the stone building inclosing the Holy Sepulchre, a ruder structure than that which covers the hut and tomb of St. Francis in the church at Assisi. I met in the way a procession of Latin monks, bearing candles, and chanting as they walked. They were making the round of the holy places in the church, this being their hour for the tour. The sects have agreed upon certain hours for these little daily pilgrimages, so that there shall be no collision. A rabble of pilgrims followed the monks. They had just come from incensing and adoring the sepulchre, and the crowd of other pilgrims who had been waiting their turn were now pressing in at the narrow door. As many times as I have been there, I have always seen pilgrims struggling to get in and struggling to get out. The proud and the humble crowd there together; the greasy boor from beyond the Volga jostles my lady from Naples, and the dainty pilgrim from America pushes her way through a throng of stout Armenian peasants. But I have never seen any disorder there, nor any rudeness, except the thoughtless eagerness of zeal.

Taking my chance in the line, I passed into the first apartment, called the Chapel of the Angel, a narrow and gloomy antechamber, which takes its name from the fragment of stone in the centre, the stone upon which the angel sat after it had been rolled away from the sepulchre. A stream of light came through the low and narrow door of the tomb. Through the passage to this vault only one person can enter at a time, and the tomb will hold no more than three or four. Stooping along the passage, which is cased with marble like the tomb, and may cover natural rock, I came into the sacred place, and into a blaze of silver lamps, and candles. The vault is not more than six feet by seven, and is covered by a low dome. The sepulchral stone occupies all the right side, and is the object of devotion. It is of marble, supposed to cover natural stone, and is cracked and worn smooth on the edge by the kisses of millions of people. The attendant who stood at one end opened a little trap-door, in which lamp-cloths were kept, and let me see the naked rock, which is said to be that of the tomb. While I stood there in that very centre of the faith and longing of so many souls, which seemed almost to palpitate with a consciousness of its awful position, pilgrim after pilgrim, on bended knees, entered the narrow way, kissed with fervor or with coldness the unresponsive marble, and withdrew in the same attitude. Some approached it with streaming eyes and kissed it with trembling rapture; some ladies threw themselves upon the cold stone and sobbed aloud. Indeed, I did not of my own will intrude upon these acts of devotion, which have the right of secrecy, but it was some time before I could escape, so completely was the entrance blocked up. When I had struggled out, I heard chanting from the hill of Golgotha, and saw the gleaming of a hundred lights from chapel and tomb and remote recesses, but I cared to see no more of the temple itself that day.

The next morning (it was the 7th of April) was very cold, and the day continued so. Without, the air was keen, and within it was nearly impossible to get warm or keep so, in the thick-walled houses, which had gathered the damp and chill of dungeons. You might suppose that the dirtiest and most beggarly city in the world could not be much deteriorated by the weather, but it is. In a cheerful, sunny day you find that the desolation of Jerusalem has a certain charm and attraction: even a tattered Jew leaning against a ruined wall, or a beggar on a dunghill, is picturesque in the sunshine; but if you put a day of chill rain and frosty wind into the city, none of the elements of complete misery are wanting. There is nothing to be done, day or night; indeed, there is nothing ever to be done in the evening, except to read your guide-book — that is, the Bible — and go to bed. You are obliged to act like a Christian here, whatever you are.

Speaking of the weather, a word about the time for visiting Syria may not be amiss. In the last part of May the snow

was a foot deep in the streets; parties who had started on their tour northward were snowed in and forced to hide in their tents three days from the howling winter. There is pleasure for you! We found friends in the city who had been waiting two weeks after they had exhausted its sights, for settled weather that would permit them to travel northward. To be sure, the inhabitants say that this last storm ought to have been rain instead of snow, according to the habit of the seasons; and it no doubt would have been if this region were not twenty-five hundred feet above the sea. The hardships of the Syrian tour are enough in the best weather, and I am convinced that our dragoman is right in saying that most travelers begin it too early in the spring.

Jerusalem is not a formidable city to the explorer who is content to remain above ground, and is not too curious about its substructions and buried walls, and has no taste, as some have, for crawling through its drains. I suppose it would elucidate the history of the Jews if we could dig all this hill away and lay bare all the old foundations, and ascertain exactly how the city was watered. I, for one, am grateful to the excellent man and great scholar who crawled on his hands and knees through a subterranean conduit, and established the fact of a connection between the Fountain of the Virgin and the Pool of Siloam. But I would rather contribute money to establish a school for girls in the Holy City, than to aid in laying bare all the aqueducts from Ophel to the Tower of David. But this is probably because I do not enough appreciate the importance of such researches among Jewish remains to the progress of Christian truth and morality in the world. The discoveries hitherto made have done much to clear up the topography of ancient Jerusalem; I do not know that they have yielded anything valuable to art or to philology, any treasures illustrating the habits, the social life, the culture, or the religion of the past, such as are revealed beneath the soil of Rome or in the ashes of Pompeii; it is, however, true that almost every tourist in Jerusalem becomes speedily involved in all these questions of ancient sites, — the identification of valleys that once existed, of walls that are now sunk under the accumulated rubbish of two thousand years, from thirty feet to ninety feet deep, and of foundations that are rough enough and massive enough to have been laid by David and cemented by Solomon. And the fascination of the pursuit would soon send one underground, with a pick-ax and a shovel. But of all the diggings I saw in the Holy City, that which interested me most was the excavation of the church and hospital of the chivalric Knights of St. John; concerning which I shall say a word further on.

The present walls were built by Sultan Suleiman in the middle of the sixteenth century, upon foundations much older, and here and there, as you can see, upon big blocks of Jewish workmanship. The wall is high enough and very picturesque in its zigzag course and reëntering angles, and, I suppose, strong enough to hitch a horse to; but cannon-balls would make short work of it.

Having said thus much of the topography, gratuitously and probably unnecessarily, for every one is supposed to know Jerusalem as well as he knows his native town, we are free to look at anything that may chance to interest us. I do not expect, however, that any words of mine can convey to the reader a just conception of the sterile and blasted character of this promontory and the country round about it, or of the squalor, shabbiness, and unpicturesqueness of the city, always excepting a few of its buildings and some fragments of antiquity built into modern structures here and there. And it is difficult to feel that this spot was ever the splendid capital of a powerful state, that this arid and stricken country could ever have supplied the necessities of such a capital, and, above all, that so many Jews could ever have been crowded within this cramped space as Josephus says perished in the siege by Titus, when ninety-seven thousand were carried into captivity and eleven hundred

thousand died by famine and the sword. Almost the entire Jewish nation must have been packed within this small area.

Our first walk through the city was in the Via Dolorosa, as gloomy a thoroughfare as its name implies. Its historical portion is that part between the Holy Sepulchre and the house of Pilate, but we traversed the whole length of it to make our exit from St. Stephen's Gate toward the Mount of Olives. It is only about four hundred years ago that this street obtained the name of the Via Dolorosa, and that the sacred "stations" on it were marked out for the benefit of the pilgrim. It is a narrow lane, steep in places, having frequent sharp angles, running under arches, and passing between gloomy buildings, enlivened by but few shops. Along this way Christ passed from the judgment-hall of Pilate to Calvary. I do not know how many times the houses along it have been destroyed and rebuilt since Titus burned them down, but this destruction is no obstacle to the existence intact of all that are necessary to illustrate the Passion-pilgrimage of our Lord. In this street I saw the house of Simon the Cyrenian, who bore the cross after Jesus; I saw the house of St. Veronica, from which that woman stepped forth and gave Jesus a handkerchief to wipe his brow — the handkerchief with the Lord's features imprinted on it which we have all seen exhibited at St. Peter's in Rome; and I looked for the house of the Wandering Jew, or at least for the spot where he stood when he received that awful mandate of fleshly immortality. In this street are recognized the several stations that Christ made in bearing the cross; we were shown the places where he fell, a stone having the impress of his hand, a pillar broken by his fall, and also the stone upon which Mary sat when he passed by. Nothing is wanting that the narrative requires. We saw also in this street the house of Dives, and the stone on which Lazarus sat while the dogs ministered unto him. It seemed to me that I must be in a dream, in thus beholding the houses and places of resort of the characters in a *parable;* and I carried my dilemma to a Catholic friend. But a learned father assured him that there was no doubt that this is the house of Dives, for Christ often took his parables from real life. After that I went again to look at the stone, in a corner of a building, amid a heap of refuse, upon which the beggar sat, and to admire the pretty stone tracery of the windows in the house of Dives.

At the end of the street, in a new Latin nunnery, are the remains of the house of Pilate, which are supposed to be authentic. The present establishment is called the convent of St. Anne, and the community is very fortunate, at this late day, in obtaining such a historic site for itself. We had the privilege of seeing here some of the original rock that formed part of the foundations of Pilate's house; and there are three stones built into the altar that were taken from the pavement of Gabbatha, upon which Christ walked. These are recent discoveries; it appears probable that the real pavement of Gabbatha has been found, since Pilate's house is so satisfactorily identified. Spanning the street in front of this convent is the Ecce Homo arch, upon which Pilate showed Christ to the populace. The ground of the new building was until recently in possession of the Moslems, who would not sell it for a less price than seventy thousand francs; the arch they would not sell at all; and there now dwells, in a small chamber on top of it, a Moslem saint and hermit. The world of pilgrims flows under his feet; he looks from his window upon a daily procession of Christians, who traverse the Via Dolorosa, having first signified their submission to the Moslem yoke in the Holy City by passing under this arch of humiliation. The hermit, however, has the grace not to show himself, and few know that he sits there, in the holy occupation of letting his hair and his nails grow.

From the house of the Roman procurator we went to the citadel of Sultan Suleiman. This stands close by the Jaffa Gate, and is the most picturesque

object in all the circuit of the walls, and, although the citadel is of modern origin, its most characteristic portion lays claim to great antiquity. The massive structure which impresses all strangers who enter by the Jaffa Gate is called the Tower of Hippicus, and also the Tower of David. It is identified as the tower which Herod built and Josephus describes, and there is as little doubt that its foundations are the same that David laid and Solomon strengthened. There are no such stones in any other part of the walls as these enormous beveled blocks; they surpass those in the Haram wall, at what is called the Jews' Wailing Place. The tower stands upon the northwest corner of the old wall of Zion, and being the point most open to attack it was most strongly built.

It seems also to have been connected with the palace on Zion which David built, for it is the tradition that it was from this tower that the king first saw Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, when "it came to pass in an eventide that David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the king's house: and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself; and the woman was very beautiful to look upon." On the other side of the city gate we now look down upon the Pool of Bathsheba, in which there is no water, and we are informed that it was by that pool that the lovely woman, who was destined to be the mother of Solomon, sat when the king took his evening walk. Others say that she sat by the Pool of Gihon. It does not matter. The subject was a very fruitful one for the artists of the Renaissance, who delighted in a glowing reproduction of the biblical stories, and found in such incidents as this and the confusion of Susanna themes in which the morality of the age could express itself without any conflict with the religion of the age. It is a comment not so much upon the character of David as upon the morality of the time in which he lived, that although he repented, and no doubt sincerely, of his sin when reproved for it, his repentance did not take the direction of self-denial; he did not send away Bathsheba.

This square old tower is interiorly so much in ruins that it is not easy to climb to its parapet, and yet it still has a guard-house attached to it, and is kept like a fortification; a few rusty old cannon, under the charge of the soldiers, would injure only those who attempted to fire them; the entire premises have a tumble-down, Turkish aspect. The view from the top is the best in the city of the city itself; we saw also from it the hills of Moab and a bit of the Dead Sea.

Close by is the Armenian quarter, covering a large part of what was once the hill of Zion. I wish it were the Christian quarter, for it is the only part of the town that makes any pretension to cleanliness, and it has more than any other the aspect of an abode of peace and charity. This is owing to its being under the government of one corporation, for the Armenian convent covers nearly the entire space of this extensive quarter. The convent is a singular, irregular mass of houses, courts, and streets, the latter apparently running over and under and through the houses; you come unexpectedly upon stairways, you traverse roofs, you enter rooms and houses on the roofs of other houses, and it is difficult to say at any time whether you are on the earth or in the air. The convent, at this season, is filled with pilgrims, over three thousand of whom, I was told, were lodged here. We came upon families of them in the little rooms in the courts and corridors, or upon the roofs, pursuing their domestic avocations as if they were at home, cooking, mending, sleeping, a boorish but simple-minded lot of peasants.

The church is a large and very interesting specimen of religious architecture and splendid, barbaric decoration. In the vestibule hang the "bells." These are long planks of a sonorous wood, which give forth a ringing sound when struck with a club. As they are of different sizes, you get some variation of tone, and they can be heard far enough to call the inmates of the convent to worship. The interior walls are lined with ancient blue

tiles to a considerable height, and above them are rude and inartistic sacred pictures. There is in the church much curious inlaid work of mother-of-pearl and olive-wood, especially about the doors of the chapels, and one side shines with the pearl as if it were encrusted with silver. Ostrich eggs are strung about in profusion, with hooks attached for hanging lamps.

The first day of our visit to this church, in one of the doorways of what seemed to be a side chapel, and which was thickly encrusted with mother-of-pearl, stood the venerable bishop, in a light rose-colored robe and a pointed hood, with a cross in his hand, preaching to the pilgrims, who knelt on the pavement before him, talking in a familiar manner and, our guide said, with great plainness of speech. The Armenian clergy are celebrated for the splendor of their vestments, and I could not but think that this rose-colored bishop, in his shining frame-work, must seem like a being of another sphere to the boors before him. He almost imposed upon us.

These pilgrims appeared to be of the poorest agricultural class of laborers, and their costume is uncouth beyond description. In a side chapel, where we saw tiles on the walls that excited our envy, — the quaintest figures and illustrations of sacred subjects, — the clerks were taking the names of pilgrims just arrived, who kneeled before them and paid a Napoleon each for their lodging in the convent, as long as they should choose to stay. In this chapel were the shoes of the pilgrims who had gone into the church, a motley collection of foot-gear, covering half the floor: leather and straw, square shoes as broad as long, round shoes, pointed shoes, old shoes, patched shoes, shoes with the toes gone, a pathetic gathering that told of poverty and weary travel — and big feet. These shoes were things to muse on, for each pair, made maybe in a different century, seemed to have a character of its own, as it stood there awaiting the owner. People often make reflections upon a pair of shoes; literature is full of them. Poets have celebrated many a pretty shoe, — a queen's slipper it may be, or the hobnail brogan of a peasant, or, oftener, the tiny shoes of a child; but it is seldom that one has an opportunity for such comprehensive moralizing as was here given. If we ever regretted the lack of a poet in our party, it was now.

We walked along the Armenian walls, past the lepers' quarter, and outside the walls, through the Gate of Zion, or the Gate of the Prophet David as it is also called, and came upon a continuation of the plateau of the hill of Zion, which is now covered with cemeteries, and is the site of the house of Caiaphas and of the tomb of David and those Kings of Jerusalem who were considered by the people worthy of sepulture here; for the Jews seem to have brought from Egypt the notion of refusing royal burial to their bad kings, and they had very few respectable ones.

The house of Caiaphas the high-priest had suffered a recent tumble-down, and was in such a state of ruin that we could with difficulty enter it or recognize any likeness of a house. On the premises is an Armenian chapel; in it we were shown the prison in which Christ was confined, also the stone door of the sepulchre, which the Latins say the Armenians stole. But the most remarkable object here is the little marble column (having carved on it a figure of Christ bound to a pillar) upon which the cock stood and crowed when Peter denied his Lord. There are some difficulties in the way of believing this now, but they will lessen as the column gets age.

Outside this gate lie the desolate fields strewn with the brown tombstones of the Greeks and Armenians, a melancholy spectacle. Each sect has its own cemetery, and the dead sleep peaceably enough, but the living who bury them frequently quarrel. I saw one day a funeral procession halted outside the walls; for some reason the Greek priest had refused the dead burial in the grave dug for him in the cemetery; the bier was dumped on the slope beside the road, and half overturned; the friends were sitting on the ground, wrangling. The

man had been dead three days, and the coffin had been by the roadside in this place since the day before. This was in the morning; towards night I saw the same crowd there, but a Turkish official appeared and ordered the Greeks to bury their dead somewhere, and that without delay; to bury it for the sake of the public health, and quarrel about the grave afterwards if they must. A crowd collected, joining with fiery gesticulation and clamor in the dispute, the shrill voices of women being heard above all; but at last, four men roughly shouldered the box, handling it as if it contained merchandise, and trotted off with it.

As we walked over this pathless, barren necropolis, strewn, as it were, haphazard with shapeless, broken, and leaning headstones, it was impossible to connect with it any sentiment of affection or piety. It spoke, like everything else about here, of mortality, and seemed only a part of that historical Jerusalem which is dead and buried, in which no living person can have anything more than an archæological interest. It was, then, with something like a shock that we heard Demetrius, our guide, say, pointing to a rude stone, —

"That is the grave of my mother!"

Demetrius was a handsome Greek boy, of a beautiful type which has almost disappeared from Greece itself, and as clever a lad as ever spoke all languages and accepted all religions, without yielding too much to any one. He had been well educated in the English school, and his education had failed to put any faith in place of the superstition it had destroyed. The boy seemed to be numerously if not well connected in the city; he was always exchanging a glance and a smile with some pretty, dark-eyed Greek girl whom we met in the way, and when I said, "Demetrius, who was that?" he always answered, "That is my cousin."

The boy was so intelligent, so vivacious and full of the spirit of adventure, — begging me a dozen times a day to take him with me anywhere in the world, — and so modern, that he had not till this moment seemed to belong to Jerusalem, nor to have any part in its decay. This chance discovery of his intimate relation to this necropolis gave, if I may say so, a living interest to it, and to all the old burying-grounds about the city, some of which link the present with the remote past by an uninterrupted succession of interments for nearly three thousand years.

Just beyond this expanse, or rather in part of it, is a small plot of ground surrounded by high whitewashed walls, the entrance to which is secured by a heavy door. This is the American cemetery; and the stout door and thick wall are, I suppose, necessary to secure its graves from Moslem insult. It seems not to be visited often, for it was with difficulty that we could turn the huge key in the rusty lock. There are some half-dozen graves within; the graves are grass-grown and flower-sprinkled, and the whole area is a tangle of unrestrained weeds and grass. The high wall cuts off all view, but we did not for the time miss it, rather liking for the moment to be secured from the sight of the awful desolation, and to muse upon the strange fortune that had drawn to be buried here upon Mount Zion, as a holy resting-place for them, people alien in race, language, and customs to the house of David, and removed from it by such spaces of time and distance; people to whom the worship performed by David, if he could renew it in person on Zion, would be as distasteful as is that of the Jews in yonder synagogue.

Only a short distance from this we came to the mosque which contains the tomb of David and probably of Solomon and other Kings of Judah. No historical monument in or about Jerusalem is better authenticated than this. Although now for many centuries the Moslems have had possession of it and forbidden access to it, there is a tolerably connected tradition of its possession. It was twice opened and relieved of the enormous treasure in gold and silver which Solomon deposited in it: once by Hyrcanus Maccabæus, who took what he needed, and again by Herod, who found very little. There are all sorts of stories told about the splendor of this tomb and

the state with which the Moslems surround it. But they envelop it in so much mystery that no one can know the truth. It is probable that the few who suppose they have seen it have seen only a sort of cenotaph which is above the real tomb in the rock below. The room which has been seen is embellished with some display of richness in shawls and hangings of gold embroidery, and contains a sarcophagus of rough stone, and lights are always burning there. If the royal tombs are in this place, they are doubtless in the cave below.

Over this spot was built a church by the early Christians; and it is a tradition that in this building was the Cœnaculum. This site may very likely be that of the building where the Last Supper was laid, and it may be that St. Stephen suffered martyrdom here, and that the Virgin died here; the building may be as old as the fourth century, but the chances of any building standing so long in this repeatedly destroyed city are not good. There is a little house north of this mosque in which the Virgin spent the last years of her life; if she did, she must have lived to be over a thousand years old.

On the very brow of the hill, and overlooking the lower pool of Gihon, is the English school, with its pretty garden and its cemetery. We saw there some excavations, by which the bed-rock had been laid bare, disclosing some stone steps cut in it. Search is being made here for the Seat of Solomon, but it does not seem to me a vital matter, for I suppose he sat down all over this hill, which was covered with his palaces and harems and other buildings of pleasure, built of stones that "were of great value, such as are dug out of the earth for the ornaments of temples and to make fine prospects in royal palaces, and which make the mines whence they are dug famous." Solomon's palace was constructed entirely of white stone, and cedar-wood, and gold and silver; in it "were very long cloisters, and those situate in an agreeable place in the palace, and among them a most glorious dining-room for feastings and compotations;" indeed, Josephus finds it difficult to reckon up the variety and the magnitude of the royal apartments, — "how many that were subterraneous and invisible, the curiosity of those that enjoyed the fresh air, and the groves for the most delightful prospect, for avoiding the heat, and covering their bodies." If this most luxurious of monarchs introduced here all the styles of architecture which would represent the nationality of his wives, as he built temples to suit their different religions, the hill of Zion must have resembled, on a small scale, the Munich of King Ludwig I.

Opposite the English school, across the Valley of Hinnom, is a long block of modern buildings which is one of the most conspicuous objects outside the city. It was built by another rich Jew, Sir Moses Montefiore, of London, and contains tenements for poor Jews. Sir Moses is probably as rich as Solomon was in his own right, and he makes a most charitable use of his money; but I do not suppose that if he had at his command the public wealth that Solomon had, who made silver as plentiful as stones in the streets of Jerusalem, he could materially alleviate the lazy indigence of the Jewish exiles here. The aged philanthropist made a journey hither in the summer of 1875, to ascertain for himself the condition of the Jews. I believe he has a hope of establishing manufactories in which they can support themselves; but the minds of the Jews who are already restored are not set upon any sort of industry. It seems to me that they could be maintained much more cheaply if they were transported to a less barren land.

We made, one day, an exploration of the Jews' quarter, which enjoys the reputation of being more filthy than the Christian. The approach to it is down a gutter which has the sounding name of the Street of David; it was bad enough, but when we entered the Jews' part of the city we found ourselves in lanes and gutters of incomparable unpleasantness, and almost impassable, with nothing whatever in them interesting or picturesque, except the inhab-

itants. We had a curiosity to see if there were here any real Jews of the type that inhabited the city in the time of our Lord, and we saw many with fair skin and light hair, with straight nose and regular features. The persons whom we are accustomed to call Jews, and who were found dispersed about Europe at a very early period of modern history, have the Assyrian features, the hook nose, dark hair and eyes, and not at all the faces of the fair-haired race from which our Saviour is supposed to have sprung. The kingdom of Israel, which contained the ten tribes, was gobbled up by the Assyrians about the time Rome was founded, and from that date these tribes do not appear historically. They may have entirely amalgamated with their conquerors, and the modified race subsequently have passed into Europe; for the Jews claim to have been in Europe before the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, in which nearly all the people of the kingdom of Judah perished.

Some scholars, who have investigated the problem offered by the two types above mentioned, think that the Jew as we know him in Europe and America is not the direct descendant of the Jews of Jerusalem of the time of Herod, and that the true offspring of the latter is the person of the light hair and straight nose who is occasionally to be found in Jerusalem to-day. Until this ethnological problem is settled, I shall most certainly withhold my feeble contributions for the "restoration" of the persons at present doing business under the name of Jews among the Western nations.

But we saw another type of Jew, or rather another variety, in this quarter. He called himself of the tribe of Benjamin, and is, I think, the most unpleasant human being I have ever encountered. Every man who supposes himself of this tribe wears a dark, corkscrew, stringy curl hanging down each side of his face, and the appearance of nasty effeminacy which this gives cannot be described. The tribe of Benjamin does not figure well in sacred history, — it was left-handed; it was pretty much exterminated by the other tribes once for an awful crime; it was held from going into the settled idolatry of the kingdom of Israel only by its contiguity to Judah, — but it was better than its descendants, if these are its descendants.

More than half of the eight thousand Jews in Jerusalem speak Spanish as their native tongue, and are the offspring of those expelled from Spain by Ferdinand. Now and then, I do not know whether it was Spanish or Arabic, we saw a good face, a noble countenance, a fine Oriental and venerable type, and occasionally, looking from a window, a Jewish beauty; but the most whom we met were debased, mis-begotten, the remnants of sin, squalor, and bad living.

We went into two of the best synagogues, — one new, with a conspicuous green dome. They are not fine; on the contrary, they are slatternly places and very ill-kept. On the benches near the windows sat squalid men and boys reading, the latter, no doubt, students of the law; all the passages, stairs, and by-rooms were dirty and disorderly, as if it were always Monday morning there, but never washing-day; rags and heaps of ancient garments were strewn about; and occasionally we nearly stumbled over a Jew, indistinguishable from a bundle of old clothes, and asleep on the floor. Even the sanctuary is full of unkempt people, and of the evidences of the squalor of the quarter. If this is a specimen of the restoration of the Jews, they had better not be restored any more.

The thing to do (if the worldliness of the expression will be pardoned) on Friday is to go and see the Jews wail, as in Constantinople it is to see the Sultan go to prayer, and in Cairo to hear the dervishes howl. The performance, being an open-air one, is sometimes prevented by rain or snow, but otherwise it has not failed for many centuries. This ancient practice is probably not what it once was, having in our modern days, by becoming a sort of fashion, lost its spontaneity; it will, however, doubtless be long kept up, as everything of this sort endures in the East, even if it should become necessary to hire people to wail.

The Friday morning of the day chosen for our visit to the wailing place was rainy, following a rainy night. The rough-paved open alleys were gutters of mud, the streets under arches (for there are shops in subterranean constructions and old vaulted passages) were damper and darker than usual; the whole city, with its narrow lanes, and thick walls, and no sewers, was clammy and uncomfortable. We loitered for a time in the dark and grave-like gold bazars, where there is but a poor display of attractions. Pilgrims from all lands were sopping about in the streets; conspicuous among them were Persians wearing high, conical furze hats, and short-legged, big-calfed Russian peasant women, — animated meal-bags.

We walked across to the Zion Gate, and mounting the city wall there — an uneven and somewhat broken, but sightly promenade — followed it round to its junction with the Temple wall, and to Robinson's Arch. Underneath the wall by Zion Gate dwell, in low stone huts and burrows, a considerable number of lepers, who form a horrid community by themselves. These poor creatures, with toeless feet and fingerless hands, came out of their dens and assailed us with piteous cries for charity. What could be done? It was impossible to give to all. The little we threw them they fought for, and the unsuccessful followed us with whetted eagerness. We could do nothing but flee, and we climbed the wall and ran down it, leaving Demetrius behind as a rear-guard. I should have had more pity for them if they had not exhibited so much maliciousness. They knew their power, and brought all their loathsomeness after us, thinking that we would be forced to buy their retreat. Two hideous old women followed us a long distance, and when they became convinced that further howling and whining would be fruitless, they suddenly changed tone and cursed us with healthful vigor; having cursed us, they hobbled home to roost.

This part of the wall crosses what was once the Tyrophœan Valley, which is now pretty much filled up; it ran between Mount Moriah, on which the Temple stood, and Mount Zion. It was spanned in ancient times by a bridge some three hundred and fifty feet long, resting on stone arches whose piers must have been from one hundred to two hundred feet in height; this connected the Temple platform with the top of the steep side of Zion. It was on the Temple end of this bridge that Titus stood and held parley with the Jews who refused to surrender Zion after the loss of Moriah.

The exact locality of this interesting bridge was discovered by Dr. Robinson. Just north of the southwest corner of the Haram wall (that is, the Temple or Mount Moriah wall) he noticed three courses of huge projecting stones, which upon careful inspection proved to be the segment of an arch. The spring of the arch is so plainly to be seen now that it is a wonder it remained so long unknown.

The Wailing Place of the Jews is on the west side of the Temple inclosure, a little to the north of this arch; it is in a long, narrow court formed by the walls of modern houses and the huge blocks of stone of this part of the original wall. These stones are no doubt as old as Solomon's Temple, and the Jews can here touch the very walls of the platform of that sacred edifice.

Every Friday a remnant of the children of Israel comes here to weep and wail. They bring their Scriptures, and leaning against the honey-combed stone, facing it, read the Lamentations and the Psalms, in a wailing voice, and occasionally cry aloud in a chorus of lamentation, weeping, blowing their long noses with blue cotton handkerchiefs, and kissing the stones. We were told that the smoothness of the stones in spots was owing to centuries of osculation. The men stand together at one part of the wall and the women at another. There were not more than twenty Jews present as actors in the solemn ceremony the day we visited the spot, and they did not wail much, merely reading the Scriptures in a mumbling voice and swaying their bodies backward and forward. Still they formed picturesque and even pa-

thetic groups: venerable old men with long white beards and hooked noses, clad in rags and shreds and patches in all degrees of decadence; lank creatures of the tribe of Benjamin with the corkscrew curls; and skinny old women shaking with weeping, real or assumed.

Very likely these wailers were as poor and wretched as they appeared to be, and their tears were the natural outcome of their grief over the ruin of the Temple nearly two thousand years ago. I should be the last one to doubt their enjoyment of this weekly bitter misery. But the demonstration had somewhat the appearance of a set and show performance; while it was going on, a shrewd Israelite went about with a box to collect mites from the spectators. There were many more travelers there to see the wailing than there were Jews to wail. This also lent an unfavorable aspect to the scene. I myself felt that if this were genuine, I had no business to be there with my undisguised curiosity, and if it were not genuine, it was the poorest spectacle that Jerusalem offers to the tourist. Cook's party was there in force, this being one of the things promised in the contract; and I soon found myself more interested in Cook's pilgrims than in the others.

The Scripture read and wailed this day was the fifty-first Psalm of David. If you turn to it (you may have already discovered that the covert purpose of these desultory notes is to compel you to read your Bible), you will see that it expresses David's penitence in the matter of Bath-sheba.

Charles Dudley Warner.

ISOLATION.

We walk alone through all life's various ways,
Through light and darkness, sorrow, joy, and change;
And greeting each to each, through passing days,
Still we are strange.

We hold our dear ones with a firm, strong grasp;
We hear their voices, look into their eyes;
And yet, betwixt us in that clinging clasp
A distance lies.

We cannot know their hearts, howe'er we may
Mingle thought, aspiration, hope, and prayer;
We cannot reach them, and in vain essay
To enter there.

Still, in each heart of hearts a hidden deep
Lies, never fathomed by its dearest, best;
With closest care our purest thoughts we keep,
And tenderest.

But, blessed thought! we shall not always so
In darkness and in sadness walk alone;
There comes a glorious day when we shall know
As we are known!

Elinor Gray.

THE AMERICAN.

VI.

NEWMAN gave up Damascus and Bagdad, and returned to Paris before the autumn was over. He established himself in some rooms selected for him by Tom Tristram, in accordance with the latter's estimate of what he called his social position. When Newman learned that his social position was to be taken into account, he professed himself utterly incompetent, and begged Tristram to relieve him of the care. "I did n't know I had a social position," he said, "and if I have, I have n't the smallest idea what it is. Is n't a social position knowing some two or three thousand people and inviting them to dinner? I know you and your wife and little old Mr. Nioche, who gave me French lessons last spring. Can I invite you to dinner to meet each other? If I can, you must come to-morrow."

"That is not very grateful to me," said Mrs. Tristram, "who introduced you last year to every creature I know."

"So you did; I had quite forgotten. But I thought you wanted me to forget," said Newman, with that tone of simple deliberateness which frequently masked his utterance, and which an observer would not have known whether to pronounce a somewhat mysteriously humorous affectation of ignorance, or a modest aspiration to knowledge; "you told me you disliked them all."

"Ah, the way you remember what I say is at least very flattering! But in future," added Mrs. Tristram, "pray forget all the wicked things and remember only the good ones. It will be easily done, and it will not fatigue your memory. But I forewarn you that if you trust my husband to pick out your rooms, you are in for something hideous."

"Hideous, darling?" cried Tristram.

"To-day I must say nothing wicked; otherwise I should use stronger language."

"What do you think she would say, Newman?" asked Tristram. "If she really tried, now? She can express displeasure, volubly, in two or three languages; that 's what it is to be intellectual. It gives her the start of me completely, for I can't swear, for the life of me, except in English. When I get mad I have to fall back on our dear old mother tongue. There 's nothing like it, after all."

Newman declared that he knew nothing about tables and chairs, and that he would accept, in the way of a lodging, with his eyes shut, anything that Tristram should offer him. This was partly pure veracity on our hero's part, but it was also partly charity. He knew that to pry about and look at rooms, and make people open windows, and poke into sofas with his cane, and gossip with landladies, and ask who lived above and who below, — he knew that this was of all pastimes the dearest to Tristram's heart, and he felt the more disposed to put it in his way as he was conscious that, as regards his obliging friend, he had suffered the warmth of ancient good-fellowship somewhat to abate. Besides, he had no taste for upholstery; he had even no very exquisite sense of comfort or convenience. He had a relish for luxury and splendor, but it was satisfied by rather gross contrivances. He scarcely knew a hard chair from a soft one, and he possessed a talent for stretching his legs which quite dispensed with adventitious facilities. His idea of comfort was to inhabit very large rooms, have a great many of them, and be conscious of their possessing a number of patented mechanical devices, — half of which he should never have occasion to use. The apartments should be light and brilliant and lofty; he had once said that he liked rooms in which you wanted to keep your hat on. For the rest, he was satisfied with the assurance of any respectable person that everything was

"handsome." Tristram accordingly secured for him an apartment to which this epithet might be lavishly applied. It was situated on the Boulevard Haussmann, on a first floor, and consisted of a series of rooms, gilded, from floor to ceiling, a foot thick, draped in various light shades of satin, and chiefly furnished with mirrors and clocks. Newman thought them magnificent, thanked Tristram heartily, immediately took possession, and had one of his trunks standing for three months in his drawing-room.

One day Mrs. Tristram told him that her beautiful friend, Madame de Cintré, had returned from the country; that she had met her three days before, coming out of the Church of St. Sulpice; she herself having journeyed to that distant quarter in quest of an obscure lace-mender, of whose skill she had heard high praise.

"And how were those eyes?" Newman asked.

"Those eyes were red with weeping, if you please!" said Mrs. Tristram. "She had been to confession."

"It does n't tally with your account of her," said Newman, "that she should have sins to confess."

"They were not sins; they were sufferings."

"How do you know that?"

"She asked me to come and see her; I went this morning."

"And what does she suffer from?"

"I did n't ask her. With her, somehow, one is very discreet. But I guessed, easily enough. She suffers from her wicked old mother and her Grand Turk of a brother. They persecute her. But I can almost forgive them, because, as I told you, she is a saint, and a persecution is all that she needs to bring out her saintliness and make her perfect."

"That 's a comfortable theory for her. I hope you will never impart it to the old folks. Why does she let them bully her? Is she not her own mistress."

"Legally, yes, I suppose; but morally, no. In France you must never say nay to your mother, whatever she requires of you. She may be the most unreasonable old woman in the world, and make your life a purgatory; but, after all, she is *ma mère*, and you have no right to judge her. You have simply to obey. The thing has a fine side to it. Madame de Cintré bows her head and folds her wings."

"Can't she at least make her brother leave off?"

"Her brother is the *chef de la famille*, as they say; he is the head of the clan. With those people the family is everything; you must act, not for your own pleasure, but for the advantage of the family."

"I wonder what *my* family would like me to do!" exclaimed Tristram.

"I wish you had one!" said his wife.

"But what do they want to get out of that poor lady?" Newman asked.

"Another marriage. They are not rich, and they want to bring more money into the family."

"There 's your chance, my boy!" said Tristram.

"And Madame de Cintré objects," Newman continued.

"She has been sold once; she naturally objects to being sold again. It appears that the first time they made rather a poor bargain; M. de Cintré left a scanty property."

"And to whom do they want to marry her now?"

"I thought it best not to ask; but you may be sure it is to some horrid old nabob, or to some dissipated little duke."

"There 's Mrs. Tristram, as large as life!" cried her husband. "Observe the richness of her imagination. She has not asked a single question, — it 's vulgar to ask questions, — and yet she knows everything. She has the history of Madame de Cintré's marriage at her fingers' ends. She has seen the lovely Claire on her knees, with loosened tresses and streaming eyes, and the rest of them standing over her with spikes and goads and red-hot irons, ready to come down on her if she refuses the tipsy duke. The simple truth is that they have made a fuss about her milliner's bill, or refused her an opera-box."

Newman looked from Tristram to his wife with a certain mistrust in each direction. "Do you really mean," he asked of Mrs. Tristram, "that your friend is being forced into an unhappy marriage?"

"I think it extremely probable. Those people are very capable of that sort of thing."

"It is like something in a play," said Newman; "that dark old house over there looks as if wicked things had been done in it, and might be done again."

"They have a still darker old house in the country, Madame de Cintré tells me, and there, during the summer, this scheme must have been hatched."

"*Must* have been; mind that!" said Tristram.

"After all," suggested Newman, after a silence, "she may be in trouble about something else."

"If it is something else, then it is something worse," said Mrs. Tristram, with rich decision.

Newman was silent a while, and seemed lost in meditation. "Is it possible," he asked at last, "that they do that sort of thing over here? that helpless women are bullied into marrying men they hate?"

"Helpless women, all over the world, have a hard time of it," said Mrs. Tristram. "There is plenty of bullying everywhere."

"A great deal of that kind of thing goes on in New York," said Tristram. "Girls are bullied or coaxed or bribed, or all three together, into marrying nasty fellows. There is no end of that always going on in the Fifth Avenue, and other bad things besides. The Mysteries of the Fifth Avenue! Some one ought to show them up."

"I don't believe it!" said Newman, very gravely. "I don't believe that, in America, girls are *ever* subjected to compulsion. I don't believe there have been a dozen cases of it since the country began."

"Listen to the voice of the spread eagle!" cried Tristram.

"The spread eagle ought to use his wings," said Mrs. Tristram. "Fly to the rescue of Madame de Cintré!"

"To her rescue?"

"Pounce down, seize her in your talons, and carry her off. Marry her yourself."

Newman, for some moments, answered nothing; but presently, "I should suppose she had heard enough of marrying," he said. "The kindest way to treat her would be to admire her, and yet never to speak of it. But that sort of thing is infamous," he added; "it makes me feel savage to hear of it."

He heard of it, however, more than once afterward. Mrs. Tristram again saw Madame de Cintré, and again found her looking very sad. But on these occasions there had been no tears; her beautiful eyes were clear and still. "She is cold, calm, and hopeless," Mrs. Tristram declared, and she added that on her mentioning that her friend, Mr. Newman, was again in Paris, and was faithful in his desire to make Madame de Cintré's acquaintance, this lovely woman had found a smile in her despair, and declared that she was sorry to have missed his visit in the spring, and that she hoped he had not lost courage. "I told her something about you," said Mrs. Tristram.

"That 's a comfort," said Newman, placidly. "I like people to know about me."

A few days after this, one dusky autumn afternoon, he went again to the Rue de l'Université. The early evening had closed in as he applied for admittance at the stoutly guarded Hôtel de Bellegarde. He was told that Madame de Cintré was at home; he crossed the court, entered the farther door, and was conducted through a vestibule, vast, dim, and cold, up a broad stone staircase with an ancient iron balustrade, to an apartment on the second floor. Announced and ushered in, he found himself in a sort of paneled boudoir, at one end of which a lady and gentleman were seated before the fire. The gentleman was smoking; there was no light in the room save that of a couple of candles and the glow from the hearth. Both persons rose to welcome Newman, who, in the firelight, recognized Madame de

Cintré. She gave him her hand with a smile which seemed in itself an illumination, and, pointing to her companion, said softly, "My brother." The gentleman offered Newman a frank, friendly greeting, and our hero then perceived him to be the young man who had spoken to him in the court of the hotel on his former visit, and who had struck him as a good fellow.

"Mrs. Tristram has spoken to me a great deal of you," said Madame de Cintré gently, as she resumed her former place.

Newman, after he had seated himself, began to consider what, in truth, was his errand. He had an unusual, unexpected sense of having wandered into a strange corner of the world. He was not given, as a general thing, to anticipating danger, or forecasting disaster, and he had had no social tremors on this particular occasion. He was not timid and he was not impudent. He felt too kindly toward himself to be the one, and too good-naturedly toward the rest of the world to be the other. But his native shrewdness sometimes placed his ease of temper at its mercy; with every disposition to take things simply, it was obliged to perceive that some things were not so simple as others. He felt as one does in missing a step, in an ascent, where one expected to find it. This strange, pretty woman, sitting in fireside talk with her brother, in the gray depths of her inhospitable-looking house —what had he to say to her? She seemed enveloped in a sort of fantastic privacy; on what grounds had he pulled away the curtain? For a moment he felt as if he had plunged into some medium as deep as the ocean, and as if he must exert himself to keep from sinking. Meanwhile he was looking at Madame de Cintré, and she was settling herself in her chair and drawing in her long dress and turning her face towards him. Their eyes met; a moment afterwards she looked away and motioned to her brother to put a log on the fire. But the moment, and the glance which traversed it, had been sufficient to relieve Newman of the first and the last fit of personal embarrassment he was ever to know. He performed the movement which was so frequent with him, and which was always a sort of symbol of his taking mental possession of a scene —he extended his legs. The impression Madame de Cintré had made upon him on their first meeting came back in an instant; it had been deeper than he knew. She was pleasing, she was interesting; he had opened a book and the first lines held his attention.

She asked him several questions: how lately he had seen Mrs. Tristram, how long he had been in Paris, how long he expected to remain there, how he liked it. She spoke English without an accent, or rather with that distinctively British accent which, on his arrival in Europe, had struck Newman as an altogether foreign tongue, but which, in women, he had come to like extremely. Here and there Madame de Cintré's utterance had a faint shade of strangeness, but at the end of ten minutes Newman found himself waiting for these soft roughnesses. He enjoyed them, and he marveled to see that gross thing, error, brought down to so fine a point.

"You have a beautiful country!" said Madame de Cintré, presently.

"Oh, magnificent!" said Newman. "You ought to see it."

"I shall never see it," said Madame de Cintré, with a smile.

"Why not?" asked Newman.

"I don't travel; especially so far."

"But you go away sometimes; you are not always here?"

"I go away in summer, a little way, to the country."

Newman wanted to ask her something more, something personal, he hardly knew what. "Don't you find it rather —rather quiet here?" he said; "so far from the street?" Rather "gloomy," he was going to say, but he reflected that that would be impolite.

"Yes, it is very quiet," said Madame de Cintré; "but we like that."

"Ah, you like that," repeated Newman, slowly.

"Besides, I have lived here all my life."

"Lived here all your life," said Newman, in the same way.

"I was born here, and my father was born here before me, and my grandfather, and my great-grandfathers. Were they not, Valentin?" and she appealed to her brother.

"Yes, it 's a family habit to be born here!" the young man said with a laugh, and rose and threw the remnant of his cigar into the fire, and then remained leaning against the chimney-piece. An observer would have perceived that he wished to take a better look at Newman, whom he covertly examined, while he stood stroking his mustache.

"Your house is tremendously old, then," said Newman.

"How old is it, brother?" asked Madame de Cintré.

The young man took the two candles from the mantel-shelf, lifted one high in each hand, and looked up toward the cornice of the room, above the chimney-piece. This latter feature of the apartment was of white marble, and in the familiar rococo style of the last century; but above it was a paneling of an earlier date, quaintly carved, painted white, and gilded here and there. The white had turned to yellow, and the gilding was tarnished. On the top, the figures ranged themselves into a sort of shield, on which an armorial device was cut. Above it, in relief, was a date — 1627.

"There you have it," said the young man. "That is old or new, according to your point of view."

"Well, over here," said Newman, "one's point of view gets shifted round considerably." And he threw back his head and looked about the room. "Your house is of a very curious style of architecture," he said.

"Are you interested in architecture?" asked the young man at the chimney-piece.

"Well, I took the trouble, this summer," said Newman, "to examine — as well as I can calculate — some four hundred and seventy churches. Do you call that interested?"

"Perhaps you are interested in theology," said the young man.

"Not particularly. Are you a Roman Catholic, madam?" And he turned to Madame de Cintré.

"Yes, sir," she answered, gravely.

Newman was struck with the gravity of her tone; he threw back his head and began to look round the room again. "Had you never noticed that number up there?" he presently asked.

She hesitated a moment, and then, "In former years," she said.

Her brother had been watching Newman's movement. "Perhaps you would like to examine the house," he said.

Newman slowly brought down his eyes and looked at him; he had a vague impression that the young man at the chimney-piece was inclined to irony. He was a handsome fellow, his face wore a smile, his mustaches were curled up at the ends, and there was a little dancing gleam in his eye. "Damn his French impudence!" Newman was on the point of saying to himself. "What the deuce is he grinning at?" He glanced at Madame de Cintré; she was sitting with her eyes fixed on the floor. She raised them, they met his, and she looked at her brother. Newman turned again to this young man and observed that he strikingly resembled his sister. This was in his favor, and our hero's first impression of the Count Valentin, moreover, had been agreeable. His mistrust expired, and he said he would be very glad to see the house.

The young man gave a frank laugh, and laid his hand on one of the candlesticks. "Good, good!" he exclaimed. "Come, then."

But Madame de Cintré rose quickly and grasped his arm. "Ah, Valentin!" she said. "What do you mean to do?"

"To show Mr. Newman the house. It will be very amusing."

She kept her hand on his arm, and turned to Newman with a smile. "Don't let him take you," she said; "you will not find it amusing. It is a musty old house, like any other."

"It is full of curious things," said the count, resisting. "Besides, I want to do it; it is a rare chance."

"You are very wicked, brother," Madame de Cintré answered.

"Nothing venture, nothing have!" cried the young man. "Will you come?"

Madame de Cintré stepped toward Newman, gently clasping her hands and smiling softly. "Would you not prefer my society, here, by my fire, to stumbling about dark passages after my brother?"

"A hundred times!" said Newman. "We will see the house some other day."

The young man put down his candlestick with mock solemnity, and, shaking his head, "Ah, you have defeated a great scheme, sir!" he said.

"A scheme? I don't understand," said Newman.

"You would have played your part in it all the better. Perhaps some day I shall have a chance to explain it."

"Be quiet, and ring for the tea," said Madame de Cintré.

The young man obeyed, and presently a servant brought in the tea, placed the tray on a small table, and departed. Madame de Cintré, from her place, busied herself with making it. She had but just begun when the door was thrown open and a lady rushed in, making a loud rustling sound. She stared at Newman, gave a little nod and a "Monsieur!" and then quickly approached Madame de Cintré and presented her forehead to be kissed. Madame de Cintré saluted her, and continued to make tea. The new-comer was young and pretty, it seemed to Newman; she wore her bonnet and cloak, and a train of royal proportions. She began to talk rapidly in French. "Oh, give me some tea, my beautiful one, for the love of God! I'm exhausted, mangled, massacred." Newman found himself quite unable to follow her; she spoke much less distinctly than M. Nioche.

"That is my sister-in-law," said the Count Valentin, leaning towards him.

"She is very pretty," said Newman.

"Exquisite," answered the young man, and this time, again, Newman suspected him of irony.

His sister-in-law came round to the other side of the fire with her cup of tea in her hand, holding it out at arms-length, so that she might not spill it on her dress, and uttering little cries of alarm. She placed the cup on the mantel-shelf and began to unpin her veil and pull off her gloves, looking meanwhile at Newman.

"Is there anything I can do for you, my dear lady?" the Count Valentin asked, in a sort of mock-caressing tone.

"Present monsieur," said his sister-in-law.

The young man answered, "Mr. Newman!"

"I can't courtesy to you, monsieur, or I shall spill my tea," said the lady. "So Claire receives strangers, like that?" she added, in a low voice, in French, to her brother-in-law.

"Apparently!" he answered with a smile. Newman stood a moment, and then he approached Madame de Cintré. She looked up at him as if she were thinking of something to say. But she seemed to think of nothing; so she simply smiled. He sat down near her and she handed him a cup of tea. For a few moments they talked about that, and meanwhile he looked at her. He remembered what Mrs. Tristram had told him of her "perfection," and of her having, in combination, all the brilliant things that he dreamed of finding. This made him observe her not only without mistrust, but without uneasy conjectures; the presumption, from the first moment he looked at her, had been in her favor. And yet, if she was beautiful, it was not a dazzling beauty. She was tall and molded in long lines; she had thick, fair hair, a wide forehead, and features with a sort of harmonious irregularity. Her clear gray eyes were strikingly expressive; they were both gentle and intelligent, and Newman liked them immensely; but they had not those depths of splendor — those many-colored rays — which illumine the brow of famous beauties. Madame de Cintré was rather thin, and she looked younger than probably she was. In her whole person there was something both youthful and subdued, slender and yet ample, tranquil yet shy;

a mixture of immaturity and repose, of innocence and dignity. What had Tristram meant, Newman wondered, by calling her proud? She was certainly not proud now, to him; or if she was, it was of no use, it was lost upon him; she must pile it up higher if she expected him to mind it. She was a beautiful woman, and it was very easy to get on with her. Was she a countess, a *marquise*, a kind of historical formation? Newman, who had rarely heard these words used, had never been at pains to attach any particular image to them; but they occurred to him now and seemed charged with a sort of melodious meaning. They signified something fair and softly bright, that had easy motions and spoke very agreeably.

"Have you many friends in Paris; do you go out?" asked Madame de Cintré, who had at last thought of something to say.

"Do you mean do I dance, and all that?"

"Do you go *dans le monde*, as we say?"

"I have seen a good many people. Mrs. Tristram has taken me about. I do whatever she tells me."

"By yourself, you are not fond of amusements?"

"Oh yes, of some sorts. I am not fond of dancing, and that sort of thing; I am too old and sober. But I want to be amused; I came to Europe for that."

"But you can be amused in America, too."

"I could n't; I was always at work. But after all, that was my amusement."

At this moment Madame de Bellegarde came back for another cup of tea, accompanied by the Count Valentin. Madame de Cintré, when she had served her, began to talk again with Newman, and recalling what he had last said, "In your own country you were very much occupied?" she asked.

"I was in business. I have been in business since I was fifteen years old."

"And what was your business?" asked Madame de Bellegarde, who was decidedly not so pretty as Madame de Cintré.

"I have been in everything," said Newman. "At one time I sold leather; at one time I manufactured wash-tubs."

Madame de Bellegarde made a little grimace. "Leather? I don't like that. Wash-tubs are better. I prefer the smell of soap. I hope at least they made your fortune." She rattled this off with the air of a woman who had the reputation of saying everything that came into her head, and with a strong French accent.

Newman had spoken with cheerful seriousness, but Madame de Bellegarde's tone made him go on, after a meditative pause, with a certain light grimness of jocularity. "No, I lost money on wash-tubs, but I came out pretty square on leather."

"I have made up my mind, after all," said Madame de Bellegarde, "that the great point is — how do you call it? — to come out square. I am on my knees to money; I don't deny it. If you have it, I ask no questions. For that I am a real democrat — like you, monsieur. Madame de Cintré is very proud; but I find that one gets much more pleasure in this sad life if one does n't look too close."

"Just Heaven, dear madam, how you go at it," said the Count Valentin, lowering his voice.

"He 's a man one can speak to, I suppose, since my sister receives him," the lady answered. "Besides, it 's very true; those are my ideas."

"Ah, you call them ideas," murmured the young man.

"But Mrs. Tristram told me you had been in the army — in your war," said Madame de Cintré.

"Yes, but that is not business!" said Newman.

"Very true!" said M. de Bellegarde. "Otherwise perhaps I should not be penniless."

"Is it true," asked Newman in a moment, "that you are so proud? I had already heard it."

Madame de Cintré smiled. "Do you find me so?"

"Oh," said Newman, "I am no judge. If you are proud with me, you

will have to tell me. Otherwise I shall not know it."

Madame de Cintré began to laugh. "That would be pride in a sad position!" she said.

"It would be partly," Newman went on, "because I should n't want to know it. I want you to treat me well."

Madame de Cintré, whose laugh had ceased, looked at him with her head half averted, as if she feared what he was going to say.

"Mrs. Tristram told you the literal truth," he went on; "I want very much to know you. I did n't come here simply to call to-day; I came in the hope that you might ask me to come again."

"Oh, pray come often," said Madame de Cintré.

"But will you be at home?" Newman insisted. Even to himself he seemed a trifle "pushing," but he was, in truth, a trifle excited.

"I hope so!" said Madame de Cintré.

Newman got up. "Well, we shall see," he said, smoothing his hat with his coat-cuff.

"Brother," said Madame de Cintré, "invite Mr. Newman to come again."

The Count Valentin looked at our hero from head to foot with his peculiar smile, in which impudence and urbanity seemed perplexingly commingled. "Are you a brave man?" he asked, eying him askance.

"Well, I hope so," said Newman.

"I rather suspect so. In that case, come again."

"Ah, what an invitation!" murmured Madame de Cintré, with something painful in her smile.

"Oh, I want Mr. Newman to come — particularly," said the young man. "It will give me great pleasure. I shall be desolate if I miss one of his visits. But I maintain he must be brave. A stout heart, sir!" And he offered Newman his hand.

"I shall not come to see you; I shall come to see Madame de Cintré," said Newman.

"You will need all the more courage."

"Ah, Valentin!" said Madame de Cintré, appealingly.

"Decidedly," cried Madame de Bellegarde, "I am the only person here capable of saying something polite! Come to see me; you will need no courage," she said.

Newman gave a laugh which was not altogether an assent, and took his leave. Madame de Cintré did not take up her sister's challenge to be gracious, but she looked with a certain troubled air at the retreating guest.

VII.

One evening, very late, about a week after his visit to Madame de Cintré, Newman's servant brought him a card. It was that of young M. de Bellegarde. When, a few moments later, he went to receive his visitor, he found him standing in the middle of his great gilded parlor and eying it from cornice to carpet. M. de Bellegarde's face, it seemed to Newman, expressed a sense of lively entertainment. "What the devil is he laughing at now?" our hero asked himself. But he put the question without acrimony, for he felt that Madame de Cintré's brother was a good fellow, and he had a presentiment that on this basis of good fellowship they were destined to understand each other. Only, if there was anything to laugh at, he wished to have a glimpse of it too.

"To begin with," said the young man, as he extended his hand, "have I come too late?"

"Too late for what?" asked Newman.

"To smoke a cigar with you."

"You would have to come early to do that," said Newman. "I don't smoke."

"Ah, you are a strong man!"

"But I keep cigars," Newman added. "Sit down."

"Surely, I may not smoke here," said M. de Bellegarde.

"What is the matter? Is the room too small?"

"It is too large. It is like smoking in a ball-room, or a church."

"That is what you were laughing at just now?" Newman asked; "the size of my room?"

"It is not size only," replied M. de Bellegarde, "but splendor, and harmony, and beauty of detail. It was the smile of admiration."

Newman looked at him a moment, and then, "So it *is* very ugly?" he inquired.

"Ugly, my dear sir? It is magnificent."

"That is the same thing, I suppose," said Newman. "Make yourself comfortable. Your coming to see me, I take it, is an act of friendship. You were not obliged to. Therefore, if anything around here amuses you, it will be all in a pleasant way. Laugh as loud as you please; I like to see my visitors cheerful. Only, I must make this request: that you explain the joke to me as soon as you can speak. I don't want to lose anything, myself."

M. de Bellegarde stared, with a look of unresentful perplexity. He laid his hand on Newman's sleeve and seemed on the point of saying something, but he suddenly checked himself, leaned back in his chair, and puffed at his cigar. At last, however, breaking silence, — "Certainly," he said, "my coming to see you is an act of friendship. Nevertheless, I was in a measure obliged to do so. My sister asked me to come, and a request from my sister is, for me, a law. I was near you, and I observed lights in what I supposed were your rooms. It was not a ceremonious hour for making a call, but I was not sorry to do something that would show I was not performing a mere ceremony."

"Well, here I am, as large as life," said Newman, extending his legs.

"I don't know what you mean," the young man went on, "by giving me unlimited leave to laugh. Certainly, I am a great laugher, and it is better to laugh too much than too little. But it is not in order that we may laugh together — or separately — that I have, I may say, sought your acquaintance. To speak with almost impudent frankness, you interest me." All this was uttered by M. de Bellegarde with the modulated smoothness of the man of the world, and, in spite of his excellent English, of the Frenchman; but Newman, at the same time that he sat noting its harmonious flow, perceived that it was not mere mechanical urbanity. Decidedly, there was something in his visitor that he liked. M. de Bellegarde was a foreigner to his finger-tips, and if Newman had met him on a Western prairie he would have felt it proper to address him with a "How-d'ye-do, Mosseer?" But there was something in his physiognomy which seemed to cast a sort of aerial bridge over the impassable gulf produced by difference of race. He was below the middle height, and robust and agile in figure. Valentin de Bellegarde, Newman afterwards learned, had a mortal dread of the robustness overtaking the agility; he was afraid of growing stout; he was too short, as he said, to afford a belly. He rode and fenced and practiced gymnastics with unremitting zeal, and if you greeted him with a "How well you are looking!" he started and turned pale. In your *well* he read a grosser monosyllable. He had a round head, high above the ears, a crop of hair at once dense and silky, a broad, low forehead, a short nose, of the ironical and inquiring rather than of the dogmatic or sensitive cast, and a mustache as delicate as that of a page in a romance. He resembled his sister not in feature, but in the expression of his clear, bright eye, completely void of introspection, and in the way he smiled. The great point in his face was that it was intensely alive, — frankly, ardently, gallantly alive. The look of it was like a bell, of which the handle might have been in the young man's soul: at a touch of the handle it rang with a loud, silver sound. There was something in his quick, light brown eye which assured you that he was not economizing his consciousness. He was not living in a corner of it to spare the furniture of the rest. He was squarely encamped in the centre, and he was keeping open house. When he smiled, it was like the movement of a person

who in pouring out of a cup turns it upside down: he gave you the last drop of his jollity. He inspired Newman with something of the same kindness that our hero used to feel in his earlier years for those of his companions who could perform strange and clever tricks — make their joints crack in queer places or whistle at the back of their mouths.

"My sister told me," M. de Bellegarde continued, "that I ought to come and remove the impression that I had taken such great pains to produce upon you, the impression that I am a lunatic. Did it strike you that I behaved very oddly the other day?"

"Rather so," said Newman.

"So my sister tells me." And M. de Bellegarde watched his host for a moment through his smoke-wreaths. "If that is the case, I think we had better let it stand. I did n't try to make you think I was a lunatic, at all; on the contrary, I wanted to produce a favorable impression. But if, after all, I made a fool of myself, it was the intention of Providence. I should injure myself by protesting too much, for I should seem to set up a claim for wisdom which, in the sequel of our acquaintance, I could by no means justify. Set me down as a lunatic with intervals of sanity."

"Oh, I guess you know what you are about," said Newman.

"When I am sane, I am very sane; that I admit," M. de Bellegarde answered. "But I did n't come here to talk about myself. I should like to ask you a few questions. You allow me?"

"Give me a specimen," said Newman.

"You live here all alone?"

"Absolutely. With whom should I live?"

"For the moment," said M. de Bellegarde with a smile, "I am asking questions, not answering them. You have come to Paris for your pleasure?"

Newman was silent a while. Then, at last, "Every one asks me that!" he said with his mild slowness. "It sounds so awfully foolish."

"But at any rate you had a reason."

"Oh, I came for my pleasure!" said Newman. "Though it is foolish, it is true."

"And you are enjoying it?"

Like any other good American, Newman thought it as well not to truckle to the foreigner. "Oh, so-so," he answered.

M. de Bellegarde puffed his cigar again in silence. "For myself," he said at last, "I am entirely at your service. Anything I can do for you I shall be very happy to do. Call upon me at your convenience. Is there any one you desire to know — anything you wish to see? It is a pity you should not enjoy Paris."

"Oh, I do enjoy it!" said Newman, good-naturedly. "I 'm much obliged to you."

"Honestly speaking," M. de Bellegarde went on, "there is something absurd to me in hearing myself make you these offers. They represent a great deal of good-will, but they represent little else. You are a successful man and I am a failure, and it 's a turning of the tables to talk as if I could lend you a hand."

"In what way are you a failure?" asked Newman.

"Oh, I 'm not a tragical failure!" cried the young man with a laugh. "I have not fallen from a height, and my *fiasco* has made no noise. You, evidently, are a success. You have made a fortune, you have built up an edifice, you are a financial, commercial power, you can travel about the world until you have found a soft spot, and lie down in it with the consciousness of having earned your rest. Is not that true? Well, imagine the exact reverse of all that, and you have me. I have done nothing — I can do nothing!"

"Why not?"

"It 's a long story. Some day I will tell you. Meanwhile, I 'm right, eh? You are a success? You have made a fortune? It 's none of my business, but, in short, you are rich?"

"That 's another thing that it sounds foolish to say," said Newman. "Hang it, no man is rich!"

"I have heard philosophers affirm," laughed M. de Bellegarde, "that no man was poor; but your formula strikes me as an improvement. As a general thing, I confess, I don't like successful people, and I find clever men who have made great fortunes very offensive. They tread on my toes; they make me uncomfortable. But as soon as I saw you, I said to myself, 'Ah, there is a man with whom I shall get on. He has the good-nature of success and none of the *morgue;* he has not our confoundedly irritable French vanity.' In short, I took a fancy to you. We are very different, I'm sure; I don't believe there is a subject on which we think or feel alike. But I rather think we shall get on, for there is such a thing, you know, as being too different to quarrel."

"Oh, I never quarrel," said Newman.

"Never? Sometimes it 's a duty — or at least it 's a pleasure. Oh, I have had two or three delicious quarrels in my day!" and M. de Bellegarde's handsome smile assumed, at the memory of these incidents, an almost voluptuous intensity.

With the preamble embodied in his share of the foregoing fragment of dialogue, he paid our hero a long visit; as the two men sat with their heels on Newman's glowing hearth, they heard the small hours of the morning striking larger from a far-off belfry. Valentin de Bellegarde was, by his own confession, at all times a great chatterer, and on this occasion he was evidently in a particularly loquacious mood. It was a tradition of his race that people of its blood always conferred a favor by their smiles, and as his enthusiasms were as rare as his civility was constant, he had a double reason for not suspecting that his friendship could ever be importunate. Moreover, the flower of an ancient stem as he was, tradition (since I have used the word) had in his temperament nothing of disagreeable rigidity. It was muffled in sociability and urbanity, as an old dowager in her laces and strings of pearls. Valentin was what is called in France a *gentilhomme*, of the purest source, and his rule of life, so far as it was definite, was to play the part of a gentilhomme. This, it seemed to him, was enough to occupy comfortably a young man of ordinary good parts. But all that he was he was by instinct and not by theory, and the amiability of his character was so great that certain of the aristocratic virtues, which in some aspects seem rather brittle and trenchant, acquired in his application of them an extreme friendliness and *bonhomie*. In his younger years he had been suspected of low tastes, and his mother had greatly feared he would make a slip in the mud of the highway and bespatter the family shield. He had been treated, therefore, to more than his share of schooling and drilling, but his instructors had not succeeded in mounting him upon stilts. They could not spoil his safe spontaneity, and he remained the least cautious and the most lucky of young nobles. He had been tied with so short a rope in his youth that he had now a mortal grudge against family discipline. He had been known to say, within the limits of the family, that, light-headed as he was, the honor of the name was safer in his hands than in those of some of its other members, and that if a day ever came to try it, they would see. His talk was an odd mixture of almost boyish garrulity and of the reserve and discretion of the man of the world, and he seemed to Newman, as afterwards young members of the Latin races often seemed to him, now amusingly juvenile and now appallingly mature. In America, Newman reflected, lads of twenty-five and thirty have old heads and young hearts, or at least young morals; here they have young heads and very aged hearts, morals the most grizzled and wrinkled.

"What I envy you is your liberty," said M. de Bellegarde, "your wide range, your freedom to come and go, your not having a lot of people, who take themselves awfully seriously, expecting something of you. I live," he added with a sigh, "beneath the eyes of my admirable mother."

"It is your own fault; what is to hinder your ranging?" asked Newman.

"There is a delightful simplicity in that remark! Everything is to hinder me. To begin with, I have not a penny."

"I had not a penny when I began to range."

"Ah, but your poverty was your capital. Being an American, it was impossible you should remain what you were born, and being born poor — do I understand it? — it was therefore inevitable that you should become rich. You were in a position that makes one's mouth water; you looked round you and saw a world full of things you had only to step up to and take hold of. When I was twenty, I looked around me and saw a world with everything ticketed 'Hands off!' and the deuce of it was that the ticket seemed meant only for me. I could n't go into business, I could n't make money, because I was a Bellegarde. I could n't go into politics, because I was a Bellegarde — the Bellegardes don't recognize the Bonapartes. I could n't go into literature, because I was a dunce. I could n't marry a rich girl, because no Bellegarde had ever married a *roturière*, and it was not proper that I should begin. We shall have to come to it, yet. Marriageable heiresses, *de notre bord*, are not to be had for nothing; it must be name for name, and fortune for fortune. The only thing I could do was to go and fight for the Pope. That I did, punctiliously, and received an apostolic flesh-wound at Castelfidardo. It did neither the Holy Father nor me any good, that I could see. Rome was doubtless a very amusing place in the days of Caligula, but it has sadly fallen off since. I passed three years in the Castle of St. Angelo, and then came back to secular life."

"So you have no profession — you do nothing," said Newman.

"I do nothing! I am supposed to amuse myself, and, to tell the truth, I have amused myself. One can, if one knows how. But you can't keep it up forever. I am good for another five years, perhaps, but I foresee that after that I shall lose my appetite. Then what shall I do? I think I shall turn monk. Seriously, I think I shall tie a rope round my waist and go into a monastery. It was an old custom, and the old customs were very good. People understood life quite as well as we do. They kept the pot boiling till it cracked, and then they put it on the shelf altogether."

"Are you very religious?" asked Newman, in a tone which gave the inquiry a grotesque effect.

M. de Bellegarde evidently appreciated the comical element in the question, but he looked at Newman a moment with extreme soberness. "I am a very good Catholic. I respect the church. I adore the blessed Virgin, and I fear the devil."

"Well, then," said Newman, "you are very well fixed. You have got pleasure in the present and religion in the future; what do you complain of?"

"It 's a part of one's pleasure to complain. There is something in your own circumstances that irritates me. You are the first man I have ever envied. It 's singular, but so it is. I have known many men who, besides any factitious advantages that I may possess, had money and brains into the bargain; but somehow they have never disturbed my good-humor. But you have got something that I should have liked to have. It is not money, it is not even brains, — though no doubt yours are excellent. It is not your six feet of height, though I should have rather liked to be a couple of inches taller. It 's a sort of air you have of being thoroughly at home in the world. When I was a boy, my father told me that it was by such an air as that that you recognized a Bellegarde. He called my attention to it. He did n't advise me to cultivate it; he said that as we grew up it always came of itself. I supposed it had come to me, because I think I have always had the feeling. My place in life was made for me, and it seemed easy to occupy it. But you who, as I understand it, have made your own place, you who, as you told us the other day, have manufactured wash-tubs, — you strike me, somehow, as a man who stands at his ease, who looks at things

from a height. I fancy you going about the world like a man traveling on a railroad in which he owns a large amount of stock. You make me feel as if I had missed something. What is it?"

"It is the proud consciousness of honest toil — of having manufactured a few wash-tubs," said Newman, at once jocose and serious.

"Oh, no; I have seen men who had done even more, men who had made not only wash-tubs, but soap — strong-smelling yellow soap, in great bars; and they never made me the least uncomfortable."

"Then it 's the privilege of being an American citizen," said Newman; "that sets a man up."

"Possibly," rejoined M. de Bellegarde. "But I am forced to say that I have seen a great many American citizens that did n't seem at all set up or in the least like large stockholders. I never envied them. I rather think the thing is an accomplishment of your own."

"Oh, come," said Newman, "you will make me proud!"

"No, I shall not. You have nothing to do with pride, or with humility, — that is a part of this easy manner of yours. People are proud only when they have something to lose, and humble when they have something to gain."

"I don't know what I have to lose," said Newman, "but I certainly have something to gain."

"What is it?" asked his visitor.

Newman hesitated a while. "I will tell you when I know you better."

"I hope that will be soon! Then, if I can help you to gain it, I shall be happy."

"Perhaps you may," said Newman.

"Don't forget, then, that I am your servant," M. de Bellegarde answered; and shortly afterwards he took his departure.

During the next three weeks Newman saw Bellegarde several times, and without formally swearing an eternal friendship the two men established a sort of comradeship. To Newman, Bellegarde was the ideal Frenchman, the Frenchman of tradition and romance, so far as our hero was acquainted with these mystical influences. Gallant, expansive, amusing, more pleased himself with the effect he produced than those (even when they were well pleased) for whom he produced it; a master of all the distinctively social virtues, and a votary of all agreeable sensations; a devotee of something mysterious and sacred, to which he occasionally alluded in terms more ecstatic even than those in which he spoke of the last pretty woman, and which was simply the beautiful though somewhat superannuated image of *honor;* he was irresistibly entertaining and enlivening, and he formed a character to which Newman was as capable of doing justice when he had once been placed in contact with it, as he was unlikely, in musing upon the possible mixtures of our human ingredients, mentally to have foreshadowed it. Bellegarde did not in the least cause him to modify his needful premise that all Frenchmen are of a frothy and imponderable substance; he simply reminded him that light materials may be beaten up into a most agreeable compound. No two companions could be more different, but their differences made a capital basis for a friendship of which the distinctive characteristic was that it was extremely amusing to each.

Valentin de Bellegarde lived in the basement of an old house in the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré, and his small apartments lay between the court of the house and an old garden which spread itself behind it, — one of those large, sunless, humid gardens into which you look unexpectingly in Paris from back windows, wondering how among the grudging habitations they find their space. When Newman returned Bellegarde's visit, he hinted that *his* lodging was at least as much a laughing matter as his own. But its oddities were of a different cast from those of our hero's gilded saloons on the Boulevard Haussmann: the place was low, dusky, contracted, and crowded with curious *bric-à-brac*. Bellegarde, penniless patrician as he was, was an insatiable collector, and his walls were covered with rusty arms and ancient panels and platters, his doorways draped in faded tapes-

tries, his floors muffled in the skins of beasts. Here and there was one of those uncomfortable tributes to elegance in which the upholsterer's art, in France, is so prolific, a curtained recess with a sheet of looking-glass in which, among the shadows, you could see nothing, and a divan on which, for its festoons and furbelows, you could not sit, or a fire-place draped, flounced, and frilled to the complete exclusion of fire. The young man's possessions were in picturesque disorder, and his apartment was pervaded by the odor of cigars, mingled with perfumes more inscrutable. Newman thought it a damp, gloomy place to live in, and was puzzled by the obstructive and fragmentary character of the furniture.

Bellegarde, according to the custom of his country, talked very generously about himself, and unveiled the mysteries of his private history with an unsparing hand. Inevitably, he had a vast deal to say about women, and he used frequently to indulge in sentimental and ironical apostrophes to these authors of his joys and woes. "Oh, the women, the women, and the things they have made me do!" he would exclaim with a lustrous eye. "*C'est égal*, of all the follies and stupidities I have committed for them I would not have missed one!" On this subject Newman maintained an habitual reserve; to expatiate largely upon it had always seemed to him a proceeding vaguely analogous to the cooing of pigeons and the chattering of monkeys, and even inconsistent with a fully developed human character. But Bellegarde's confidences greatly amused him, and rarely displeased him, for the generous young Frenchman was not a cynic. "I really think," he had once said, "that I am not more depraved than most of my contemporaries. They are tolerably depraved, my contemporaries!" He said wonderfully pretty things about his female friends, and, numerous and various as they had been, declared that on the whole there was more good in them than harm. "But you are not to take that as advice," he added. "As an authority I am very untrustworthy. I 'm prejudiced in their favor; I 'm an *idealist!*" Newman listened to him with his impartial smile, and was glad, for his own sake, that he had fine feelings; but he mentally repudiated the idea of a Frenchman having discovered any merit in the amiable sex which he himself did not suspect. M. de Bellegarde, however, did not confine his conversation to the autobiographical channel; he questioned our hero largely as to the events of his own life, and Newman told him some better stories than any that Bellegarde carried in his budget. He narrated his career, in fact, from the beginning, through all its variations, and whenever his companion's credulity, or his habits of gentility, appeared to protest, it amused him to heighten the color of the episode. Newman had sat with Western humorists in knots, round cast-iron stoves, and seen "tall" stories grow taller without toppling over, and his own imagination had learned the trick of piling up consistent wonders. Bellegarde's regular attitude at last became that of laughing self-defense; to save his reputation as an all-knowing Frenchman, he doubted of everything, wholesale. The result of this was that Newman found it impossible to convince him of certain time-honored verities.

"But the details don't matter," said M. de Bellegarde. "You have evidently had some surprising adventures; you have seen some strange sides of life, you have revolved to and fro over a whole continent as I walk up and down the Boulevard. You are a man of the world, with a vengeance! You have spent some deadly dull hours, and you have done some extremely disagreeable things: you have shoveled sand, as a boy, for supper, and you have eaten roast dog in a gold-diggers' camp. You have stood casting up figures for ten hours at a time, and you have sat through Methodist sermons for the sake of looking at a pretty girl in another pew. All that is rather stiff, as we say. But at any rate you have done something and you are something; you have used your will and you have made your fortune. You have not stupefied yourself with debauchery and you have not mortgaged your fortune to

social conveniences. You take things easily, and you have fewer prejudices even than I, who pretend to have none, but who in reality have three or four. Happy man, you are strong and you are free. But what the deuce," demanded the young man in conclusion, "do you propose to do with such advantages? Really to use them you need a better world than this. There is nothing worth your while here."

"Oh, I think there is something," said Newman.

"What is it?"

"Well," said Newman, "I will tell you some other time."

In this way our hero delayed from day to day broaching a subject which he had very much at heart. Meanwhile, however, he was growing practically familiar with it; in other words, he had called again, three times, on Madame de Cintré. On only two of these occasion had he found her at home, and on each of them she had other visitors. They were numerous and extremely loquacious, and they exacted much of their hostess's attention. She found time, however, to bestow a little of it on Newman, in an occasional vague smile, the very vagueness of which pleased him, allowing him as it did to fill it mentally, both at the time and afterward, with such meanings as most pleased him. He sat by without speaking, looking at the entrances and exits, the greetings and chatterings, of Madame de Cintré's visitors. He felt as if he were at the play, and as if his own speaking would be an interruption; sometimes he wished he had a book, to follow the dialogue; he half expected to see a woman in a white cap and pink ribbons come and offer one to him for two francs. Some of the ladies looked at him very hard — or very soft, as you please; others seemed profoundly unconscious of his presence. The men looked only at Madame de Cintré. This was inevitable; for whether one called her beautiful or not, she entirely occupied and filled one's vision, just as an agreeable sound fills one's ear. Newman had but twenty distinct words with her, but he carried away an impression to which solemn promises could not have given a higher value. She was part of the play that he was seeing acted, quite as much as her companions; but how she filled the stage and how much better she did it! Whether she rose or seated herself; whether she went with her departing friends to the door and lifted up the heavy curtain as they passed out, and stood an instant looking after them and giving them the last nod; or whether she leaned back in her chair with her arms crossed and her eyes resting, listening and smiling; she gave Newman the feeling that he would like to have her always before him, moving slowly to and fro along the whole scale of expressive hospitality. If it might be *to* him, it would be well; if it might be *for* him, it would be still better! She was so tall and yet so light, so active and yet so still, so elegant and yet so simple, so frank and yet so mysterious! It was the mystery — it was what she was off the stage, as it were — that interested Newman most of all. He could not have told you what warrant he had for talking about mysteries; if it had been his habit to express himself in poetic figures, he might have said that in observing Madame de Cintré he seemed to see the vague circle which sometimes accompanies the partly-filled disk of the moon. It was not that she was reserved; on the contrary, she was as frank as flowing water. But he was sure she had qualities which she herself did not suspect.

He had abstained for several reasons from saying some of these things to Bellegarde. One reason was that before proceeding to any act he was always circumspect, conjectural, contemplative; he had little eagerness, as became a man who felt that whenever he really began to move he walked with long steps. And then, it simply pleased him not to speak — it occupied him, it excited him. But one day Bellegarde had been dining with him, at a restaurant, and they had sat long over their dinner. On rising from it, Bellegarde proposed that, to help them through the rest of the evening, they should go and see Madame Dandelard. Madame Dandelard was a lit-

tle Italian lady who had married a Frenchman who proved to be a rake and a brute and the torment of her life. Her husband had spent all her money, and then, lacking the means of obtaining more expensive pleasures, had taken, in his duller hours, to beating her. She had a blue spot on her arm, which she showed to several persons, including Bellegarde. She had obtained a separation from her husband, collected the scraps of her fortune (they were very meagre), and come to live in Paris, where she was staying at a *hôtel garni*. She was always looking for an apartment, and visiting, tentatively, those of other people. She was very pretty, very child-like, and she made very extraordinary remarks. Bellegarde had made her acquaintance, and the source of his interest in her was, according to his own declaration, a curiosity as to what would become of her. "She is poor, she is pretty, and she is silly," he said; "it seems to me she can go only one way. It 's a pity, but it can't be helped. I will give her six months. She has nothing to fear from me, but I am watching the process. I am curious to see just how things will go. Yes, I know what you are going to say: this horrible Paris hardens one's heart. But it quickens one's wits, and it ends by teaching one a refinement of observation! To see this little woman's little drama play itself out, now, is, for me, an intellectual pleasure."

"If she is going to throw herself away," Newman had said, "you ought to stop her."

"Stop her? How stop her?"

"Talk to her; give her some good advice."

Bellegarde laughed. "Heaven deliver us both! Imagine the situation! Go and advise her yourself."

It was after this that Newman had gone with Bellegarde to see Madame Dandelard. When they came away, Bellegarde reproached his companion. "Where was your famous advice?" he asked. "I did n't hear a word of it."

"Oh, I give it up," said Newman, simply.

"Then you are as bad as I!" said Bellegarde.

"No, because I don't take an 'intellectual pleasure' in her prospective adventures. I don't in the least want to see her going down hill. I had rather look the other way. But why," he asked, in a moment, "don't you get your sister to go and see her?"

Bellegarde stared. "Go and see Madame Dandelard — my sister?"

"She might talk to her to very good purpose."

Bellegarde shook his head with sudden gravity. "My sister can't see that sort of person. Madame Dandelard is nothing at all; they would never meet."

"I should think," said Newman, "that your sister might see whom she pleased." And he privately resolved that after he knew her a little better he would ask Madame de Cintré to go and talk to the foolish little Italian lady.

After his dinner with Bellegarde, on the occasion I have mentioned, he demurred to his companion's proposal that they should go again and listen to Madame Dandelard describe her sorrows and her bruises. "I have something better in mind," he said; "come home with me and finish the evening before my fire."

Bellegarde always welcomed the prospect of a long stretch of conversation, and before long the two men sat watching the great blaze which scattered its scintillations over the high adornments of Newman's formidable saloon.

Henry James, Jr.

THE DIVISION OF SCHOOL FUNDS FOR RELIGIOUS PURPOSES.

In the history of this nation we have just now come upon a crisis in the development of our political theory. Doubtless every point of time is a crisis of some sort. Some important epoch is passed, some new era begun, each day, if we consider the matter strictly. The arbitrary choice of one's point of view determines to a great extent such reflections. On the present occasion, we may, without doing violence to the facts of history, say that our political theory is on the eve of receiving important definitions which will bring to a close an era of political, social, and ecclesiastical discussion and contention that has been prolonged one hundred years. The history of a nation is its commentary on its political principle. In the course of time this principle gets practical application in all its relations, social, æsthetic, religious, and world-historical. What was vague and indefinite in its first announcement, a glittering generality, gets close definition and concreteness. The people of the United States have been finding out exactly what they meant — or ought to mean — by such phrases as: All men are born free and equal; That government is best which governs least; Morality and religion are essential to good government; Education in free common schools is necessary in a republic; Godless education is worse than no education; Church and state must be kept separate, etc.

In the problem of public education the state encounters its first practical collision with the ecclesiastical organization of the people. The problem of the relation of state to church it had solved easily enough in its first phases by adopting the *laissez faire* system: "Make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." But here it finds a disputed province on the confines of the domain of civil society, that of secular education in the conventionalities of intelligence, in the theoretical means of communication and of participation in the realized reason of mankind. Civil society claims this province by right of eminent domain, taking from the family or the individual what it finds needful for the benefit of the community at large. The church, on the other hand, claims it on the ground that secular education must be united with religious education in the same school in order to be wholesome, and, on the ground of the impossibility of teaching religion without teaching specific dogmas (any code of which must trench on the rights of conscience of some class of believers), denies the right of the state or of civil society to assume control of public education. It asks for a division of school funds and proposes that each class of believers shall establish its own schools. It does not fail to mention that its title to the control of all education is very ancient, and indeed honorable, inasmuch as the church gave the first and for a long period the only public education. But the state remembers when it too was under the yoke of the church, and is not moved by the claim based on original acquisition, for that reason. It must be mentioned that while some classes of religious believers set up the claim for a division of the funds and ecclesiastical partition of the schools, others are content with the free common school under civil control, provided that the reading of the Bible, or some simple religious exercises, be introduced. Others still desire to make the common schools entirely secular, and leave to the several religious denominations the conduct of religious instruction in their Sunday-schools and by other appliances entirely unaided by public funds or gratuities.

The lesson of history on this point is at first sight ambiguous. While the development of modern civilization has

tended towards the separation of political from ecclesiastical functions, yet this separation has not been fully accomplished in the great nations of Europe. We find an established church everywhere, and the utmost advancement there is indicated by a liberality towards religion as such, and by the division of the state appropriation among the different denominations. The school seems to have followed the state in the separation, and to have come under state control, but with permission given to the church to enter the school and instruct the children, each confession taking charge of its own. The theory of the monarchy makes it the patriarchal head over its people, provident over their social wants, their moral and religious training, and their secular education. The theory of our republic sets out from the opposite point of view, and grants no power to the central government which can be left to be administered by the local civil organizations with perfect safety to the nation as a whole. Its experience has led it to assume larger and larger control over some of the functions of civil society, as already stated. The history of Europe during the past quarter of a century, in one of its social aspects, exhibits a struggle between nations to obtain or to preserve industrial or commercial superiority by means of technical schools established to educate skilled workmen. Later, during the last decade, the Prussian experiment and its success have convinced the other nations that public education must be made compulsory at least for military reasons. The American state has precisely the same grounds for establishing universal secular education in common schools, but its theory of separation of church and state cannot permit it to teach any religious dogmas within the same. The selection of any one code of dogmas would involve the violation of the rights of conscience which the state is bound to accord to those who have not subscribed to precisely that code.

While this question has been agitated more or less extensively for the past half-century without other effect than to make temporary trial of the division of school funds,[1] or to cause the adoption of constitutional provisions forbidding appropriations for sectarian purposes,[2] the general tendency has been to increase the earnestness of the demands of some of the religious classes for a division, and to arouse the others to a more determined opposition.[3] The question has frequently influenced local politics.

The first appearance of the question in the national politics is found in the last annual message to Congress by our chief magistrate. His proposition makes an epoch in our political history, for the reason that it thrusts the question upon the central government. Once before the whole people, it is likely to find an early settlement in the adoption of a constitutional amendment.

President Grant "suggests and recommends" the adoption of a constitutional amendment requiring each of the several States to establish and maintain free public schools, adequate to the education of all children, forbidding religious or anti-Christian instruction in the same, and prohibiting the diversion of any public funds for sectarian purposes; also making education compulsory to the extent of disfranchising the illiterate who attain their majority after 1890.

By this provision and the further one of church taxation, recommended in the same message, our state would rid itself effectually of all future collisions with ecclesiastical powers. The fact that a large majority of the States (twenty-two or more) have, in express terms or by general restriction, prohibited by constitutional enactment any sectarian diversion of school funds, makes it seem probable that three fourths of the States

[1] As in New York.

[2] In Missouri, Ohio, Illinois, Kansas, Nevada, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Mississippi, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Arkansas.

[3] A law introduced into one of our territorial legislatures (New Mexico) provided for a division of school funds, leaving it to each tax-payer to say to which sect his school-tax should be paid, also to each criminal to direct the disposition of his fine in the same way. The bill lacked one vote of becoming a law.

would ratify such an amendment if proposed by Congress. Meanwhile there is great tension in the public mind on the question. Events transpiring here or in Europe that bear relation in any way to it are watched with eager interest.

In this paper an attempt will be made to present the grounds in favor of preserving the common school as a purely secular institution, without any religious instruction in it whatever. The writer will endeavor to do full justice to the importance of religion and to its institution, the church, so far as its consideration belongs here, or space will permit.

There is a wide-spread conviction, shared by all Teutonic peoples, and more especially by the Anglo-Saxon branch settled in America, that church and state should be kept separate; that the church should take its place side by side with secular institutions which are subordinate to the state, so far as temporal organization is concerned, but left free as regards spiritual organization and matters of faith. This conviction is not fully articulate, but remains in a shape so indefinite as almost to be called a disposition, rather than a distinct doctrine. An appeal to this conviction is the most direct form of defense which the advocates of secular common schools can adopt. But such a defense does not reach the position of some who favor the church control of education; who, in short, defend the unity of political with religious power. It is, however, a legitimate preliminary argument, if it is supplemented by a demonstration of the inherent necessity of the separation of church and state in order that the former may become perfect spiritually, and that the latter may make political and civil freedom possible. This line of defense, moreover, must confine itself to showing how the religious control of the schools by the various classes of believers, and the division of the school funds among them, will result in the destruction or injury of political freedom. For many pious people suppose that to bring the common schools under religious control will aid the state by preparing for it large numbers of good men, and they do not regard the school as directly and necessarily a civil institution, but on the contrary they affirm education to be a function of the church, and its secular and religious aspects to be inseparable.

Let us then inquire what are the immediate practical effects of a division of the school funds among the different religious denominations, and of a consignment to them of the province of secular education. The principle of division will recognize, at least on its first trial, the class of indifferent people as well as the class of disbelievers in religion, as entitled to their *pro rata* in the distribution. The first occasion for collision will be found in the practical details of partitioning the funds. The school funds permanently invested and the school funds collected by taxation are under the direction of the political power. The standard of division, and the minute regulations necessary for its application, must be adopted by the political power. The settlement of these questions will necessarily involve long and bitter controversies. For it is not to be supposed that a political body made up of representatives from all classes of faiths will agree at once upon a simple and just basis of division that will be recognized as such by the majority of the community. Then in the administration of the division after the basis has been adopted, still worse collisions impend. Each class of believers will become suspicious of partiality in the directory who are appointed to administer, inasmuch as the members of the directory will belong personally each to some one class of believers. In the adoption of a basis for division, rules must be made regarding registration and attendance of pupils; regarding the qualifications of teachers and the tests of the efficiency of their instruction; regarding the course of study, and the amount and kind of secular instruction to be given; regarding the accommodations furnished to the children in the matters of buildings (heating, light, ventilation, etc.) and apparatus (furniture, blackboards, maps, globes, reference books, etc.); regarding the form

of reports to be made to inspectors and the aid and assistance to be rendered to such inspectors. For a just basis of division must take into account all of these things and many more. It must consider not merely the number of children enrolled, but the actual attendance of each and the length of daily session. It must consider the ages of pupils; for instruction costs less and is comparatively less valuable in infancy than in maturer years. The literary qualifications of teachers can be ascertained only by examination conducted by government inspectors, and their qualifications as to discipline and instruction only by inspection of their actual work in school. To distribute public money to poorly taught schools, or to schools in which secular instruction has been dwarfed and pushed aside for religious instruction, would afford just cause of complaint on the part of those who have furnished good instruction in kind and amount in the secular branches. The obvious necessity of appointing government inspectors over these parochial schools, and of giving them authority to examine teachers, grant certificates, and prescribe standards of instruction and discipline, gives occasion for constant conflict between the civil power and the various religious castes. Whatever a strong denomination chooses to consider unjust interference or discrimination will be resented, and a powerful influence will be brought to bear on the government, through their representatives, to modify it. A government elected by a popular vote is ill-calculated to withstand such pressure, and can do it only by means of the creation of sectarian bias among the members of the opposition. A defeat of any sect at one time in the government would bring about renewed effort at the next popular election at the polls. Religious animus mingling with political animus would make partisan intensity very bitter. The history of Florence may be profitably studied on this point.

Again, it must be noted that if the stipend divided among the churches is very large, and the government supervision is lax, permitting the enrollment and return of children at very early ages, of children whose attendance is for very short periods, and perhaps of children who are each enrolled on the registers of many different schools within the denomination, permitting also the poor quality of instruction which is incident to the assignment of a hundred or more pupils to each teacher, it will be quite likely to happen that some churches will be able to support their schools entirely on the government stipend, and even save money towards the direct support of their religious services. The step to a church establishment is a very short one from the endowment of church schools.

If such is the effect upon the government, what is the necessary effect upon the schools?

First, it is obvious that a poor classification of pupils as regards advancement in studies would result. The common schools of the country suffer very much from this source. A teacher with forty pupils of different ages and attainments, ranging from beginners up to those who have advanced eight years on the course of study, will probably find no two pupils excepting the beginners at just the same point of advancement. If the teacher makes classes, she will bring together into each class pupils who differ so much that the best ones do not have to study to learn the lesson which may be too hard for the poorest scholars in the class. If she makes no classes, she must hear each individual recite his four or more lessons by himself, and more than a hundred such recitations within six hours will allow for each something less than four minutes. Want of good classification causes instruction to degenerate into a process of requiring and hearing lessons that are verbally committed to memory, and of which all discussion is omitted and correct understanding not insisted upon. For this reason the country school is rather a place where children go to learn what they can, of their own accord, from the text-book, than a place where they are incited by the teacher to regular and systematic exertion, and led

by emulation and critical attention to the recitations of their classmates to gain deep and independent insights of their own. There remains, of course, the moral training which a good teacher even in a country school may secure in the formation of correct habits of regularity, punctuality, silence, attention, industry, politeness, and kindness towards one's fellows. In city schools and in the large schools of villages, classification is adopted to such an extent that each teacher may have from forty to sixty pupils, and these of so nearly the same qualifications that they may be taught in two classes. The time for each recitation may be a half-hour, during which it is possible to test the work of every pupil, discuss the bearings of the lesson, criticise the mistakes of the pupils and of the text-book, review previous lessons in the points which relate to the task of to-day, and show the pupil how to study as well as what to study.

The classification of pupils in accordance with the religious belief of their parents does not assist the teacher of secular studies at all. Each small parochial school will have the same difficulty as the small country school, intensified. For if the already small schools of the country are divided, either the cost of instruction will be greatly increased by the necessity of providing several teachers where one now does the work, or else the schools must be so scattered that each pupil on an average has to go much farther to reach the school to which he belongs. Small denominations will find this very hard. But they will get little sympathy: their children may attend the parochial schools nearest at hand and be proselyted to a faith different from that of their fathers. Parochial schools in the cities would be able to classify better, especially those of the large denominations. But the schools of small congregations of believers would be ill-classified even in the cities; all schools in the villages would be ill-classified, and in the country schools no classification could be attempted.

Where good classification is possible, a teacher can better instruct a far greater number of pupils than where it is not possible. The consequence is that ill-classified schools are not only inferior in regard to instruction, but they are far more costly pro rata. Let a school of forty pupils under one teacher be divided according to religious confession into five schools, the largest having twenty pupils, the next having ten, the next six, the next three, and the last one. Unless these can be combined with other schools, thereby increasing the distance each pupil has to travel, five teachers will now be required to do the work. The school-money from the state being distributed pro rata, the smallest classes of believers will have to pay nearly the entire expense of education from their own pockets. Being few in number, they will find the cost of tuition to each child fearfully heavy, and education among poor people who are unwilling to forego their rights of conscience will be altogether prevented.

The conflict of religious castes in the legislative bodies and at the polls, the general dissatisfaction which would be felt by the majority of the people in whatever distribution might be made, and above all the inferiority of instruction which necessarily results from poor classification, — these, added to the practical argument drawn from the expensiveness of separate schools (outside of the city for even the large classes of believers, and for the small classes everywhere), would doubtless cause an early return to the free common-school system, after a trial of the parochial system. But a persistence in the system which is under discussion would soon bring upon the community worse evils than those named, in the form of results. There would be a decrease of secular knowledge and a great increase of theological knowledge. Inasmuch as this separation of schools was brought about in the interest of religious differences, it is quite natural to infer that greater and greater stress would be laid upon those differences in the religious instruction given in the parochial schools. *Esprit de corps* would add intensity to the impression received from the instructor in

doctrines. In the nature of theological truth there lies the possibility of furnishing food for fanaticism and bigotry. In these days of the newspaper and cheap transit from one section to another, and above all of the common school, the barriers of religious caste have become so broken down that a universal spirit of toleration prevails. The liberality of the greater part of the community disenchants even the bigot who has had the misfortune to be reared under a narrow-minded and exclusive system. Children of all confessions mingling in the free common school learn to know, love, and respect each other. They learn to co-operate with each other and to make peaceful combinations. They learn to trust those of a different religious faith, and, in short, to judge their fellow-men by overt acts instead of mere belief or disposition. In the industrial community after they leave the school, they continue the same lesson, learning to know and respect their fellow-men for other reasons than religious belief. In the daily newspaper they contemplate the spectacle of the great world of humanity, and their sympathies, being schooled in this institution, become so broad as to include all men. This humane feeling, love of man, love of one's neighbor as one's self, is regarded by many as the truest realization of Christianity. The love of God with all one's heart and mind and strength is doubtless essential to but is not distinctive of Christianity. Christian morality certainly culminates in this brotherly affection for one's fellow-men.

But in the parochial school an effective instruction in the dogmas of the church must perforce develop a habit of thinking on the distinction between man and man as holding different religious beliefs. Within one's church are the elect for time and for eternity. Without one's church are the proscribed and lost. I am one of the sheep, my neighbor is one of the goats. Love of God and fear to disobey him furnish the groundwork of the confession. Then comes the infinite importance of right belief, and of conformity to the ceremonial observances of the church, as ordained of God. If these are so important to me, their disregard by my neighbor must surely be fraught with infinite consequences to him. If God hates my neighbor, it is certainly wrong for me to love him. Toleration is a crime. If by bodily suffering a heretic's soul may be saved, the church is only merciful if it inflicts it.

The social good feeling and the mutual respect and confidence which grow up in the common school are to be sacrificed, and in their place are to come — through the agency of the parochial school — the exclusiveness and distrust which belong to a training in the use of theological distinctions as of infinite consequence in the destiny of each individual man, if this training is begun early and long continued.

If the ground is taken that the humanitarian feeling of the age, out of which grows the toleration here spoken of, and the so-called liberal tendency, is to be condemned, it must be all the more clear that a very radical reaction is intended by this movement towards the ecclesiastic control of secular education. It is evident that exclusiveness and less of toleration are desired. What this bodes towards the minority, should one class of believers who hold this view become the majority, is equally evident. The only safety rests in division into many denominations. If one becomes dominant and will not tolerate the others, there will be proscription and persecution. We have already seen that the tendency of divided schools must be to compel the small classes of believers to send their children to the schools of the larger classes, and thus to disappear altogether. With this process there will be a continual rise of ecclesiastical power and a deeper penetration of its influence into the counsels of the civil government. This will happen during the first generation. The second generation educated exclusively in the parochial school, and without the counteracting influence of a majority of their fellow-men educated into liberal, tolerant humanitarianism, will be quite ready to vote the establishment

of the church and the punishment of dissenters by excluding them from a share of the benefits of the public funds appropriated to the church. A third generation educated under this reactionary plan would not scruple to add to civil disabilities the physical chastisement of heretics.

The establishment of God's kingdom upon earth in this guise would be the utter extirpation of civil freedom and of all science except theology. That intensity of partisan feeling which grows into bigotry would make impossible a popular government such as ours. There would be no political dialectic process like that now existing, in which the violence or indiscretion of one party reacts swiftly and places its opponent in power; for when the partisan spirit brings in eternal distinctions, the choice of God, into its political creed, it is not easy for the individual to renounce one party and work with another that holds different views of God's choice. The eyes would become so blinded by the contemplation of infinite and eternal distinctions that they could not discern finite ones. The shifting of partisans which now keeps up the equipoise and secures political freedom could no longer be relied upon, and here too we should see the spectacle exhibited by the republican experiments of the Romanic nations. Each party when in power would use all its strength to annihilate the other. The only refuge from such a state of things is in monarchy and a hereditary nobility, to which we should come in due time, after the crushing effect of religious wars.

But very few will believe that these things are involved in the giving up of education to church control. The first effect of the attempt to distribute a school fund derived from taxation would be the creation of a party opposed to a school fund altogether, and the connection with the state would be severed by the utter destruction of all free schools. Doubtless the growth of the illiterate class, and the consequent weakness of the state and the decline of productive industry, would cause, first, the establishment of free schools for indigent children, as a preventive of crime. Then, by a gradual progress, the free schools for indigent children would grow into the common-school system again.

In order to gain a clearer insight into the main question, we must now investigate the inherent nature of the state and the grounds on which its separation from the church is defended. Afterwards the necessity of the secular school to the state must be considered.

As a slowly but constantly growing fact in modern history, the separation of church and state has attracted the attention of thinking minds, and its causes have received considerable investigation. Upon a precise determination of these causes depends the settlement of a variety of social and political questions, some of which have been already suggested in the first part of this paper.

Asking ourselves what is the end and aim of the state, we ultimately find this answer: The object of the state is the establishment of justice among men and the prevention of crime through this means. The church may have for its object the bringing of men to God and the prevention of sin. Sin and crime are the two distinctions which we must study if we would get clearly before us the difference between state and church, between the political and the religious body. Crime is a breach of the laws of right or justice as defined by the state. Sin is a breach of the mandates of religion. Crime may be punished by a fine, personal duress, or the forfeiture of life; it is measurable, and its punishment is intended to cancel the debt exactly. A sin, on the contrary, is looked upon by religion as an infinite forfeiture, and no finite penalty can restore the sinner to his true relation. Only complete repentance, and utter renunciation of the sin and its consequences as selfish benefit, will restore one before God. God meets infinite forfeiture with infinite mercy wherever there is complete repentance. Repentance, however, does not (and ought not to) save one from the punishment due to crime. Justice must secure to each man the fruition of his deed. If it is criminal, then his deed re-

turns upon him negatively, depriving him of property or personal liberty. Each man to be free must be self-determined. The ideal of self-determination is the ideal set up by justice. All that man does he shall do to himself. Society organized as the state shall see to it that his deed aimed outwards returns to him: if good, to free him and bless him; if bad, to fetter and curse him. To relieve him of the consequences of his crime were to insult his ideal and prevent him from being self-determined. If, on the other hand, the state regarded crime as sin, borrowing its standard from religion, it would have no finite measure and could not visit the criminal with any punishment except death. This would be the code of Draco. But even death would not expiate crime regarded as sin. It would require eternal punishment.

From this divergence between their modes of viewing dereliction arises the confusion when church and state are united. Justice considers only the overt act. It attempts to return only one's deed upon him; not his unexecuted intention, his disposition, but his deed. Religion regards, and must regard, the disposition or intention. It must lay stress on self-search; it must go behind the deed and before the deed, and proclaim the mandate of religion: a pure heart, an upright disposition and intention, is an essential condition for all who would seek God and find him. Disposition can be judged of only by disposition; when the civil power undertakes to discover disposition, it interprets overt acts, and when it ceases to limit itself thus, it becomes the instrument of suspicion and inaugurates a reign of terror. While the criminal stands on the scaffold, condemned to receive the extreme penalty of the law and without hope of escape, the church may offer him the consolations of religion, assuring him of reconciliation with God effected through his sincere repentance, and promising him immediate blessedness. The smallest sin, unrepented of, shuts one out of the kingdom of God; the largest one, repented of, is forgiven. Here is evident the exclusion of quantitative measure; small and great no longer have significance when we speak of the infinite.

So long as state and church are united, there is of necessity a mutual influence on their standards. The exercise of civil power on the part of the church tends perpetually to impel it to the introduction of finite standards, thus allowing expiation for sin; to permit the substitution of penance for repentance. The exercise of ecclesiastical power by the state, on the other hand, tends to confuse its standards of punishment and to make its penalties too severe at one time and too lax at another, and thus to render the whole course of justice uncertain, by considering the disposition rather than the overt act.

To religion, therefore, should not be given the power of compulsion nor of inflicting penalties. Its nature will lead it to confound finite misdemeanors with sins, and sins are infinite in their negativity. The state with its principle of justice can inflict penalties and exercise compulsion. It can cognize the overt act and say to the doer, In what measure you injure society, in that measure yourself shall suffer. But it cannot go beyond the overt act and penetrate within the sacred circle of personality, in order to take account of the measure in which the soul has internally realized the absolute ideal. Whatsoever has not become deed, but remains only a thought, is not yet uttered or externalized, and hence cannot be returned on the doer, hence cannot be cognized by justice. But religion finds its true province in taking cognizance of the disposition, of the intent and purpose. Hence the stress that it lays on confession and profession, on the shrift, the narration of religious experience, and above all the outpouring of the soul in prayer. Phariseeism, which looks only to external forms and ceremonies, is the object of its strongest disapproval. Cleanliness within, purification of the heart in its motives and imaginings, are always insisted on. When under the influence of the principle which takes account of the disposition rather than the overt act, and

which depends upon confession to obtain this, the state formerly put its suspected criminals to the torture in order to compel a confession.

Church and state thus differ in their attitude toward the real world. The church assumes a negative attitude toward it, making the world and all that it contains to be a finite and unworthy affair when compared with the object of religion, which is the attainment of the supreme ideal or reconciliation with God. There are, accordingly, two negative acts which go with religion: (*a*) devotion, theoretical, the negative act of the intellect by which the soul acknowledges its own infinite unworthiness and the utter nullity of all its finite concerns in view of the absolute ideal and its own reconciliation therewith; (*b*) sacrifice, the negative act of the will, the practical renunciation of selfish interests whenever they come in conflict with spiritual interests. The general relation of religion to this world is therefore negative. Its outcome would be nihilism if made the principle of the secular. The state and civil society, on the other hand, hold a positive relation to the real world. Man, as a natural being, is a brute, with brute necessities. Food, clothing, and shelter he must have. Secular institutions have for their object the transformation of crude selfishness into disinterested service of others. The brutish form of supplying one's wants shall give place to universal, non-selfish forms. By division of labor, for example, each one shall labor for all the rest, for society in the aggregate. By means of the universal solvent of property, *i.e.*, money, he shall be helped in turn by all society, and far more potently than he can help himself. By organization and consequent renunciation of his mere animal individuality he becomes a person in society and acts directly for society, his deed being returned to him by society, purified from selfishness (or at least the form of selfishness) by this mediation. Thus the state and civil society organize the finite world of man into an institution which *reflects* the divine; for the divine possesses the *reality* of this mediation, to wit, the mediation of the individual man in his relation to God, who is the Absolute Person. Civil society reflects or adumbrates the divine by mediating the individual man through the community, his labor through their labor, his fruition through theirs.

In this sense, therefore, the religious and secular realms do not conflict, but mutually complement each other. Religion presents the absolute ideal and demands a reconciliation with it in the innermost depths of individual consciousness, at the sacrifice of all that is temporal, while the state and civil society seek only to mold the secular world into a reflection or manifestation of the divine idea by transmuting human selfishness into rational action. The religious world is the divine itself, the secular world is the manifestation or reflection of it. In religion, he who loses his life for Christ's sake shall find it. In civil society, the man who seeks to gratify his animal wants of food, clothing, and shelter must first serve others or labor at some employment. Directly supplying his wants he can be no higher than a savage, and even the savages have some organization of society in which the individual offers up himself to the whole and is in turn protected by the whole. By division of labor a greater miracle is performed. Each helps the others and the others help him. But he gets back a myriad-fold as much as his own unaided might could obtain. By his free will he dedicates his labor to society, and society with equal free will endows him from its stores. It is an act of grace, mankind meeting the devotion of the individual by a magnificent return. The organization of state and civil society furnishes to each one the possibility of participating in the labors of all, asking from him only the devotion of his own labor in return.

If it is desirable that the church should continue to exist as a reality in this world of ours, then it is desirable that the necessary condition thereof, or the state and civil society, shall exist. Hence if religion or the church sets up the doctrine of the supreme importance of spiritual

interests and insists upon the subordination of all secular interests thereto, it must not apply this doctrine outside of the individual. If it attacks the organized institutions of the state and civil society with this principle, it will attack by the same action its own historical existence, and thus contradict itself. It directs itself outward in order to destroy the outward. It undertakes to annihilate the only possible divine form that the externality of man (his historical existence in time and space) can assume. For this can be done only on the principle of justice, as has been shown. Religious mediation is between God and the personal will of man, secular mediation is between the individual man and mankind. The salvation of the soul demands supreme renunciation. The salvation from barbarism demands the sacrifice of one's potentiality, his right to be everything at once (all humanity), and the devotion of one's energies to a special calling and its minute details.

Herein, too, religion distinguishes itself from morality. The strictly moral duties concern the relation of man to man, and for this reason are all finite when compared with the content of religion. The moral world is moreover distinguished from the state in that it too, like religion, deals with the disposition, the heart, the motives. But as it relates to man in general, it herein resembles the state. The moral world has one factor identical with religion, to wit, the disposition of the individual man; and one factor identical with the state, to wit, mankind in general. Hence the secular relation of religion toward morality is likewise negative and destructive, just as it is toward the state. If the religious duty of the salvation of the soul should be alone heeded, and the individual occupy himself solely with this, all the moral virtues would die of neglect. The direct mediation of man with God would replace all finite mediation of man with society; people would flee to the wilderness in order to live a holy life as hermits, or seek seclusion in monastic cells in their endeavor to realize a more direct communion with God. The beggar, who is the symbol of the utter annulment of the secular world, would again become the nearest approach of the worldly to the divine life. Such, indeed, he is represented in the Autos of Calderon. Productive industry and beggary are antitheses; in The World Theatre, however, the beggar takes the lowest place in this life, but for this reason alone in the next he stands higher than the king.

Before coming to treat directly of the necessity of the secular school to the state as an institution belonging within civil society rather than to the church, it will be proper in this connection to consider the incompatibility between religious instruction and secular instruction, and the advantage of separating the two for the highest perfection of each. The secular branches — reading, writing, and arithmetic, geography, grammar, and history — form the conventional instrumentality by the mastery of which the individual man is enabled to lay hold of and participate in the spiritual patrimony of the race, the treasures of human experience already spoken of as preserved and transmitted in the form of science and literature by means of the human combination called civil society. These branches of instruction are "godless" in the sense that they relate to man and nature directly. But inasmuch as they initiate man into the theoretical participation with mankind, and enable him to share in the victory achieved by the race over nature, they participate in the spiritual or divine and godlike. They possess the semblance of the divine just as the state and civil society do; being instrumentalities only, they may reflect the divine but not constitute it. Hence we find their relation to religious instruction quite similar to that of the state to the church. When taught in close connection with religion they tend to weaken the effect of the latter, and in turn suffer from the tendency to introduce its alien method into their treatment. In these secular branches the mind is to be cultivated to keep all of its powers awake: thought is to be alert and critical, faith is to be dormant. In religion, faith is

the chief organ, and the merely negative activity of the understanding is to be subordinated and set aside. Religious truth is revealed in allegoric and symbolic form, and is to be appreciated not merely by the intellect but by the fantasy. The analytic understanding is necessarily hostile and skeptical in its attitude toward religious truth, but it is an essential activity in the apprehension of science. The conclusion is obvious that the mind must not be changed too abruptly from secular studies to religious contemplation. To bring in a lesson on religious dogmas just succeeding a lesson in mathematics or physical science inevitably has the disadvantage that the mind brings with it the bent or proclivity of the latter study, and to the serious injury of the former. We are not surprised to find, therefore, as a practical fact, that such schools tend either to cultivate habits of flippant and shallow reasoning on sacred themes, thus sapping the foundations of piety, or that on the other hand the influence of the dogmatic tone of the religious lessons creeps into the secular recitations, and drives out critical acuteness and independent thinking from the mind of the pupil. Too much authority leaves too little room for originality. Now in religious lessons, wherein the divine is taught as revealed to the human race, the raw, immature intellect of youth is not to be permitted to attempt to construct for itself speculatively the contents. It is too much for it to grasp the rationality of the dogma, for to do this requires a synthesis of theoretical and practical, of the will and the intellect; and the theoretical intellect alone is inadequate to comprehend the highest truth. The will develops only with one's life work, and becomes clear or transparent in its forms only after it has been realized in experience. Hence the utmost care should be taken to surround religious instruction with the proper atmosphere. It should be approached with a very carefully arranged preparation, and after the mind has recovered from the intellectual tension of its analytic studies.

The commonly accepted theory of the relation of the common school to the state in our own country may be briefly formulated thus: Our government is a government of the people by the people. The people are expected to make the laws that govern them, if not directly, at least indirectly through representatives selected by them and from their own number. Even a people that is to render enlightened obedience to laws made for them must have some school education. With a people that is called upon constantly to choose, at the ballot-box, between representatives, and also to decide the course which it ought to take in regard to public measures, school education is indispensable.

Even under governments that have a hereditary ruling class the necessity of common-school education has been discovered. The motive not merely to have intelligent obedience among its subjects, but to have the functions of society, now grown so complex, performed with greater skill, has controlled in this. The printed page has come to be for the great majority of civilized men the chief means of obtaining and communicating information. It has made an artificial addition to the three wants — food, clothing, and shelter. Besides these, man has a spiritual want — books. The common school teaches how to read, how to measure the world of things, and thus be able to exchange the commodities necessary to gratify the three material wants. By reading and writing man learns how to gratify his spiritual want of culture. The net result of school discipline may be summarized under the head of power to make combinations. The mathematical and physical sciences enable one to make combinations in the material world, the literary, grammatical, and historical studies enable one to make human combinations. Directive power involves these species of combination, one or both. Now the demand of directive power increases in modern times in a geometrical ratio. Formerly political and military combinations included the greater part of the combinations needing directive power. Within a hundred years, labor-saving

machinery has turned mere hand labor into the brain labor of supervision and direction. The mere hand laborer does not need much directive power. One overseer can direct a whole gang. But in a manufacturing establishment every machine has to be supervised, and, again, the various phases of the whole must be also supervised. The supply of raw material, the procuring of help, and the disposition of the manufactured product, each and all need skilled directive power to make the requisite combinations with materials and men. The laborer who leaves the spade and sits as a director of a machine has new demands made upon him, demands of a higher spiritual character. He must have regularity, punctuality, and attention — spiritual forces developed in him — the moral basis of school discipline. Vast corporations spring up on every hand to conduct mining, manufacturing, transit facilities, commerce, and intercommunication (telegraph, newspapers, etc.). These demand a generation of laborers educated to make combinations, material and spiritual, in order to furnish the directive power to manage them. The enormous growth of cities is the social characteristic of our century. This keeps pace with the multiplication of the powers of productive industry by means of machinery. Most remarkable, too, is the fact that the railroad, telegraph, and daily newspaper have made all the villages participant in urban life, and, as it were, moved all except the agricultural population into the city. Urban life is characterized by extreme division of labor and mutual interdependence of each individual upon every other. The highest degree of complexity and the closest unity exists, and its demand upon the individual is exorbitant and can be met in an adequate manner only by elaborate preparation in the common school.

Again, it is a recent discovery, dating back a quarter of a century, that civil society must be protected in its departments of productive industry by the æsthetic education of the laborer. Taste quite as much as skill is an ingredient of the manufactured product that is to command the highest price in the market and the readiest sale. Various European powers have established large schools of industrial art, and by this means have successfully recovered prestige for their manufactures when in some instances the same had already been driven from market by foreign competition. The productive power of labor is increased twenty-five to fifty per cent. by the education given in the primary school; and by the full course of the common school the increase in productive power (as measured by the wages of the laborer [1]) is from fifty to one hundred per cent. over that of the illiterate.

In addition to the political and social necessity, there is the military necessity of common-school education. This has become apparent through the recent rapid strides of Prussia to the first place among the powers of Europe. The other great powers are fully aroused to the importance of common schools, by that portent. The invention of machinery for use in war has progressed so far that an uneducated soldiery stands no chance with one trained in schools into ability to make combinations readily.

Thus, while other states educate for reasons of national strength, — military necessity and industrial necessity, — our nation has the weightier necessity of educating its citizens for the duties of self-government, — intelligent obedience to laws, and intelligent capacity to make and administer laws. The language of the president's message is very strong on this point: "We are a republic whereof one man is as good as another before the law. Under such a form of government it is of the greatest importance that all should be possessed of education and intelligence enough to cast a vote with a right understanding of its meaning. A large association of ignorant men cannot for any considerable period oppose successful resistance to an oppressive tyranny from the educated few, but will inevitably sink into acquiescence to the

[1] See statistics on this subject collected in the Report of the National Commissioner of Education for 1870, pp. 448, seq.

will of intelligence, whether directed by the demagogue or by priestcraft. Hence the education of the masses becomes our first necessity for the preservation of our institutions."

Here, then, are the grounds why the state cannot give up to the church the direction and control of common schools. The church is and must be the last institution to which to trust the political or the industrial interests of the nation. Once, when the state and civil society were as yet germinal and undeveloped, and more or less in implicit unity with the church, all education was in the hands of the latter. With the development of these institutions, they became filled with the divine form revealed to them through the Christian religion, and took on the semblance of that divine form, each discovering its own peculiar guiding principle. Thus the state is governed by justice, civil society by productive industry, education by the scientific method. The principle of religion is adumbrated in all these, but could not be exactly repeated by them without destruction to the entire secular world.

It is not the question whether religion is essential to man or not. Its essentiality to the state and civil society must be granted by all who will prove the necessity of the separation of church and state. The real question is whether religion should be united in implicit unity with the secular (state and civil society), and whether religious instruction is best given in the same school with secular instruction.

Christian civilization — for such we must name it, when we consider what principle it reflects — has always tended to develop its institutions into independence through harmony with each other. An institution in collision with others is necessarily limited through those others and is made finite thereby; it depends upon those others for its definition. The tendency of the Christian principle of love and recognition is to evolve harmony; the members freely choose a common end and aim, and thus effect a deeper unity with each other through spontaneous self-direction on the part of each. Blind obedience requires definite specific commands. "One head shall govern many pairs of hands." But such blind obedience is an example of abstract identity wherein the central unit is not reënforced by its subjects. When the obedient hands acquire enlightened brains, and assist in the spirit of the whole, there is reduplication and reënforcement of the highest degree. By this the central unit is assisted to some purpose, for it has not to exert the motive power for all, but each member of the system is in turn a new centre and furnishes its own motive power. One brain divided and dissipated in the occupation of directing many blindly obedient hands soon reaches the maximum of its influence. For the margin of adaptation necessary under each new set of circumstances changes by degrees the original direction given, until it is to be found contradicting the first impulse. But when each new member of the system is a self-active one, one that seizes the central principle, interprets its spirit, and applies it to the new set of conditions with whatever modifications are necessary, there is no limit to the growth of such a system. Recognition, reflection, harmony, are thus the products of the Christian principle, which tends perpetually to the evolution of new self-directive centres. God is believed to rejoice more over the creation of one free soul who loves and recognizes him, and lives a divine life, than over a whole cosmos of mechanically adjusted worlds regulated to run like clock-work. In the free soul he sees his image; in the mechanism he sees his caricature.

This principle of growth into independence of what is at first dependent, and a part of another organism, is believed to be the highest principle dominant in the universe. It is found suggested in Leibnitz's system of monads, in Plato's system of ideas, in Aristotle's first and second entelechies, in Hegel's absolute idea, and throughout the profound speculations of the great churchmen, such as St. Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, and St. Anselm, as well as in the writings of the German mystics,

Meister Eckhart, Tauler, Jacob Boehme, and others.

Since the thirteenth century, the age in which Thomas Aquinas, perhaps the greatest thinker of all Christendom, unfolded the nature of justice and saw in it the divine foundation of the state and the importance of its supremacy in civil affairs, just as the church is supreme in religious affairs, the conviction has gathered strength that the secular must develop independently of the ecclesiastical, and that in finding its own necessary conditions of development it will come to reflect the divine ideal of the Christian church.[1]

These institutions organized separately on their own principles will best subserve the cause of religion and further the interests of God's kingdom.

William T. Harris.

[1] Dante, that noble Ghibelline who followed the thought of Aquinas, has happily expressed this principle of reflection or recognition in his Paradiso. After repeating the sentiment of Plato and Aristotle that God in no wise possesses envy, he says,—

"Più l' è conforme, e però più le piace:
Che l' ardor santo, ch' ogni cosa raggia,
Nella più simigliante è più vivace."
(Canto vii.)

STELLA SPECIOSA.

I saw the star of even
Sail down the paling west,
And, from the verge of heaven,
Drop to her silent rest.

How peaceful moved she through
The soft, decaying light!
How lovely, pure, and true,
She looked her sweet "Good night!"

Doth thus our planet move
Through the high walks of space,
And thus unmingled love
Seem mirrored on her face?

Do the still spaces bar
The signs of human woe?
Doth Earth shine soft afar,
As stars shine here below?

Are noise and pain and sin,
'Mong all her nations rife,
Entirely veiled within
This atmosphere of life?

O silent, silver orb,
Gliding in peace along,
Doth aught but joy absorb
Your happy nations' song?

J. F. Bingham.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XIII.

Among the persons whom I used to see behind the scenes were two who for different reasons attracted my attention: one was the Earl of W——, and the other the Rev. A. F. C——. I was presented to Lord and Lady W—— in society, and visited them more than once at their place near Manchester. But before I had made Lord W——'s acquaintance he was an object of wondering admiration to me, not altogether unmixed with a slight sense of the ridiculous, only because it passed my comprehension how any real, live man could be so exactly like the description of a particular kind of man, in a particular kind of book. There was no fault to find with the elegance of his appearance and his remarkable good looks; he certainly was the beau ideal of a dandy, — with his slender, perfectly-dressed figure, his pale complexion, regular features, fine eyes, and dark, glossy waves of hair, and the general aristocratic distinction of his whole person, — and was so like the Earl of So-and-So, in the fashionable novel of the day, that I always longed to ask him what he did at the end of the "third volume," and "whether he or Sir Reginald married Lady Geraldine." But why this exquisite *par excellence* should always have struck me as slightly absurd, I cannot imagine. The Rev. A. F. C—— was the natural son of William IV. and Mrs. Jordan, and vicar of Maple Durham; when first I came out, this young gentleman attended every one of my performances, first in one of the stage boxes and afterwards in a still nearer position to the stage, one of the orchestra reserved seats. Thence, one night, he disappeared, and, to my surprise, I saw him standing at one of the side scenes during the whole play. My mother remarking at supper his non-attendance in his usual place, my father said that he had come to him at the beginning of the play, and asked, for his mother's sake, to be allowed occasionally to present himself behind the scenes. My father said this reference to Mrs. Jordan had induced him to grant the request so put, though he did not think the back of the scenes a very proper haunt for a gentleman of his cloth. There, however, Mr. F. C—— came, and evening after evening I saw his light kid gloves waving and gesticulating about, following in a sort of sympathetic dumb show the gradual development of my distress, to the end of the play. My father, at his request, presented him to me, but as I never remained behind the scenes or went into the green-room, and as he could not very well follow me upon the stage, our intercourse was limited to silent bows and courtesies, as I went on and off, to my palace in Verona, or from Friar Laurence's cell. Mr. F. C—— appeared to me to have slightly mistaken his vocation; that others had done so for him was made more manifest to me by my subsequent acquaintance with him. I encountered him one evening at a very gay ball given by the Countess de S——. Almost as soon as I came into the room he rushed at me, exclaiming, "Oh, do come and dance with me, that's a dear good girl." The "dear good girl" had not the slightest objection to dancing with anybody, dancing being then my predominant passion and a chair a perfectly satisfactory partner, if none other could be come by. While dancing I was unpleasantly struck with the decidedly unreverend tone of my partner's remarks. Clergymen danced in those days without reproach, but I hope that even in those days of dancing clerks, they did not often talk so very much to match the tripping of the light fantastic toe. My amazement reached its climax when, seeing me exchange signs of amicable familiarity with some one across

the room, Mr. F. C—— said, "Who are you nodding and smiling to? Oh, your father. You are very fond of him, an't you?" To my enthusiastic reply in the affirmative, he said, "Ah, yes; just so. I dare say you are." And then followed an expression of his filial disrespect for the highest personage in the realm, of such a robust significance as fairly took away my breath. Surprised into a momentary doubt of my partner's sobriety, I could only say, "Mr. F. C——, if you do not change your style of conversation I must sit down and leave you to finish the dance alone." He confounded himself in repeated apologies and entreaties that I would finish the dance with him, and as I could not find a word to say to him, he went on eagerly to excuse himself by a short sketch of his life, telling me that he had not been bred to the church and had the greatest disinclination to taking orders; that he had been trained as a sailor, the navy being the career that he preferred above all others, but that in consequence of the death of a brother he had been literally taken from on board ship and, in spite of the utmost reluctance on his part, compelled to go into the church. "Don't you think it 's a hard case?" reiterated he, as I still found it difficult to express my opinion either of him or of his "case," both appearing to me equally deplorable. At length I suggested that, since he had adopted the sacred calling he professed, perhaps it would be better if he conformed to it at least by outward decency of language and decorum of demeanor. To this he assented, adding with a sigh, "But, you see, some people have a natural turn for religion; you have, for instance, I 'm sure; but you see I have not." This appeared to me incontrovertible. Presently, after a pause, he asked me if I would write a sermon for him, which tribute to my talent for preaching, of which he had just undergone a sample, sent me into fits of laughter, though I replied with some indignation, "Certainly not; I am not a proper person to write sermons, and you ought to write your own!" "Yes," said he, with rather touching humility, "but you see I can't, — not good ones, at least. I 'm sure you could, and I wish you would write one for me; Mrs. N—— has." This statement terminated the singular conversation, which had been the accompaniment to a quadrille. The vicar of Maple Durham is dead; had he lived he would doubtless have become a bishop; his family had already furnished its contingent to the army and navy, in Lord E. and Lord A. F. C——, and the living of Maple Durham had to be filled and he to be provided for; and whenever the virtues of the established church system are under discussion, I try to forget this, and one or two similar instances I have known of its vices as it existed in those days. But that was near "fifty years since," and such a story as that of my poor sailor-parson friend could hardly be told now. Nor could one often now in any part of England find the fellow of my friend H. D——, who was also the predestined incumbent of a family living. He was passionately fond of hunting, and, clinging to his beloved "pink" even after holy orders had made it rather indecorous wear, used to huddle on his sacred garments of office at week-day solemnities of marrying or burying, and, having accomplished his clerical duties, rapidly divest himself of his holy robes, and bloom forth in unmitigated scarlet and buckskins, while the temporary cloud of sanctity which had obscured them was rapidly rolled into the vestry closet.

I confess to having heard with sincere sympathy the story of a certain excellent clergyman of Yorkshire breeding, who, finding it impossible to relinquish his hunting, carried it on simultaneously with the most exact and faithful discharge of his clerical duties until, arriving at length at the high dignity of the archbishopric of York, though neither less able for, nor less devoted to, his favorite pursuit, thought it expedient to abandon it and ride to hounds no more. He still rode, however, harder, farther, faster, and better than most men, but conscientiously avoided the hunting-field. Coming accidentally, one day, upon the

hounds when they had lost the scent, and trotting briskly away, after a friendly acknowledgment of the huntsman's salutation, he presently caught sight of the fox, when, right reverend prelate as he was, he gave a "view halloo" to be heard half the county over, and fled in the opposite direction at a full gallop, while the huntsman, in an ecstasy, cheered on his pack with an exclamation of "That 's gospel truth, if ever I heard it!"

A. F. C—— was pleasant-looking, though not handsome, like the royal family of England, whose very noble *port de tête* he had, with a charming voice that, my father said, came to him from his mother.

I have spoken of my being allowed to take riding lessons, and of purchasing a horse, which was not only an immense pleasure to me, but, I believe, a very necessary means of health and renovation, in the life of intense and incessant excitement which I was leading.

For some time after my first coming out I lost my sleep almost entirely, and used to lie wide awake the greater part of the night. With more use of my new profession this nervous wakefulness wore off; but I was subject to very frequent and severe pains in the side, which any strong emotion almost invariably brought on, and which were relieved by nothing but exercise on horseback. The refreshment of this panacea for bodily and mental ailments was always such to me that often, returning from balls where I had danced till daylight, I used to feel that if I could only have an hour's gallop in the fresh morning air, I should be revived beyond all sleep that I could then get.

Once only I was allowed to test my theory, and I found that the result answered my expectations entirely. I had been acting in Boston every night for a whole week, and on Saturday night had acted in two pieces, and was to start at one o'clock in the morning for New York, between which and Boston there was no railroad in those days. I was not feeling well, and was much exhausted by my hard work, but I was sure that if I could only begin my journey on horseback instead of in the lumbering, rolling, rocking, heavy, straw-and-leather-smelling "Exclusive Extra" (that is, private stage-coach), I should get over my fatigue and the rest of the journey with some chance of not being completely knocked up by it. After much persuasion my father consented, and after the two pieces of our farewell night to a crowded, enthusiastic house, all the excitement of which of course told upon me even more than the actual exertion of acting, I had some supper, and at one o'clock, with our friend, Major M——, and ——, got on horseback and rode out of Boston. Major M—— rode with us only about three miles, and then turned back, leaving us to pursue our road to Dedham, seven miles farther, where the carriage, with my father and aunt, was to meet us.

The thermometer stood at seventeen degrees below zero; it was the middle of a Massachusetts winter, and the cold intense. The moon was at the full, and the night as bright as day; not a stone but was visible on the iron-hard road, that rang under our horses' hoofs. The whole country was sheeted with snow, over which the moon threw great floods of yellow light, while here and there a broken ridge in the smooth, white expanse turned a sparkling, crystalline edge up to the lovely splendor. It was wonderfully beautiful and exhilarating, though so cold that my veil was all frozen over my lips, and we literally hardly dared utter a word for fear of swallowing scissors and knives in the piercing air, which, however, was perfectly still and without the slightest breath of wind. So we rode hard and fast and silently, side by side, through the bright, profound stillness of the night, and never drew rein till we reached Dedham, where the carriage with my father and aunt had not yet arrived. Not a soul was stirring, and not a sound was heard, in the little New England village; the country tavern was fast shut up; not a light twinkled from any window, or thread of smoke rose from any chimney; every house had closed its eyes and ears, and gone to

sleep. We had ridden the whole way as fast as we could, and had kept our blood warm by the violent exercise, but there was every danger, if we sat many minutes on our saddles in the piercing cold, that we should be all the worse instead of the better for that circumstance. Mr. —— rode along the houses, looking for some possible shelter, and at last, through the chink of a shutter, spying a feeble glimmer of light, dismounted, and, knocking, asked if it were possible for me to be admitted there for a few minutes, till the carriage, which could not be far distant, came up. He was answered in the affirmative, and I jumped down from my saddle and ran into the friendly refuge, while he paced rapidly to and fro before the house, leading the horses, to keep himself and them alike from freezing; a man was to come on the coach-box with the driver, to take them back to Boston. On looking round I found myself in a miserable, little low room, heated almost to suffocation by an iron stove, and stifling with the peculiar smell of black dye-stuffs. Here, by the light of two wretched bits of candle, two women were working with the utmost dispatch at mourning-garments for a funeral which was to take place that day, in a few hours. They did not speak to me after making room for me near the stove, and the only words they exchanged with each other were laconic demands for scissors, thread, etc.; and so they rapidly plied their needles in silence, while I, suddenly transported from the cold brightness without into this funereal, sweltering atmosphere of what looked like a Black Hole made of crape and bombazine, watched the lugubrious occupation of the women as if I was in a dream till, the distant rumbling of wheels growing more and more distinct, I took leave of my temporary hostesses with many thanks (they were poor New England workwomen, by whom no other species of acknowledgment would have been received), and was presently fast asleep in the corner of the carriage, and awoke only long after to feel rested and refreshed, and well able to endure the fatigue of the rest of the journey. In spite of this fortunate result I do not now, after a lapse of forty years, think the experiment one that would have answered with many young women's constitutions, though there is no sort of doubt that the nervous energy generated by any pleasurable emotion is in itself a great preservative from unfavorable influences.

My riding-master was the best and most popular teacher in London, — Captain Fozzard, or as he was irreverently called among his young amazons, "Old Fozzard." When my mother took me to the riding-school, he recalled with many compliments her own proficiency as an equestrian, and said he would do his best to make me as fine a horsewoman as she had been. He certainly did his best to improve a very good seat and a heavy, defective hand with which nature had endowed me; the latter, however, was incorrigible, and so, though I was always a fearless horsewoman, and very steady in my saddle, I never possessed the finer and more exquisite part of the accomplishment of riding, which consists in the delicate and skillful management of a horse's mouth. Fozzard's method was so good that all the best lady riders in London were his pupils, and one could tell one of them at a glance, by the perfect squareness of the shoulders to the horse's head, which was one invariable result of his teaching. His training was eminently calculated to produce that result, and to make us all but immovable in our saddles. Without stirrup, without holding the reins, with our arms behind us, and, as often as not, sitting left-sided on the saddle, to go through violent plunging, rearing, and kicking lessons, and taking our horses over the bar, was a considerable test of a firm seat, and in all these special feats I became a proficient.

One day when I had gone to the school more for exercise than a lesson, and was taking a solitary canter in the tan for my own amusement, the little door under the gallery opened, and Fozzard appeared, introducing a middle-aged lady and a young girl, who remained standing

there while he advanced towards me, and presently began to put me through all my most crucial exercises, apparently for their edification. I was always delighted to go through these particular feats, which amused me excessively, and in which I took great pride. So I sat through them all, till, upon a sign from the elder lady, Fozzard with extreme deference opened the door and escorted them forth, and then returning to dismount me informed me that I had given a very satisfactory sample of his teaching to the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, the latter of whom was to be placed under his tuition forthwith.

This was the first time I ever saw the woman who holds the most exalted position in the world, the Queen of England, who has so filled that supreme station that her name is respected wherever it is heard abroad, and that she is regarded by her own people with a loyal love such as no earthly dignity but that of personal worthiness can command.

James Street, Buckingham Gate.

Dearest H——: The kind exertion you made in writing to me so soon after leaving London deserved an earlier acknowledgment; but when I tell you that every day since Christmas I have fully purposed writing to you, and have not been able to do so before to-day, I hope you will excuse the delay, and believe me when I assure you that not only the effort you made in going to the theatre, but your seeing me at all, are appreciated by me as very strong marks of your affection for me.

Now let me say something to you about Lady C—— L——'s criticism of my performance. In the first place, nothing is easier than to criticise by comparison, and hardly anything much more difficult than to form a correct judgment of any work of art (be it what it may) upon the foundation of abstract principles and fundamental rules of taste and criticism; for this sort of analysis is really a study. Comparison is the criticism of the multitude, and I almost wonder at its being resorted to by a woman of such ability as Lady C——. I only say this by the way, for to be compared with either Mrs. Siddons or Miss O'Neill is above my expectation. They were both professional actresses, which I can hardly yet claim to be; women who had for years studied the mechanical part of their art, and rendered themselves proficients in their business; whilst although I have certainly had many advantages, in hearing the stage and acting constantly, tastefully, and thoughtfully discussed, I am totally inexperienced in all the minor technical processes, most necessary for the due execution of any dramatic conception. As to my aunt Siddons —look at her, H——; look at her fine person, her beautiful face, listen to her magnificent voice, and supposing that I were as highly endowed with poetical dramatic imagination as she was (which I certainly am not), is it likely that there can ever be a shadow of comparison between her and myself, even when years may have corrected all that is at present crude and imperfect in my efforts?

This is my sole reply to her ladyship. To you, dearest H——, I can add that I came upon the stage quite uncertain as to the possession of any talent for it whatever; I do not think I am now deceived as to the quantity I can really lay claim to, by the exaggerated praises of the public, who have been too long deprived of any female object of special interest on the boards to be very nice about the first that is presented to them; nor am I unconscious of the amount of work that will be requisite to turn my abilities to their best use. Wait; have patience; by and by, I hope, I shall do better. It is very true that to be the greatest actress of my day is not the aim on which my happiness depends. But having embraced this career, I think I ought not to rest satisfied with any degree of excellence short of what my utmost endeavor will enable me to attain in it. . . .

My print, or rather the print of me, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's drawing, is out. He has promised you one, so I do not. There are also coming out a series of sketches by Mr. Hayter, from

my Juliet, with a species of *avant propos* written by Mrs. Jameson; this will interest you, and I will send you a copy of it when it is published.

I will tell you a circumstance of much anxious hope to us all just now, but as the result is yet uncertain, do not mention it. We have a species of offer of a living for my brother John, who, you know, is going into the church. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and I most sincerely hope we may not be disappointed. He is still in Germany, very happy and very metaphysical; should we obtain this living, however, I suppose he would return immediately. Independently of my wish to see him again, I shall be glad when he leaves Germany, I think; but I have not time for what I think about Germany to-day, and you must be rather tired of

Yours most affectionately,

F. A. K.

This letter will show that I was not altogether, in the midst of my successful career, without the wholesome check of occasional criticism. The Lady C—— L—— mentioned in this letter was the sister of the Earl of J——, almost the ugliest and most charming woman in the London society of my day. She was good and amiable, extremely clever, and very humorous and witty, the comical things she used to say deriving additional point from an odd trick she had of looking at her nails through half her sentence, and then at the end of it suddenly raising her dear ugly face, twitching most grotesquely, and bright with the irresistible effect of her own drollery. She was the most intimate friend of the socially celebrated Misses Berry, and was almost always to be found at their house, where I remember a discussion once occurring in which they all took part, as to the pleasantest age of life; when she suddenly beamed up with a ludicrous grimace from contemplating her nails, and said, "I think my present age" (somewhere between fifty and sixty) "the pleasantest." Which sentiment was uttered in my hearing by a very different person, Dr. Channing, one evening at a happy assembly of young people among the pleasant hills of Berkshire, when some one present remarking upon the happiness of youth, he said, with the solemn sweetness peculiar to his manner, "I think all ages are pleasant, but I think sixty-five" (his own) "the pleasantest of all."

Mr. Hayter's graceful sketches of me in Juliet were lithographed and published with Mrs. Jameson's beautifully written but too flattering notice of my performance; the original drawings were purchased by Lord Ellesmere. The second part assigned to me by the theatre authorities was Belvidera, in Otway's Venice Preserved. I had never read the play until I learnt my part, nor seen it until I acted in it. It is, I believe, one of the longest female parts on the stage. But I had still my school-girl capacity for committing quickly to memory, and learned it in three hours. Acting it was a very different matter. I was no longer sustained by the genius of Shakespeare, no longer stimulated by his sublime passion and exquisite poetry. Juliet was a reality to me, a living individual woman, whose nature I could receive, as it were, into mine at once, without effort, comprehending and expressing it. Belvidera seemed to me a sort of lay figure in a tragic attitude, a mere "female in general," without any peculiar or specific characteristics whatever; placed as Belvidera is in the midst of sordidly painful and coarsely agonizing circumstances, there was nothing in the part itself that affected my feelings or excited my imagination; and the miserable situations into which the poor creature is thrown throughout the piece revolted me, and filled me with disgust for the men she had to do with, without inspiring me with any sympathy for her. In this piece, too, I came at once into the unfavorable light of full comparison with my aunt's performance of the part, which was one of her famous ones. A friend of hers and mine, my dear and excellent William Harness, said that seeing me was exactly like looking at Mrs. Siddons through the diminishing end of an opera glass. My personal like-

ness to her, in spite of my diminutive size and irregular features, was striking, and of course suggested, to those who remembered her, associations which were fatal to my satisfactory performance of the part. I disliked the play and the character of Belvidera, and I am sure I must have played it very indifferently.

I remember one circumstance connected with my first performance of it, which proved how painfully the unredeemed horror and wretchedness of the piece acted upon my nerves and imagination. In the last scene, where poor Belvidera's brain gives way under her despair, and she fancies herself digging for her husband in the earth and that she at last recovers and seizes him, I intended to utter a piercing scream; this I had not of course rehearsed, not being able to scream deliberately in cold blood, so that I hardly knew, myself, what manner of utterance I should find for my madness. But when the evening came, I uttered shriek after shriek without stopping, and rushing off the stage ran all round the back of the scenes, and was pursuing my way, perfectly unconscious of what I was doing, down the stairs that led out into the street, when I was captured and brought back to my dressing-room and my senses.

The next piece in which I appeared was Murphy's Grecian Daughter: a feeble and inflated composition, as inferior in point of dramatic and poetical merit to Otway's Venice Preserved, as that is to any of Shakespeare's masterpieces. It has situations of considerable effect, however, and the sort of parental and conjugal interest that infallibly strikes sympathetic cords in the *pater familias* bosom of an English audience. The choice of the piece had in it, in my opinion, an ingredient of bad taste, which, objectionable as it seemed to me, had undoubtedly entered into the calculation of the management, as likely to increase the effect and success of the play; I mean the constant reference to Euphrasia's filial devotion, and her heroic and pious efforts in behalf of her old father, incidents in the piece which were seized upon and applied to my father and myself by the public, and which may have perhaps added to the feeling of the audience, as they certainly increased my dislike for the play. Here, too, I again encountered the formidable impression which Mrs. Siddons had produced in the part, of which, in spite of the turgid coldness and stilted emphasis of the style, she had made a perfect embodiment of heroic grandeur and classical grace. My Euphrasia was, I am sure, a pitiful picture of an antique heroine, in spite of Macdonald's enthusiasm for the "attitude" in the last scene, and my cousin Horace Twiss's comical verdict of approbation, that it was all good, but especially the scene where "you tip it the tyrant."

JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM GATE,
January 17, 1830.

DEAREST H——: Although my mind is much occupied just now with a new part in which I appear to-morrow, I take advantage of the bodily rest this day affords me to write you a few lines, which I fear I might not find time for again as soon as I wish. There was enough in your last letter, dear H——, to make me melancholy, independently of the question which you ask respecting my picture in Juliet, and which the papers have by this time probably answered to you.

Sir Thomas Lawrence is dead. The event has been most distressing, and most sudden and unexpected to us. It really seemed as though we had seen him but the day before we heard of it; and indeed, it was but a few days since my mother had called on him, and since he had written to me a long letter on the subject of my Belvidera, full of refined taste and acute criticism, as all his letters to me were. It was a great shock; indeed, so much so that absolute amazement for a little time prevented my feeling all the regret I have since experienced about it. Nor was it till I sat down to write to Cecilia, to request her to prevent any sudden communication of the event to my aunt Siddons, that I felt it was really true, and found some relief in crying. I had to act Belvi-

dera that same night, and it was with a very heavy heart that I repeated those passages in which poor Sir Thomas Lawrence had pointed out alterations and suggested improvements. He is a great loss to me, individually. His criticism was invaluable to me. He was a most attentive observer, no shade of feeling or slightest variation of action or inflection of voice escaped him; his suggestions were *always* improvements, conveyed with the most lucid clearness; and, as you will easily believe, his strictures were always sufficiently tempered with refined flattery to have disarmed the most sensitive self-love. My Juliet and Belvidera both owe much to him, and in this point of view alone his loss is irreparable to me. It is some matter of regret, too, as you may suppose, that we can have no picture of me by him, but this is a more selfish and less important motive of sorrow than my loss of his advice in my profession. I understand that my aunt Siddons was dreadfully shocked by the news, and cried, "And have I lived to see him go before me!" . . . His promise to send you a print from his drawing of me, dearest H——, he cannot perform, but I will be his executor in this instance, and if you will tell me how it can be conveyed to you, I will send you one.

This letter, my dearest H——, which was begun on Sunday, I now sit down to finish on Tuesday evening, and cannot do better, I think, than give you a full account of our last night's success; for a very complete success it was, I am happy to say. Murphy's play of The Grecian Daughter I suppose you know; or if you do not, your state is the more gracious, for certainly anything more flat, poor, and trashy I cannot well conceive. It had been, you know, a great part of my aunt Siddons's, and nothing better proves her great dramatic genius than her having clothed so meagre a part in such magnificent proportions as she gave to it, and filled out by her own poetical conception the bare skeleton Mr. Murphy's Euphrasia presented to her. This frightened me a great deal; Juliet and Belvidera scarcely anybody can do ill, but Euphrasia I thought few people could do well, and I feared I was not one of them. Moreover, the language is at once so poor and so bombastic that I took double the time in getting the part by rote I should have taken for any part of Shakespeare's. My dress was beautiful; I think I will tell it you. You know you told me even an account of hat and feathers would interest you. My skirt was made immensely full and with a long train; it was of white merino, almost as fine as cashmere, with a rich gold Grecian border. The drapery which covered my shoulders (if you wish to look for the sort of costume in engravings, I give you its classical name, peplum) was made of the same material beautifully embroidered, leaving my arms quite free and uncovered. I had on flesh-colored silk gloves, of course. A bright scarlet sash with heavy gilt acorns, falling to my feet, scarlet sandals to match, and a beautiful Grecian head-dress in gold, devised by my mother, completed the whole, which really had a very classical effect, the fine material of which my dress was formed falling with every movement into soft, graceful folds.

I managed to keep a good heart until I heard the flourish of drums and trumpets, in the midst of which I had to rush on the stage, and certainly when I did come on my appearance must have been curiously in contrast with the "prave 'ords" I uttered, for I felt like nothing but a hunted hare, with my eyes starting from my head, my "nostrils all wide," and my limbs trembling to such a degree that I could scarcely stand. The audience received me very kindly, however, and after a little while I recovered my breath and self-possession, and got on very comfortably, considering that, what with nervousness and the short time they had had to study them in, none of the actors were perfect in their parts. My father acted Evander, which added, no doubt, to the interest of the situation; the play went off admirably, and I dare say it will be of some service to me, but I fear it is too dull and poor in itself, despite all that can

be done for it, to be of much use to the theatre. One of my great difficulties in the play was to produce some striking effect after stabbing Dionysius, which was a point in which my aunt always achieved a great triumph. She used to fall on her knees as if deprecating the wrath of Heaven for what she had done, and her mode of performing this was described to me. But, independently of my anxiety to avoid any imitation that might induce a comparison that could not but be fatally to my disadvantage, I did not (to you I may venture to confess it) feel the situation in the same manner. Euphrasia had just preserved her father's life by a deed which in her own estimation, and that of her whole nation, entitled her to an immortal dwelling in the Elysian fields. The only feeling, therefore, that I can conceive as checking for a moment her exultation would be the natural womanly horror at the sight of blood and physical suffering, the expression of which seems to me not only natural to her, as of the "feminine gender," but not altogether superfluous to reconcile an English audience to so *unfeminine* a proceeding as stabbing a man. To conciliate all this I adopted the course of immediately dropping the arm that held the dagger, and with the other veiling my eyes with the drapery of my dress, which answered better my own idea of the situation and seemed to produce a great effect. My dearest H——, this is a long detail, but I think it will interest you and perhaps amuse your niece; if, however, it wearies your spirits, tell me so, and another time I will not confine my communications so much to my own little corner of life.

Cecilia dined with us on Sunday, but was very far from well. I have not seen my aunt Siddons since Sir Thomas Lawrence's death; I almost dread doing so; she must have felt so much on hearing it, he was for many years so mixed up with those dearest to her, and his memory must always recall theirs. I hear Campbell means to write his life. His letters to me will perhaps be published in it. Had I known they were likely to be so used, I would have preserved them all. As it is, it is the merest chance that all of them are not destroyed, for, admirable as they were in point of taste and critical judgment, some of them seemed to me such mere specimens of refined flattery that, having extracted the advice likely to be profitable to me, I committed the epistles themselves to the flames, which probably would have been the ultimate destination of them all; but now they have acquired a sad value they had not before, and I shall keep them as relics of a man of great genius and in many respects, I believe, a truly amiable person.

The drawing, which is, you know, my mother's property, is safe in Mr. Lane's hands, and will be restored to us on Saturday. The funeral takes place tomorrow; my father, I believe, will attend; neither my mother nor myself can muster courage to witness it, although we had places offered to us. It is to take place in St. Paul's, for Westminster Abbey is full. All the beautiful unfinished portraits which filled his rooms will be returned imperfect to their owners, and I wonder who will venture to complete them, for he has certainly not left his like behind him. Reports have been widely spread that his circumstances were much embarrassed, but I fancy when all his effects are sold there will be a small surplus. He behaved with the utmost liberality about his drawing of me, for he gave it to my mother, and would not accept of any remuneration for the copyright of the print from Mr. Lane, — who, it is said, made three hundred pounds by the first impressions taken from it, — saying that he had had so much pleasure in the work that he would not take a farthing for either time or trouble.

We are all tolerably well; I am quite so, and rejoice daily in that strength of constitution which among other of my qualifications entitles me to the appellation of "Shetland pony."

How are you all? How is E——? Tell her all about me, because it may amuse her. I wish you could have seen me, dear H——, in my Greek dress; I really look very well in it, and taller than

usual, in consequence of all the long draperies; moreover, I "stood grandly" erect, and put off the "sidelong stoop" in favor of a more heroic and statue-like deportment. Oh, H——, I am exceedingly happy, *et pour peu de chose*, perhaps you will think; my father has given me leave to have riding-lessons, so that I shall be in right earnest "an angel on horseback," and when I come to Ardgillan (and it won't be long first) I shall make you mount upon a horse and gallop over the sand with me; won't you, my dear? Believe me ever your affectionate FANNY.

P. S. This is a very long letter; is it too long? Pray write and tell me.

The words in inverted commas at the end of this letter had reference to some strictures Miss S—— had made upon my carriage, and to a family joke against me in consequence of my having once said, in speaking of my desire to ride, that I should not care to be an angel in heaven unless I could be an "angel on horseback." My invariable description of a woman riding was "a happy woman," and after much experience of unhappiness, certainly not dissipated by equestrian exercise, I still agree with Wordsworth that "the horse and rider are a happy pair." After acting The Grecian Daughter for some time I altered my attitude in the last scene, after the murder of Dionysius, more to my own satisfaction: instead of dropping the arm that held the dagger by my side, I raised the weapon to heaven, as if appealing to the gods for justification and tendering them, as it were, the homage of my deed; of course I still continued to veil my eyes and turn my head away from the sight of my victim.

JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM GATE,
Saturday, February 20th.

DEAREST H——: I need hardly apologize to you for my long silence, for I am sure that you will have understood it to have proceeded from no want of inclination on my part to answer your last, but from really not having had half an hour at my command in which to do so. I have thought, too (although that has not prevented my writing), much upon the tenor of your letter and the evident depression it was written in, and I hardly know how to resolve: whether I ought not to forbear wearying you with matters which every way are discordant with your own thoughts and feelings, or whether it is better by inducing you to answer me to give you some motive, however trifling, for exertion. Dearest H——, if the effort of writing to me is too painful to you, do not do it. I give you a most disinterested counsel, for I have told you more than once how much I prize your letters, and you know it is true. Still, I do not think my "wish is father to my thought" when I say that I think it is not good for you to lose entirely even such an interest as I am to you. I say even such an interest, because I believe your trouble must have rendered me and my pursuits, for the present at least, less likely than they have been to occupy a place in your thoughts. But 't is for you to decide; if my letters weary or annoy you, tell me so, dear H——, and I will not write to you until you can "follow my paces" better. If you do not like to make the exertion of answering me, I will still continue to let you know my proceedings, and take it for granted that you will not cease to love me and think of me. Dear H——, I shall see you this summer again; you, and yours, whom I love for your sake. I shall go on with this letter, because if you are inclined for a gossip you can read it, and if not it may perhaps amuse your invalid. I have been uncommonly gay, for me, this winter, and I dare say shall continue to be so, as it does not disagree with me, and I am so fond of dancing that a quadrille renders palatable what otherwise would be, I think, disagreeable enough, — the manner in which society is now organized. I was at a very large party the other night, at the poet Campbell's, where every material for a delightful evening — good rooms, pretty women, clever men — were brought into requisition to make what, after all, appeared to me

nothing but a wearisome, hot crowd. The apartments were overfilled: to converse with anybody for five minutes was impossible. If one stood up one was squeezed to death, and if one sat down one was stifled. I, too (who was the small lioness of the evening), was subjected to a most disagreeable ordeal, the whole night being stared at from head to foot by every one that could pass within staring distance of me. You probably will wonder at this circumstance distressing a young person who three times a week exhibits herself on the stage to several hundred people, but there I do not distinguish the individual eyes that are fixed on me, and my mind is diverted from the annoyances of my real situation by the distressful circumstances of my feigned one. Moreover, to add to my sorrows, at the beginning of the evening a lady spilled some coffee over a beautiful dress which I was wearing for the first time. Now I will tell you what consolations I had to support me under these trials: first, the self-approving consciousness of the smiling fortitude with which I bore my gown's disaster; secondly, a lovely nosegay, which was presented to me; and lastly, at about twelve o'clock, when the rooms were a little thinned, a dance for an hour which sent me home perfectly satisfied with my fate. By the bye, I asked Campbell if he knew any method to preserve my flowers from fading, to which he replied, "Give them to me, and I will immortalize them." I did so, and am expecting some verses from him in return.

On Thursday next I come out in Mrs. Beverley; I am much afraid of it. The play wants the indispensable attribute of all works of art, imagination; it is a most touching story, and Mrs. Beverley is a most admirable creature, but the story is such as might be read in a newspaper, and her character has its like in many an English home. I think the author should have idealized both his incidents and his heroine a little, to produce a really fine play. Mrs. Beverley is not one shade inferior to Imogen in purity, in conjugal devotion, and in truth, but while the one is to all intents and purposes a model wife, a poet's touch has made of the other a divine image of all that is lovely and excellent in woman; and yet, certainly, Imogen is quite as *real* a conception as Mrs. Beverley. The absence of the poetical element in the play prevents my being enthusiastic about my part, and I am the more nervous about it for that reason; when I am excited I feel that I can excite others, but in this case — However, we shall see; I may succeed with it better than I expect, and perhaps my audience may like to see me as a quiet, sober lady, after the Belvideras and Juliets and Euphrasias they have hitherto seen me represent. I will tell you my dress: it is a silver gray silk, and a white crape hat with drooping feathers. I think it will be very pretty. My father acts Beverley with me, which will be a great advantage to me.

Oh! I must tell you of a delightful adventure which befell me the other night while I was acting in The Grecian Daughter. Mr. Abbot, who personates my husband, Phocion, at a certain part of the play where we have to embrace, thought fit to clasp me so energetically in his arms that he threw me down, and fell down himself. I fell seated, with all my draperies in most modest order, which was very fortunate, but certainly I never was more frightened or confused. However, I soon recovered my presence of mind and helped my better half on with his part, for he was quite aghast, poor man, at his own exploit, and I do believe would have been standing with his eyes and mouth wide open to this moment, if I had not managed to proceed with the scene somehow and anyhow. Only conceive me sitting plump down on the ground in the midst of that most heroical play! It was a fearful tumble indeed from Mr. Murphy's stilts.

I gave the commission for your print of me, dear H——, to Colnaghi, and I hope you will like it, and that the more you look at it the stronger the likeness will appear to you. Was my brother

John returned from Germany, when last I wrote to you? I forget. However, he has just left us to take his degree at Cambridge, previous to being ordained. Henry, too, returned yesterday to Paris, so that the house is in mourning for its liveliest inmates. I continue quite well, and indeed I think my work agrees with me; or if I am a little tired with acting, why, a night's dancing soon sets me to rights again. T—— B—— is in town, and came to see me the other day. I like her; she is a gentle, nice person; she is going back in a week to Cassiobury. How I wish you and I had wings, and that Heath Farm belonged to us. It is coming to the time of year when we first became acquainted; and, besides all its associations of kindly feeling and affectionate friendship, your image is connected in my mind with all the pleasantest things in nature, — the spring, May blossoms, glow-worms, "bright hill and bosky dell;" and it dates from somewhere "'twixt the last violet and the earliest rose," which is not a quotation, though I have put it in inverted commas, but something that just came to the tip of my pen and looks like poetry. Cecy Siddons dined here to-day, and bids me tell you all manner of excuses (which I have forgotten) for not having written to you; they were very good ones, I know, so just imagine those that will best satisfy you. I must leave off now, for I got leave to stay at home to-night to write to you instead of going to the opera, with many injunctions that I would go to bed early; so, now it is late, I must do so. Good-by, dearest H——; believe me ever

Yours most affectionately,

F. A. K.

P. S. This is my summer tour — Bath, Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham. I am Miss *Fanny* Kemble, because Henry Kemble's daughter, my uncle Stephen's granddaughter, is Miss Kemble by right of birth.

The invalid referred to in my letters to Miss S—— was her niece, who at this time was condemned to a reclining posture, from which for upwards of a year she was not able to rise, in consequence of some nervous affection which attacked the spine, and rendered every other attitude impossible. It was a remarkable instance of that sort of malady. Crampton, the celebrated Irish surgeon, repeatedly assured her parents that there was no affection of the spine whatever, and that the infirmity would disappear suddenly and entirely, though in the mean time it was quite impossible to find any remedy for it. After a twelvemonth's wearisome prostration on her back, one morning she said to her father, "I wonder what was in the night, last night; I feel as if I could sit up." Her father, alarmed at the possible ill result of such an exertion, endeavored to dissuade her from it, but she resumed her natural upright posture without effort or difficulty, and never again was subject to a similar attack, though on one occasion, some time after, having thrown herself back much in the same position to which she had been so long condemned, she sprang up with a sudden exclamation, declaring that she felt as if she was going to be laid down on her back without being able to move again, — a sensation which showed how purely nervous the affection had been, and how the mere action of the imagination had threatened to reproduce the same singular condition.

The lady who spoiled my pretty cream-colored poplin dress by spilling coffee on the front of it, instantly, in the midst of her vehement self-upbraidings and humble apologies for her awkwardness, adopted a very singular method of appeasing my displeasure and soothing my distress, by deliberately pouring a spoonful of coffee upon the front breadth of her own velvet gown. My amazement at this proceeding was excessive, and it neither calmed my wrath nor comforted my sorrow, but exasperated me with a sense of her extreme folly and her conviction of mine. The perpetrator of this singular act of atonement was the beautiful Julia, eldest daughter of the Adjutant-General, Sir John Macdonald, and the lady whom

the Duke of Wellington pronounced the handsomest woman in London; a verdict which appeared to me too favorable, though she certainly was *one* of the handsomest women in London. An intimate acquaintance subsisted between her family and ours for several years, and I was indebted to Sir John Macdonald's assistance, most kindly exerted in my behalf, for the happiness of giving my youngest brother his commission in the army, which Sir John enabled me to purchase in his own regiment; and I was indebted to the great liberality of Mr. John Murray, the celebrated publisher, for the means of thus providing for my brother Henry. The generous price (remuneration I dare not call it) which he gave me for my play of Francis the First obtained for me my brother's commission.

JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM GATE,
March 9th.

DEAREST H——: I have been so busy all this day, signing benefit tickets, that I hardly feel as if I could write anything but "25th March, F. A. K." Our two last letters crossed on the road, and yours was so kind an answer to mine, which you had not yet received, that I feel no further scruple in breaking in upon you with the frivolity of my worldly occupations and proceedings.

I was sorry that the newspapers should give you the first account of my Mrs. Beverley, but my time is so taken up with "an infinite deal of nothing" that I have not had an hour to call my own till this evening, and this evening is my only unengaged one for nearly three weeks to come.

The papers will probably have set your mind at ease as to the result of my appearance in The Gamester; but although they have forestalled me in the sum total of the account, there are some small details which perhaps may interest you, of which they can give you no knowledge. I shall talk to you much of myself, dearest H——, and hope it will not weary you; that precious little self is just now so fully occupied with its own affairs that I have little else to talk of. [I probably also felt much as our kind and most comical friend, Dessauer, used, when he emphatically declared, "Mais, je m'interesse extrêmement à ce qui me regarde."]

I do not think I ever spent a more miserable day than the one in which I acted Mrs. Beverley for the first time. Stage nervousness, my father and mother both tell me, increases instead of diminishing with practice; and certainly, as far as my own limited experience goes, I find it so. The first hazard, I should say, was not half so fearful as the last; and though on the first night that I ever stood upon the stage I thought I never could be more frightened in my life, I have found that with each new part my fear has augmented in proportion as previous success would have rendered it more damaging to fail. A stumble at starting would have been bad enough, and might have bruised me; but a fall from the height to which I have been raised might break my neck, or at any rate cripple me for life. I do not believe that to fail in a part would make me individually unhappy for a moment, but so much of real importance to others, so much of the most serious interests and so much of the feelings of those most dear to me, is involved in the continuance of my good fortune, that I am every way justified in dreading a failure. These considerations and their not unnatural result, a violent headache and side ache, together with no very great liking for the part (interesting as it is, it is so perfectly prosaic), had made me so nervous that the whole of the day was spent in fits of crying; and when the curtain drew up, and I was "discovered," I 'm sure I must have looked as jaded and tear-worn as poor Mrs. Beverley ever did. However, all went well with me till the last act, when my father's acting and my own previous state of nervousness combined to make my part of the tragedy anything but feigning; I sobbed so violently that I could hardly articulate my words, and at the last fell upon the dead body of Beverley with a hysterical cry that had all the merit of pure nature, if none other, to recommend it.

Fortunately the curtain fell then, and I was carried to my dressing-room to finish my fit in private. The last act of that play gives me such pains in my arms and legs, with sheer nervous distress, that I am ready to drop down with exhaustion at the end of it; and this reminds me of the very difficult question which you expect me to answer, respecting the species of power which is called into play in the act, so called, of *acting*.

I am the worst reasoner, analyzer, and metaphysician that ever was born; and therefore whatever I say on the subject can be worth very little, as a reply to your question, but may furnish you with some data for making a theory about it for yourself.

It appears to me that the two indispensable elements of fine acting are a certain amount of poetical imagination and a power of assumption, which is a good deal the rarer gift of the two; in addition to these, a sort of vigilant presence of mind is necessary, which constantly looks after and avoids or removes the petty obstacles that are perpetually destroying the imaginary illusion, and reminding one in one's own despite that one is not really Juliet or Belvidera. The curious part of acting, to me, is the sort of double process which the mind carries on at once, the combined operation of one's faculties, so to speak, in diametrically opposite directions; for instance, in that very last scene of Mrs. Beverley, while I was half dead with crying in the midst of the *real* grief, created by an entirely *unreal* cause, I perceived that my tears were falling like rain all over my silk dress, and spoiling it; and I calculated and measured most accurately the space that my father would require to fall in, and moved myself and my train accordingly in the midst of the anguish I was to feign, and absolutely did endure. It is this watchful faculty (perfectly prosaic and commonplace in its nature), which never deserts me while I am uttering all that exquisite passionate poetry in Juliet's balcony scene, while I feel as if my own soul was on my lips, and my color comes and goes with the intensity of the sentiment I am expressing; which prevents me from falling over my train, from setting fire to myself with the lamps placed close to me, from leaning upon my canvas balcony when I seem to throw myself all but over it. In short, while the whole person appears to be merely following the mind, in producing the desired effect and illusion upon the spectator, both the intellect and the senses are constantly engrossed in guarding against the smallest accidents that might militate against it; and while representing things absolutely imaginary, they are taking accurate cognizance of every real surrounding object that can either assist or mar the result they seek to produce. This seems to me by far the most singular part of the process, which is altogether a very curious and complicated one. I am glad you got my print safe; it is a very beautiful thing (I mean the drawing), and I am glad to think that it is like me, though much flattered. I suppose it is like what those who love me have sometimes seen me, but to the majority of my acquaintance it must appear unwarrantably good-looking. The effect of it is much too large for me, but when my mother ventured to suggest this to Lawrence, he said that that was a peculiarity of his drawings, and that he thought persons familiar with his style would understand it.

My dearest H——, you express something of regret at my necessity (I can hardly call it choice) of a profession. There are many times when I myself cannot help wishing it might have been otherwise; but then come other thoughts: the talent which I possess for it was, I suppose, given to me for some good purpose, and to be used. Nevertheless, when I reflect that although hitherto my profession has not appeared to me attractive enough to engross my mind, yet that perhaps admiration and applause, and the excitement springing therefrom, may become *necessary* to me, I resolve not only to watch but to pray against such a result. I have no desire to sell my soul for anything, least of all for sham fame, mere notoriety. Besides, my mind has such far deeper en-

joyment in other pursuits; the *happiness* of reading Shakespeare's heavenly imaginations is so far beyond all the excitement of acting them (white satin, gas lights, applause, and all), that I cannot conceive a time when having him in my hand will not compensate for the absence of any amount of public popularity. While I can sit obliviously curled up in an arm-chair, and read what he says till my eyes are full of delicious, quiet tears, and my heart of blessed, good, quiet thoughts and feelings, I shall not crave that which falls so far short of any real enjoyment, and hitherto certainly seems to me as remote as possible from any real happiness.

This enviable condition of body and mind was mine while studying Portia in The Merchant of Venice, which is to be given on the 25th for my benefit. I shall be much frightened, I know, but I delight in the part; indeed, Portia is my favoritest of all Shakespeare's women. She is so generous, affectionate, wise, so arch and full of fun, and such a true lady, that I think if I could but convey her to my audience as her creator has conveyed her to me, I could not fail to please them much. I think her speech to Bassanio, after his successful choice of the casket, the most lovely, tender, modest, dignified piece of true womanly feeling that was ever expressed by woman.

I certainly ought to act that character well, I do so delight in it; I know nothing of my dress. But perhaps I shall have some opportunity of writing to you again before it is acted. Now all I have to say must be packed close, for I ought to be going to bed, and I have no more paper. I have taken two riding lessons and like it much, though it makes my bones ache a little. I go out a great deal, and that I like very much whenever there is dancing, but not else; my own home spoils me for society; perhaps I ought not to say it, but after the sort of conversation I am used to, the mere usual jargon of society seems poor stuff; but you know when I am dancing I am "o'er all the ills of life victorious." John has taken his degree and will be back with us at Easter; Henry has left us for Paris; A—— is quite well, and almost more of a woman than I am; my father desires his love to you, to which I add mine to your eldest niece and your invalid, and remain ever your affectionately attached F. A. K.

BLACKHEATH.

MY DEAREST H——: I was exceedingly glad to receive your letter, for I thought it was a long time since you had written, and I began to fear the exertion of doing so was too much for you- I am very glad indeed that it is not, for your handwriting always occasions me much pleasure. I look forward exceedingly to my visit to Ireland, to seeing you once more, dearest H——, and to becoming acquainted with those about whom I am much interested for your sake. Cecy Siddons had told me of your niece E——'s improved health, and I rejoiced most truly, for all your sakes, to hear of it. Pray give her my most sincere congratulations on her restoration to the perpendicular. I trust now that the summer will accelerate her convalescence, and that when I have the pleasure of seeing her she will have made great progress in recovering her strength. You ask me for my own criticism on my Portia; you know that I think I am able to do myself tolerably impartial justice, which may be a great mistake; but whether it is or not, I request you will believe the following account in preference to any other report, newspaper or letter, public or private, whatever.

In the first place, on my benefit night (my first appearance in the part) I was so excessively nervous about it, and so shaken with the tremendous uproar the audience made with their applause, that I consider that performance entirely out of the pale of criticism, and quite unworthy of it. I was *frightened* FLAT to a degree I could hardly have believed possible after my previous experience.

I am happy to think that I improve in the part, and sincerely hope that I shall continue to do so for some time. The principal defect of my acting in it

is that it wants point — brilliancy. I do not do the trial scene one bit better or worse than the most mediocre actress would, and although the comic scenes are called delightful by people whose last idea of comedy was borrowed from Miss C—— or Miss F——, my mother says (and I believe her) they are very *vapid*. The best thing I do in the play (and I think it is the best thing I do at all, except Juliet's balcony scene) is the scene of the caskets, with Bassanio, and this I think I do *well*. But the scene is of so comparatively subdued, quiet, and uneffective a nature, that I think the occupants of the stage boxes and the first three rows of the pit must be the only part of the audience who know anything about my acting of that portion of the play. I like the part better than any I have yet played. I delight in the poetry, and my heart goes with every sentiment Portia utters. I have a real satisfaction in acting it, which is more than I can say for anything else I have yet had to do. Juliet, with the exception of the balcony scene, I act; but I feel as if I *were* Portia — and how I wish I were! It is not a part that is generally much liked by actresses, or that excites much enthusiasm in the public; there are no violent situations with which to (what is called) "bring the house down." Even the climax of the piece, the trial scene, I should call, as far as Portia is concerned, rather grand and impressive than strikingly or startlingly effective, and with the exception of that the whole character is so delicate, so nicely blended, so true, and so free from all exaggeration, that it seems to me hardly fit for a theatre, much less one of our immense houses, which require acting almost as *splashy* and coarse in color and outline as the scene-painting of the stage is obliged to be. Covent Garden is too large a frame for that exquisite, harmonious piece of portrait painting. This is a long lecture, but I hope it will not be an uninteresting one to you; and now let me tell you something of my dresses, which cost my poor mother sad trouble, and were really beautiful. My first was an open skirt of the palest pink levantine, shot with white and the deepest rose-color (it was like a gown made of strawberries and cream), the folds of which, as the light fell upon them, produced the most beautiful shades of shifting hues possible. The under-dress was a very pale blue satin, brocaded with silver, of which my sleeves were likewise made; the fashion of the costume was copied from sundry pictures of Titian and Paul Veronese — the pointed body, cut square over the bosom and shoulders, with a full white muslin shirt drawn round my neck, and wide white sleeves within the large blue and silver brocade ones. *Comprenez-vous* all this? My head was covered with diamonds (*not real;* I 'm anxious for my character), and what delighted me much more was that I had jewels in the roses of my shoes. I think if I had been Portia I never would have worn any ornaments but two large diamonds in my shoe bows. You see, it shows a pretty good stock of diamonds and a careless superiority to such possessions to wear them on one's feet. Now pray don't laugh at me, I was *so* enchanted with my fine shoes! This was my first dress; the second was simply the doctor's black gown, with a curious little authentic black velvet hat, which was received with immense applause when I put it on; I could hardly keep my countenance at the effect my hat produced. My third dress, my own favorite, was made exactly like the first, the ample skirt gathered all round into the stomacher body; the material was white satin, trimmed with old point lace and Roman pearls, with a most beautiful crimson velvet hat, a perfect Rubens, with one sweeping white feather falling over it. . . .

We are spending our holiday of Passion week here for the sake of a little quiet and fresh air; we had intended going to Dover, but were prevented; I am sorry for it, for I love the sea, and I should have been so happy in watching the effect it would have produced on my sister, who has never seen it. You ask me after my mother: she is pretty well now, but her health is extremely uncer-

tain, and her spirits, which are likewise very variable, have so much influence over it that her condition fluctuates constantly; she has been very well, though, for the last few days. London, I think, never agrees with her, and we have been racketing to such a degree that quiet had become not only desirable but necessary. Thank you for wishing me plenty of dancing. I have abundance of it and like it extremely; but I fear I am very unreasonable about it, for my conscience smote me the other day when I came to consider that the night before, although my mother had stayed at a ball with me till three in the morning, I was by no means gracious in my obedience to her request that I should spare myself for my work. You see, dear H——, I am much the same as ever, still as foolishly fond of dancing, and still, I fear, almost as far from "begetting a temperance in all things" as when you and I wandered about Heath Farm together. I have been to a church to-day which I have not visited since I was five or six years old. The house where I at that time often stayed is either demolished or so altered and modernized as to have prevented me from recognizing it. The neighborhood is much more populous, and the church, which I remember well, instead of standing in the open fields forms the centre of a little town of new, white, citizen-retreat-like villas. I felt vexed, though the inside was unaltered. The wise man said, "There is nothing new under the sun," but he did n't live in or near London in the nineteenth century.

We met with a comical little adventure the other evening. We were wandering over the common, and encountered two gypsies. I always had desired to have my fortune told, so A—— and I each seized hold of a sibyl and listened to our fates. After predicting to me all manner of good luck and two lovers, and foretelling that I should marry *blue eyes* (which I will not), the gypsy went up to my father, and began, "Pray, sir, let me tell your fortune: you have been much wronged, sir, kept out of your rights, sir, and what belonged to you, sir, — and that by them as you thought was your friends, sir." My father turned away laughing, but my mother, with a face of amazed and amazing credulity, put her hand in her pocket, exclaiming, "I must give her something for that, though!" Is n't that delicious?

Oh, H——! how hard it is to do right and be good! But to be sure, "if to do were as easy as to know what were good to be done," etc. How I wish I could have an hour's talk with you! I have so much to say, and I have neither time nor paper to say it in; so I must leave off.

Good-by, God bless you; pray look forward to the pleasure of seeing me, and believe me ever

Your affectionate F. A. K.

The house where I used to visit at Lea, in the neighborhood of Blackheath, was a girls' school, kept by ladies of the name of Grimani, in which my aunt Victoire Decamp was an assistant governess. These ladies were descended from a noble Venetian family, of which the Reverend Julian Young, their nephew, has given an account in his extremely interesting and amusing memoir of his father; his mother, Julia Grimani, being the sister of my kind friends, the directresses of the Blackheath school. One of these, Bellina Grimani, a charming and attractive woman, who was at one time attached to the household of the ill-fated and ill-conducted Caroline of Brunswick, Princess of Wales, died young and single. The elder Miss Grimani married a Mr. H—— within a few years. Though I have never in the intervening fifty years met with them, I have seen two ladies who were nieces of Miss Grimani, and pupils in her school when I was a small visitor there. My principal recollections connected with the place were the superior moral excellence of one of these damsels, E—— B——, who was held up before my unworthy eyes as a model of school-girl virtue, at once to shame and encourage me; Bellina Grimani's sweet face and voice; some very fine cedar-trees on the lawn, and a picture in the drawing-room

of Prospero with his three year old Miranda in a boat in the midst of a raging sea, which work of art used to shake my childish bosom with a tragical passion of terror and pity, invariably ending in bitter tears. I was much spoilt and very happy during my visits to Lea, and had a blissful recollection of the house, garden, and whole place that justified my regret in not being able, while staying at Blackheath fifteen years after, to find or identify it.

Frances Anne Kemble.

THE BIRD IN THE BRAIN.

In a legend of the East there sits
A bird with never a mate:
Out of the dead man's brain it flits,—
Too late for a prayer, too late,
Repeating all the sin
Which the beating heart shut in.

Little child of mine, that I kiss and fold,
With your flower-like hand at my breast,
Already within this head all gold
That bird is building a nest!
May it give but one brief cry,
Sweet, when you come to die.

My lord the king, that shadowy bird
Broods under your crown, I fear;
Take care, sir priest, lest you whisper a word
That Heaven were loath to hear:
Ermine nor lawn will it spare;
Ah, king, ah, priest, take care!

Oh, half-saint sister, so cloister-pale,
That bird will be at your bier!
Though you count your beads, though you wear your veil,
Though you hold your cross right dear,
When your funeral tapers come
Will the weird of wing be dumb?

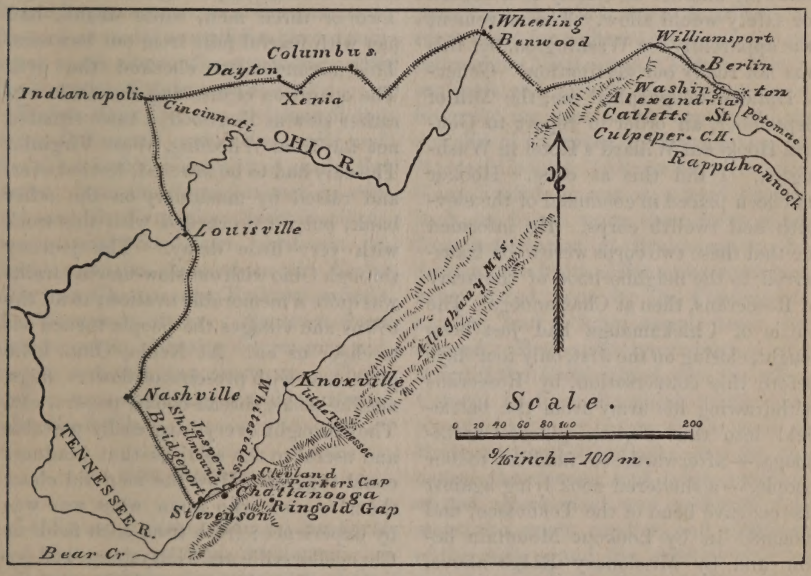
Poor lover, beware of the bud of the rose
In the maiden's hand at your side:
She has some secret, the dark bird knows,
Which her youth's fair hair can hide;
Turn, maid, from your lover, too;
The bird knows more than you.

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

CHATTANOOGA.

A FRIEND remarks that he is sorry I undertake to write on the battle of Chattanooga, because in his judgment the subject has already been thoroughly exhausted.

I know that there are many accounts. I have read several of them, and, so far as my knowledge goes, they are well written and reasonably accurate; but as I was present myself, and took part in this battle, my experience may differ from that of others, and my manner of telling what I saw and heard may throw some additional light upon those important events that have already become the subject of controversy.



FROM THE POTOMAC TO THE TENNESSEE.

After pursuing Lee to the crossing of the Potomac at Williamsport, General Meade's army, not a little chagrined at the enemy's escape, turned southward, and crossing the river at Berlin pursued direct routes as far as the Rappahannock.

It took up a new position, with the advance at this time in the vicinity of Culpepper Court House and the rear at or near Catlett's Station. The last-named place was my position, looking defensively to the left and rear. There, on September 24, 1863, without previous warning, the following mandatory summons reached my head-quarters: —

"The commanding general directs that you have your command [eleventh corps] in readiness to proceed to Washington to-morrow morning by railroad.

"You will at once notify Mr. J. H. Devereux, superintendent of the road, Alexandria, at what points you desire to have the trains take up your troops, and the number at each place.

"Your command must have five days' cooked rations. You will not wait to be relieved by other troops, but proceed to Washington the moment the trains are ready to take your command. Please acknowledge.

"By command of Major-General Meade. S. WILLIAMS,

"Assistant Adjutant-General.'

The twelfth corps, under General H. W. Slocum, received a similar order. Of course, the general quiet was now broken. Cars were drawn from a distance and conveyed rapidly to our vicinity. The army wagons were used to haul the baggage to the different depots nearest at hand, and then left behind. The artillery and horses were to be taken.

Car after car and train after train was loaded with men, animals, and material, and moved forward, one train following another as closely as a regard for safety would allow. The movement was apparently for Washington, but this was not really our destination. General Halleck telegraphed me, the 25th of September, an order to report to General Hooker at Willard's Hotel in Washington. I did this at once. Hooker had been placed in command of the eleventh and twelfth corps. He informed me that these two corps were to be transferred to the neighborhood of the army of Rosecrans, then at Chattanooga. The battle of Chickamauga had just been fought, closing on the 21st, only four days before this conversation, by Rosecrans withdrawing his army from the battle-field into that curious place, Chattanooga, — afterwards so familiar to our people, — a sheltered nook lying against the concave bend of the Tennessee, and hemmed in by Lookout Mountain below and by Missionary Ridge above. Here the Confederate General Bragg, with his forces shattered and weakened by the terrific fighting near that river of death, the Chickamauga, undertook to besiege the army of the Cumberland. With fewer words than my story, General Hooker apprised me of these facts, and that his command, as I have described it, was to proceed westward by rail as far as it could, and join Rosecrans with all possible dispatch.

As one may suppose, the trains did not halt at Washington, but immediately took the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Just as soon as everything that pertained to my command was well loaded upon the cars and the last train was in motion, I stepped into a car set apart for my staff and the belongings of the eleventh army corps head-quarters, and followed the moving body.

No matter how many precautions may be taken, there will always be the accompanying accidents to mark the progress of an army moving by rail, as well as on foot. For some reason the soldiers' thirst for whisky (which is perhaps greater with them than with other men) seemed to be increased by the unusual excitement of this move, and it was arranged that all liquor shops should be closed during the passage of the troops. Two or three men, while drunk, had met with fearful falls from our box cars. This arrangement checked the evil. The operation of crossing the Ohio was rather slow at Benwood, a town situated not far from Wheeling, West Virginia. The cars had to be lowered, ferried over, and raised by machinery on the other bank, but we proceeded with this work with very little delay. The journey through Ohio with our slow-moving trains was quite a memorable ovation; in all the towns and villages the people turned out to cheer us on. At Xenia, Ohio, little girls came with presents of flowers, flags, needle-books, thread-books, papers, etc. They brought everything easily portable and useful to the soldiers that kindness could suggest. How the men did cheer them! — men who knew what war was by experience; fresh from such fields as Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and going on to much more and closer work, with few chances in favor of a safe return. It is not strange that many a father's eye filled with tears, and many a rough face softened into a pleasant smile, as these little ones bade them welcome, and kissed them good-by. I must not forget the people of Dayton for their gentle, thoughtful, sympathetic expressions of loyalty and patriotism, as the soldiers of my corps were passing through.

In some places, of course, there was bitterness, but generally in Ohio and Indiana loyalty prevailed. Occasionally we had to take up a vender of whisky (who was secretly slipping bottles of it into the pockets of the drinkers), carry him a hundred miles or so, and permit

him to walk back from some inconvenient point between stations.

The next crossing of the Ohio, at Louisville, Kentucky, was slower. The men were not permitted to handle their own baggage, so that here there was carelessness, confusion, and delay. All sorts of material were mixed together: tents, mess-chests, army clothing, and what not. Brigade and regimental baggage was thrown together savagely, so that for many subsequent days and weeks the lesson was impressed upon all the officers, more particularly upon the indefatigable quartermasters of the command, that unless under compulsion they would never again allow railway men to handle the baggage of their troops.

In five days the two divisions of my corps, the second under Steinwehr and the third under Schurz, had made the journey from the Rappahannock by way of Louisville, Kentucky; Nashville, Tennessee; and Stevenson, Alabama, to Bridgeport, the place where the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad crosses the Tennessee River. We were some time longer in obtaining our wagons and mules, and bringing them up. These had to be escorted by marching troops from Nashville.

ON THE TENNESSEE.

I shall never forget General Hooker's first visit to my camp at Bridgeport.

It was, perhaps, the 4th or 5th of October. The air was damp, but sharp and penetrating; you could see every breath you exhaled. The Confederates had left behind plenty of camp rubbish, and filth of all kinds in every direction. There were no buildings except the old mill and the rough quartermaster-shanties for temporary messing and cover. General Hooker looked around, and was not a little disgusted at the general appearance of the region, as I also had been; but when we came to the river his whole face lighted, and he exclaimed, "Grand, grand! Is it not?" So broad, so rapid, so full was its flow at that point, that the sight filled you with those indefinable emotions which strong and active life-power is calculated to inspire. Portions of the Nashville railroad were given us to guard at the time, to keep off the enemy's enterprising raiders, appearing at different points between the mountains and the river. We could not always do it. You might see, at intervals, trains that had been overturned, and the remains of cars that had been burned. Bridges were often destroyed; but with construction trains always on hand, they were very soon replaced. Across the river, beyond Bridgeport, the Confederates had all the country in possession, for their scouting parties to roam over, for eighteen miles along the railroad to Chattanooga. They had their sentinels and pickets so arranged as to interrupt the most direct wagon road on our side of the river, by firing across at favorable points. All our supplies were being hauled by way of a road farther back, it being more than forty miles from our station at Bridgeport to the army at the front. Even *this* road had been raided upon by the Confederate cavalry, and a large supply train destroyed. Brave and determined as the army of the Cumberland was, yet when Colonel Hodges, the chief quartermaster of that army, came to my tent at Bridgeport and described to me the situation, the starving and dying condition of the overworked and underfed animals, the saucy conduct and positions of the enemy, and the pressing and increasing needs of Rosecrans's gallant army, I confess that my sanguine expectancy cooled considerably, and I feared that disaster and defeat would soon come upon Chattanooga. General Rosecrans, having been relieved from his command a little later, came down to Bridgeport and stayed with me overnight on his way to Nashville. He was more hopeful, but General Thomas, who succeeded him, was both hopeful and determined. When General Grant, who had just been assigned to our military division, telegraphed him (October 19, 1863) from Louisville, "Hold Chattanooga at all hazards. I will be there as soon as possible," he answered promptly, "I will hold the town till we starve!"

And it is to the very highest credit of his army that there was no murmuring, even at this hard condition; a condition that must have seemed desperate to the hungry soldiers, during the thousands of futile expedients which had hitherto been tried in vain to give the besieged army substantial relief in the way of supplies.

GRANT AND HOOKER.

The 21st of October I visited General Hooker at Stevenson, about ten miles distant from my head-quarters at Bridgeport, and during the interview he told me that General Grant was on the train coming south from Nashville. General Hooker made preparations to receive him, and, doubtless understanding that the general was still lame from the injury he had received through the falling of his horse at New Orleans, sent his spring-wagon to meet him at the depot, and take him, perhaps half a mile, to the house which he occupied. Hooker did not go himself; I do not now remember the reason. I had gone to the depot to catch the train, and supposed, of course, General Grant would stop at least one night with General Hooker, but I was mistaken. As I entered the car I saw, for the first time, that hero of battles who had been for some time occupying the public attention, enjoying the attacks and defenses of our newspaper press, and of whom, as people will, I had formed a decided preconception. I confess he was quite the opposite of my ideal, — in size small, in color pale at that time, in manner remarkably quiet and retiring.

When I was introduced he gave me his hand, and a pleasant smile spread over his face; then, after perhaps a single complete sentence, he let *me* do the talking.

General Hooker's message arrived. Without the least disturbance of manner Grant said, "If General Hooker wishes to see me, he will find me on this train." General Hooker soon appeared and paid his respects to his commanding general. I wondered then at the manner of this meeting, and presumed it was General Grant's method of asserting himself where he thought a general who had had large commands and considerable self-assertion might be seeking an ascendency over him. The train, leaving General Hooker at Stevenson, went on to Bridgeport. Here, at my head-quarters, General Grant and staff were made as comfortable as the circumstances would permit, for the night. One incident that occurred so impressed me that I have remembered it. General Grant stayed with me. An empty liquor flask, borrowed at Chattanooga, was left at my tent hanging against the wall, by an officer who had come down from the army. I feared the general would think I drank liquor, so that I said to him at once, as his eye fell on it, "That flask is not mine; it was left here by an officer to be returned to Chattanooga; I never drink." General Grant said pleasantly, "Neither do I." His whole appearance at that time indorsed this declaration, and was to me the contradiction of a thousand falsehoods which ambition and envy had industriously circulated against him. The next morning, General Rawlins, Grant's chief-of-staff, then in full health and vigor, made all the necessary preparations for the ride to Chattanooga. He helped the general upon his horse, and the party started to go along the west bank of the Tennessee, by the way of Jasper. That rough journey through mud and rain, over roads nearly impassable at any time, and rendered worse by wagon wrecks and dead animals, that the passing supply train had left behind, has been well described by others. Badeau says, "Grant, who was still lame and suffering, was carried in the arms of soldiers over spots unsafe or impossible to cross on horseback." He was in Chattanooga the evening of the 23d of October. The noble General Thomas had already issued his orders to General Hooker to collect parts of his command, the eleventh and a portion of the twelfth corps, at Bridgeport. We knew from this his intention in some way to commence the operations intended by our coming West, *i. e.*, to open up

better communication with Chattanooga. But — may I say it? — for some reason, plans take more practical and active shape wherever Grant appears, and he almost never assumes the credit of their conception or of their execution. This was just the case at this time.

CHATTANOOGA.

The descriptions of Chattanooga have been so often made that I will assume the reader to be already familiar with the place and its vicinage. The town and its rolling valley lay along a bend of the Tennessee, between Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. Thomas's army held this valley on the south side. The enemy occupied the front and flanks of the position. A bridge of boats connected it with the north side of the river. Over this bridge all the supplies for the army of the Cumberland had to come.

A NEW LINE OF SUPPLIES; LOOKOUT VALLEY.

On the 24th of October, Generals Grant and Thomas, and Thomas's chief engineer, General W. H. Smith (army sobriquet "Baldy"), crossed the bridge and reconnoitred on the north side. Going over the intervening neck of land southward, they could see the Tennessee River below Lookout Mountain, and the entrance of Lookout Creek on the opposite shore. This stream runs between the Racoon Mountain and the lofty Lookout range, and forms the Lookout Valley. General Smith, in The Galaxy, lately, has a clear description of the army movements from Chattanooga that were coöperative with ours from below, and doubtless gives in substance the plans that were discussed by these three distinguished men during the reconnoissance I mention. He says, —

"From the base of Lookout Mountain a low range of hills skirted the river between Lookout and Racoon mountains, connecting them. The Lookout Creek broke through these hills, near the mountain of that name, and lower down, two miles or more, another creek entered the river. Through the gorge thus formed ran a road to the river, over which had been established in former times what was called Brown's Ferry. On the north or right bank of the river, the mountains and hills set back, leaving a wide valley. . . .

"On the night of October 26th (two days after General Grant's visit) a brigade under General Hazen embarked, and, drifting silently to Brown's Ferry, landed, carried the gorge and hills adjacent, and began intrenching themselves.

"As soon as Hazen's troops were disembarked the boats were used in ferrying over another brigade, which had marched to the north side of the ferry, and before ten o'clock in the morning of the 27th, the two brigades were strongly posted on the hills and a new bridge spanned the river behind them, thus connecting them with the army at Chattanooga and allowing any number of reenforcements to reach them within an hour."

Now we will return to Hooker's command. For some time we had been pushing out into the enemy's country, across the Tennessee from Bridgeport, and already occupied Shell Mound, a station on the railroad about six miles above Bridgeport. General Hooker gave the advance to my command, strengthened by one company of the first Tennessee and another of the first Alabama cavalry.

The evening of the 27th, the day that Hazen was strengthening his position at the mouth of Lookout Valley, we encamped at Whitesides, distant ten or twelve miles. The next day Hooker's column moved in the same general order as before. General Geary's division of the twelfth corps followed my two divisions, Steinwehr's and Schurz's. The march was continued with scarcely an interruption, until we reached the neighborhood of Wauhatchie. About a mile south of that point scouts and cavalry were met by a fire from the enemy, who were concealed in the thick underbrush at the base of a spur which juts out from the ridge that extends along the Tennessee. This point is at the fork

of the Brown's Ferry and Chattanooga wagon road. A brisk skirmish ensued, when the enemy gave way. Five or six of our men, of Colonel Busbick's brigade, were wounded. The scene was now peculiar and impressive. The troops were moving in the valley, apparently very close to Lookout Mountain. It appeared not more than three or four hundred yards to the top. The distance to the summit was doubtless greater than it seemed to be. We were in plain sight of Longstreet's men, both those on the high table-land at the foot of the palisade and those above along the frowning crest; their signal flags were clearly visible. We had just passed the fork of the roads at Wauhatchie, toward Brown's Ferry, when the batteries on the highest point of Lookout opened on us. First the smoke could be seen rolling out in curious volumes, and then would be heard the screaming of the shells, then the sound of their bursting low down in the valley. The echoes, mingling with the roaring of the guns, sounded and resounded in a way that reminded us of a similar entertainment at Gettysburg, but here for the most part the enemy's artillerymen overshot us, so that but one man was killed and one wounded.

The meeting with Hazen's men, who were strongly posted near the ferry, as I have indicated, and whom we did not at first recognize as on our side, though covering the low hills to our front with their waving flags and bright bayonets, was an unexpected and joyous event to us; and not less so to those so lately besieged. They called out a welcome with the usual loud cheers and shouts, as we came near, and they cried, "Hurrah! hurrah! you have opened up our bread line!" We encamped facing Lookout, the left near Hazen and the right extending toward Racoon Mountain. Geary with his one division was stopped by General Hooker at Wauhatchie, in order to cover a road that led thence southward to the Tennessee at Kelly's Ferry. Longstreet, as we have seen, had kept an outpost on the river to watch and play upon the wagon road on the north side, and we were in hopes of catching his men there, in their attempt to regain their main lines. In fact, Wauhatchie was deemed an important point for securing the valley. General Hooker left Geary there, probably three miles from our position.

BATTLE OF LOOKOUT VALLEY.

Perhaps an hour after midnight, in that country as yet all new to us, we were aroused by heavy artillery firing; soon the noise of musketry, with its unmistakable rattle, was mingling with the roaring cannon. Those ominous sounds seemed to come from the direction of Geary. I was hardly on my feet before Hooker's message came, "Hurry, or you cannot save Geary. He has been attacked." Steinwehr was urged to hasten, but Schurz's division being nearest and first under arms was pushed forward toward the sound, followed by the other division. As soon as the troops were in motion I went forward to General Hooker's position, at a turn of the road a half-mile nearer Geary. Hooker and General Butterfield, who was then his chief-of-staff, were sitting on the slope of a hill with a camp-fire just starting. The night was chilly. Hooker seemed quite anxious, as might be expected. The issues of a night engagement under the best of circumstances are more than ordinarily uncertain, and our ignorance of the situation of the country and of the enemy's position, taken up since nightfall, added to the uncertainty. The general was of opinion that we should secure the ridge of hills that ran along on our side of Lookout Creek as we moved toward Geary's position. To this end orders were given. Then I said to General Hooker, "With your approval, I will take the two companies of cavalry and push through to Wauhatchie." He replied, "All right, Howard; I shall be here to attend to this part of the field."

Soon after I had left, Orland Smith's brigade of Steinwehr's division swept up the wooded ridge near what was called Ellis's house, and found the enemy intrenched or barricading as well as it

could be done in the night and among the roots and rocks. My report says, "The troops charged up the heights under heavy fire without returning it, until the enemy was completely routed. They took quite a number of arms and prisoners."

General Schurz's command was much delayed from one cause or another, the night, the low ground, the thick underbrush (for the command at first avoided the road, as being too much exposed to the ridge along whose foot it ran). Finally Schurz sent Tyndall's brigade to clear the heights, from which he was annoyed by a fire upon his flank. This work was well done. Afterward the brigade of Colonel Hecker, whose name I never mention without a feeling of respect for his uniform loyalty and courage, made its way to Geary's position. But long before Hecker's arrival the work of Geary had been done.

An extract from the observation of a spectator among the Confederates will throw some light upon Longstreet's intentions, matured into plans, as Longstreet saw "during the afternoon the long, dark, thread-like line of troops become visible, slowly wending their way in the direction of Chattanooga." He says, "General Longstreet, . . . who from the peak had carefully watched the march of the eleventh corps, determined to make an attack for another purpose (not expecting now to hinder the main object of the movement), merely to capture, if possible, a large park of wagons and its escort, numbering, as was supposed, from fifteen hundred to two thousand men, who still remained in the rear."

This supposed escort was of course Geary's division with his trains. After leaving General Hooker, with the two companies of horsemen, skirting the Racoon side of the rough valley, I reached General Geary at Wauhatchie by three or three and a half A. M. There was then light enough (it may have been only starlight) to see squads of men moving about in the comparatively open space just north of Wauhatchie. This we observed as we emerged from the bushes. The firing was all over and quiet reigned.

I called out to the strangers so dimly seen, "Who goes there?" "We are Stevens's men," was the answer. Perceiving that they belonged to the enemy I said, "All right, have you whipped the Yankees?" The same voice replied, "We were on their flank, but our men in front have gone, and we cannot find our way." My men then gradually approached, revealed themselves, and took them prisoners, there being probably as many of them as of us.

I passed into the thicket and came first upon the tent of General George S. Green, then a brigade commander. He was sadly wounded in the face. After a moment's delay for inquiry and sympathy, his officers conducted me to Geary, who was glad enough to see me. He had repulsed the enemy's attack handsomely, using infantry and artillery. This was the place where the mules broke loose and in terror ran in squads through the enemy's lines, and gave rise to the story told in verse, entitled The Charge of the Mule Brigade. Geary's hand trembled, and his tall, strong frame shook with emotion, as he held me by the hand and spoke of the death of his son, during that fearful night. This son was Lieutenant Edward R. Geary, Battery F, Pennsylvania Light Artillery, killed at his battery during the action. In this way the soldier remembers that the exhilaration of victory was very often softened, or entirely quenched, by real grief over its cost, a cost that cannot be estimated!

Seeing Geary now secure in possession of the field, I hastened back to receive from General Butterfield an account of the complete success of Steinwehr and Schurz in routing the enemy's checking forces, and driving all across the Lookout Creek. Many officers and men were killed and wounded during this blind struggle. Colonel Underwood, of the 33d Massachusetts volunteers, was desperately wounded, his wound supposed at the time to be mortal. He partially recovered, to be lame for life.

It surely conveys a wrong impression

when General W. H. Smith says, in the article from which I have quoted, "The valley between Lookout and Racoon mountains was thus securely held and the pass through the latter covered, from which, in the afternoon of the same day, Hooker, with the tenth and twelfth corps d'armées, debouched and went into camp in the valley without firing a shot." He means the eleventh and twelfth corps. There was wounding and death in the afternoon, followed by the remarkable night engagement which I have just mentioned. As this was our opening work in the West, we were much pleased the next day, October 30, 1863, to receive the following complimentary notice from General George H. Thomas, directed to General Hooker: —

GENERAL, — I most heartily congratulate you, and the troops under your command, at the brilliant success you gained over your old adversary [Longstreet] on the night of the 28th ultimo. The bayonet charge of Howard's troops, made up the side of a steep and difficult hill, over two hundred feet high, completely routing the enemy from his barricades on its top, and the repulse by Geary's division of greatly superior numbers, who attempted to surprise him, will rank among the most distinguished feats of arms of this war. . . .

GEORGE H. THOMAS,
Major-General Commanding.

PLANS AND PREPARATIONS.

The foregoing preparatory movements were introductory to the grand battle of Chattanooga, which itself embraces the action of the troops engaged in the neighborhood of Lookout Mountain and those more nearly connected with Missionary Ridge. There were three elements in the Union forces which were to operate, and four characters to control them: first, the Cumberland army; second, the troops from the East, that we have just traced to Lookout Valley; and third, the troops from the West (the fifteenth army corps). The first character (and a sound one indeed) was General George H. Thomas. He was feeding his troops, replenishing his supplies, refitting his artillery, bringing up his absentees, and getting ready for real work. The second character was General Hooker, nominally subordinate to Thomas, but from circumstances, perhaps, rather than plan, to play a part as prominent as would seem befitting him, judging from his well-known history as a "fighting man." The third was General W. T. Sherman. The people were learning to watch Sherman's course with ever-increasing interest; there was a pathway of light wherever he moved, like the streaming, forceful burner at the head of a locomotive under full headway, disappearing in occasional valleys and reappearing around important headlands, but ever making real progress toward the grand destination. Of course the fourth was the new commander of the military division, General U. S. Grant. He had hardly set foot in Chattanooga before he telegraphed Halleck, "Please approve order placing Sherman in command department of Tennessee, with head-quarters in the field." This request was granted. Then he turned toward Sherman, and sent a dispatch down the Tennessee, "Drop everything at Bear Creek, and move towards Stevenson with your entire force, until you receive further orders." The order did not reach Sherman till the 27th of October, the day Hazen was securing the stronghold at Brown's Ferry, and we of the East were approaching the valley of Lookout. Sherman, as usual, instantly set to work to fulfill his instructions. With four divisions he reached Bridgeport with his head of column on the evening of the 13th of November.

At General Grant's request, Sherman left his troops and hastened to Chattanooga for a personal interview with him. I was in Chattanooga when Sherman arrived, the evening of the 14th of November, and saw him and General Grant together. I was in the room when General Sherman entered. After a cordial greeting, Grant offered Sherman a cigar, which the latter took and lighted, talking continually in his peculiar,

lively, and hearty style. Grant says, "Take the chair of honor, Sherman," pointing to an old-fashioned, high-backed rocking-chair. "Oh no! that belongs to you, general." Grant, showing that unfailing covert humor that always appears when there are no politicians present to annoy him, continues, "I don't forget, Sherman, to give proper respect to age." "Well, then, if you put it on that ground, I *must* accept." So Sherman takes the high-backed chair and leads off in a most entertaining talk, bearing upon passing events. At this interview, casually referred to in his Memoirs, began my personal acquaintance with General Sherman. His character is written on his face and appears in his manner and conversation. He is above the medium height, stands erect, and carries a head capable of continuous study and thought, with a mind as acute as it is capacious. He has a voice that is sonorous, manly, and attractive, and a manner that secures your attention and wins your confidence. Introduce any topic, and Sherman is at home. His memory for detail strikes you at once as extraordinary, and his ability to carry with him the knowledge of places and localities long since seen shows a remarkable source of power at his command as an officer. His marked peculiarity in contrast with General Grant was a wonderful suggestive talent. He would draw up five plans of campaign to another man's one, while General Grant would weigh the matter and select the best.

After the general plan of battle had been settled on, Sherman returned to his troops at Bridgeport, and marched them to us by the route of Hooker's movement, already described. Owing to rains, bad roads, and the breaking of the bridge at Brown's Ferry, it took till the 23d for Sherman to get three of his divisions into place, some three miles above Chattanooga, on the north bank of the Tennessee, near the mouth of the North Chickamauga. General Thomas reënforced him directly by the division of General Jeff. C. Davis, and indirectly by instructions to me to open communication with him and coöperate as soon as he had effected a crossing of the Tennessee. For, with a view of strengthening Thomas at Chattanooga and keeping the attention of the enemy during Sherman's movements into position, I had been detached from General Hooker, marched early across the Brown's Ferry bridge, and finally made to cross the other bridge into Chattanooga, and go into camp there near Fort Wood. This was in plain sight of Bragg's position on Missionary Ridge.

BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA; RECONNOISSANCE.

On the 7th of November General Grant had given orders to General Thomas to attack Bragg, using the private horses of officers and taking such team horses as could be made available for the purpose of moving the artillery. But General Thomas advised against the movement in his crippled condition, so that it was postponed. On the 23d of November, the preparation for this battle not being yet completed, owing to rains, breakages in the bridges, and other incidents belonging of necessity to large combined movements, General Grant determined to make a reconnoissance instead of battle. In plain sight of the enemy, and displayed before Generals Grant and Thomas, and other officers gathered at Fort Wood, General Gordon Granger deployed one division of the fourth corps and supported it by his other two. This force, extended into line, presented a picture not often seen; the bayonets gleamed in the sunlight, the skirmishers sprang forward at proper intervals and covered the entire front, as alert and active as children at play. The fourteenth corps supported the right, and the eleventh, massed in close order, was ready in view to follow up on the left. "Only a reconnoissance." Nothing of that solid, slow, thoughtful, solemn entrance into battle of Sumner's troops at Antietam, or French's division on the second day at Chancellorsville, but a brisk, hearty, almost gay parade. The Confederates stood on their breastworks

to look at our parade and drill, when our lines went forward with rapidity toward the Orchard Knob. No straggling, no falling out from suspicious exhaustion, no hiding behind stumps and trees at this time. Soon the enemy's pickets were driven or taken, soon all those outward defenses for a mile ahead near the knob were in our hands; but not without bloodshed. Wood's division alone lost over a hundred, killed and wounded. The fourth corps had done gallantly what was required, and the other troops were ready and anxious to execute any movement. General Grant, at Fort Wood, kept looking steadily toward the troops just engaged, and beyond. He was slowly smoking a cigar. General Thomas, using his glass attentively, made no remark. Rawlins (who was afterward Secretary of War) seemed to be unusually urgent in pressing his reasons into the general's seemingly inattentive ear. He was heard to say, "It will have a bad effect to let them come back and try it over again." When General Grant spoke at last, without turning to look at anybody, he said, "Intrench them and send up support." In a moment aids and orderlies were in motion. General Thomas sent messengers to Granger of the fourth, to Palmer of the fourteenth, and to me commanding the eleventh. Within a few minutes a new line of intrenchments was in process of construction, facing and parallel with Missionary Ridge, with Orchard Knob as a point of support. The batteries were soon covered against sharp-shooters and stray shots of the enemy. I know I felt freer to breathe when I placed my feet on this little advanced hill, than I had done since entering the beleaguered Chattanooga. General Granger, always gay after an action began, was quite exhilarated by the prompt success of his movement, and was directing the fire of the battery when I arrived. He says, "How are you, Howard? This looks like work." Then, as he liked to bring his neighbors to duty, he adds: "Your troops on the left have n't squared up." I entered a thicket to the left, and, finding my troops too much retired, went from brigade to brigade and dressed up the lines to Granger's satisfaction. General Schurz, commanding the nearest division, disliking to be meddled with, declared that this movement would reopen the engagement, but the enemy had by this time vacated the whole line of Citico Creek, so that we of the eleventh — Germans, Irish, Hungarians, and Saxons — for once pleased our neighbors without loss or detriment. In fact, the better to clear our front of Confederate sharpshooters and skirmishers, General Steinwehr had just before, by my direction, sent the seventy-third Ohio across Citico Creek near its mouth, and marched it up in line nearly at right angles to our main front.

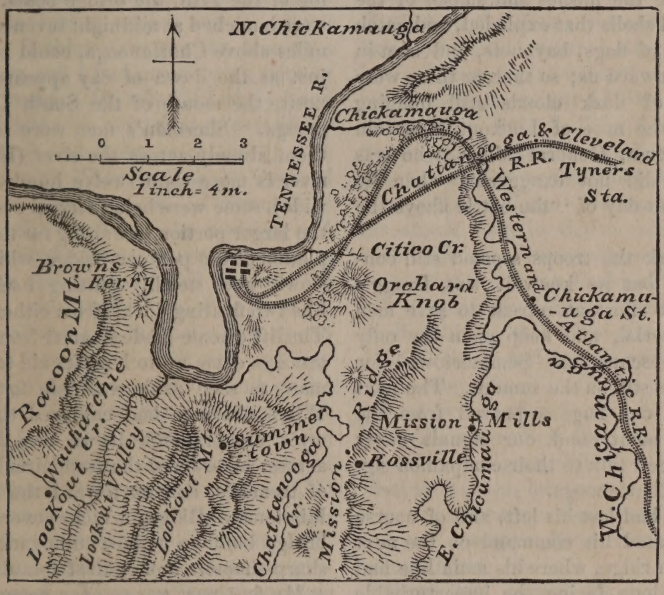
At the end of this skirmish, that was a cheerful party that gathered for a few minutes at Orchard Knob: Gordon Granger, Philip H. Sheridan, Absalom Baird, Thomas John Wood, Carl Schurz, and A. von Steinwehr. These had not yet attained the full stature of their reputation, but were such men, whether commanders or simple men, as one likes to be associated with in times of trial. Historians of this field have made detailed exhibits of their leadership and success. I cannot do so without too much extension, but I enjoy the mention of their names, and the recollection of the picture of a half-hour's unpremeditated grouping on that 23d of November in this foreground of Chattanooga. The beginnings of real success are inspiriting.

THE BATTLE: LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

While we were amusing Bragg, keeping him from sending more men against Burnside at Knoxville, or from running away, as Grant feared he intended to do, from his threat to assault and his preliminary humane warning to noncombatants, the Brown's Ferry bridge that linked us to Hooker broke, leaving one of Sherman's divisions (Osterhaus's) over in Lookout Valley.

General Hooker, on the morning of the 24th, taking time by the forelock, reported to General Thomas, probably by the

flag signal, as early as four A. M., that he was ready to begin *his* movement. The burden of his instructions was a "strong demonstration," or to carry the point of the mountain, the latter to be done contingent upon the condition and strength of the enemy. This was just the latitude and contingency to suit the temper of Hooker, a general always ambitious and enterprising. He had now of his own troops Geary's division, of Sherman's, Osterhaus's division (these belonged to the celebrated fifteenth corps, that were good anywhere to fight a battle, clean out a village, or forage liberally on a march), and Whitaker's and Grose's brigades of the fourth corps, making a division under General Cruft. Add Wildrick's battery I, first New York artillery, and Heckman's battery K, first Ohio, detailed from my corps. Geary with Whitaker joined to him, now five thousand strong, went back under cover of a thick fog (just the veil needed before the scenes open) to his old fighting place of Wauhatchie. He now turned abruptly to the left, crossed Lookout Creek, and pushed due east, as if to



reach and ascend the western, awfully rugged, precipitous side of old Lookout. By eight o'clock he had surprised and seized the enemy's picket line. As quickly as it could be done, Geary's head of column, toiling up the foot-hills and the main steep, reached the foot of those perpendicular rocks which like palisades crown this lofty mountain. He faced his line toward the north and moved on over rocks round, pointed, and rolling, over elevations and depressions, past trees and through underbrush — rough pathways indeed for the men. Sweeping along with his right flank secure against an impassable barrier he rolled up the enemy's line, which was doubtless quite unprepared for this flank assault.

Cruft, with his remaining brigade, cooperated with this movement at the bridge, not far from the mouth of Lookout Creek, and Osterhaus with Charles R. Wood's brigade went in from an intermediate crossing, a half or three quarters of a mile higher up the creek. As Geary came on, these troops, which had kept the attention of the Confederates (particularly those near by and those on the nose of the mountain in their front), caught sight of the moving lines and rivaled them in charging and pursuing the now flying enemy. Batter-

ies had been well located so as at first to distract attention. These now became most effective in increasing the adversary's disorder and demoralization. We, who were upon the opposite side of the nose of Lookout Mountain, and who had heard the cannonading for hours, and occasionally the rattling of musketry, were deeply anxious, watching every sign. The Confederates were driven from every advanced position, and what I have called the nose of the mountain was taken quite early in the afternoon. As the fog and clouds slowly lifted, we could see the flashes and smoke of the guns and shells that exploded, and catch glimpses of flags, bayonets, and men in motion toward us; so that, as there were masses of dark clouds still hanging against the nose of Lookout Mountain lower down, General Meigs, who was present, did not exaggerate when he wrote that day of "the battle above the clouds."

At dark the troops seemed still contending, but we knew it was Bragg's desperate effort at retreat to save men and material, and keep open the only road of escape (the Summertown) for his troops still on the summit. The next morning our flags appeared from the highest point, and our signals gayly waved their talk to their companion signals in Chattanooga.

Bragg had lost his left, and of course concentrated his command on the next mountain ridge, where his main line had been so long facing the imperturbable Thomas along the crest of Missionary Ridge. This is a continuous ridge with transverse spurs which stretched out in a long line as a barrier to our advance east or south, not so frowning and formidable in appearance as Lookout, but worse indeed with an army upon it.

A glorious victory, this of the 24th of November! No envy yet, no exaggerations; a cheerful hurrah courses along our lines. All honor to "fighting Joe Hooker," all honor to Grant, the quiet leader who plans and executes, and dares say "Forward, march!" in the nick of time, when other men are apt to flag, halt, and fail.

THE BATTLE: ON THE LEFT.

Now for Sherman. Full of nerve and energy, with a spirit that knows no discouragement, and true to the core, he bends only to circumstances, necessities, events which I like to believe are under the rule of Providence. He cannot have his fourth division, but he cheerily goes on with the rest of the fifteenth corps, reënforced by General Jeff. C. Davis's excellent division, taken from the army of Thomas. When Hooker commenced his grand movement early in the morning of the 24th, the bridge boats, which were launched at midnight seven or eight miles above Chattanooga, could be seen, just as the dawn of day appeared, opposite the mouth of the South Chickamauga. Sherman's men were some of them already across the river (here the river is more than twelve hundred feet wide), some were being ferried over, and the larger portion in waiting for the completion of the pontoon bridge, which was slowly and steadily putting itself out, like two floating docks, from either bank. The little home-made steamer from Chattanooga came up to lend its aid to Sherman, as soon as it was safe to do so. When Sherman had captured the enemy's pickets and drawn one division across, he ordered that semicircular line of trenches, convex toward the end of Missionary Ridge, which covered the bridge builders against annoyance from sharp-shooters and against assault.

My first part was to open communication with Sherman. It is not a nice feeling, to know or suspect that an enterprising enemy lies between your detachment and the main body. Grant provided against this discouragement for Sherman. He directed Thomas, and Thomas directed me, and I directed Steinwehr to send Bushbick with his brigade (supported by Krizanouski's brigade), and covered by one of the eleventh corps batteries (Wheeler's), over the river, adding a company of cavalry. These troops were to proceed by the river's bank, on the enemy's side of the river, from our position already named on Citico Creek to Sherman's

bridge, several miles above. In order to see this ground, and to be ready to co-operate with Sherman with my remaining troops, if necessary, I concluded to accompany Bushbick's command.

We met very little resistance and no organized troops of the enemy; there was some lively skirmishing on our right. About half past ten, while Hooker was storming Bragg's left, I stood on the south and Sherman on the north projection of his bridge, which was steadily growing toward a junction. As the last boat was put in, we were conversing, and before the gap was quite closed, General Sherman sprang across, and we joined hands. I think this was the first time Sherman and I had more than a passing acquaintance. He asked if I would leave my brigade with him, so as to extend his right flank and make more speedy connection with Thomas than at Orchard Knob, as all advanced. I assented at once. He explained the position, and his intended forward movements just as soon as the troops should be over the bridge, with that frank, hearty confidence of manner that attached me to him. I now turned back with my cavalry escort to join my corps and report progress. General Sherman moved as he had told me, sweeping up the gentle slopes for a mile or more, till he struck the rougher portions of the ridge. He was not heavily resisted till, having skirmished over two rugged knobs, he came to the first prominence north of the railroad tunnel. There are more transverse ravines and spurs on this rocky wooded ridge than appeared before the trial to our observation and study with glasses. Bragg's right, Cleburn's (familiarly called "Pat Cleburn") division, was strongly posted. Trees, big stones, and logs arranged as barricades, and unapproachable crags in front, made it almost inaccessible. Add to this Cleburn's brave men in plenty, with large guns and small ones at command, and it is easily conceived that it would be no holiday operation for Sherman to make a successful advance and assault, after he had actually struck the end of Bragg's line. Night, which brought out the bright flashes of Hooker's skirmishers on the east side of Lookout, brought to view also to Grant and Thomas, at Chattanooga, Sherman's camp-fires on the crest of Mission Ridge, in close proximity to the stubborn enemy.

THE BATTLE: AT THE CENTRE.

The reconnoissance of Thomas on the 23d, resulting in the brisk skirmish and taking of the outer line of Bragg's position at Orchard Knob, was a successful move against his centre. The "demonstration" and contingent attack of Hooker on the 24th resulted in a grand battle and dislodgment of Bragg's entire left. The well-planned and nicely-executed flank movement of Sherman had really taken "the bull by the horns," developed extraordinary resistance, and showed to all of us that there was tough work yet to be done. Sherman renewed his attack early in the morning of the 25th. He sent Corse's division forward on his right, Morgan L. Smith's on the left of the ridge. He used the brigade of Bushbick's that I had brought him. John E. Smith and Loomis were brought up to the attack. These brave men gained some ground, and barricaded, but with heavy loss, there being many wounded and many killed. They held what they could, but the struggle against a resolute enemy so well posted was too unequal a contest for any considerable success here.

Grant had moved his own position from Fort Wood to Orchard Knob, and had a fair view of these movements. He directed me at 9.45 A. M. to go at once and reënforce General Sherman. When I reached Sherman's bridge, Colonel Meizenburg brought word from Sherman to place my corps on his left flank, extending his line down the rough eastern slope of Missionary Ridge to the crooked Chickamauga Creek. General Hardee, who commanded Bragg's right wing, extended his line constantly to confront ours. He renewed the desperate contest, but with little *direct*, though doubtless with a very positive *indirect* effect. As Grant kept reënforcing

Sherman, Bragg's attention was absorbed by that flank, and he doubtless put every man he dared spare from elsewhere, to help resist this persevering onslaught. At any rate, all the morning, from sunrise, we had seen gray soldiers moving thitherward. General Breckenridge, who commanded Bragg's left wing, confronted Hooker's advance upon his left flank by a small checking force, that gave way after General Hooker had rebuilt the bridge across the Chickamauga, and crossed over, not far from Rossville, to the attack.

When Hooker, chafed and hindered by streams impassable except by bridging, had at last advanced well on toward the crest of Missionary Ridge, far south of Bragg's actual left flank, and the enemy's attention was divided between the dogged attacks of Sherman's men on the north and the sure approach of Hooker from the south, General Grant took this time in the afternoon (it might be four o'clock) to order the firing of six cannon shot, near his own position, as a signal for the long waiting but never impatient Thomas to push forward his divisions and seize the rifle-pits at the base of the ridge. As in all the other great battles, the artillery, from its various available points, almost simultaneously opened upon the enemy's troops, as if to clear the way and make paths for a safer advance (a doubtful measure with old troops, as it merely says, "Enemy, get ready; we are coming"). The divisions of Baird, T. J. Wood, Sheridan, and Johnson (probably thirty thousand effectives in all) spring forward in line over the rough ground, through the underbrush, now appearing, now disappearing, to come again in sight, flags flying, bayonets glistening, musketry rattling, cannon roaring, like Pickett's gallant advance at Gettysburg against the terrible Cemetery Ridge. Such was the handsome and rapid movement straight up to the enemy's lower line of rifle-pits. On this event the aroused Thomas reports, —

"Our troops advancing steadily in a continuous line, the enemy, seized with panic, abandoned the works at the foot of the hill, and retreated precipitately to the crest, whither they were closely followed by our troops, who, apparently inspired by the impulse of victory, carried the hill simultaneously at six different points, and so closely upon the heels of the enemy that many of them were taken prisoners in the trenches."

General Grant speaks like a diligent and friendly observer under some excitement: "These troops moved forward, drove the enemy from the rifle-pits at the base of the ridge like bees from a hive, stopped but a moment until the whole were in line, and commenced the ascent of the mountain from right to left, almost simultaneously, following closely the retreating enemy without further orders. They encountered a fearful volley of grape and canister from near thirty pieces of artillery, and musketry from still well-filled rifle-pits on the summit of the ridge. Not a waver, however, was seen in all that long line of brave men."

This Grant and Thomas beheld from their commanding post of observation. The enemy fly up the ridge without stopping to re-form. With no particular namable formation, in squads, with flags now drooping, now fallen, again uplifted, the men, with no more orders, followed by their officers, move on up, up the ridge. Batteries upon the crest bear upon them, and burst the shells over their heads, and cross musketry-fire from the rifle trenches on the heights kills some and wounds others, but our men do not stop until they have fully crowned the summit of this angry mountain and turned the enemy's guns to fire in another direction, upon his own fragments.

The enemy gave way all along the line as the victorious columns of Hooker joined Sheridan's right flank, the last to let go and the hardest to beat being Cleburn's division (which seemed to partake of that Irishman's stubborn nature). This same division, lying in ambush, subsequently met our troops at Taylor's Ridge and gave a bloody revenge for its discomfiture at Missionary Ridge, and put a damper on Hooker's glory, so lately won. It was the 25th of November, late in the season, so that

night came on soon after Thomas's men had reached the crest and had gotten into respectable order. Sherman's troops saw nothing of this grand work until it was nearly over, and then they pushed in as far as the Chickamauga. From this it will be seen why a quick, close, and continuous pursuit was not made. Sheridan, always on hand and ardent, did go on into the dark as far as Mission Mills. Guns were captured, prisoners and small arms and flags were gathered up from all quarters, but very soon the night shut down upon the joyful and victorious troops.

After the cheerings, after the exciting recitals around the camp-fires, while the soldiers are quiet and sleeping beneath the silent stars, the slow-moving ambulances with their escorts of drummers and fifers and musicians (no *music* now) go sorrowfully over the field (it is a rough one and extensive), to gather up the wounded and bring them to the field hospital. Then the indefatigable surgeons and assistant-stewards keep up their benevolent though sad and bloody work for the entire night. Friend and foe are here treated alike. To delicate nerves all this, — the pain, the blood, the bandages, the poorly-suppressed groan, and the ever-recurring struggles of the dying, — all this is simply terrible, horrible, yet the weary soldiers who are unhurt are oblivious to it all; the ground is covered with them, sleeping and dreaming of triumphs won and home scenes now nearer.

But the officer of rank, whose brain must be busy with plans for the morrow, the watchful aids and orderlies who go and come with instructions and messages, and those who are connected with the medical corps, are obliged to hear these cries of pain, and witness these torch-light scenes that take hold on eternity, and make impressions too deep for human language against the arbitrament of war.

After the last charge, four stout men carried a sergeant to the rear. They stopped to rest. E. P. Smith, then of the Christian Commission, drew near the stretcher, and speaking kindly, asked, "Where are you hurt, sergeant?" He answers, "Almost up, sir." "I mean in what part are you injured?" He fixes his eye on the speaker, and answers again, "Almost up to the top." Just then Mr. Smith uncovers his arm, and sees the frightful shattering wound of the shell that struck him. "Yes," he says, turning his eye thither, "that 's what did it. I was almost up; but for that, I should have reached the top." The sergeant was bearing the flag when he was hit. He died with the fainter and fainter utterance of "Almost up," while his companions on the heights he almost reached were echoing the cheers of the triumph that he would so much have enjoyed. It is comforting to hope that his faithful spirit reached the crest of higher battlements than those which the living victors that day attained.

PURSUIT.

By five A. M. on the morrow (November 26th) my corps was on the march, following General J. C. Davis's division across the Chickamauga pontoon in pursuit. Davis led, coming upon the skirmishers of Bragg's rear guard just beyond Chickamauga station. Sherman and I were together much of that day, admiring the complete and soldierly manner in which Jeff. C. Davis handled his troops; he kept up a good line, well supported in rear, and well covered by skirmishers in front, preventing attempts at mischief by the enemy, which are always frequent during retreat. Just at night we had a sharp and successful combat at Graysville, engaging both Davis's troops and mine. It was of brief duration.

I stayed at a house where there was a large family of poor people, much terrified. They had torn up the floor (there being no cellar), to get down as low as possible, made barricades of mattresses and other bedding, and were not a little relieved when the heavy guns had ceased to roar, the sharp musketry had stopped, and our friendly faces gave them hope that their last day had not yet come.

The next day, the 27th, while Hooker

was fighting Cleburn at the Ringgold Gap of Taylor's Ridge, I passed through Parker's Gap, farther north, sent forward and broke three miles of the Cleveland and Dalton Railroad, and drew my men back into camp near Taylor's Ridge, having taken quite a number of prisoners, one of whom was an officer bearing dispatches from Longstreet to Bragg.

THE RELIEF OF BURNSIDE.

At the end of this day General Grant checked his pursuit of Bragg, and sent Sherman, attaching my corps to his command, to the relief of Burnside at Knoxville. It will be remembered how closely Longstreet invested him there, and how anxious our people were for his safety.

With few wagons, hardly any tents, — just enough for the scribes, — no bridge trains, scarcely any rations, wearied with the three days' fighting and two days' vigorous pursuit, my corps never grumbled. We marched to Louisville, within one day's journey of Knoxville, the troops resting a day, while several of our officers, myself included, accompanied Sherman to congratulate Burnside that Longstreet had failed in his assault and been quickened in his steps Virginia-ward by our near approach. Sherman left Granger with the fourth corps in Burnside's neighborhood, and then we turned back. Did n't our engineers work! We gave them plenty of help, however, bridging the Hiawassee and the Little Tennessee. A bridge of half-destroyed, abandoned Confederate wagons, which were roughly repaired and dragged six miles from Loudon, was made at the ford. It was one thousand feet long and was put into the stream between sunset and sunrise. The men were crossing, dry, and smoking their pipes and joking, as the sun was appearing in the east. We turned back, retracing the same route, and the 17th of December went into winter quarters at our old camp in Lookout Valley, having made a march up and back of two hundred and forty miles. What results from this sturdy work of twenty-five days since the first advance on Orchard Knob, the 23d of November!

The poor, suffering besieged, reënforced from east and west, had beaten the besiegers, gained Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, and driven Bragg's army beyond Taylor's Ridge, with a loss to him of at least 10,000 men, gaining in *morale* far more than in numbers. The victorious army, capturing between 6000 and 7000 prisoners, 40 pieces of artillery, 69 artillery carriages, and 7000 stand of small arms, breaking up connection between Bragg and Longstreet, had forced the one southward and the other northward, compelling the latter to cease harassing Burnside, and had really made a large breach in the enemy's grand strategic line of armies, and splendidly prepared the way for Sherman's even more brilliant ensuing spring campaign.

It is difficult to get at accurate numbers, or even fair estimates. Probably after we were ready for battle, Hooker's wing had 10,000 effectives, Sherman's, including my corps and Davis's division, at least 30,000, and Thomas, at the centre, about the same number of men. Colonel Long, with a small body of cavalry, had operated between us and Cleveland during the battle, destroying Tyner's Station, and taking 200 prisoners and 100 wagons at or near Cleveland.

It is not likely that Bragg, after Longstreet had been detached, had more than 40,000 effective troops, but he had vastly the advantage of natural positions, and they were well fortified. It was Grant's purpose to concentrate superior numbers. It was always the true way against an enemy so much like us in skill, courage, and warlike appliances, such as the splitting of a common country would certainly provide. Our loss, 757 killed, 4529 wounded, and 330 missing, aggregating 5616, was relatively large, but it was caused by our being obliged to attack positions of great natural strength and the best kind of artificial protection, in the way of intrenchments and breastworks.

Gradually the work done by our great soldiers, Grant, Sherman, and Thomas,

and other helpers, is passing into history. Just now it seems almost a shame to have lived to mingle in these times. Those who sought the nation's life are becoming its rulers, but our Union heroes have a proud satisfaction in knowing that they were the direct means of killing secession, state supremacy, and slavery in America, and that it is only the enlarged generosity of the victors that has lifted up the vanquished into the higher position of power.

O. O. Howard.

DICKENS AND THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

Mr. Tony Weller, when Mr. Pickwick praised the intelligence of his son Samuel, expressed his pleasure at the compliment as something which reflected honor on himself. "I took," he said, "a great deal o' pains in his eddication, sir; let him run the streets when he was werry young, sir, and shift for hisself. It 's the only way to make a boy sharp, sir." When Mr. John Dickens was asked where his son Charles was educated, he exclaimed, "Why, indeed, sir, — ha! ha! — he may be said to have educated himself!" The effect of this system of education by neglect, which produced such specimens of humanity as Samuel Weller and Charles Dickens, shows that the method, however ruinous in the majority of cases, is sometimes seemingly justified by the results. Still, the great humorist of our time, the man who has domesticated himself as a genial companion at millions of firesides, the man who has provoked so many bursts of humane laughter and unsealed the springs of so many purifying tears, would have been a wiser guide, both in what he laughed at and in what he wept over, had his early culture been such as to furnish him, at the start, with demonstrated general principles in matters of history, government, political economy, and philosophy. Such knowledge would have checked and corrected the fallacies into which he was sometimes whirled by the intensity of his perception of unrelated facts, and the unwithholding warmth with which he threw himself into the delineation of exceptional individuals. In comparing him with such a master workman as Fielding, in the representation of life, manners, and character, we are at once struck by the absence in Dickens of the power of generalization. Fielding generalizes as easily as he individualizes; his large reason is always abreast of his cordial humor; and indeed his humor is enriched by his reason. The characters he draws most vividly, and in whom he takes most delight, never possess his sympathies so exclusively as to prevent his sly, subtle criticism of the motives of their acts and of the consequences of their acts. He always conveys the impression of knowing more about them than their self-knowledge reveals; and the culminating charm of his exquisite pleasantry comes from the broad and solid good sense he applies to the illusions, amiable or criminal, of the individuals he creates or depicts. He ever has in view the inexorable external laws which his characters can violate only at the expense of being victimized; his disciplined understanding more than keeps pace with his humorous creative imagination; and great as he unquestionably is in characterization, he is never imprisoned in any of his imagined forms of individual excellence, frailty, or depravity, but stands apart from his creations, — a philosopher, well grounded in scholarship, in experience, in practical philosophy, and specially judging individuals from his generalized knowl-

edge of human life. Dickens never attained, owing to the defects of his early education, this power of generalization, and consequently he rarely exhibited those final touches of humorous perception which the possession of it gives. He loses himself in the throng of the individuals he represents; but Fielding impresses the reader with the fact that he is never himself fooled by the plausible fallacies which are uttered, in certain circumstances of their career, by the characters he so vividly represents.

Charles Dickens was the son of Wilkins Micawber, Esquire, — I beg pardon, — of John Dickens, a clerk in the navy-pay office. He was born on Friday, February 7, 1812. Friday is popularly supposed to be an unlucky day; but certainly, on the particular Friday which gave birth to Charles Dickens, humanity was "in luck." He was the second of eight children, and was, in his childhood, a small, frail, queer, and sickly boy, — a sort of Paul Dombey before he had developed into a David Copperfield. As a boy he was too feeble to find pleasure in the ordinary athletic amusements of his companions; but in his father's limited collection of books were the Arabian Nights, the Tales of the Genii, some fairy tales, and the romances of De Foe, Fielding, Smollett, and Le Sage. The various schools in which he obtained the rudiments of his education afforded him little mental nutriment; and before such books could appeal injuriously to his senses and appetites, he had mastered and, in imagination, realized the lives and adventures of Tom Jones, Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, and Humphrey Clinker. At the period he was devouring such novels as these, Scott was at the height of his popularity; yet there are no evidences that Dickens, at the age of ten, had caught sight of a volume of Waverley, Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, Rob Roy, or The Heart of Mid-Lothian. His father's small library was confined to romances of an older date and a coarser texture. Still, books which might have corrupted a youth of thirteen were comparatively harmless to a boy of eight or ten; especially as this boy was a genius in embryo, with something of the chivalrous delicacy of feeling towards children and women which was afterwards indicated in the character of young Walter Gay. In connection with this love of whatever was innocent and pure, he early developed a closeness, certainty, and penetration of observation, a sureness of memory of what he had observed, a power of connecting his observations with the instinctive play of his latent qualities of sympathy and humor, and a force of will in the assertion of Charles Dickens as a personage not to be confounded with other boys of his age, which show that the child was, in his case, literally the father of the man. He observed everything and forgot nothing. As a boy, his realizing imagination identified himself with the hero of every romance he read, and reproduced in memory every scene he had witnessed. With the acutest observation of the actual world around him, in his limited experience, he still early lived in an ideal world of his own.

When he was about ten years old, his father, as was natural, was arrested for debt, and lodged in the Marshalsea prison for debtors. Charles, on a salary of six shillings a week, was sent, to do what he could to support himself and to aid the family, to an establishment for the manufacture of blacking, which was set up by a relative of Dickens, in rivalry of the world-renowned "Warren," whose name still survives in both hemispheres as *the* man who has been instrumental in giving the last and finest polish and shine to shoes and boots. Charles's work was, in his own words, "to cover the pots of paste-blacking, first with a piece of oil-paper, and then with a piece of blue paper; to tie them round with a string; and then to clip the paper close and neat, all round, until it looked as smart as a pot of ointment from an apothecary's shop. When a certain number of grosses of pots had obtained this pitch of perfection, I was to paste on each a printed label, and then go on again with more pots." He lodged during this period with a lady in reduced circumstances,

whom he afterwards celebrated as Mrs. Pipchin; visited his imprisoned father on Sundays; and herded, during the remaining days of the week, with the persons whom he has described — his recollections somewhat combined with his imaginations — in a few of the earlier chapters of David Copperfield.

In the performance of his duties in the blacking establishment, Dickens did nothing that he should ever have been weak enough to conceal; duties which have, in kind, been done by young clerks who have risen in time to take their place in the front rank of bankers, manufacturers, and merchants, and of which it might be said that it was only shameful to be ashamed. We must consider that the father of a large family was in prison, that the mother had in vain attempted to provide for daily necessities by setting up a school, and that the separate members of the scattered household must be either workers or paupers. A relative gives one of the boys — the boy who is not yet recognized as a genius — a situation where he has nothing to do but to paste labels on blacking bottles. Twenty-five years afterwards, when Dickens was famous all over the world, he committed to his friend, John Forster, this episode in his life. He solemnly informed him that he had never told to any other human being, not even to his own wife, the disgraceful fact that at the age of eleven he had worked with "*common* men and boys, a shabby child."

When his father and the proprietor of the blacking establishment quarreled, Mrs. John Dickens tried to reconcile them, and advised that the son be sent back to his business. For this advice Dickens could never more than half forgive her. The father prevailed, and Charles was again sent to school, was educated to a limited extent, and at the age of fifteen was placed in an attorney's office as a clerk, or, rather, office lad. But by this time he had developed the strong point in his character, self-asserting will joined to untiring industry. He mastered the mystery of short-hand; became a reporter of proceedings in Parliament; and a wonderfully alert special reporter of speeches made by leading statesmen in the provinces. He could write out a clear report of a speech in a post-chaise, furiously driven through a storm of rain and sleet towards London, with only a lantern to guide the swift motions of his pencil, and supply the London Morning Chronicle, the newspaper to which he was attached, with the result of his night's journey, in written words which gave the printers but little trouble to decipher. Indeed, his early successes as a reporter were marked by the same energy which characterized his after triumphs as a creator. Whatever he undertook to do he did resolutely and did well. The sickly boy grew rapidly up into a strong man, physically and intellectually strong. His rough experiences made him take discomfort and hardship not only bravely, but even laughingly. He converted, indeed, his experiences into commodities; and the Pickwick Papers are to a great extent the record of his humorously idealized perception of the various kinds of life he met in city and country while engaged in his duties as a reporter.

As an author, his first appearance in public was signalized by a slight sketch, published in The Monthly Magazine for January, 1834, entitled A Dinner at Poplar Walk, or, as he afterwards called it, Mr. Minns and his Cousin. For two years after this he stole sufficient time from his labors as a reporter to write for the same magazine, and for the Evening Chronicle, the series of papers which he afterward published under the title of Sketches by Boz. These show considerable powers of observation, wit, and satire; there are gleams, here and there, of his peculiar sentiment and fancy; and the manner and style of representation are bright, brisk, and "clever;" but they are still comparatively flashy and superficial, and are specially shallow in characterization. The sketches, however, gave him sufficient notoriety to induce a shrewd publishing firm to propose to him a scheme which was rapidly to raise notoriety into reputation, and reputation into fame. Mr. Hall, of

the firm of Chapman and Hall, waited upon him at his chambers in Furnival's Inn, and proposed the publication of "a monthly something," of which Seymour was to furnish the illustrations and Dickens the text. The result of this conference was the publication, on March 31, 1836, of the first number of The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, edited by "Boz." Mr. Seymour, the artist, had at first sketched Mr. Pickwick as a long, thin man. Mr. Chapman, one of the publishers, suggested instead the figure of a friend of his by the name of John Foster, "a fat old beau who would wear, in spite of the ladies' protests, drab tights and black gaiters;" and Dickens took the name from that of a celebrated coach-proprietor of Bath. Samuel Weller notices this coincidence in the thirty-fifth chapter of the work, when his master leaves London in the Bath stage. He sees the name on the coach-door, and thinks it a premeditated assault on the dignity of the club; for, he says, "not content vith writin' up Pickwick, they puts 'Moses' afore it, vich I call addin' insult to injury, as the parrot said ven they not only took him from his native land, but made him talk the English langwidge arterwards;" and Sam is much surprised when, in answer to his question, "An't nobody to be whopped for takin' this here liberty, sir?" he is told that the occasion furnishes no appropriate outlet for his propensities to pugilism. "I hope," says Sam, as he reluctantly obeys, "that 'ere trial has n't broke his spirit, but it looks bad, wery bad."

The success of the Pickwick Papers was almost unprecedented in literary history. For the first number the binder was directed to prepare for only four hundred copies; for the fifteenth, the order was for forty thousand. The work literally took the town by storm. It quickly established itself as a favorite with high and low, wherever the English language was known. Macaulay received the earlier numbers when he was in India, and resisted the novelty of the style and characters with all the force of his critical conservatism, but began to appreciate the riotous humor of the work as early as in the second chapter, — where Alfred Jingle describes, in brief, broken-backed, inconsecutive statements, his conquest of Don Bolaro's daughter, as the certain result of being himself a "handsome Englishman," — and ended in being as fond of Pickwick as of Sir Charles Grandison. Sydney Smith and Jeffrey resisted a little longer; but when their objections gave way, they almost made an idol of the author they had at first tried to represent as a mere caricaturist. The marked distinction of the popularity of Dickens, as compared with that of all other novelists of the century except Scott, was due to the fact that it overleaped the barriers which separate the classes into which the English people are divided, and extended all the way down from the throne to the cottage. Dukes and dandies, lords and ladies of all descriptions, wits, humorists, critics, cynics, diners-out, — indeed, the whole army of the conventional aristocracy of birth, manners, and literature, — were more or less carried away by this genial humorist, who gave them the electric shock of a brisk and new surprise. Sam Weller elbowed his way into fashionable drawing-rooms from which even Pelham would have been excluded; and his estimable father, Tony of the same name, winked, lifted his pewter mug of beer to his lips, and, in the intervals of slowly imbibing the liquid, discoursed wisely on the terrors of second marriages, while lolling on damask cushions in the boudoirs of countesses. This welcomed intrusion of the vulgar, of what is called "the common herd," into the selectest of select circles, was doubtless to be referred, in some degree, to the disgust which intelligent people of fashion had begun to feel for "fashionable novels," then in the last stage of intellectual inanition; but the fact of their exceptional admission into exclusive circles is due to the exceptional genius of the man by whom they were introduced. The middle and the "lower" classes were more easily managed by this magician, for in these was the "main haunt and region" of his romance; and they

clung to him from the first with a grip that has never been relaxed. They felt that he had idealized their somewhat commonplace existence; that he had domesticated in the imagination of the English people a series of racy characters which were universally felt to belong to "the good society" of human nature, however distant they might be from the society of tedious lords and ladies; that until some genius should spring up, capable of idealizing aristocratic life in similar vivid and poetically humorous pictures of life and character, they would be dominant in the imaginations of men and women; and that, as the poet of the *bourgeois* and the proletariat, Dickens would give the law of essential humanity and politeness to the supercilious upper classes of gentry and nobility whom he and they equally disliked.

Dickens tells us that his friends dissuaded him from undertaking a work to be issued in monthly parts, price one shilling, because it was "a low, cheap form of publication," by which he would ruin all his "rising hopes." Macaulay, in his essay on Addison, has recorded a few of the instances in which the friends of an author have adjured him not to undertake the particular work by which he raised himself to that eminence which now makes him widely known. Herder entreated Goethe not "to take up so unpromising a subject as Faust." The History of Charles the Fifth gave Robertson immense reputation, and put forty-five hundred pounds in his pocket; but Hume tried to persuade him not to choose such a period for the exercise of his historical talent. Pope advised Addison to print the tragedy of Cato, but not to run the risk of its being hissed from the stage. One of Scott's best friends predicted the failure of Waverley, and urged him not to peril his reputation by publishing it. The list might be indefinitely extended of intelligent persons who, with the most cordial good-will to an author, have advised him not to think of doing the special thing which his taste or genius prompted him to do. In few cases has the wise neglect, by a man of genius, of the advice of friends been more triumphantly vindicated than by Charles Dickens in the matter of the Pickwick Papers.

The Pickwick Papers are specially interesting to the critic as exhibiting the genius of the author in its processes and growth. It requires two or three perusals before the direct assault on the risibility of the reader has sufficiently subsided to allow any opportunity for the exercise of analysis and judgment; even then the critic titters and chuckles as he dissects, and is reluctantly compelled to admit that humor, as well as beauty, "is its own excuse for being." Carlyle gives a singular illustration of the fascination that the work exercised on the public mind while it was in course of publication. "An archdeacon," he says, "with his own venerable lips repeated to me, the other night, a strange, profane story, of a solemn clergyman who had been administering ghostly consolation to a sick person; having finished, satisfactorily as he thought, and got out of the room, he heard the sick person ejaculate, 'Well, thank God, Pickwick will be out in ten days, any way!'" Such a work defies criticism; yet it may be well to note the marvelous progress of Dickens's mind during the twenty months that he was engaged in its composition. In the earlier chapters, he evidently considered Pickwick, Winkle, Snodgrass, and Tupham as mere puppets, interesting only as they were made interesting by the humorous incidents in which they bear a part. The gradual process by which they become real men, and the incidents are made more humorous through their subordination to the development of character, is detected only by the most laborious scrutiny of the text. The author was himself unconscious of the process by which, month after month, he converted caricatures into characterizations. In respect to Mr. Pickwick, he accounts for the change by declaring that "in real life the peculiarities and oddities of a man who has anything whimsical about him generally impress us first, and that it is not until we are better acquainted with him that we usually begin to look be-

low those superficial traits, and to know the better part of him." This indicates the method by which Dickens ever afterwards considered his creations as actual beings, whose sayings he quoted as though they had not been put into their mouths by himself; but in the Pickwick Papers he exhibits some of them as growing, and not, as in his succeeding romances, as grown. In a vast majority of cases we may say that his characters are fixed from the moment he introduces them, and never depart from the limitations to which he has confined them, either in intellect or in conduct. The character is formed before he exhibits it on the scene, and all its expressions are almost mechanically true to its type.

In the Pickwick Papers, the first example of his presentation of characters thoroughly matured is Mr. Wardle, of Manor Farm, Dingley Dell; then, in Chapter X., we are introduced to Sam Weller; and finally, in Chapter XX., we are made acquainted with one of the great masterpieces of humorous genius, Tony Weller. In each of these cases the character is unchangeably formed, and all they say and do might be deduced from the logic of character. Mr. Pickwick comes gradually into the same category, and Tupham, Winkle, and Snodgrass solidify by degrees, from personified jokes into human beings. There is a question whether Weller the son is superior or inferior to Weller the father; but no discriminating reader can fail to see that Sam's humor consists in what he says, while Tony's consists not so much in what he says as in what he *is*. Tony's mere bodily appearance, as surveyed by the eye of imagination, is more richly ludicrous than any of Sam's jokes; and when he does condescend to furnish us with a single maxim from his accumulated stores of wisdom, the remark owes nine tenths of its wit to our vivid conception of the person by whom it is uttered. Indeed, if we could conceive of a literary flood destroying almost all of the inhabitants of Dickens's ideal world, we think that Tony Weller would be sure to find a secure seat in the ark floating on the engulfing waters, snugly ensconced by the side of Mrs. Gamp, with her dilapidated umbrella spread over them as a kind of shelter from the pitiless rain.

Dickens followed, in the Pickwick Papers, the method of his favorite novelist, Smollett. In the "adventures" of Roderick Random and Peregrine Pickle the interest is purely biographical; there is, properly speaking, no plot. Certain things occur in the experiences of those scapegraces, and are recorded as they occur; still there is no attempt, as in the Tom Jones of Fielding, to make each incident or occurrence an important element in the main design of the story. But the humorous incidents in Dickens's narrative are distinguished from Smollett's by the absence of coarseness. Smollett doubtless represented the manners of his age in depicting scenes which make us laugh, and at the same time make us somewhat ashamed of the cause of our laughter. The more literally true his descriptions are, the more he repels the taste. Besides, he had a misanthrope's delight in exhibiting human beings in situations which were as degrading as they were ludicrous. Dickens's immense animal spirits and his sense of comic situations might have been expected to drive him at times into violations of decorum if not of decency; but his imagination was so beautiful and humane that it allowed free course to his humorous spirit and invention, and still contained both spirit and invention within proper bounds for the production of humor at once beautiful and beneficent.

In the Pickwick Papers there are certain peculiarities of style, description, narrative, and characterization, which gradually deepened, in the novels which succeeded, into permanent traits of Dickens's genius. We shall notice these hereafter, when we come to those works in which they received their full development.

Edwin P. Whipple.

AUGUST.

SILENCE again. The glorious symphony
Hath need of pause and interval of peace.
Some subtle signal bids all sweet sounds cease,
Save hum of insects' aimless industry.
Pathetic, summer seeks by blazonry
Of color to conceal her swift decrease.
Weak subterfuge! Each mocking day doth fleece
A blossom and lay bare her poverty.
Poor, middle-agèd summer! Vain this show!
Whole fields of golden-rod cannot offset
One meadow with a single violet;
And well the singing thrush and lily know,
Spite of all artifice which her regret
Can deck in splendid guise, their time to go!

H. H.

FROM THE PURPLE ISLAND.

IT is one of the pleasant things about the Purple Island that one need never want for society. Somebody is always at leisure to talk to you. Whether you go down to the decaying wharf, or up to the Cliff, or over to Sconset, and seat yourself on a stone or a timber to look at the sea and watch the fishing-boats, or whether, finding the street you are exploring to end in a flight of gray wooden steps leading down into somebody's back garden, you sit down on the top step thereof and breathe in the south wind from the pines, — in either or any case, you will find appearing from somewhere an old or a young sailor, ship-owner, or captain, ready to enter into a pleasant conversation or to tell you tales of the days that are gone, when Commercial Wharf buzzed like a bee-hive and the wide pastures were white with sheep; when whalers went off on seven years' voyages, and perhaps never heard from home in all the time; when anxious ship-owners and more anxious women paced the walks on top of the great, roomy houses, with glasses all pointed seaward to get the first sight of the ship that was due and overdue. Oftentimes the glass was dropped with tears and thanksgiving as the brave vessel came in sight, adorned as a bride for her husband, and with the signal flying which showed all was well. Oftentimes the growing darkness made the glass useless, and it was closed with a sigh and the remark that there was no use in watching any more *to-night*. And then the pale woman and the grave old man went patiently about their daily housewifely and business cares, growing paler and graver day by day, while all the time the good ship's bones, with those who had sailed with her, lay at rest in the Pacific or Arctic seas. Happy they who knew that their dead were dead, and had no ghastly dreams of drifting boats and waterless vessels and yelling devils of savages. In no place does the tragedy which underlies all human life take a more solemn tone than in a New England fishing or whaling town.

I was sitting in this way over on the Point, with a book in my lap and a tatting-shuttle in my hand, but doing nothing with either of them. It was a day of Paradise, bright but not glaring, and with just enough of crispness in the air to make me prefer the sunny to the shady side of the old red tower. The gracious presence which beautified the light-house in those days was absent, so I sat down on the sand and found abundance of amusement in watching the little ripples of the advancing tide, the

"Tender curving lines of creamy spray,"

and the pretty little long-legged birds which tripped along the margin of the sea. I was far from strong, and weary with hard work, and the rest of body and mind was inexpressibly pleasant to me. Presently a neat dory was beached not far away, and Captain Burton and his mate Asa came up and joined me. They were both old friends. I had been sailing with them many a day in the captain's beautiful little cat-rigged boat, and hoped to go many times more.

"Seems to me you've always got a book, but I don't see you reading much," remarked the captain, presently.

"I accomplish a good deal in that way on rainy days," I answered. "To-day it would be a mere waste of time to read."

"Some folks say reading novels is a waste of time, anyhow," said Asa. "Uncle Jehiel used to say so."

"Uncle Jehiel thought everything a waste of time that did not help to make one sixpence into two," answered the captain. "If folks must have amusement, and I suppose they must, I don't see why a good novel is n't as good as anything else. I don't object to one now and then, myself."

"Some people condemn them because they are improbable and give false views of life," said I.

"As to that, when any one has been knocked about the world as much as I have, he will come to think one thing about as probable as another!" answered the captain. "I have seen plenty of things with my own eyes which nobody would ever dare to set down in a novel, because every one would cry out, 'How improbable!' My great objection to novels is that the people in them act like such fools."

"You don't consider that giving a false view of life, do you?" I asked.

The captain smiled, showing his white, strong teeth in the midst of his grizzled beard, with quite a startling effect.

"Well, no; not exactly, but I don't think people in real life are fools in just that way. For instance, here 's a young man in love with a young woman, and he wants to tell her so. Well, what does he do? He don't ask her to go out walking or riding, and say to her right out, 'Betsy Jane, will you marry me?' or words to that effect. Nor he don't write it in a letter and stick a stamp on it, and put it in the office, or ask his sister to hand it to her. No, that an't delicate enough to suit his notions. So he writes a note and puts it in a bunch of flowers or a book, or some other place where it 's ten to one she never finds it. Then when he gets no answer, he does n't take an opportunity to say, 'Betsy Jane, did you get my letter?' Not he! He goes and has a brain fever, or runs away to Australia, or some such nonsense. And very likely the young woman is wondering why he don't speak out, and breaking her heart about it. For women do break their hearts about men, though precious few of them are worth it, I can tell you that, sissy!"

"Well, people are just as silly as that in real life," remarked Asa. "There was Ed Swayne and Susan Coffin, thee knows, Beriah!"

"Tell me the story please," said I, "that is, if it is n't a secret."

"Oh dear, no. It was no secret thirty years ago, and we are all old folks now. I am no great hand at a yarn, but I've got to wait here till the light-house man comes back; and so, if it will amuse you, I 'll tell you the story."

And this is the story which Asa told me in that mellow voice and peculiarly soft, clear accent which seems the natural birthright of those born on the Purple Island.

"You must know that Ed Swayne

and I had been playmates and messmates ever since we could run alone. We had caught our first cod and blue-fish in company, made our first trip in a banker and our first whaling voyage together; and, in short, we were like twin brothers. Mother used to laugh about it, and once, I remember, she said that whoever married one of us would have to take the other, as well.

"'I don't know about that!' says grandma. 'Thy two little tommy kittens, Esther, were very good friends till they began to run out nights to see the pussy cats, and then thee had to send one away to keep them from scratching each other's eyes out.'

"I could n't help laughing; and yet, somehow, I wished grandma had n't said it. She was very old and very wise, and the things she said were wonderful apt to come true. Still, I could n't think Ed and I should ever quarrel. Ed was a good boy, only he had a brooding sort of temper, and he was always proud and apt to fancy slights when nobody meant any."

"Rather a bad sort of temper to have," I remarked.

"Well, I don't know. I never found any kind of bad temper that was very good. I don't know that Ed's was worse than any other. I was just the contrary, and always brought everything right out, so we slipped along together very well. We never had a serious quarrel in the world.

"By and by Ed began to wait on Susan Coffin. No danger of our quarreling about that. Susan was my cousin, and a very nice, good girl. We were always friends, and I had a great respect and regard for her; but we no more thought of falling in love than if we had been brother and sister. Things being in that shape, I was very glad to see Ed making up to Susan, and wished them joy with all my heart. Her folks were a good deal better off than Ed. Her mother was old Cap'n Jehiel's daughter, up to Suckernuck, and the old man had promised to give Susan two thousand dollars on her wedding-day if she married to suit him. All this made Ed rather shy for a while; but they liked each other, and before long they came to an understanding. Susan was a quiet, placid girl, but with more grit and resolution than a good many more noisy ones. Cap'n Coffin, her father, was no ways averse to the match, for he liked Ed, and had a great deal of confidence in Susan's judgment; though for my part, I would n't give that scallop shell for the judgment of the wisest man or woman on earth, once they are fairly in love. Aunt Esther, she liked it, too; but old Cap'n Jehiel was n't pleased a bit. You see, he wanted her to marry one of her own family connection. There was no end of us boys to choose from, and pretty good boys too, though I say it that should n't. But love goes where it is sent, you know.

"One day Cap'n Jehiel came down to see Susan and talk to her about the matter. Now it happened that Susan had gone up to the haul-over with Ed that very afternoon, and when he found it out, the old man's temper wa'n't sweetened a bit. He waited for them till sunset, and just as he was setting out for home he met them coming in. Ed had his little boat, and there was nobody aboard but himself and Susan.

"'Ed Swayne, ahoy!' sings out the captain.

"'Ahoy!' answered Ed.

"'Draw along-side, will you?' says Cap'n Jehiel; 'I want to speak to you.'

"So Ed drew along-side as near as he could, and says he, 'What can I do for you, cap'n?'

"Says Cap'n Jehiel, 'Is it true what I hear, that you are a-courting my granddaughter, Susan Coffin?'

"'That 's so, sir,' answers Ed.

"'And that she means to have you?'

"'So she says!' answered Ed, after looking at Susan, and waiting a minute for her to answer for herself if she chose.

"'Very well!' says Captain Jehiel. 'Then I shall save my two thousand dollars. Susan has got cousins enough to take her pick from, and if they an't good enough for her, then my money an't good enough, either. Good night, young folks.'

"Then they parted company, and the old man bore away for Suckernuck, thinking he had done something smart, though he might have known better than to think he should gain anything by threatening one of his own flesh and blood. Just as they parted, Susan spoke up, as placid as a summer morning.

"'Good night, grandfather,' says she; 'give my love to grandmother and all the folks at home.'

"Ed and Susan parted good friends enough, but afterwards, when Ed came to think it over, he did n't feel quite satisfied. He thought Susan might have spoken up for herself, and that she need n't have said good night quite so friendly. So he did n't go to see her for two or three days.

"One day he was busy putting up some cleats in his shed. He owned a pretty little house where he lived with his old grand aunt; and, sailor-fashion, he was always tinkering it and making improvements. He was just thinking how Susan would put up her clothes-lines on these cleats, and how he would make her a set of ivory clothes-pins his next voyage, when old Huldah Greenaway came in to borrow a hammer. Huldah was an off-islander who had come from nobody knew where. She was as old as the hills and as ugly as sin, and some folks thought she knew more than any one had any business to know. The women-folks used to hire her to make soap and try lard, and the like, for she was uncommonly smart to work; but they got shy of having her after a while, because wherever she went some family trouble seemed sure to follow. I don't think, myself, there was any witchcraft about the matter. I think Huldah was only a mischief-making, tattling old sinner, but that 's bad enough, in all conscience. Well, she got what she wanted, and then says she, —

"'So you and Susan 's broke off!'

"'Who told you that?' asks Ed.

"'Them that knows!' says Huldah, with her spiteful laugh. 'I don't have to look in the papers when I want to learn the news. Susan 's a-going to marry her cousin Asa. I see 'em walking together only last night. Oh, Susan knows which side her bread is buttered!' says Huldah, laughing again and showing her white teeth, as strong and sharp as a shark's. 'She don't mean to let that money go out of the family.'

"Now, would n't any one have said that the most natural thing in the world would have been for Ed to come to me, if he did n't want to go to Susan, and ask in so many words what was the matter?"

"It would have been according to nature and common sense, and Scripture into the bargain!" said Captain Burton, who had been listening with the greatest interest. "'If thy brother trespass against thee, tell him his fault between him and thee alone,' the good book says. But when folks are in love there 's no saying what they 'll do."

"Just so. Well, Ed never said a word to me or anybody. He took his boat and went off scup-fishing all alone, and stayed till ten o'clock at night, brooding and thinking over all he had heard, and all that Susan had or had n't said, so that by the time he got home he was in a state to catch fire at anything. As ill luck would have it, just as he was going up Step Lane to his own house he met Susan and me. We did n't notice him, though it was moonlight, for we were in a hurry and he was on the shady side of the street. If he had only stopped or spoken, he would have heard the whole story. But not he! He thought of what old Huldah had told him, and made up his mind at once. He just went home and packed up a few things, and the next morning early he went over to New London and shipped on board a Cape Horner for a five years' voyage. He wrote to his old aunt to tell her the news, and sent a message to Susan to the effect that he released her from her engagement to him and left her free to earn her grandfather's money. There was n't a word to me.

"If he had only written to Susan, it would n't have been quite so bad, for she was a girl who could keep her own counsel; but old Aunt Eunice was a talking body, and she had never liked

the notion of Ed's marrying Susan. So she not only told Susan, but twenty other people, and in two or three days there were not a dozen people on the island who did n't know that Ed Swayne had broken with Susan Coffin and gone off on a Cape Horner. A great many people blamed Ed, and some blamed Susan, and said she had an eye to the main chance, and so on; but nobody ventured to mention the matter to her, for she was not a girl to take liberties with.

"Susan bore it pretty well, to all appearance. She grew a little thinner and paler, but she kept about her work all the same, attending to the house, waiting on her mother, who was a delicate woman, and making things pleasant to everybody, except to my brother Dave, who was fool enough to try to make up to her, and got sent off with a flea in his ear. She had always been a serious-minded young woman, and about this time she began to exercise in meeting, mostly in the way of prayer. Friends found her very acceptable, and she got to be uncommonly useful, especially among the young.

"Folks naturally coupled Susan's name and mine together, and Uncle Jehiel thought he was going to get matters his own way, and crowed a good deal about it. He found out his mistake some six months afterward, when I stood up in meeting with Lois Macey, whom I had been waiting on for a whole year. The old man was mad enough, but I cared very little about that. I did n't want any of his money.

"Of course, having a wife to support, I could n't afford to stay long at home, however I might have liked it; so after two or three months, Uncle Jethro Macey gave me a good berth on his whaler. The place was full of whalers in those days. The big ships lay in the harbor as thick as clams in a sand-bank, and the old red and gray warehouses and try-houses, that are so empty and silent now, were full of business and bustle. There was plenty of fun, too. They used to give New Year's balls in that warehouse you see yonder, and there my own father danced with poor Elizabeth Swayne not ten minutes before she was summoned home in her pink brocade and with the mask on her face, to her aunt's death-bed."

"Poor thing, she paid a heavy price for her frolic, if all tales are true!" remarked Captain Burton; "but go on, Asa."

"I 'm afraid I 'm making a long yarn of it," said Asa. "So I 'll hurry up a little. Of course I went down to Aunt Esther's to say good-by, and Susan said she guessed she would walk back with me as far as old Huldah's. For Huldah was breaking up at last, and Susan was as good as an angel to her. She heaped coals of fire on her head if any one ever did, but Huldah's skull was pretty thick, and I don't believe they burned her much, after all. Just as we parted at the gate, I ventured to say something that had been on my mind all the evening.

"'Susan, supposing I meet Ed, out there anywhere; shall I say anything to him?'

"'Thee may tell him how it was,' says she, after thinking a minute. 'I don't know as I ought to say any more than that.'

"'That 's more than he deserves,' said I.

"'We won't talk about deserts, Asa,' says Susan. 'The best of us can't afford to do that. But thee can tell him just how it was, and say that I asked thee to do so.'

"Well, I sailed the next day, leaving Lois at home with her mother. We had been out a year and a little over, and by great good luck we had had letters once during the time. Often a whaler would be out three or four years and never hear from home once in all that time."

"Yes, I know," said I. "When I first came here we had a mail only every other day, but as sure as I said a word about it, some old gentleman would tell me how he used to go out whaling, and not get a letter in five years."

"Just so. Well, we had put into Callao for some repairs, and I had found a long letter from my wife, so I was feel-

ing very nice indeed. I was going along the street, whistling, when I stumbled on a Kanaka I used to sail with, a good-hearted, honest little fellow as ever lived, and a first-rate sailor. So we naturally stopped for a bit of yarnin', and says he to me presently, 'There 's a man from your place in the little hospital here, very sick.'

"'Who is it?' I asked.

"'I don't know his name,' says he. 'He was picked up at sea in a whale-boat, the only one left alive of the crew, and brought in here by a Portuguese brig. The place is n't far off, if you like to go and see him. I heard say he would n't live long.'

"Well, of course I wanted to go, and he took me to a hospital. It was a comfortable place for the kind, not very large, and was under the care of some sisters or nuns. I could speak the language enough to be understood, and the lady in charge was very polite, and took me at once to see the patient, only cautioning me that he was very weak. He was lying in a ward by himself on a decent, clean bed. He was fearfully worn and wasted, but the minute I set eyes on him I knew it was Ed Swayne. I had been angry and unforgiving toward him for a good while, but the feeling all went away the minute I saw him. It is a fearful sight, a man wasted to skin and bone by famine. There is no sickness which gives such a look."

"I know!" said I. "I saw the men from Andersonville."

"Just so. Well, Ed did n't seem to notice me at first. He was asleep or in a stupor, I could n't tell which, so I sat down by the bed and got out my wife's letter again. I had read it over for the tenth time, trying to realize that I had a baby of my own, when poor Ed moaned and opened his eyes.

"'Drink!' said he faintly.

"There was a jug of cool stuff made of lemons or something standing by, and I raised his head and gave him a drink. As I laid him down he looked at me earnestly, and I saw at once that he knew me.

"'Asa!' said he in a whisper, and trying to put out his hand to me. '*Is* it Asa, or am I dreaming again?'

"'It is Asa this time, and no mistake!' said I, trying to speak as cheerful as I could. 'How are you, old fellow?'

"'I 'm not long for this world,' says he; 'I 've seen about the last of it, and I don't know that I 'm very sorry either.'

"I did n't contradict him, for I never found much use in that, so I said I was glad he had such a comfortable place, or words to that effect.

"'Yes, they are very kind,' he answered, in a dejected sort of way; 'but it seems dreary to die without having any one to make a prayer or say a verse of Scripture to comfort one. The ladies are very good, but they are not our sort, you know, and I can't understand them, nor they me. Can't you stay with me, Asa? I shan't keep you long. I know I have n't used you very well, but'—and here he stopped for weakness, but he held my hand with his wasted fingers and looked into my face with great, hollow, hungry eyes. That look went to my heart, I can tell you. I did n't answer for about a minute, and during that minute I thought of more things than a man often does in an hour. Our ship was to sail next day on her homeward voyage. I did n't know how soon I might get another chance, and there was my wife expecting me, and the other young woman that I had n't seen yet. But Lois was well off with her mother, and here was my old friend to all appearance dying, with not a soul near to care for him except strangers. I thought all this over while I was dropping my wife's letter and picking it up again. Then I made up my mind what my duty was.

"'Of course I 'll stay with you; that is, if I can settle matters with Uncle Jethro, and I guess I can,' says I. 'Don't you worry, Ned! I shan't leave you alone, anyhow.'

"It took some time to see Uncle Jethro and talk him over, for at first he would n't hear of such a thing, and scolded me for thinking of it. But he was a good old man, and soft-hearted, and a good Christian besides; and at last he

agreed to let me stay if I would send Kanaka John in my place. Then I had to hunt up John, to write to Lois and pack up some things I had bought for her at one place and another, and get my traps ashore. I was n't afraid of what Lois would say, though, of course, I knew she would feel it at first. By night-fall, however, it was all done. I hired a decent lodging — decent for those parts — not far from the hospital, and then I went back to Ed. He had fallen into a kind of stupor again, and the nurse said that unless he took a turn for the better she did n't think he could last many hours. You see, he had been almost starved to death, and, as sometimes happens in such cases, he seemed to have lost the power of taking nourishment. I won't deny that as I sat by Ed's bedside about two o'clock in the morning, with the lights burning low, and everything quiet, only some poor crazy woman who was crying and screaming in another part of the house, — I won't deny that I wished myself back on shipboard again. I thought of Lois and the baby that I had never seen and might never see; of the chances there were against my getting a direct passage home; of Uncle Jethro's arrival at home, and the way Lois and my mother would look when they found that I had not come. I remembered how delicate mother was, and how many things might happen, and I won't deny but I made something of a fool of myself. If there is any time in the twenty-four hours when the devil has particular control of a man's thoughts, it is between two and four o'clock in the morning."

"Some folks would say that your second thoughts were best, and that your first duty was toward your wife!" remarked Captain Burton.

"I don't believe second thoughts are always best!" answered Asa, his dark face flushing a little; "I believe when a man is in the habit of trying to do and think the thing that is right, his first thoughts are almost always best. And I think a man's first duty to his wife is to do his duty *like* a man, whatever it costs him. If my wife had been in any need or danger, she would have had the first claim, but she was n't. She was safe at home among her own folks, and nobody knows what those four words mean — among your own folks — till he has been sick among strangers in a strange land."

"That 's just as true as you live!" said Captain Burton, emphatically. "*I* think you did the right thing. Go ahead!"

"I knew that kind of thing would n't answer, of course," continued Asa. "So I took out a little Testament mother gave me when I went my first voyage, and which I always carried in my pocket; and after I had read and thought a little while, I was all right again. Still, the night was pretty long, and I did n't dare to go to sleep because the lady had told me that Ed might be taken worse at any time. I had got out my letter, to have another look at the lock of the baby's hair which Lois had pinned at the top of the paper, when Ed moved and opened his eyes. I saw at once that he knew me.

"'You have got a letter from home?' says he in a kind of ghostly whisper, after I had given him a drink and laid him down again.

"'Yes, from my wife,' says I. He gave a deep sigh and closed his eyes, but presently opened them again.

"'Is Susan — is she well?' he asked.

"'I suppose so, though Lois does n't mention her,' answered I; 'she has so much to tell about the baby, that she has no room for anything else, only to say generally that all our folks are well.'

"Ed opened his eyes so wide that they seemed to swallow up all the rest of his face.

"'Lois!' says he. 'Who 's Lois?'

"'Why, Lois Macey that was. I forgot thee did n't know I was married. Yes, Lois and I were joined more than a year ago, and now she has a nice little girl.'

"'Lois!' he repeated in the same dazed way, and then a minute afterwards, 'I don't understand; I thought you were going to marry Susan Coffin.'

"I 'm rather a bad Quaker, I know,

but I never was given to swearing. However, I did swear a little then.

"'I swear to thunder if thee an't the biggest fool that ever sailed out of harbor!' says I. 'Susan Coffin never would have had me if I had wanted her, and I never did want her. What should I want of a little red-headed wax doll like Susan, when I could have such a girl as Lois Macey?' says I.

"That touched Ed, as I meant it should. He was so excited that he sat right up in bed. 'Red-headed wax doll!' said he in quite a fury; 'Susan Coffin is handsomer than Lois Macey ever thought she was, and her hair is no more red than yours.'

"'Well, we won't quarrel about that,' says I, laughing. 'Susan is a good girl, anyhow, as nobody knows better than I; and as for beauty, she 's handsome enough for thee, any day. But what put such a notion in thy head?'

"'Well, Huldah Greenaway told me first.'

"'A pretty business for thee to be listening to old Huldah! As if thee did n't know what *she* was!'

"'And then I saw you walking together so late in Step Lane that night before I came away. I met you just above the steps,' said Ed; but he looked ashamed as he spoke.

"'Edward Swayne, if thee was n't sick, thee 'd deserve to have thy head broke, for a fool, if nothing worse!' says I. 'If thee 'd 'a' spoken out like a man, instead of sneaking along in the dark, thee 'd have heard all about it. Grandma was taken worse, and mother was feeble and had a little baby, so I went for Susan to stay with grandma. There 's the explanation of the whole mystery. Susan cares more for thy thick head than for all her cousins put together, and if thee had n't been a jealous-pated idiot, we might both have been going home to our wives in the old island this minute.'

"Ed groaned and hid his face. By and by he said, without looking up, —

"'I don't suppose Susan will ever speak to me again.'

"'Thee don't deserve that she should,' said I, 'but I 'll tell thee what she said to me the last thing: "Asa, if thee should meet Ed anywhere, tell him how it was."'

"We were both silent a good while after this, but by and by a bird chirped out by the window, and says Ed, —

"'It 's morning, is n't it?'

"'Yes; why?'

"'Because, I 'm hungry; and I want my breakfast!' answered Ed. 'Asa, yesterday I gave myself up to die. I thought I should never see another morning, and I did n't want to. But now I must get well if I can, if only to go home and tell Susan that I am sorry. I don't know whether she will have me, and I shan't blame her if she don't; but I must try, any way. I have n't wanted to eat anything since they picked me up, but now I am hungry, and I want my breakfast.'

"Well, I called the nurse, and she brought Ed some chocolate. He drank it every bit, and then cried because the lady would n't let him have any more. After that he mended faster than any one I ever saw, and in little more than a month he was ready to go home. He was never tired of hearing about Susan and her doings, but he looked rather blank when he heard about her preaching.

"'I don't believe she will have a word to say to me!' says he. 'She 'll be afraid of disobliging friends.'

"'Not a bit, so long as thee belongs to meeting,' says I. 'Look at Rosanna Coit; her husband 's a sailor.'

"That cheered him up a little, but he was in twenty minds about going home at the very last minute. I don't know what sort of a meeting they had, or how they made it up. But make it up they did, and that in a very short time, and Uncle Jehiel came to the wedding.

"'Well, young folks,' says he, when he had kissed the bride, 'I suppose you think you have cheated the old man, but you are mistaken. I 've been looking into the matter, and I find that Edward's grandmother and my mother were own cousins. So Susan 's gone and married her cousin, after all.' That

was the way he got out of it, you see. They had quite a family, and their oldest son married my oldest girl and went to San Francisco. Now he 's captain of one of their great steamers that run between California and China."

That was the story friend Asa told me, sitting on the sand over by the red light-house on the beach of the Purple Island, while the white gulls dipped and rose and the beach-birds called to each other in strange, clear voices, and the solemn double toll of the bell-buoy came over the water. You will not find the Purple Island set down on any map. But if you go down to Wood's Hole and take the Island Home, you will by and by see a long strip of purple haze overhanging the southern horizon, and the tall churches and houses of the old town rising gray, quaint, and beautiful before you.

Lucy Ellen Guernsey.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FAIR.

II.

A MONTH has done more than might have been expected to evolve order at the Exhibition, both within doors and without. Yet there are still unfinished, untidy patches in various directions, some of them in very odd ones. For instance, before the east end of the Main Building, the only uninclosed approach in the whole circuit and the only one to which carriages may come, which therefore may properly be considered the principal entrance, there is a bit of rough, ragged ground strewn with all sorts of rubbish, and the more conspicuous in its neglected disorder for lying between the smooth asphalts immediately in front of the building and the gravel roads and soft turf of the park on the other hand. Now that the barrier of vans, wains, freight-cars, and packing-cases has disappeared from the base of the Main Building, it is possible to judge of its external effect. It is not handsome nor agreeable, though not positively the reverse; the interminable length of straight line which is so well adapted to the purposes of the interior has that look of mere utility deadly to grace or beauty, not rising here, as it sometimes does, into dignity. At one end, besides the ugly bit of ground just mentioned, a panorama of the siege of Paris has been set up in what looks like a huge gasometer, dull gray instead of black. This and a row of brick tenement-houses spoil the view of the tree-tops rising from below the plateau, and the fine bridges over the river, and lovely slopes of the opposite bank. Towards town the long southern side of the structure is parallel with a wide street lined by horse-cars, hideous, hearse-like vehicles called park or Centennial carriages, drays, carts, and all the unornamental sorts of equipages; the more elegant ones are not often to be seen in that quarter. The farther side of the street presents an irregular *façade* of hotels and boarding-houses of vulgar aspect, "run up" especially for this occasion; and beyond them, cityward, of brick-kilns, converging and diverging railroad-tracks sunk between ragged embankments, blocks of mean houses standing up amid waste spaces of coarse weeds half-choked with rags, bits of newspaper, rusty iron, broken bottles, old shoes, and hoop-skirts; here and there a monstrous shell of clapboards, or a caravanserai tent squatting over an acre, dignified by the name of hotel, but apparently containing only drinking rooms. The Exhibition cannot be reached in this direction without unpleasant elbowing from low forms of vice, and contemplation of the worst forms of suburban ugliness. The opposite or north-

ern side of the Main Building is divided from the grounds by the convenient but disfiguring railway, which encircles the whole inner area, so that it is only at the western end that the approach to the most important part of the Exhibition — the Exhibition proper, in fact — is not positively displeasing, or marred by displeasing objects. Here grass, the shade of trees, the freshness of an immense fountain, fill the interval between this west front and Machinery Hall, while to the right a wide opening, where the ground falls away, gives a view of smaller buildings, pretty and airy-looking, among foliage, with knolls and hollows and glimpses of water, the leafy branches stretching a net-work of pleasantness over everything. It would be unreasonable to complain that beauty should not be the first and predominant effect in a great industrial show, but it is a real cause of regret in this country — where ancient and abiding forms of beauty are lacking, where ugliness grows spontaneously under the footsteps of man, like those evil weeds unknown to the virgin prairie which spring up after cultivation — that opportunities for gratifying and educating taste should be thrown away or abused; and there are many lost opportunities in the Centennial grounds. One of the most pitiable is the fountains, which are for the most part designed to convince Philadelphians that there is no such thing as a pretty fountain. A beautiful play of water makes a delightful object in the green space of intersection between Belmont and Fountain avenues, but here the gracious element has been mostly left to itself. When one remembers the charming results which can be got from mere water, a sheet, a jet, or a fall, it is more irritating to encounter the scarecrows which seem to have been raised in emulation of those which disfigure our streets and squares. It is only in the Main Building, where they appear as monuments to the virtues of Spa, Vichy, or Kissingen, that one gives a sardonic assent to their fitness.

There are causes of irritation enough besides the fountains, the overheard questions and comments of visitors, and other provocations which affect one very differently at the beginning and at the end of a long day's looking. I have not yet been able to discover whether there is a stated time for music, or whether some melodious yet diabolic influence impels the performers at one and the same moment to rush to their different stools, so that as one listens absently but with pleasure to the organ rolling out the overture to the Huguenots the ear is tormented as by a gust with the persistence of "Il segretto per esser Felice" from a thin piano, it may be the richest Steinway or Chickering ever manufactured, but poor as heard against the sonority of the grander instrument; and moving off to be out of reach of this, one comes within the range of another organ, and the soul swells and sinks with the chords of the funeral march from Beethoven's Sonata Eroica. Gradually the notes of the garden-duet from Faust steal through the sublime sorrow of the lament for a hero, and, disgraceful to say, it is not intolerable; but when "motives" from Martha begin to come in at the other ear, Babel and Bedlam get possession of the senses and brain, and one takes to flight. All around are fellow countryfolk from every part of our wide land, some looking at particular things, others at things in general, a great number only at the people. Other signs apart, they can be classified by their views of the Exhibition: the New Yorkers could have done it so much better, the Bostonians would not have done it at all; the real admirers are the Southerners and Westerners. But in their particular remarks all betray one weakness which may be inherent to human nature, but which I have observed as a characteristic of my country-people — the inability to believe that what is new to one's self is not new to everybody else. It is confounding to witness the fatuity with which persons whose ignorance might lead them to suspect that others knew more than they, or those whose intelligence and information must have convinced them of it, will announce well-known facts as discoveries of their own. I know few Americans

who are not capable of astonishing a Japanese with an account of the practice of *harikari*.

Turning from my fellow-creatures themselves to what they have achieved, I was struck by the suitability of entering the German department through a recess simulating the inside of a book-shop, surrounded by counters representing the leading publishing-houses, chiefly of Leipzig and Berlin. The arrangement is very good: fine maps and photographs from the great pictures of their national galleries cover the board partitions, and sentences in Greek, Latin, German, and English, on the friendship of books and the solaces of study, form an appropriate cornice. It is a meet introduction to a people whose learning is solid and scholarly. A curious evidence of their slowness, however, and one which no doubt has often been instanced, is that they, the inventors of printing, should be so far behind some other nations in the art, and should not yet have adopted the types which all the lettered peoples of Europe have recognized as the common medium. It is natural also to see Germany make an elaborate display of drugs and pharmacies; but an apothecary's window, however cunningly arranged, has little attraction for eyes which have seen through purple jars. There is, however, in the neighboring case of dyes, a beauty independent of scientific or industrial purposes. They are principally mineral, and fill the fancy with the splendor of the underground palaces of the gnomes and kobolds; there is a strange, hard, unsympathetic quality in the colors, which one might ascribe to their stony origin; the hues are distinctly metallic, whether presented in the form of powder or of liquid. This hardness runs through a magnificent scale of reds, from scarlet to rose, although they are illustrated by hanks of cotton and gleaming skeins of floss-silk. A superb mountain of ultramarine rests on a pedestal round which are assorted little cups of all the kindred or derivative tints, from this profound, gorgeous blue up to the palest shade of turquoise, where the eye ceases to distinguish the boundary between azure and green, and follows in bewilderment until it meets something as unmistakable as emerald. It is singular to observe, in going through the departments, what becomes of these beautiful colors in the hands of German bad taste. If one averts the eyes from show-cases of silks and velvets which actually hurt them, to the specimens of ornamental needle-work, the pain is transferred to the mind to see the labor and patience, the excellent skill and dexterity, expended on objects so frightful in design and color: even when they are tolerably good, — and in a few instances they are really pretty, — some inopportune bit of black lace, or tinsel, or bead-work spoils everything. And yet Berlin wool gave birth to modern embroidery, and the South Kensington school of needlework, however it may lean and ape after Flemish tapestry or India shawls, really had its rise in canvas and cross-stitch. The Saxons are very strong in linen, where their designs, being strictly limited to imitation of leaves and flowers, are pretty enough, although entirely inartistic. It is a subject of surprise that the last have sent no china; the famous Dresden or rather Meissen manufactories contribute nothing, which is a pity every way, it being the most perfected of their industries, and the one which would embellish the Exhibition most. This is not the only case where one of the most prominent and graceful inventions of a country has been left out of her display. Norway has a native pottery, which judges declare to be fine and full of character; of this peculiar sort there is not a specimen — only imitations of foreign china. The French show is far below what might be expected in this branch. Sèvres itself, that is, the government, shows nothing, nor does Blois, and the rest is unimportant and not remarkably pretty; the handsomest that I saw were the *faïences de Gien*, a town on the Loire, among which were some dark blue vases with delicate, bright flowers in Japanese style. Among the Limoges faïence were some large jars of coarsely-colored ground, with sprays of pale-tinted flowers carelessly flung over them,

the effect of which was better than anything in the finished, finer kinds; and this should not be. Yet it is so throughout, in regard to china, always excepting the Eastern departments. Sweden has some very simple household pottery, large crocks and jars of a dark brown color, absolutely without effort or pretension in design, which are very satisfactory to the eye. Spain shows common red pottery of the very coarsest kind, but of the most admirable forms, recalling Etruscan; and some delicious cream-colored earthen-ware of exceedingly curious and graceful shapes, with a shell pattern like rough embroidery encrusted over it, which suggests a Moorish origin. Undoubtedly both sorts are very old; there is not a trace of modern thought or taste about them. Russia, too, has some pale yellow and brown pottery which is pleasing. Remembering that Frederick the Great almost destroyed the Meissen manufactories, carrying off men, materials, tools, and models, that Berlin might have as fine china as Dresden, there is a satisfaction for those who do not worship the High Hand in seeing how uninteresting the array of porcelain from Prussia is. In Germany, also, the common pottery strikes one more than the costlier kinds; there are shelves of stone-ware, big and coarse, yet of the best shapes, and cool gray, brown, and dark blue colors, which with all the difference of date, style, and finish recall the old Nuremberg ware, dear to antiquarians, which is also there, with its droll designs and pewter handles and covers, fit to deceive anybody but an expert. It is wonderful what an honest, wholesome tone the combination of that particular blue, gray, and brown produces; and the effect of the homely shapes with their legends inscribed on bowl or brim is very old-time and friendly. There is something in the genius of the Germans which appeals peculiarly to that corner of our microcosm where the feelings and imagination meet; they excel in delighting children, and it is this quality which produces the Kindergarten, our favorite fairy-stories, and the toys which captivate as no French or English ones can. There is a sentimental pleasure in looking at the toys, among which Nuremberg keeps her time-honored preëminence; they are funny, grotesque, yet have a touch of that genial German humor which distinguishes them from all other playthings, however pretty and ingenious; they speak to one's humanity. Some of them have a quaint poetry, as the stork carrying the baby in a bundle, — in German nurseries it is the stork that brings a little brother or sister, — or Krisskringle figured as a Lapp with a sledge and four-in-hand of reindeer. The German dolls are not so irresistibly lovely as the English wax doll baby, but they look as if they were meant for children, and have not that horrible aspect of *cocottes* which those in our shop-windows have worn for years past. German bad taste, whatever it comes from, does not come from corruptness. Yet it is amazingly all-pervading; it has crept through Austria into Bohemia, and stamped the glass. In the large display of that celebrated manufacture there is hardly a piece one would be willing to admit into one's rooms; the plain white or combinations of green are the least objectionable. The only articles which could be called pretty were a pair of vases of a cool, opaque aquamarine ground, with garlands of fragile white wild-flowers. It is strange how much better this ware looks in Prague, whither it comes direct from the great glass-works in the heart of the Giant Mountains. There are some very elegant chandeliers of clear and opaque glass, but these belong to the jurisdiction of upholstery; the only artistic glass in this department appeared in a few specimens, hardly enough to judge by, of church windows from the Tyrol, rich and deep in color, with a semi-lucent amber ground of a peculiar, ridged surface. The German bronzes are very poor (nor are the French much better, except in execution), and the want of variety in the figures is ludicrous; the favorite subjects are Frederick the Great and the present Crown Prince, on horseback, on foot, in uniform, in armor, idealized, apotheosized. This stern folk can work only in iron, apparently. There

is a small but fine collection of wrought iron, copies or imitations of the antique, casques, shields, vases, and platters; the workmanship is admirable; there is one specimen just from the mold, dull and with particles of earth adhering to it; there is as much difference between it in this stage and when finished and polished, as between a statue in the clay and in plaster; in the last process the plastic or malleable look is lost. The tokens of the only fine art in which Germany holds supremacy are unfortunately mute witnesses without a skillful interpreter. Some of them are comically ugly; among the brass instruments there is a many-mouthed monster like a sort of musical octopus ; among the pianos a curious new species, long, with a round end, which bears the same relation in size to the grand piano that the upright does to the square, and about the same relation in volume and tone. The zitherns and mandolins have forms to match their pretty names, but the *soul* of the musical instrument abides elsewhere than in its body, and informs it only to the ear. Wandering northward through the German department one comes upon an immense mass of amber, in every stage from rough pebbles to rosin; it is enough to spoil one's enjoyment of everything made of the exquisite substance, even the fantastic little chandelier of the clear and clouded amber in the Austrian section, which might have been made for an archduchess's baby-house. In the gross it looks like a great heap of chemicals in a crude state, with here and there a bit of soap. It is a strong example of how apt precious things are to lose their quality if seen in too great quantity. One feels this constantly in going through the Exhibition, as to ivory, as to the malachite and *lapis-lazuli* tables of the Russian department, — although the great single block of rough malachite is fine, — even as to jewels; the unset, uncut opals, sapphires, etc., might just as well be any shining pebble one finds on a beach or in a brook, the diadems and necklaces might as well be stage ornaments. When the costliness depends not on rarity in the material but on delicacy and perfection of workmanship, this doubt and disgust do not ensue; one does not weary of acres of Japanese *virtu*, and the countless folds of Brussels lace convey a sense of the refinement and excess of luxury which is by some recondite and complex process pleasurable, and which the sight of a yard does not produce.

Russia is not ready yet, which seems unreasonable, as so many larger departments are in order; it is not likely, however, that the empty cases will contain anything but varieties of objects already exposed, among which are a number of exceedingly rich and beautiful furs made into wraps fit for the empress; strange, rare skins of arctic fox and wolf and other animals, whose superb peltries seem as if they were wasted on those icy solitudes. Some of the Russian bronzes struck me as having merit, — at least that of presenting unhackneyed subjects and groups; the rough moujik, the military Cossack, are good figures for the material. The life of the steppes has picturesque incidents and accessories. But French taste, imperfectly apprehended, is the ruling influence in their productions, with the most wretched results. The most characteristic objects they have to show are those of enameled metal, Oriental in form, design, and color, yet, I believe, peculiar to Russia; they are salvers, cups, coffee-pots, and various vessels of national origin and use; and the style has been applied to the thousand knick-knacks of modern fancy, toilet and writing table appointments. The effect is chiefly that of gold or fine brass, variegated with bold, bright colors, which follow elaborate patterns of meeting and interwoven lines and bands, less intricate than most Eastern designs, but of the same complex and original tendency. The shapes, though sometimes flattening out into fine breadth, or arching into long-necked slenderness, have the bulbous disposition which is also Oriental; however new the present specimens, they carry the mind back past czars to khans. But those looking for antiquities in the northern countries will be most gratified by the little collection

of ancient relics in the Swedish or Norwegian department, among which is a heavy gold chain, handsomely and curiously wrought, which may have hung round the neck or the helm of Olaf Trygvesson, and a gold-mounted drinking-horn on wheels, worthy of a place on the board at the bouts of Valhalla. The old carved wooden chests and sideboards, with their show of old brass, will also attract our new guild of *bric-à-brac* hunters. But in wood-carving, as far as I have seen, — and nobody can be sure that to-morrow will not reveal something overlooked to-day, — Belgium excels, showing some of the skill of those famous old Flemish masters whose works one makes pilgrimages to behold. There is splendid tapestry from Mechlin (an art I had thought lost in the land of Arras), although these modern productions differ from the old ones and fall below them, in the same way as new stained glass compared with old, the attempt to approximate to painting destroying the happy effect of mere color to be found in the archaic figures and scenes of old windows and hangings. Nowhere in the Exhibition has the occasional illusion of being in Europe possessed me so strongly as in this department; the familiar names of Turnhout, Ypres, Courtrai, Ghent, Alost, Spa, Verviers, succeed each other so closely that it seems as if the stations were flitting by the window of the railway-carriage, or the guard shouting them aloud. Then in Belgium all one's purchases are either linen or lace, and here one goes from case to case of the more useful or more exquisite fabric, each a triumph of manufacture in its way, just as one idled past the shop-windows in Brussels or Antwerp on the way to the Cathedral or the Hôtel de Ville. This momentary deception is sometimes very strong in the French department, the arrangement of the wares is so perfectly Parisian. There are singularly few things in the department which one covets or would care to own; there is a second-rate look about most of them which classes them with French things sold in Broadway and Chestnut Street rather than in the Rues Rivoli and Castiglione; but the arrangement is so attractive, the simple show-cases of black wood and thin, clear glass, with their plain, slim, gold lettering, have such a native elegance, that the eye ranges or rests among them with pleasure and contentment. The gaze is gratified even in passing by the colors of the dry-goods, the style of the ready-made apparel; the bronze, glass, china, and the whole family of *petits objets*, though individually rather trashy, are spread in seductive array. These people possess the secret of taste, and it adorns whatever they attempt, outside the realm of art, where higher laws prevail. I do not mean to deny them artistic perception, but only to distinguish between the gifts; the latter comes out strongly in the beautiful reproductions of the old fabrics, damask and brocade, which, though mere mechanical achievements, strike me as better than the laborious performances of the South Kensington school of needlework, while the heavy tapestry curtains from Nîmes are really magnificent, and, although draping a partition of the carriage section, call up the most romantic thoughts of old *château* life.

Most Americans are so familiar with the limited varieties of Swiss wares that the examples of them here are less interesting than less pretty things. The commissioners' office is a fanciful little *châlet*, only too like the pretty dens of thieves which line the promenade of Interlaken beneath the great walnut-trees. There is apparently a most excellent display of material for the whole range of educational and scientific courses. The same thing is to be noted in Holland's department, with fine maps and plans of public works; but these are specialties which belong to the province of a really educated observation, and not to that of the mere sight-seer. So do the carefully and most gracefully prepared botanical specimens, the samples of rare woods, of minerals, of cereals, to be seen in many of the departments. There is a natural desire, moreover, in many nations who are somewhat behindhand in their industrial development, to display their progress in the manufacture

of kerseymeres and false teeth. Only manufacturers or dealers in such articles can be expected to show an intelligent interest in these, though their presence is significant in such non-productive countries as Mexico and the South American republics. In all these countries of Spanish or kindred origin, there is a healthy, vigorous artistic vein running through the articles of common use. The Mexicans have no pottery worth mentioning (though there are a few curious bits, undoubtedly of very ancient shape), but large wooden dishes and platters painted with flowers, very gay and pleasing in design and color. Brazil has some very handsome hammocks, interwoven and decorated with many colors, with gold and silver and gaudy feathers. They are extremely ornamental; they seem to betray a savage instinct of taste; one generally ascribes all decoration found in these regions to a Moorish origin, but here the Indian finger can be seen. There are also exceedingly handsome stamped leather saddles and housings; a horse could not be more nobly caparisoned than in such trappings, which are not so elaborate as to encumber the action or hide the form. Besides these, and a most brilliant but ephemeral trophy of feather-flowers, butterflies, and beetles, there is really nothing in the gorgeous fane Brazil has erected for herself; but Dom Pedro is so deservedly popular just now that we are inclined to regard the latter as symbolic of his desire to expand the resources of his empire rather than as an empty boast. There is something about it, however, cognate with the conception of herself which Spain expresses by the huge triple portal through which her vacancies are approached. That is almost imposing in its preposterous size and ugliness; there is haughty simplicity in the decorations, — medallion portraits of De Soto, Pizarro, and others who conquered for their country empires of which neither they nor she could keep an inch. Except the pottery, of which mention has been made, and some beautiful fabrics from the colonies, — cotton goods with the splendid colors of Madras, and bandana handkerchiefs, and fairy-spun grass and piña cloths, — there is nothing to see in the Spanish department but Andalusian saddles inferior to the Brazilian, and a small but marvelous collection of iron and steel ware, — shields, weapons, caskets, and vases. They belong by right to the Abencerrages and the Alhambra; the symmetrical, unique forms, the extraordinary intricacy of the arabesque patterns inlaid in gold and silver, graceful as the tendrils of the vine but subtle and abstruse as a problem of the Arabic philosophers, the combined minuteness and freedom of the workmanship, are the fruits of a glorious school of art. One connoisseur, probably the finest in this country, discerns in these scanty materials the possibility of a grand artistic development. He says the ideas embodied are vigorous and unworn, their audacity noble, their bad taste barbaric, not perverse, corrupt, effete. He discovers in the showy crockery and gaudy cloths a fine, free point of departure which may lead Spanish artists and artisans into new paths towards beauty and magnificence.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Mr. Emerson's latest volume,[1] in the short time since its publication here, has been translated into German, and issued at Stuttgart, with an introduction by Julian Schmidt.[2] Herr Schmidt, after a slight comparison with Carlyle and Goethe, says, "Emerson is a poet and a philosopher, but little is gained by describing him as the one or the other, or as a combination of the two;" and he goes on to define him further as a kind of conversationist, whose essays stimulate us as intercourse with the best company stimulates, making us think better of ourselves, giving our thoughts a higher impulse, and leaving us without decisive settlement of a given question, but teaching a great deal, nevertheless. The charm and the profit, he says, are quite similar to those which result from the action of art upon us. Herr Schmidt's exposition of his subject, though full of respect and admiration, is very strictly temperate. His definition, as just given, seems to us an excellent one; and this moderation of tone is no less admirable. Indeed, if we are not mistaken, it will be apt to accord well with the impression left by Mr. Emerson's recent publication upon that part of the reading world which most looks up to him. It is inevitable that in a case like the present one should look back, and inquire the relation between this result given us by the thinker of seventy-three and the contributions of the same mind at thirty-five or at fifty. What is the ultimate issue of this long intellectual career? What the ratio of increase in the rewards of its activity, or what the degree of decadence? Making these inquiries, we are forced to admit that the last milestone, though measuring a long route, stands singularly close to the first, as if the traveling had been done in a circle. Strictly speaking, these essays should perhaps not be treated as representative of the latest years, for their structure seems to indicate that they originated at various times as lectures, and have been remodeled for publication. They are a little more loosely written than the early essays, or Nature, or The Conduct of Life, and include a noticeably large proportion of quotation, unknown in what we are inclined to call by comparison Emerson's finished works. In any case, it would not be wise or profitable to dwell long on the reflection, "This book is not so good as those we used to read." But the difference which is observable has a peculiar value; the comparative informality of these papers brings out the different traits of the author in exaggerated form. The similes frequently appear forced, the illustrations not accurately applicable, and the feeling factitious in passages, as if from too fixed a habit of forcing impressions by extreme statement. "In certain hours we can almost pass our hand through our own body" is not an agreeable nor generally truthful phrase to indicate the exalting power of imagination. And the following seems to us a startling misapprehension: "In dreams we are true poets; we create the persons of the drama; we give them appropriate figures, faces, costume; they are perfect in their organs, attitude, manners; moreover, they speak after their own characters, not ours; they speak to us, and we listen with surprise to what they say. Indeed, I doubt if the best poet has yet written any five-act play that can compare in thoroughness of invention with this unwritten play in fifty acts, composed by the dullest snorer on the floor of the watch-house." To say nothing of the degradation which the greatest poets are made to suffer by the closing comparison, we may at least question the correctness of the value assigned to dreams, which are most often entirely wanting in true invention, and illogical in characterization, as well as foolishly improbable, though they undoubtedly have a juggling completeness of their own. Elsewhere occurs the statement that "the fable of the Wandering Jew is agreeable to men, because they want more time and land in which to execute their thoughts." We doubt the *agreeableness* of the fable to any one; and its origin and use point distinctly to the misery of having more time and space than the human lot affords, while we remain in human life, — a moral quite opposed to the inference which Mr.

[1] *Letters and Social Aims.* By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

[2] *Neue Essays* (Letters and Social Aims). Von R. W. Emerson. Autorisirte Uebersetzung. Mit einer Einleitung von Julian Schmidt. Stuttgart: Verlag von Berth. Auerbach. 1876.

Emerson attributes. "The artist has always the masters in his eye," we read in The Progress of Culture, "though he affects to flout them. . . . Tennyson would give his fame for a verdict in his favor from Wordsworth." Surely the first statement, here, finds no answer in the minds of sincere artists, for they in no wise "affect to flout" the masters; and it is quite as profitless an overstatement to deny the self-reliance of a poet like Tennyson (or any other mature, sane, and substantial poet) by such an imputation of weak distrust as that of the second sentence. Points like these abound in the book, and make it extremely fatiguing reading, especially to those who wish for the elixir of Emerson's earlier volumes. On the other hand, there are many clear-ringing enunciations of the truth and many noble phrases to be found, from page to page. Some of them appear in the long discourse on Poetry and Imagination, which we have nevertheless felt to be a somewhat unnecessary production, a kind of painful tracing-paper exercise upon thoughts that are original in the minds of poets and creators, but find their best embodiment in imaginative works, and become tiresome when thus drawn out in explanation. The essay on Resources is especially good and stirring. Very pleasing, also, is that entitled Social Aims; Quotation and Originality is admirable; and Greatness has a reassuring depth and quietude. The Persian Poetry takes us a long distance for not very large benefits; and one of the most noticeable things about the Immortality is that among all the inducements to continued earthly life brought forward by the author, that of love of our kind and all the exquisite and inexhaustible relations of the affections is not once mentioned as of any value. It is a little strange that Mr. Emerson should write so well as he does here, concerning The Comic, when in another of the chapters he treats laughter with a lofty disdain. In The Comic he eulogizes wit and its effects without stint; in Social Aims he makes laughter synonymous with "savage nature," and says, "Beware of jokes; . . . inestimable for sauce, but corrupting for food." This, to be sure, is wisdom; but it is added, "True wit never made us laugh." Consistency, we believe, is regarded by Mr. Emerson as by no means a jewel, but rather a stumbling-block to true intuitions; and indeed this is the gravest objection to his method, the greatest drawback on his advice to other thinkers, that he insists too strongly on the mood of the hour. "Life is a train of moods" is a well-known dictum of his; and in the present volume he values highly the "minorities of one" that have made the great revolutions of history and of art. Perhaps he does not value them too highly, but he does not enough remember that minorities may be wrong as well as majorities; and, though life be a train of moods, these are not all equally good. "And what is Originality?" he asks. "It is being, being one's self and reporting accurately what we see and are." But there must be a choice of *what* we will report, out of the total that we see and are: some reports would be valueless, and are therefore never made. In like manner, there may be a choice between one impression and another, for the sake of getting nearer to the truth; and the choice or reconcilement of these impressions is consistency. In so far, then, as Mr. Emerson disregards this essential, it seems to us that he weakens his hold on the younger generation, which is getting a distinctly scientific habit of comparing and contrasting and approximating, and will not allow too large a place to the unsupported intuition, especially if it proceed from a mind which in its several utterances directly conflicts with itself. We dwell upon this, because Mr. Emerson's lessons are too valuable to merit the clog which is thus continually hung upon them. But, in short, these essays deserve much of the same sort of praise that their predecessors have gained, with something more of accusation for want of sequence in the arrangement of ideas; and one cannot but regret that the sentences should meet the eye so bolt upright, and with that curious air of sitting for their photographs, which makes us suspect the iron head-rest behind them.

— We have tried to imagine the feelings of a reader who should take up the Life of Hamilton[1] with no previous knowledge of the manner in which Hamilton's life stopped short, and have partially succeeded in persuading ourselves that this imagined reader would, after the first shock, confess that the life in its possibilities had been completed when Burr's hateful shot was fired. Nevertheless, whether forewarned or not, the reader can scarcely accept with patience the miserable end of a strong life, and we suspect that Hamilton's death, against which all our sense of justice cries out, has uncon-

[1] *The Life of Alexander Hamilton.* By John T. Morse, Jr. In two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1876.

sciously cast its shame backward over the life in the minds of many Americans of the present day. There was such a pitiful appeal to mean judgment, in the duel, that one feels outraged at being called in to witness it in the case of a generous man, and Hamilton's nature deserved a better taking-off than an event which can be called tragic only by a reporter in search of an affecting head-line.

What Hamilton might have done in the years succeeding his death, when if living he would have been in the maturity of his marvelous mental power, it is idle to conjecture, for he was a man of genius; yet the work which he did accomplish was so essentially connected with the formative years of the republic that it is difficult to think of him as a public man, after Jefferson's complete ascendency, except as a critic and disregarded prophet. His active life, though it closed in its forty-eighth year, began in its eighteenth, and between those two points was so possessed by an impetuous current that our sense of its incompleteness is only a momentary sense caused by the sudden extinction: a cooler retrospect shows thirty years of intense public life, coincident with a period of national history when individual force was most positively felt, so that Hamilton's place is assured by the very permanence of the institutions which owe to him so much of their being and form.

Mr. Morse has done well in concentrating interest upon Hamilton's course as connected with the larger movements of the state. His brilliant youth, his military experience, and his professional career afford opportunities for high lights in the picture, but the biographer has rightly judged that an interest in Hamilton at this day must spring from an interest in politics and finance. Nevertheless, the fascination which Hamilton exercised over his contemporaries was not from any merely external magnetism, and the generous reader who follows this narrative will scarcely fail to acknowledge a personal homage to a man who carried his own glowing personality into the repellant air of a statesman's life. To read of Hamilton's victories in Congress and Cabinet is to be stirred by a sense of mental power exercising itself upon the most momentous subjects, and to be present as witness at the formal institution of national life. Hamilton was so emphatically the leader of the Federal party, and was himself so positive a person, that a work like this devoted to his public life is one of the best means afforded for apprehending the Federal force in the formative period of our national life. The questions which then arose cover a wide range of political speculation, and the student is in danger of looking upon them as mere abstractions; so did not the men look on them who wrestled with them, and no one now can fairly measure the discussions which issued in the text of the constitution and in the domestic and foreign policy of the government which form so much of our traditional law, who does not place himself by the side of the men to whom these questions were living realities.

The justness of Mr. Morse's treatment of his difficult subject impresses the reader at every turn. It is perhaps impossible that any admirer of Hamilton, however impartial his temper, should give satisfaction to those who think politically in opposition to him, but we suspect that the candid reader who follows Mr. Morse will be prepared for some of the violent terms in which he will find Hamilton condemned by Jeffersonian writers. That is to say, Mr. Morse is too clearly desirous of historic truth to avoid placing Hamilton in certain lights which enable the reader to understand something of the opposition with which he met. Every generation is likely to think its own quarrels most momentous, and it is every way wise that the questions of the day should receive the most absorbing attention; yet the glimpses which one gets, in this work, of the temper of men who seem in our imagination to look calmly and compassionately down on our petty squabbles, reveal an intensity of minor political life that justifies a comparison of the two epochs to our advantage, while the dangers which then arose and were averted or postponed afford the best lesson-book for political students to-day.

The party to which Hamilton belonged, and of which he was the leader, was a party with historical ideas; and the growing disposition in our country to temper political theories and mere sciolism by a reference both to our own history and to the experience of other nations is favorable to a revival of interest in Hamilton and his school. We regret that Mr. Morse did not find it in his way to account more fully for the ascendency of the Jeffersonian school and party, which was not due to any mere political blunder of President Adams; but he has conferred so positive a boon upon the general reader by his clear and patient ex-

amination of a little understood period of our history, that we have only thanks for a writer who takes his place in that small but growing number of philosophical and just students of American history.

— We have not seen any book, of those which the present Centennial ardor has inspired, more useful in its unpretending way, or more entertaining, than Mr. Abbott's little volume called Revolutionary Times.[1] Its two hundred pages are devoted to twelve brief chapters, treating of the political and social state of the country during the war for independence, and the periods next preceding and following it. What life was among the different classes of the people in days when the classes were much more distinctly separated, education, literature, journalism, religion, professions and trades and how each was paid and prospered, with some sketches of famous men and women, — this is about the range of the book, which is written with ease and clearness, as well as a simple, business-like directness that makes it very pleasant reading. There are touches of humor here and there, which turn the whimsical aspects of those heroic years to the light. And there is a good sense of what is in itself quaintly amusing in the arrangement of selected materials, where these have not been worked over by the author, who, however, has recast in his own language the substance of a very generous historical reading, though he makes no pretense to original research.

— The greater space at Mr. Scudder's disposal in his extremely entertaining volume [2] allows him to deal with his material more distinctly as a compiler, and requires him to do less rewriting and compression than the plan of Mr. Abbott's work exacts. It is more comprehensive than Revolutionary Times, and the picture of the old colonial and early national life is in much greater detail. The first pages treat of the Siege of Boston, a subject with which Mr. Scudder dealt so well in a former number of this magazine, and the first section is devoted to New England. The sources from which the editor has here drawn are such characteristic, varied, and delightful records as the Baroness Riedesel's journals, the painter Trumbull's Autobiography, Crèvecœur's Letters of an American Farmer, the Marquis de Chastellux's Travels, Lieutenant Aubery's Travels, Elkanah Watson's Memoirs, Buckingham's Personal Memoirs, etc. For the Dutch society of Albany the editor finds richness in Mrs. Grant's Memoirs of an American Lady — an always amiable and sometimes unconsciously delicious study of the times and people, quite fairly Dutch in its minuteness, and of the quaintest idyllic interest. Watson's Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania and Graydon's Memoirs of his own Times supply the materials for the picture of life in the ancient capital, and for that of the South the editor has gone to Garden's Anecdotes of the American Revolution and Johnson's Travels and Reminiscences. There is a full and clear preface, written with Mr. Scudder's unfailing gracefulness, and wherever the editor's pen touches the work throughout, in comment or introduction, it leaves a light of agreeable humor or suggestive thought. The book is very admirably done, and if the new Sans-Souci Series can be sustained on this level it will merit all the success achieved by the charming Bric-a-Brac Series, now — regrettably enough — ended.

— We commended to the reader last month a very delightful book of Nile travel, to the rich fullness of which we have still a sense of having but half done justice; and we do not know how we shall now better praise Mr. Appleton's Nile Journal [3] than by saying that it charmingly justified itself even to a reviewer fresh from Mr. Warner's book. It would serve no purpose, however, to compare it with that book, so totally different are the moods which the two address. One can easily establish the distinction that Mr. Warner's motive is humor and Mr. Appleton's is wit, but little is gained when this is done. The Nile Journal is much more obviously comparable to Mr. Curtis's Nile Notes of a Howadji, which it resembles at once in having a conscience against burdening the reader with facts of general utility, and in offering him instead a sort of disembodied information — the color, the sentiment, the perfume, of the dahabeëh voyage. But in the Nile Journal our *compagnon du voyage* is no luxurious dreamer, whose mellow allitera-

[1] *Revolutionary Times: Sketches of our Country, its People and their Ways, One Hundred Years ago.* By Edward Abbott. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[2] *Sans-Souci Series. Men and Manners in America One Hundred Years ago.* Edited by Horace E. Scudder. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1876.

[3] *A Nile Journal.* By T. G. Appleton. Illustrated by Eugene Benson. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

tions unnerve a little while they enchant. It is a brisk, alert, vividly suggestive and discursive spirit which offers us the hospitalities of the Rachel; it is the tone of society, easy, sympathetic, fine, and sensible. The journalizer gives the poetry of Nile travel, as the Howadji does, but the poetry is of the lighter, gayer sort, that runs naturally into *vers de société;* the perfume is often the savory odor from the laboratory of Paolo the cook; the excellent flavor of the Nile fish is as frankly recognized as their beauty. The literature of the book has those qualities of amateurishness which are the most agreeable; and if the reader does not look for what he has no right to expect in a book so explicitly informal, he cannot very well help enjoying this Nile Journal. At any rate we will confidently take the risk of advising him to put it into the budget he is packing for the mountains or the seaside.

— In taking up Mr. Hardy's new story,[1] one instantly re-discovers how great is the charm of a book in which the style everywhere gives token of a sensitive personal touch from the author, where the words do not, as in average novels, shrivel and harden into their ordinary aspects, but continually freshen in the quiet dew of thought that the author lets fall upon every detail, the most trivial. This thoughtfulness, which is not formal, but is a natural æsthetic inspiration very much at ease, affects all particulars of the composition; and every page thus gets an interest of its own. Everything is given in pictures, so far as it may be, and these are always delicately drawn, with a spiritualized force of language which seems to us uniquely Mr. Hardy's among all English novelists; and when a picture cannot be made, the mood of a character or other connecting link is presented in so interesting a way that one cannot slur it over. So that Mr. Hardy scarcely need fear the new mode, just coming into notice, of "condensing," that is, clipping one wing of every famous fiction, so that it may not be able to fly out of reach. But he is so much an artist that, while he will probably be greeted with unusual enthusiasm, at each appearance, by a certain limited audience, he will be promptly rejected by another uncertain and larger one. In Ethelberta, however, there is certainly no lack of interest of a kind which must be acceptable to a wide variety of readers. The heroine is a butler's daughter who, from governessing, has passed into London society as the daughter-in-law of Lady Petherwin; and the strange predicament of her parentage, together with her personal attractions and the motive of marrying in a way to profit her poor relations, which greatly complicates her love-affairs, — these elements are all of lively efficacy. The turns of the plot, at the close, are extremely clever and absorbing. Yet undoubtedly the tale lacks largeness of scope and depth of feeling; and the drawing of the characters (aside from Ethelberta), though good, has about it a certain lightness and remoteness. Ethelberta comes of the same stock with Fancy Day and Bathsheba Everdene, but she has a tone of her own also, and is by far the richest natured of the three. Mr. Hardy's passport to favor ought to receive a potent *visé* in this recent venture, admitting him to rank near George Eliot and William Black among the English novel-writers of to-day. He is perhaps a better artist than either; but his small range of characters and want of moral inspiration closely limit him. He might easily, we should say, take even a higher place as a producer of plays for the stage than he now holds as a novelist.

— Achsah[2] is a novel, with some amusing characters in it representing certain well-known New England types, with a plot of so old but unvenerable a sort that it cannot be warmly commended. The hero, Owen Rood, is a young man who has a lofty superiority to conventional religious belief and a taste for writing magazine-articles, who falls in love with the charming Achsah. These two are kept apart by the machinations of her father, Deacon Sterne, whose domestic tyranny may be compared with that of Ponchinello. He is a caricature of certain Yankee faults, and there is doubtless many a village in New England where, if this novel is read, there will be one or more names suggested by the irreverent as the probable original of this character. Owen's aunt is this villain's counterpart, and she does a great deal towards blocking the course of true love. Both she and the deacon are laughable in their exaggeration of meanness, hypocrisy, and falsehood, but it is to be regretted that the author should have forborne "holding

[1] *The Hand of Ethelberta.* A Novel. By Thomas Hardy, author of Far from the Madding Crowd.

[2] *Achsah: A New England Life-Study.* By Rev. Peter Pennot. Illustrated. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1876.

his hand" as he has done, so that while he raises a momentary smile his skill is not shown to the best advantage. The talks between the different characters, outside of the love-making, the parts about the murder, and the like, are the most entertaining things in the novel. If all the rest had been as good, it would have been a readable book; but as it is, it may be considered to show a fair amount of promise. A novel with a good portion of local color, as it is called, and with a fair representation of dialectic peculiarities, is pretty sure to have a certain popularity, and such Achsah well deserves; but it is to be hoped that a writer who really is well equipped with some of the elements required will remember that novel-writing, like every other occupation, requires real and persistent effort before anything satisfactory is accomplished. This novel has too much the appearance of being off-hand work.

— Dr. Brinton's book on the Religious Sentiment [1] is an ambitious attempt to explain religion, its history in the past, its present condition, and its prospects for the future, within the compass of a volume that can be easily held in the hand. The method the author employs is that with which scientific books have made us all familiar, which consists in applying a most rigid investigation to the phenomena of the subject under discussion, analyzing their origin, displaying their sequence, and letting these stand as a complete explanation. However useful this course may be, and indeed however essential, it is yet by no means complete, because it leaves out much that especially characterizes religious sentiment. The author approaches the subject "as a question in mental philosophy to be treated by the methods of natural science;" but the methods of natural science are certainly incompetent to do equal justice to all subjects, and while there is much truth in Dr. Brinton's accumulation of facts and theories, it is far from doing the subject justice. The material he has amassed is very great; the reader is led from the crass ignorance of savages to the recent "prayer-gauge debate" with great swiftness and dexterity, and on the way he has much to learn about Buddhism, Brahmanism, etc., — the list is a long one. It would be perhaps unfair to say that there is an excessive complexity in the subjects treated, but there is a possible superfluity of erudition shown in the manner of treatment. That all the learning is accurate cannot be affirmed. For instance, page 156, it is stated that the Buddhist assumes all existence to be but imaginary, and that consequently he justly infers that the name is full as much as the object. But is this a fair statement of the Buddhist's creed, or of his inferences? It is not surprising that in the immense amount of ground gone over there should be errors like this. In fact, the information gives the reader more frequently the feeling of accuracy than does the reasoning based upon it. Examples of this are to be found in the last chapter, on the Momenta of Religous Thought, where, for instance, we read that "in Greece alone, a national temperament, marvelously sensitive to symmetry, developed the combination of maximum strength with perfect form in the sun-god, Apollo, and of grace with beauty in Aphrodite. The Greeks were the apostles of the religion of beauty," etc., all of which is true, but by no means a discovery. In a word, with all its machinery of arrangement and explanation, the book leaves matters little, if any, further advanced than they were at the beginning. What the author has done is to collect facts and make some true remarks about religion, but what he has failed to do is to treat his subject with anything like satisfactory completeness. The book has the air of settling everything in the most complete way, but no one who knew about religion from this book alone would gather that religion was one of the main forces of the world.

— We wish that Mr. Anthony Trollope, in view of his somewhat melancholy skill in hashing up matter to pass as fiction, would publish something in the way of Half-Hour Lessons in Novel-Writing. Such a work, however, if written in a candid spirit, might be very damaging to the author. For example, the recipe for concocting a book like his latest [2] would probably contain a recommendation to read up one or two memoirs of English statesmen, with references to the memoirs of court ladies, followed by attentive perusal of the daily papers with a view to writing dry summaries of make-believe political news, such as Mr. Trollope himself can supply in any de-

[1] *The Religious Sentiment: Its Source and Aim. A Contribution to the Science and Philosophy of Religion.* By DANIEL G. BRINTON, A. M., M. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1876.

[2] *The Prime Minister.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates.

sirable (or undesirable) quantity. A further essential, we imagine, would be the revival of some manuscript prepared in earlier years and rejected by unappreciative publishers. This should then be well sifted in with the newly collected matter, in such a way that the weak love-story would fall into little compartments by itself, and the political make-believe into other compartments by itself, the two sets of compartments alternating so as to have the air of having been constructed together, in a single, inseparable design. One can easily conceive, at least, of its being no difficult matter to produce on this plan a light volume in eighty chapters and six hundred and ninety pages, like The Prime Minister. But we doubt if even Mr. Trollope could give a satisfactory explanation of the complaisance with which critics treat this kind of work, and the avidity with which readers devour it. We find his novels extolled as agreeable and wholesome, but it is hard to assent conscientiously to either adjective. To our thinking, the present attempt is not only carried out with the least possible energy, either as to representation of character or as to the invention of the simplest incident, but it is also extremely fatiguing reading, and in portions decidedly repulsive, owing to the author's total want of inspiration when handling unpleasant episodes. The feebleness of his imagination, too, causes the more emotional parts to sound like burlesque. All these defects are not new in Mr. Trollope's work, but, together with his amazing repetitional prolixity, they are becoming very tiresome. The book furnishes just enough occupation to the mind to make it useful in inferior moods, and this of course is Mr. Trollope's recommendation to a large class of readers. A humorous suspicion sometimes arises, that the author justifies to himself his dullness by some hallucination that he is providing the world with historical pictures of English society; but despite his imitation of the younger Crébillon in drawing (as he doubtless does) from persons in real society, and his catering to the modern English taste — which Mr. Nadal has pointed out — of having the nobility handled with extreme familiarity in fiction, we do not fancy that posterity will be especially grateful for his labors.

— Mr. Bolles has chosen a subject of wide interest and treated it with great skill. In his small volume[1] of a little more than two hundred pages he goes over the complicated questions that have arisen between labor and capital, and has attempted the solution of some of the difficulties that puzzle modern society. This he has done, in our opinion, without prejudice or partiality; he does not regard the laboring man and the capitalist as foes, but rather as allies working ultimately for the same end, although with different aims. It is not a sentimental or rhetorical tie that connects the two, but rather the identity of their interest in general, and the necessity of toleration in both, in particular cases.

He sees plainly the dissensions existing between labor and capital, and he places the cause in the faults of both sides. Each class is, naturally enough, seeking the attainment of its own selfish ends, and what has been dissatisfaction on the part of the laboring classes has grown to be mischievous and often suicidal folly, from the desire to better their condition and the perception of the great force of combination. The superabundance of labor, too, impoverishes the laboring man. But for the results too generally produced by combination Mr. Bolles has only blame; he by no means denies the existence of misery, but he argues that the right way of relieving it has not been found by, say, the English trade-unions, which deprive men anxious to work of the power of working, limit the number of apprentices, inculcate degrading idleness upon the workers, and so exercise a most offensive despotism and diminish the power of capital. Capital is nothing without labor, and so labor feels justified in making any conditions; but what is labor without capital? Such excesses, when frequent, drive the business away from a country, and, if they ruin a manufacturer, also surely ruin his laborers. On the other hand, the controller of capital is not irresponsible; it is incumbent on him to do his share to promote the welfare of the workingmen, and not to rest in selfish ease. A practical reconciliation of the interests of all is pointed out in the chapters on coöperation and on industrial partnership, matters which, although not exactly novel, are yet unknown to many of those most concerned in them. In conclusion, we can only say that an impartial, intelligent, simply-written book like this can hardly fail to have a good effect in pointing out abuses to be remedied and methods to be followed. If instead of dec-

[1] *The Conflict between Labor and Capital.* By Albert S. Bolles, Author of Chapters in Political Economy, and Editor of the Norwich Morning Bulletin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1876.

lamation against the vices of capitalists and the unholiness of putting one's money into business, and against the short-sightedness of misled working-people, we could have a calm discussion of the causes of difference, it would be much better for society and for all concerned individually. Patience and education must do their work slowly. But there is every reason to hope that laborers will listen to counselors like Mr. Bolles rather than to demagogues. At any rate, they will find that although he criticises their faults, he has their good at heart.

— Miss Cobbe's book,[1] which treats mainly of the immortality of the soul of man, contains a serious and interesting discussion of the question from the point of view of a seeker after truth, who does not rest satisfied with either the common answers of theologians or the hasty denial of its possibility on the part of the materialists. What she tries to do is to show what are the arguments to incline a religious person to believe that the soul does exist after death. To these arguments she does not ascribe the force of unfailing conviction; she merely tries to show how unlikely it is that man is sent into the world to live for a time and then to perish utterly. But she defends them with considerable eloquence. Indeed, her earnestness and sincerity make the book a really valuable contribution to serious literature.

A strong sense of individuality would lead one to take comfort from this volume and its groping after truth; observation, without personal bias, would render one insensible to its forcible appeal. Both, however, would agree that, starting with Miss Cobbe's assumption of the existence of a just, beneficent Creator, the case is stated with great clearness and cogency. There is no doubt of the importance of the question; as Miss Cobbe says, "Should the belief in a life after death still remain an article of popular faith after the fall of supernaturalism, then (freed, as it must be, of its dead-weight of the dread of hell) the religion of succeeding generations will possess more than all the influence of the creeds of old; for it will meet human nature on all its noblest sides at once, and insult it on none. On the other hand, if the present well-nigh exclusive devotion to physico-scientific thought end in throwing the spiritual faculties of our nature so far into disuse and discredit as to leave the faith in immortality permanently under a cloud, then it is inevitable that religion will lose half the power it has wielded over human hearts."

After this attempt to show the possibility and likelihood of immortality, Miss Cobbe goes on to discover its probable nature, but all discussions of that sort being necessarily so obscure, it is not worth while to linger over what she has to say; not because it lacks interest, but because it is hardly more than an expression of the writer's own tastes. Of more value are the remaining articles, Doomed to be Saved and The Evolution of the Social Sentiment. In the first of these she treats of the possible improvement of every human being under a dispensation which shall not blight the further development of the soul by the infliction of eternal punishment for sins committed in the flesh, and in the other she speaks of sympathy as a thing of later growth, which is found only in a rudimentary form, if at all, among children and uncivilized races.

A careful perusal of this book will convince any one of what, if he is already familiar with Miss Cobbe, he will be ready to believe, namely, her ability. No one who is racked by doubt, or who cares to think for himself, should neglect to read The Hopes of the Human Race.

— All the most adventurous travelers of the present day are correspondents of the New York Herald, and Mr. Southworth, the author of Four Thousand Miles of African Travel,[1] is not an exception. At present the geographers of that well-known paper are giving most of their attention to Africa, although we are quite sure that the discovery of the North Pole will be made by some enterprising special contributor; and hunting up other and famous explorers, as Stanley did Livingstone, was made the model in directing Mr. Southworth's steps towards the equator. The object of his journey was to ascertain the whereabouts of Sir Samuel Baker, but in that he was unsuccessful, and instead of making his bow before that explorer he turned northward and eastward, and marched to the Red Sea, reaching Massowah, the port of Abyssinia.

[1] *The Hopes of the Human Race, Hereafter and Here.* By Frances Power Cobbe. New York: James Miller. 1876.

[1] *Four Thousand Miles of African Travel: a Personal Record of a Journey up the Nile and through the Soudan to the Confines of Central Africa, embracing a Discussion on the Sources of the Nile, and an Examination of the Slave-Trade.* By Alvan S. Southworth, Secretary of the American Geographical Society. With Map and Illustrations New York: Baker, Pratt, & Co.; London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

It is not as a record of travel that this book deserves consideration, in spite of the fact that the author made the difficult journey across the Nubian Desert, and went farther south than Khartoom; of his journeyings he gives but a meagre account. "Racing on the Nile," he says, "could be made a very exciting and interesting pastime if it were properly patronized, and the building of fast models were encouraged." In the future of Egypt, as he sees it, this change will doubtless be one of the first introduced in the process of Americanizing that country, which, Mr. Southworth tells us, is what the viceroy is endeavoring to do. Elsewhere we are told of the viceroy's flattering tongue, and it may be a possible thing that Mr. Southworth is a victim to its wiles. Certainly he repays the Egyptian's approval of this country by a most lavish admiration of everything in Egypt and in the future of that country. He has just the same feeling about the viceroy that Americans used to have for the late Napoleon III., but this statement by no means implies too close a resemblance between the two rulers. At any rate, Mr. Southworth fortifies his hopefulness about Egypt by the use of convincing statistics, and he shows therewith the immense possible value of the Soudan as soon as Central Africa has an outlet for its fertility. A railroad running to Cairo would bridge the dangerous and costly desert and shorten to four days the time necessary for the trip. The richness of the soil is very great, and it is especially adapted for cotton and sugar. Removing the cataracts, it is feared, would seriously affect the flow of the Nile, by permitting the water to rush down to the sea when the river was high, so that during the rest of the year the river would be very low, or possibly dry, whereas at present the cataracts partly dam the waters and prevent this immediate waste.

Mr. Southworth also contributes to the history of the African slave-trade some melancholy particulars. He estimates the number of slaves exported from the country between the Red Sea and the Great Desert at twenty-five thousand annually, as follows: from Abyssinia, fifteen thousand; by the Blue Nile, three thousand; by the White Nile, seven thousand. For these twenty-five thousand sold, fifteen thousand more are killed, and sometimes fifty thousand in a year he considers a fair estimate of the number taken from their homes. It is not easy to find a remedy for this great evil, but with the advance of civilization it will doubtless be possible to diminish it.

This book, it will be noticed by the reader, is rather a collection of miscellaneous information about Africa, not too carefully put together, in which the most important part is what is said of the possible utilizing of Central Africa. From a literary point of view there is not much to praise; there is a good deal of "padding," and a wholly unnecessary number of French words and phrases on almost every page. Moreover, Mr. Southworth's enthusiasm about things Egyptian will fill the cynical with a fear that everything is not so near perfection as he would seem to think. Time will, however, show whether he is right or not. But he in his foreign fervor does not forget his fellow-countrymen, for he says he was "of the opinion that twelve energetic, I might say reckless, Americans, each with his special mental and physical gifts, could bare that whole continent to the view of an anxious mankind." No wonder the viceroy is in haste to "Americanize" Egypt.

French and German.[1]

If Daudet's Froment,[2] published more than a year ago, were an unknown book and generally overlooked, it would be right to sing its praises; but as it is, while in many ways the book deserves success, it is by no means so much better than many other novels as its popularity would imply, nor does it demand untempered approval. The plot of the story is the one familiar to the reader of French novels, the faithlessness of a wife; a plot which is rendered necessary by the construction of French society, which so nearly ignores the English heroine, the young unmarried girl. There is here, however, no temporizing with vice, no painting it in fascinating colors, but rather the literary error of sacrificing everything in order to make the guilty woman odious. In speaking of Thackeray, in his History of English Literature, Taine points out the difference between English novelists, who make their novels moral satires, and the French, who write artistic novels, illustrating his remarks by compar-

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

[2] *Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné.* Mœurs Parisiennes. Paris: Charpentier. 1874.

ing Balzac's Valérie Marneffe in La Cousine Bette with Thackeray's Becky Sharp; "Thackeray's whole business is to degrade" her. . . . "Under this storm of irony and contempt the heroine is dwarfed, illusion is weakened, art attenuated, poetry disappears, and the character, more useful, has become less true and beautiful." If this is true of Thackeray, it is equally true of Daudet in the novel before us; he shows us the heroine not only wicked, but also vulgar, ignorant, pushing, and disagreeable in every way. This, it must be confessed, is different from most novels of this sort, in which it is the unhappy husband who is commonly put into an odious or ridiculous light, while the wife has all the virtues save one. Here just the contrary is done, and it would be hard to exceed the author's virulence against the woman who does all the harm.

The outline of the story is something like this: the book opens with an account of the marriage of Sidonie Chèbe to the elder Risler, a Swiss, honest, hard-working, kindly-hearted, who has recently been admitted a partner into the firm of Froment and Risler, manufacturers of paper. He loves his wife devotedly; she, however, who had passed her childhood and youth in great poverty, marries him to secure position, and to make good her disappointment at not winning for her husband Georges Froment, who had married a friend of hers from whom she had tried to win him. Frantz, a younger brother of her husband, had also been in love with her, and they had been engaged, but her ambition and hope of a better match with Georges had broken this off. Without giving all of the particulars, it need only be said that after she marries she is thrown continually into the society of Georges, and they immediately proceed to pursue the wicked ways. She is thoroughly vicious, Georges is a lamentably jelly-like mass of weakness. The intrigue is noticed by every one except the injured husband and the deceived wife. The cashier of the firm writes to Frantz, beseeching him to return and open his brother's eyes; he comes back, but Sidonie makes short work of him, and soon induces him to write a letter asking her to elope with him, which she has no faintest thought of doing, but she keeps him silent by holding the note over him *in terrorem*. Matters go on from bad to worse, the firm's money goes to buying Sidonie jewels, dresses, a villa, carriages and horses, etc., until finally the day of reckoning comes, and the wife of Georges finds out the whole story, while at the same time it is made clear to Risler. The extravagance of the guilty ones has been so great that the firm is on the point of failing, but a machine Risler has just invented brings them new wealth after the selling of Sidonie's luxuries enables them to weather their immediate difficulties. Her mischief-making is not yet at an end; she is lost to society, but she sends Frantz's note to her husband, and in his despair he takes his own life. With that tragedy this powerful book ends.

It will be noticed that this novel shows the bitterest results of wickedness, and in so doing the novelist does not go beyond the limits of his duty. It is not possible, however, to give all his methods the same praise. The virulence with which Sidonie is shown to be not only immoral but without taste in dress or house-furnishing is tiresome; the reader seeks in his own mind for something in her defense; he grows weary of hearing her accused of ill-temper, meanness, and pettiness of every sort. In a word, the heroine is treated with just a slightly excessive amount of the caricature which makes the drawing of all the other people of the book seem delightfully life-like. The muddled wits of Sidonie's father; the rigid honesty of Sigismund Planus, the cashier; and above all the Delobelle family, are portrayed with wonderful skill. Delobelle the father, a distant relative of Wilkins Micawber, had at one time been an actor in the provinces, but with this story he is in Paris, seeking employment in some theatre, and meanwhile letting himself be supported by his adoring wife and daughter. He is the victim of his own delusions and his colossal selfishness, and as touching as anything in the story is the willful devotion of his family and their tender nursing of his whims. His daughter, Désirée, is especially well drawn, and the pathetic failure of her life is piteous reading. Nowhére does Daudet's earnestness about his story desert him; he never writes a line that does not count, and his people are very life-like, and unfailingly consistent. This Froment Jeune et Risler Ainé is hardly less gloomy a book than Droz's cheerless Babolain, but it differs from that in not giving the impression of quite such hopeless misery, like that of a nightmare, which makes Babolain so severe an attack upon the reader's feelings.

— Gloomy as it is, it will be considered nearly farcical in comparison with the same

author's latest novel, Jack,[1] which has just appeared. This story, which is dedicated to Gustave Flaubert as the author's friend and *maître*, describes with much power the life of a young man who has the misfortune to have been born out of wedlock. The story is inspired by fierce indignation, not with the laws by which society preserves the sanctity of the family, but rather with vice and with the weakness and indifference of the vicious. In Froment Jeune et Risler Ainé, Daudet shows the way in which a guilty life not only sears the soul and produces utter indifference to the welfare of others, but he also paints wickedness growing worse and worse and bringing every misfortune in its wake as a legitimate consequence. So in Jack the author sets out to show a life wholly wrecked by this accident of birth, and he never relents or holds his hand in adding gloom to the picture. No writer of a tract ever hounded a guilty hero to perdition with more unscrupulous severity than is here shown by Daudet, and even if this adds to the impressiveness of the book, it diminishes its literary excellence. It is a fair question whether a novel is the proper means for expressing wrath or violent disgust. The writer who is especially interested in setting some particular wrong right, or in branding it with hot contempt, is likely to let the precise development of his story and of his characters be neglected in his anxiety to make on the reader an impression as deep as that which he himself feels. The public which reads novels takes them up for amusement, and is tolerably sure to be somewhat dull in its feelings and comparatively irresponsive to even the justest eloquence. Satire would seem to be within its province, or restrained anger, but when those bounds are passed, it is almost certain to be to the detriment of the novel. The novelist is an observer who records his observations, not an advocate. But whatever may be the truth about the general question, in this particular case it cannot be doubted that the author's ardor has marred his work.

The plot is by no means what is best in this book, and in many places the author has stopped in telling his story to let his characters appear in the fullest light and show their most marked qualities. Thus, he holds D'Argenton up to the most relentless ridicule; his vanity, his arrogance, the barrenness of his brains, are continually forced upon the reader's notice. Certain jokes never fail to be repeated, even two or three times on a page.

That the story is powerful there can be no doubt. Many passages exhibit great power, others perverted ingenuity concocting misery for the hero. Most of the characters are genuine caricatures, but even then they are grimly amusing. There is, of course plenty of pathos in the book. Impossible as much is, and flavored with wrath as it all is, and though it be nothing but painful reading, the book will be found able and clever. But the chances are, however, that the reader will detest it when he lays it down. Let him not say he has not received warning.

ART.

In the history of every young American painter of to-day there seems to occur an interesting moment when, having got something of the required skill of his profession while retaining his individuality, he reaches out for some new power, and quietly puts all his originality into the hands of some admired French or German or Belgian painter, to be held in trust for an indeterminate period. It seemed at one time that Mr. Appleton Brown had taken this course. A pupil of Lambinet, and possessed of considerable native force, he made a visit to Paris and came back a confirmed admirer of Corôt, to that extent that his own formerly free and vivacious interpretations of nature threatened to disappear under a new and cloudier manner. This, however, has now yielded to the old influence of American climate and scenery reëxerted, and Mr. Brown has recently shown a collection of his landscapes which have all the independent charm of his earlier work, with an added strength and subtilty well worth the

[1] *Jack.* Mœurs contemporaines. Two vols. Paris: Dentu. 1876.

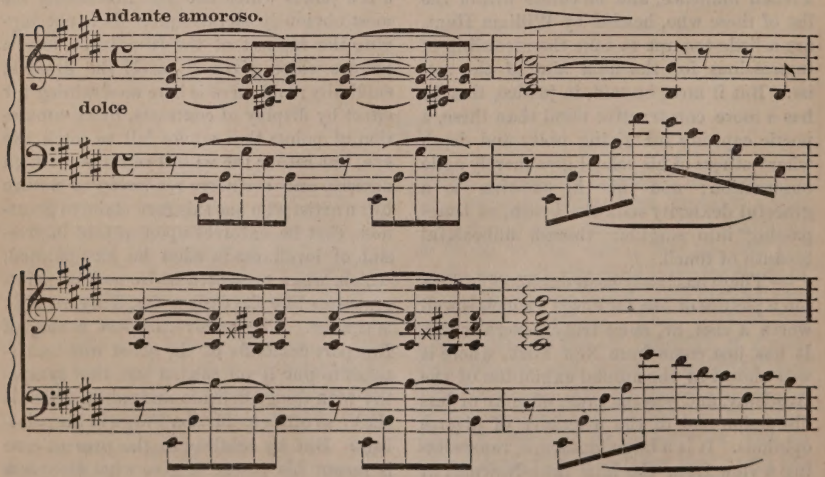
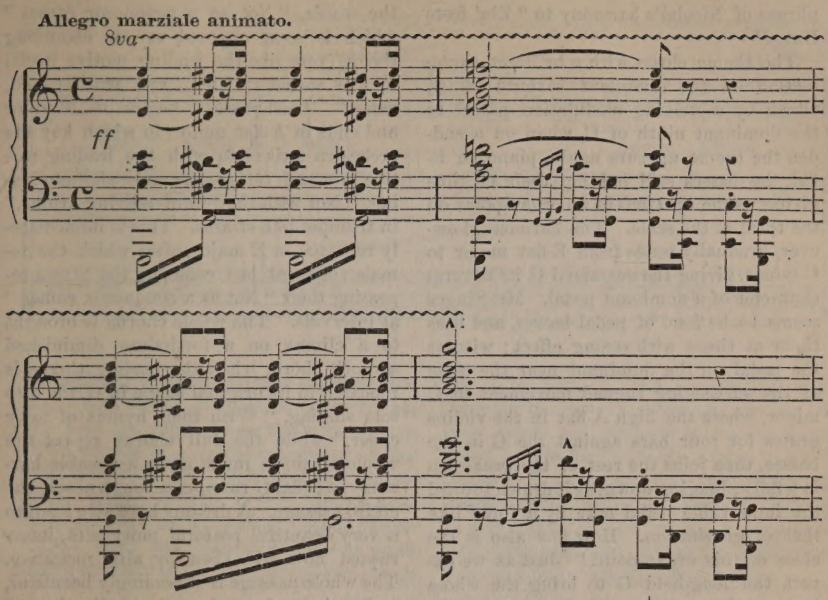
temporary uncertainty through which he has passed. A large view on the Merrimac deserved much praise for the delicious, humid distance of the wide river-space which it opened out; and here, too, was afforded a glimpse of reedy marginal growth with the sunlight falling softly on it, quite characteristic of Mr. Brown. The degree in which green came forward in the subject-matter of some of the other paintings was noticeable, as showing that the artist has learned to make entertaining as well as delicately artistic pictures on a basis of decided monotony. One vista of a quiet, white road curling away into a dense confusion of light green trees, with a suggestive light-hued umbrella at the distant turn, struck us as a special triumph in this kind. We confess, nevertheless, to a preference for Mr. Brown's autumnal studies. He seizes the poetic season when it is most poetic, when approaching November chills the tree-boughs and a few bright leaves linger in the woods like birds of passage; and under these conditions the edge of a grove, — a single white birch standing out among the dark stems and vagarious branches of oaks, with a pausing gleam of ditch-water, — furnishes him the elements of an idyllic production. Study of the human figure is an auxiliary which this painter can hardly afford permanently to forego, notwithstanding the delightfulness of his endowments and achievements at present; but he has already reached a point where it can be affirmed of him that he is, on the whole, one of the richest in sentiment of our younger landscape painters. His technical measures all indicate French influence, and he comes within the list of those who, headed by William Hunt, are a little too apt to take the recording of impressions for the final aim of the artist. But it must be said, in justice, that he has a more constructive mind than these, a poetic capacity for giving unity and depth where others of his school give merely agile observation; and this in addition to a graceful dexterity with the brush, at times passing into singular though unboastful breadth of touch.

— There has lately been exhibited in Boston a picture of Mr. La Farge's which is well worth a visit, or, more truly, several visits. It has just come from New York, where it was shown at the annual exhibition of the Academy, and was the cause of more or less discussion and of the utterance of diverse opinions. It is a large landscape, representing a view from the hills near Newport at the spot called Paradise, back of the second beach, looking down to the ocean at the south. The place itself will be familiar only to those rare pedestrians who, not contented with enjoying scenery from the seat of a barouche, have strolled at will among the lovely meadows, where in the most primeval solitude it is possible to get far-reaching views of the sea, or to find fascinating little nooks among hills and valleys whose very existence is hardly known to the ordinary summer visitor. One great charm of Newport scenery is its modesty: it has no massive cliffs that extort wonder and admiration, its hills are all hardly more than gentle undulations; it has no rich abundance of trees growing to the water's edge, there is nothing but the stretch of yellow meadow grass rolling gently to the water, with here and there a softly rising hill. It is like a grand landscape in miniature.

This picture gives with wonderful fidelity the quiet and softness of the place under the light of a Newport afternoon, so different from the sometimes glaringly noticeable scenery of more famous spots. There are parts of the Hudson River, for instance, that seem designed to justify the paintings on drop-curtains, or, if this sounds harsh, they lack the coy, half-hidden reserve which the damp air of Newport lends to remote objects. Those who have traveled have seen fit to compare this Rhode Island shore with what is to be seen in Greece, and photographs simply confirm their statements. This quality is clear in this picture, which has the gentleness, the repose, the completeness, which the lover of nature finds in a few places which are not necessarily the most obviously picturesque. It is not lugging the highest of the Himalayas into a picture which gives it surely the greatest sublimity; and there is here no straining for effect by display of contrasts, by accumulation of points that cannot fail to catch the eye, but rather the willful rejection of such devices, and a sincere rendering of nature by an artist who has this rare claim to greatness, that he enforces upon us that impression of loveliness in what he has painted, which, when presented us by poet or painter, seems like the easiest simplicity, so high is the art. The evasive, modest beauty of Newport demands of the artist who undertakes to put it on canvas just that sympathy with things delicate and subtle which is shown so often by Mr. La Farge in his paintings. But by subtlety in the present case is meant his power to give what escapes a

hasty glance, and rewards only more attentive study. This study, too, it may be said, is not intellectual or literary pondering, which in its time has inspired pictures, but rather that more or less fruitful sensitiveness to emotional impression which some feel in listening to music or in gazing at a sunset. No affectation can acquire this art, which has nothing to do with handiwork, but with the soul with which the painter sets about his work; for after all, the artist shows at the best what is in himself. Mr. La Farge has found here a subject admirably suited for his skill in interpreting gentle, unobtrusive things, and he has performed what he had to do with wonderful success.

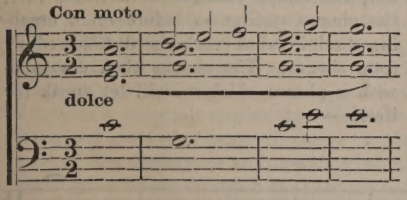
MUSIC.

We have rarely got more pleasure from studying a new work than Mr. Otto Singer's cantata, The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, has given us. Even if Mr. Singer's dedication of the work to his old master did not give one a palpable clew to the fact, it would take no great amount of insight to see from the work itself that he has been a thorough and loving student of Liszt's compositions. Apart from a certain family resemblance that the pervading theme of Mr. Singer's cantata bears to a class of themes Liszt is fond of developing in his works, Mr. Singer's mode of proceeding, in working out this predominant figure, is wholly identical with Liszt's. Looking through several of Liszt's compositions, for instance, his Tasso, Les Préludes, his piano-forte concerto in A major, we are struck by one marked peculiarity: the various phases in which his leading musical motive is successively presented owe their variety not so much to contrapuntal elaboration and different harmony, excepting always the traditional alternations between the major and minor modes, as to strongly marked contrasts in rhythm. Liszt is by no means the man to shirk any amount of contrapuntal labor in working out his themes, and he has often given us striking examples of the effect of two contrasted themes placed in immediate contact with each other; but his methods in this respect are in no wise peculiar to himself, and the distinctive peculiarity of *his* style is his great rhythmic variety. Take, for example, the different physiognomy given to one of the themes in his Les Préludes simply by a change in rhythm. Contrast the first of the following passages with the second: —



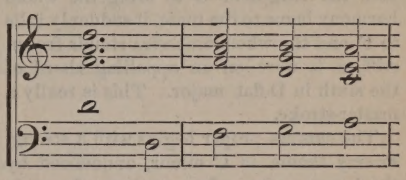
Here we see in a moment what variety can be obtained without having recourse either to counterpoint or to essentially altered harmony.

It is just this rhythmic variety that we find in Mr. Singer's cantata. A constant use of enharmonic modulation, which is one of the notable characteristics of Liszt's style, is also a prominent trait in Mr. Singer's work.

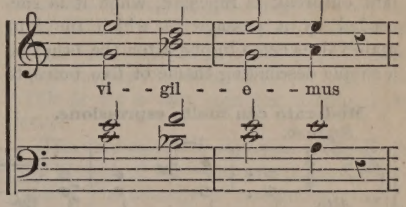
The orchestral introduction to the cantata begins with a long-held, swelling and diminishing chord of C major, after which the leading motive of the work is announced:



This is really a happy and pregnant figure, such as any writer might congratulate himself upon. The leading motive, which is based upon this figure, is given out at length in the same strain, and then repeated fortissimo. There is some rather mediæval-sounding harmony, of a somewhat ascetic character, in it, but it is quite in keeping with the Puritan spirit of the subject. We would only protest against such a passage as this next one, as being unnecessarily ugly.



Such a cross-relation as the plain triad of F followed by the plain triad of G is really too much for modern ears to bear, unless insisted upon with the most convincing decision. Liszt's appalling device in The Bells of Strasburg Cathedral is certainly quite as harsh musically, but it is incomparably stronger: —

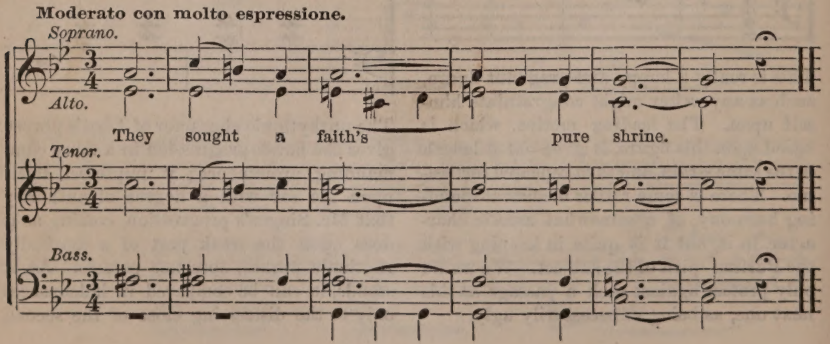


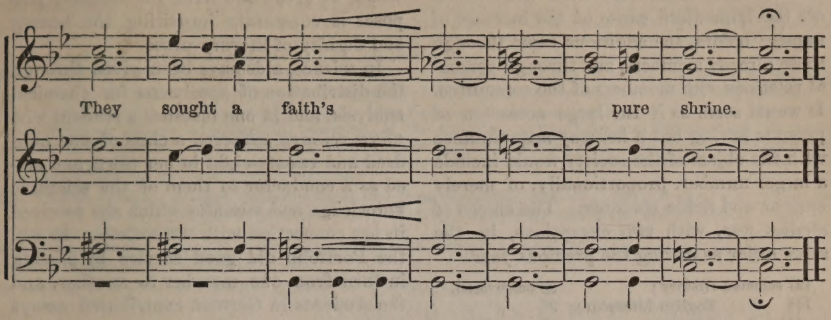
The unrhythmic character of Liszt's phrase gives the harsh progression in a more commanding prominence; it impresses itself upon the ear with a degree of authority that Mr. Singer's progression, coming as it does upon the weak part of a markedly rhythmic phrase, does not possess. As it stands, it can be compared in hideousness only to the distressing close of the second

phrase of Nicolai's harmony to "Ein' feste Burg."

The theme closes with a brilliant exclamation on the dominant seventh of E, which by a striking modulation passes to the dominant ninth of C, when on a sudden the theme appears again, piano, in E-flat, the basses still holding their G, thus giving us the *rara avis* of an organ-point on the third of the scale. The harmony, however, gradually tends from E-flat major to C minor, giving the sustained G its natural character of a dominant pedal. Mr. Singer seems to be fond of pedal basses, and uses them at times with strong effect; witness the pedal on the dominant near the close of the succeeding fugued movement in C minor, where the high A-flat in the violins grates for four bars against the G in the basses, then joins the rest of the orchestra in wildly plunging down, as if drawn toward the immovable pedal note by a force like that of gravitation. How fine also is the close of this organ-point! Just as we expect the long-held G to bring the whole harmony home to the tonic, it suddenly falls to F, and the whole orchestra stands frozen stiff, as it were, on an appalling chord of the sixth in D-flat major. This is really a master-stroke.

The cantata proper begins with a strong, stormy theme in C minor, announced by the basses; after a few measures the male chorus begin upon a rhythmic variation of the leading motive, the orchestra opposing an inversion of the same theme to the voices. A fine stormy passage follows, which reaches its climax on the dominant, when after a bar's silence the male voices blaze out with the theme in C major, answered by the orchestra. This very brilliant outbreak is repeated, when it is succeeded by a passage in which the four male voices come in one after the other on a simple descending theme of five notes, to the words, "Not as a conqueror comes," which is soon opposed to an ascending theme (very like the leading motive itself) to the words, "They, the true-hearted, came." This passage begins in F minor and ends in A-flat minor, in which key the orchestra strikes in with the leading motive in march tempo, the male chorus singing, "Not with the roll of stirring drums," in trumpet-like strains. This is immediately repeated in E major, after which the female voices at last come in, the basses repeating their "Not as a conqueror comes" at intervals. The whole chorus is brought to a climax on a fortissimo diminished seventh chord, when the leading theme is repeated in its original shape in G, the alto solo singing, "With their hymns of lofty cheer," while the full chorus repeat the whole strain in much more agreeable harmony, a pedal G running through nearly the entire passage. A dreamy horn solo leads to a very beautiful pastoral movement, interrupted now and then by alto recitative. The whole passage is exceedingly beautiful, and, to judge from the scanty indications of the scoring given in the piano-forte arrangement, none of the magical effects of the combination of the high, soft violin and reed tones have been spared. This passage ending in F-sharp major is followed by some very brilliant choral and orchestral writing, full of striking enharmonic changes, the harmony oscillating between B-flat major and B major with perfect freedom. Later on, the leading motive comes in again in march tempo, giving us the following succession of keys: D-flat major, F-sharp minor, D major, G minor. Once in G minor, the tempo changes to a faster rate, the chorus ending as before on a crashing diminished seventh chord, followed by total silence. The chorus then comes in with a phrase which we will let speak for itself: —



This is followed by another orchestral thunderbolt, when the chorus repeats: —

Immediately afterward comes the final chorus, — not, thank Heaven, a fugued one. We hold the fugue to be the very highest of all modes of musical expression of impassioned and lofty sentiments and aspirations. But it is only a very strong man who can wield such a strong weapon effectually. Bach and Händel could, but after seeing so many of the later composers struggle on to glory in their fugued finales, we can only be thankful when any one has the good sense and modesty to let the fugue alone. This finale of Mr. Singer's, which begins in F minor and ends in C major (we have, perhaps, rather too little of C major in the course of the work), is very brilliant, dramatic, and strong; a fitting culmination to a very excellent work.

EDUCATION.

The accounts given in The Atlantic and in other journals, last year, of the very modest Society to Encourage Studies at Home brought to light the fact that there was a much larger number of girls awaiting encouragement than the society, by its policy of privacy, had hitherto reached. The third year has just closed, showing the number of 298 students upon the rolls of the society against 82 for the second year and 45 for the first year. With this great increase of students it does not appear that there has been any marked change of policy on the part of the society, or any lowering of its standard. Its organization is so simple and elastic that an increase of students seems only to give more life and enthusiasm to both committee and students; more work has fallen, of course, to the share of the committee, which has wisely met the exigency by enlarging its number, including now several names in New York city and one or two elsewhere. By this means the society becomes less local in its management, but it is evident that, while it makes no difference how widely scattered throughout the country the students may be, efficiency of management under one committee may easily be lessened, if the committee be not able to concentrate its counsels and fortify itself by frequent and personal meetings. The society has rightly, we think, preferred maintaining one organization to forming subsidiary ones; but if the numbers continue to increase in anything like the ratio of the past year, it would seem wiser to create independent societies in other large centres, each having its own circle of students. This is not a very complex matter, however.

The various brief statistics afforded by the record of the year are interesting to note. The average of satisfactory work is curiously close to that of last year, which showed a marked improvement over the previous year. There were 45 names on the lists the first year, and 60 per cent. of satisfactory work was done; there were 82 names the second year, with 70 per cent. of satisfactory work; yet when the number of names was increased to 298, the third year, the percentage of satisfactory work was 67,

a result more noticeable when one considers the immediate cause of the increase of names: before, the additions came through those already members, and through personal relations with members of the committee. It would seem as if the large accession of persons having but a hearsay acquaintance with the object of the society would include a larger number, proportionally, of merely curious and fickle students. The choice of studies was, with two exceptions, in the same order as during the previous year.

127	selected	History;	96	persevered.
118	"	English Literature;	97	"
44	"	Science;	22	"
36	"	Art;	27	"
19	"	German;	17	"
16	"	French	7	"

In this list art occupies the fourth place instead of the seventh, which it held last year, and history and English literature have changed places. These data are too slight for any very precise inductions, but the advance of history and art to higher places is quite in accordance with the increase of interest in those studies which is indicated by other signs. In English literature attention is mainly directed to the great masters of prose, and it is to be hoped that work done in this quarter may have its influence in our schools, where a traditional regard for poetry seems to us to have partially excluded a study of prose, a study more necessary now than ever before. The fountains of poetry have a more inherent power of self-purification, while the prose which we speak and write for ordinary purposes is constantly impairing the beauty and dignity of literary prose.

In science, aids have been given through the distribution of specimens for chemical analysis, and in one instance a student who chose zoölogy gathered a class of one hundred and twenty-eight in her town, and acted as a conductor to them of the scientific knowledge and stimulus which she received in her connection with the society. In art, the Portfolio did good service by passing in turn from one member to another, and the students in German contributed essays in that language. The exact knowledge of each student was tested by monthly examinations, which were conducted by correspondence, the student of course being upon her honor to conform to the conditions imposed. Indeed, nothing in the conduct of the society strikes us more agreeably than the absence of all chicanery and the steady appeal to the higher motives. A love of study is at once assumed and encouraged, while the happy connection of wise friend and eager student is turned toward the best, most fruitful results. The society, working as it does under the shelter of privacy, is consistently pursuing its purpose of giving its members greater power to make their home-life noble and contented. The slight publicity which its aims and methods obtain may properly increase the range of its influence, but will not, it is very evident, persuade it from its true policy of quiet, unblazoned activity.

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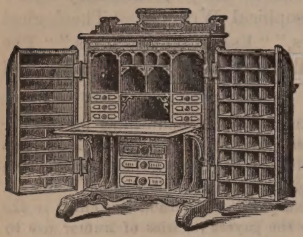

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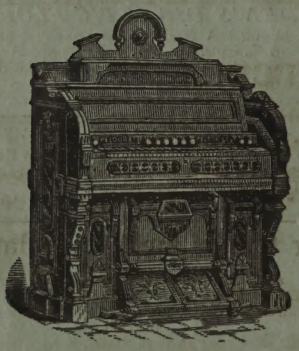

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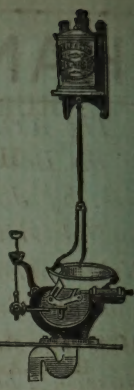

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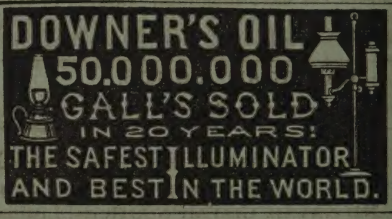

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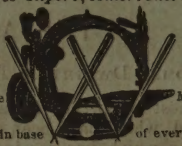
WILLCOX  & GIBBS

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. XXXVIII.—SEPTEMBER, 1876.—No. CCXXVII.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

THE recent death of Jean François Millet has suggested the following reminiscences of a period when the writer enjoyed somewhat exceptional opportunities of intercourse with the distinguished French painter; they are largely derived from letters written at the time, supplemented by a still vivid recollection of many circumstances.

I first saw the village of Barbison and made the acquaintance of Millet early in the month of October, 1855. Upon leaving the United States I had been given a letter to him by my friend William M. Hunt, then recently returned from a long residence in France, where for several years he had known Millet intimately. Indeed, the latter told me afterward that "Hunt was the most intimate and best friend he had ever had." I had caught from Mr. Hunt something of his own enthusiasm for the talent and character of his friend, and was anxious to put myself, if possible, under the instruction of one whom he esteemed so highly.

Accordingly, soon after my arrival in Paris, I went down to Barbison, where Millet resided, and — I quote from a letter written at the time — "presently found myself in Millet's *atelier* and in the presence of the great man. I had been told that he was a rough peasant; but peasant or no peasant, Millet is one of Nature's noblemen. He is a large, strong, deep-chested man, with a full black beard, a gray eye that looks through and through you, and, so far as I could judge during the moment when he took off a broad-brimmed, steeple-crowned straw hat, a high rather than a broad forehead. He made me think at once of Michael Angelo and of Richard Cœur de Lion."

After presenting my letter and answering a few questions about our common friend, I proceeded to the object of my visit, and expressed my desire to become Millet's pupil, or at least to have his advice as to my future course. I had brought with me a few drawings and studies in oil as specimens of my proficiency; these he examined with interest, and criticised courteously but freely. Other visitors now coming in, I took my leave, promising to return after I had taken a stroll about the environs.

Returning to the inn at noon, I found the table set for a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and I sat down with the other guests, about twenty in number, mostly young men, and all apparently artists. The conversation was animated and noisy. I ate my meal for a while silent and unnoticed, doing my best to understand the jokes every one but myself seemed to enjoy so heartily, but at last I unwittingly attracted the attention of

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the whole company. On the appearance of a second course, thinking I had been overlooked by the inn-keeper's daughter, who was the only attendant, I stopped her as she passed my seat, and pointed to my plate, intimating my wish to be furnished with another. The girl seemed very much startled at my movement and before I could make her understand what I wanted a shout of derision arose from the whole table. "Ha, l'aristocrate!" they cried; "il veut changer d'assiette." I had, it appeared, committed a solecism. I had shocked the proprieties of the Hôtel Ganne. I had been guilty of a breach of good manners; I had insulted the great democracy of art. I hastened to retrieve my error, and apologized as well as I could, pleading my foreign birth and education as an excuse for my ignorance of good manners; while as for the charge of being an aristocrat, I assured the company that as I happened to have been born and bred a citizen of the great democratic republic, such a thing was simply impossible. My explanation was taken in good part, and we finished our meal on the most amicable terms.

The inn where I breakfasted in such good company is quite a curiosity in its way. Upon the paneled walls and doors, as well as upon sideboards and other furniture, upon every available space, in fact, are innumerable sketches, many of them painted long ago by young *rapins* who have since become famous artists. These paintings are mentioned in all the guide-books now, and the Hôtel Ganne is one of the lions which strangers are perforce taken to see.

Breakfast over, I returned to Millet's atelier and resumed my interrupted conversation with him. He could not, he said, receive me as a pupil; it had never been his custom, and it would be very inconvenient to have any one working with him in his atelier. However, if I chose to take a room in Barbison, I might bring my work to him, and he would advise and direct me as best he could. But if I wished to study the human figure, he thought I could do that better in Paris, where I could have models, etc. All this was not very encouraging; in fact, I got the impression that Millet intended to dissuade me from the idea of studying with him, and I returned to Paris that evening half determined to abandon the whole project. But, notwithstanding the reluctance he had shown to receive me as a pupil, I felt more than ever attracted to him. I accepted his criticisms and the little encouragement he had given me as evidences of his frankness and sincerity. He had said exactly what he thought, because he had been asked to do so. He had spoken the truth, because it was the truth. I was, moreover, captivated by the personality of the man, — his handsome, intelligent, honest face, the grand dignity of his manner, the serious charm of his conversation.

I soon made a second visit to Barbison, when I found Millet, as I thought, rather more disposed to encourage my plan than he had been at our first interview; and after a long conversation it was finally settled that I should establish myself at Barbison and begin drawing under his instruction, he coming to my room to see and correct whenever I had anything ready to show him. For this, he said, he should be obliged to charge me a very high price, as his time was valuable. He said this, I half suspected, as a last attempt to deter me from the scheme; and when he mentioned this formidable sum, which was one hundred francs, or twenty dollars, per month, and found I was not in the least staggered by it, he looked, I thought, a little disappointed.

This important preliminary settled, he interested himself about a room for me, first warning me that I must not expect very magnificent accommodations, and telling me that on account of the dampness of the floors I would do well to adopt the Barbison fashion of wearing wooden shoes, especially in the house. Then, summoning his servant, a maid of all work (who also, as I afterward learned, often sat or stood as a model for his peasant women), and mentioning the names of several of the neighbors who, he thought, would have

rooms to let, he told her to go with me to look at them.

My guide had not far to go. Two doors from Millet's house I found a room that seemed to be all that was required. Within a week I was installed in my new quarters, where, with occasional visits to Paris, I remained through the winter and spring, from the 29th of October to the 23d of June. During this long sojourn I not only saw a good deal of Millet, but became familiar with Barbison and interested in the life of its inhabitants.

Millet was a poet as well as a painter; or rather, his painting is poetry: each of his pictures is a poem, and though the main topics may be of general interest, appealing to the universal heart of man, his works are full of local color. His peasants are not generalized abstractions. He painted what he saw about him — French scenery and French men and women; and some acquaintance with these may help to give a fuller appreciation of his genius.

Barbison can hardly claim the distinction of being even a village, since it has neither church nor church-yard, nor school-house, nor post-office. For all these things its inhabitants must go a mile and a half to the neighboring town of Chailly, itself hardly more than a large village, of which Barbison is a mere dependency or suburb. There were no shops and no tradesmen in Barbison in my time, no market-place, no common centre of village life, no village tavern even; for though there were two inns in the place, they seemed to be monopolized by the artists, at least in summer, and were rarely visited by the villagers. Even the butcher and the baker came from Chailly, as well as the *charcutier*, — or dealer in pork, whether fresh or cured, — who is always, in France, a distinct person from the butcher proper. People might be born in Barbison if they would, but when they died they must be taken to Chailly to be buried;[1] if they were sick they must send to Chailly for a physician, and there they must go to be christened or married, whether by clergyman or by magistrate.

This hamlet, rather than village, at the time of my visit (it has not changed much since) consisted of a single street, a little more than half a mile in length, running nearly east and west in a slightly winding line. The street had no sidewalks, but its whole surface, twenty-five or thirty feet in width, was paved with square blocks of stone, in excellent repair and neatly kept. In fact, the inhabitants prided themselves upon their neatness, and looked down with contempt upon the other villages in the neighborhood where cleanliness was not held in so high esteem. Both sides of the way were lined with houses built directly upon the thoroughfare, at short intervals apart, the spaces between the houses being closed by high walls, so that the street was completely shut in throughout its whole extent. Both walls and houses were built of stone, usually covered with rough-cast and most of them whitewashed. The dwellings were generally of one story, never of more than two, some presenting their gable ends and some their sides to the street, upon which very few opened directly. The entrance was usually by a wide gateway in the wall which joined one house to the next.

A few of the older houses still retained their thatched roofs, in a picturesque state of decay, and overspread with great patches of green moss; but, owing to the danger of their taking fire, thatched roofs had been for some years interdicted by the government. The old ones were allowed to remain so long as by patching they could be made to hold together, but when it became necessary to renew them, it must be with tiles and not with straw.

On these thatched roofs, and even in the interstices of the tiles, the seeds of weeds and wild flowers had found a lodgment, and in the spring the walls and roofs were in many places gay with blossoms. A part of the house in which I lived had one of these ancient roofs of thatch, whose straw, gray and crumbling with age, was almost wholly hidden

[1] It was at Chailly that Millet was buried, by the side of his friend, Theodore Rousseau

under great flakes of moss, upon which two or three pairs of white pigeons were usually to be seen strutting to and fro or dozing lazily in the sun. Against the street front of many of the houses on the sunny side of the way grape-vines — the famous Chasselas de Fontainebleau — were growing upon trellises, not for ornament but for profit. With this exception there was nothing that had even the appearance of an attempt at outward embellishment.

The stranger, however, who should do no more than traverse the village street would gain but a very imperfect idea of Barbison. Only by entering some gateway that chanced to be left open, and penetrating into the *cour* within, would he be able to get even an outside view of the homes of the people. He would then find himself in an inclosure formed by the dwelling-house on one side and by ranges of out-buildings or high stone walls on the other three, with perhaps — though this was often wanting — a narrow paved walk leading to the real entrance to the house. In the middle there usually stood during the winter a manure heap of constantly growing proportions, affording an ever-fresh field for the explorations of a score of industrious fowls. In one corner, perhaps, would be the well, with its stone curb and oaken bucket; under a rough shed, thatched with furze or brush, the family wood-pile or a disorderly assemblage of carts and agricultural implements; while through the open door of the grange one might discern men at work threshing or winnowing grain. It was in this cour that the cows were milked, the horses groomed, the sheep sheared at the proper season; here the children played and the women performed many of their domestic duties.

In the rear of this inclosure, and guarded apparently with even greater jealousy from the public eye, was often a garden, surrounded by high walls, planted with fruit-trees and vines, vegetables and flowers, and having a postern gate, as it were, to the little citadel of the peasant's home, opening directly upon the great Plain.

Millet's residence and atelier, of one story, with a tiled roof, stood with its gable end toward the street, upon which it had only one small window, — not counting another in an out-building used as the kitchen. On entering the gate the visitor found that the usual cour had been transformed into a garden, of which all that I remember distinctly is a square plot of ground in the middle, where, one day in the early spring, I found Millet at work spading, as a remedy, he told me, for dyspepsia. He delighted to exercise himself occasionally in the labors familiar to his youth, and in which as a young man he had excelled. He would often, in his walks around Barbison, borrow for a moment of some laborer, whom he found at work in the fields, the implement he was using, and prove to the astonished peasant his superior skill in handling it. He had, indeed, a practical acquaintance with every kind of agricultural labor and every species of rural handiwork, and there was in this same garden a small stone building roofed with straw which, aided only by his brother Pierre, he had built and thatched with his own hands.

The atelier occupied the whole of a detached building, which stood in a corner of the garden next the street and opposite the house. It had been built a few years before, expressly for Millet's use, by the owner of the estate, of which Millet was the lessee. In outward appearance it resembled the ordinary barn or grange attached to most houses at Barbison, differing only in its large window, which looked directly upon the street. The interior consisted of one large, high room, with what was very unusual at Barbison, a wooden, not a brick floor. Across the lower part of the wide window was stretched a green curtain; near it stood an iron stove, the easel at which Millet worked, and a modeling-stand for the use of his brother Pierre. Upon shelves about the room or standing upon the floor with their faces turned to the wall were piles of canvases, new and old, of all sizes; many of them, as I afterward discovered, pictures in vari-

ous stages of progress, some of which had not been touched for years. In a corner near the door was a calico-covered couch, and near it a table with writing materials and a somewhat disorderly assemblage of books, papers, crayons, brushes, and colors, the usual litter of an atelier. Several other easels stood about the room, upon which Millet would place the pictures he wished to show to visitors. But they were usually vacant; for though he might have two or three pictures on the stocks — *sur le chantier* as he said, — at the same time, he preferred to have in sight only the one he was for the moment at work upon.

The walls of the room were unpapered and unstained; there was no attempt at what is called decoration, and the general aspect was certainly somewhat untidy and neglected. Everything was for use, not for show; a few casts from the friezes of the Parthenon and the Column of Trajan which hung in the embrasure of the window, a few busts and small plaster figures which stood near, were not there for ornament, but, like maps and encyclopædias in a library, for constant reference. It was an atelier, a place for work, not an exhibition room nor the cabinet of a virtuoso.

Upon some shelves in one corner was what Millet called his museum: a collection of rags and bits of cloth, of different colors, faded and weather-stained, fragments of head-handkerchiefs (*marmottes*), blouses, petticoats, etc., affording shades of color more exquisite than any dyer could produce. Millet made great use of these in his painting, taking from them suggestions of color which he said he could have got in no other way. The almost innumerable shades of blue, from the dark indigo of the new blouse or apron that had never been washed to the delicate tints of time-worn garments that had been bleached almost to whiteness, were his especial delight. Blue, he once told me, was his favorite color; and without doubt it occurs more frequently than any other in the costumes of his peasants.

A door or two from Millet's lived the painter, Charles Jacque. He also had a large-windowed atelier looking upon the street, and the door of his house was one of the few in Barbison that opened directly upon the pavement. Upon this door the *gamins* of the village, who for some reason seemed to bear the poor artist a bitter grudge, were in the habit of writing, with chalk, insulting inscriptions, such as "*Jacque est bête*," often curiously misspelled. These and other indignities were warmly resented by the painter, and I was once, at least, witness to a prolonged altercation in the open street, before and close to my window, between Jacque and his wife on one side and a crowd of boys, reënforced by their mothers, on the other, in which the choicest epithets were hurled back and forth with deafening volubility.

The western portion of the village was occupied chiefly by the poorer class of the inhabitants; but quite at the western extremity was a notable exception. Here, disposed in a hollow square and surrounded by high walls, was a cluster of buildings belonging to a large farm, while outside, on the Plain, stood a picturesque group of gigantic hay-stacks and grain ricks. The proprietor, said to be the richest man in the place, one of the class of peasant farmers represented by the Boaz of Millet's picture, Ruth and Boaz, or the Harvesters (*Les Moissonneurs*),[1] had between two and three hundred acres of land under cultivation, and employed a large number of hands, both men and women. A dozen horses were kept on the premises, besides a large flock of sheep, and barn-yard fowls and pigeons almost innumerable. The farm was one of the lions of the place; and its stables and poultry yard, as well as the interior of the dwelling-house, afforded the artists ample materials for studies.

A short distance beyond the eastern extremity of the village was the Porte aux Vaches, or Cow Gate, the nearest entrance to the Forest of Fontainebleau, where, during the grazing season, the cows owned in Barbison were usually pastured, in accordance with a prescript-

[1] Owned in Boston, where it has been exhibited.

ive right enjoyed by all the inhabitants of the *commune*. The cattle were under the charge of a man whose sole business it was to watch them, and who was paid *pro rata* by their owners. Every morning about nine o'clock the *bouvier* or *vacher*, as he was called, *Anglicè* cowherd, came through the village street, blowing a horn. At the sound, every good-wife who had a cow to be pastured hastened to open the door of her cow-house as well as the entrance gate of her court-yard, and the cow, knowing the sound as well as her mistress, needed no further invitation to march out and join the long procession of her bovine friends as it filed past. The cowherd, accompanied by his dog, and with his wallet containing his dinner slung over his shoulder, brought up the rear; and passing through the gate to which they gave its name, herd and herdsman disappeared in the Forest. There they roamed about all day, cropping the grass in the open glades, or reposing at noon under the branching oaks in the *dortoir*, a part of the Forest so called from its being the favorite nooning-place. At nightfall the procession was re-formed and wended its way back to the village. Once more the bouvier sounded his horn, all the good-wives set wide open their gates and stable doors, and each cow, as she reached her home, turned in, without bidding, at the well-known gate. One of Millet's pictures, entitled *Vacher rappellant ses Vaches*, of which I have seen a photograph, appears to represent the scene in the Forest when the cowherd calls together his cows preparatory to their return home.

Millet never made one of the almost innumerable company of artists who, during the summer months, spread themselves over the Forest, dotting the sylvan shade with their white umbrellas. He never felt, he told me, the necessity of making out-of-door studies from nature, though he sometimes made rough notes, as it were, in a pocket sketch-book no bigger than his hand. He could, he said, fix any scene he desired to remember so perfectly in his memory as to be able to reproduce it with all the accuracy desirable. And certainly many a bit of landscape in his pictures recalls so exactly the scenery around Barbison that it is difficult to believe it was not painted directly from nature. He was fond, however, of making excursions in the Forest, and knew all the finer parts of it by heart, though he did not at the time of my visit take as much exercise in that way as he might have done with advantage to his health.

But though Millet did not feel impelled to make special landscape studies in the Forest, he did not neglect what may be called its human interests. He has painted the poor old women whom the law allows to gather dry sticks in the government woodlands, or even to break off and carry away such dead limbs as they can reach. This refuse wood they bind into enormous bundles, which they hoist painfully upon their backs and so stagger home, bent nearly double beneath their heavy burden. There was said to be a rivalry among the aged crones of Barbison as to who should carry the largest fagot; and one of them, who died during my stay, was reported to have hastened her death by her misplaced ambition.

The wood-cutters also furnished him with subjects. Almost every able-bodied male inhabitant of Barbison worked occasionally at this occupation, in the employ of the government, and many of them were said to have acquired a remarkable skill in the use of the ax, or perhaps, rather, to have inherited it, for the traditions of the craft have been handed down from father to son through a hundred generations.

Millet's picture of *La Mort et le Bûcheron* was not painted until several years after I had left Barbison, but the subject had already been long in his mind. One day in my room he took up a copy of George Sand's Mare au Diable, and read attentively the first chapter, in which the author describes at length an engraving after Holbein, underneath which was inscribed this quatrain in old French: —

> " A la sueur de ton visaige
> Tu gagnerais ta pauvre vie ,

Après long travail et usaige
Voicy la mort qui te convie."

The engraving was described as representing an old peasant plowing, while Death, in the guise of a skeleton, stalks beside the affrighted horses and urges them on with his whip.

Laying down the book, Millet said he had long been thinking of painting something like this; or rather, he thought it would be the old fable, so admirably told by La Fontaine, of Death and the Wood-Cutter. The picture so long in contemplation was finally painted in 1859, but, I know not on what grounds, was refused admission to the *salon* of that year. It was, however, engraved for the Gazette des Beaux Arts (vol. ii., 1859), and finally formed part of Millet's contribution to the Exposition Universelle of 1867.

With Madame Sand's view of the purpose of art, as expressed in this chapter, I understood him to say that he agreed in a general way; so far at least as to hold that its mission is one of love and not of hatred; that in showing us the sorrows of the poor it ought not to stir up enmity against the rich, least of all to use the poor man, as some of the old artists seem to have used the image of Death, as a means of terrifying the more favored classes into being just and compassionate toward their less fortunate brethren. But he thought that she, in putting her theories into practice, had fallen into the error of making her peasants *plus beaux que nature*, better than they really were, casting around them the glamour of a poetry of her own invention and failing to discover that which really inheres in them and in their daily life, if one could only learn to see it.

Subjects for Millet's pencil were also supplied by the workmen in the quarries excavated in the rocky ledges which intersect the Forest like miniature ranges of mountains, and whence is taken the stone used in paving the streets of Paris. Allusion is made to the severe nature of their toil in a published letter of Millet's,[1] and we may imagine him to have been, at the time he wrote it, engaged upon a picture which was among those sold after his death under the title, *Les Carriers*. One picture at least Millet has painted, the scene of which is in the Forest, and in which man plays no part. It is called, in the catalogue of the sale of his pictures which took place in Paris after his death,[2] Rabbits in the Gorges d'Apremont at Sunrise. The locality mentioned is a rocky defile in the Forest, only a short distance from the village, and a favorite haunt of the wild rabbit. The picture is now owned in Boston.

But though Millet with his fine artistic and sensitive nature could not fail to appreciate the charms of the unrivaled Forest, he found in the great Plain that lies around Barbison a greater variety of subjects that appealed strongly to his sympathies as a man and as an artist. The Plain was more exclusively the domain of the peasant, the scene of his labors, the nucleus of the life Millet had himself lived and which he felt himself constrained to paint.

Upon all sides of Barbison save one, where the Forest hems it in, the Plain stretches almost literally as far as the eye can reach, rising occasionally into gentle undulations, and dotted here and there with detached groups of rocks and trees and widely scattered villages, but presenting a generally level and open surface. There are no isolated farm-houses, as with us, and no stone walls, fences, or hedges, except immediately around the villages; and were it not all evidently under cultivation, the Plain might be taken for a vast common. In many of its features it resembles the Roman Campagna, and its great extent and generally level surface are vaguely suggestive of the sea, inspiring the same comparison between the littleness of the individual man and the vastness of the universe. One realizes there that the earth is round, a fact which the artist who studies chiefly in close woods or surrounded by houses is apt to forget. "Every landscape, however small," Millet once said to me, "should contain

[1] Old and New, April, 1875.

[2] Vente après décès de J. F. Millet de ses tableaux, etc. 10th and 11th May, 1875

a suggestion of the possibility of its being indefinitely extended on either side; every glimpse of the horizon, however narrow, should be felt to be a segment of the great circle that bounds our vision. The observance of this rule helps wonderfully to give to a picture the true out-of-doors look."

I know not how those may be affected who have not seen the actual localities, but for my part I can never look at one of Millet's pictures where the scene is laid in the Plain without feeling, as it were, the whole vast amphitheatre rise around me. I not only see the special scene set before me, but am also vaguely conscious of a hundred other things on each side and behind me; things which no doubt were also in Millet's mind as he painted the picture. It is not to me an isolated fact that I look at, but, as Millet no doubt intended it to be, a part of a great whole, a canto of the poem, one stanza of the song.

The work of plowing or digging the fields before sowing seemed to go on almost without interruption through the winter. The plows, each drawn invariably by two horses, were to a Yankee eye exceedingly heavy and clumsy, although on that account all the more picturesque. Many of the fields, however, were so small and of such a shape that a plow could not be used upon them; or perhaps the proprietor was too poor to own or hire a plow and horses. In fact, there were very few of these implements owned or used at Barbison, except upon the one great farm. The small cultivators, instead of plowing, dug their fields over with a spade (*bêche*), whence those who performed the operation were called *bêcheurs*. Preparatory to this, however, and even when the plow was to be used afterward, the fields were cleared of stubble, bushes, etc., by means of an instrument called a *houe*, a sort of hoe, but more resembling a carpenter's adze, though much larger and heavier, the blade being as broad as that of a shovel. It seems a clumsy tool, and it is very fatiguing to use.

Les Bêcheurs have formed the subject and given the title to more than one of Millet's pictures. There is something very fascinating in the monotonous rise and fall of the heavy hoe, reminding one of the regular swinging to and fro of the scythe in mowing, especially since, as in mowing, the laborers usually work in pairs. Millet must have been attracted, too, by the unconscious grace, or, which is perhaps the same thing, the natural fitness of the attitudes and movements of the laborer. By long practice the bêcheur or houeur learns to place himself instinctively in the position best adapted for the effort he has to make, whether in raising his implement, in delivering the blow, or in turning the loosened earth. He learns, too, to use just so much effort as is needed and no more; he cannot afford to waste his strength. Force well ordered, well directed, calm, without bustle or excitement, not to be diverted from its aim; that was what Millet loved, and it was what he was. Again, none of the tasks which fall to the lot of the French peasant have a more pathetic significance than that of the bêcheur; none speak more plainly of the poverty, the hardship, the helplessness of his lot. And Millet, no doubt, always turned instinctively toward the pathetic aspects of human life.

All through November, and even later, men and women — and more women than men — might be seen digging potatoes and other root-crops. These they collected in large sacks and carried home on their backs, while the tops were tied up in large bundles and transported in the same way to serve as fodder for cattle or sheep. I do not remember seeing any work of Millet's representing such a scene; though in the catalogue of the sale above referred to I find *La Récolte des Pommes de Terre* (The Potato Harvest), and he appears to have exhibited in 1867 a picture with the same title, perhaps the same picture, together with another entitled *Planteurs de Pommes de Terre*.

It was customary at Barbison to allow the land to lie fallow once in three years, and the fields annually set apart for this purpose served as a pasture for the

three or four flocks of sheep that were kept in the village.

The breed of dogs which takes its name from the old province La Brie was that generally employed at Barbison to watch the sheep. They were wiry, foxy little fellows, generally black with a tan spot over each eye, with a sharp nose and pointed ears; not pretty to look at, but indefatigably active and wonderfully intelligent. To one coming from New England, where the annual loss of sheep by dogs is so great as almost to have put an end to sheep-raising in localities where it was once the principal occupation, it seemed strange to see dogs the guardians and protectors of the sheep instead of their most dreaded enemies. A partial explanation may be found in the fact that in France the shepherd's dog is never allowed to eat meat, least of all mutton; his master himself rarely indulges in such luxuries, and the rinsings of the family soup-kettle afford the only modification of the dog's strictly vegetable diet.

The sheep at Barbison and in Millet's pictures are of no choice and valuable breeds, but very ordinary animals, worthless almost, the sheep fancier might call them, whether for their flesh or for their fleeces. They were for that very reason better fitted for the artist's purpose, were all the more typical sheep, more in harmony with the peasants who owned them and the nature around them. There are no subjects which Millet has more frequently chosen than sheep and shepherds. Sometimes it is the shepherd wending his way slowly homeward in the gloaming, his figure coming up darkly against the evening sky, followed by the long, winding column in serried ranks, one faithful dog bringing up the rear, whilst the other walks sedately by his master's side, watching for a sign or word of command, or for an approving glance. Again, the shepherd, wrapped in his cloak, stands leaning on his staff, under the leafless trees at the edge of a wood, at the chill close of an autumn day, watching for the appearance of the *étoile du berger* as the longed-for signal to lead homeward his flock. Or, again, the scene is a sheep shearing, as in one of his most remarkable pictures, now in the Athenæum gallery.

On these fallow fields cows, too, were often pastured, under the charge of children, whose duty it was to watch them and keep them within bounds. More commonly, however, a rope was attached by one end to the cow's horns, while the other was held by a young girl, or sometimes an old woman, who, while restraining and guiding her four-footed companion, managed also to knit or sew. I have often seen a young woman leading in this way two cows, a halter being thrown over each arm, while both hands were busily employed in knitting.

An anecdote is told of one of the many pictures in which Millet has painted cows and cowherds which illustrates the importance to a full understanding of his works of some acquaintance with the country and the life they represent. The scene of the picture was laid in the Plain of Barbison: in the foreground was a woman pasturing her cow, while in the distance the bouvier of a neighboring village was seen conducting home his charge from their pasture in the Forest. In this herd of village cows some hot-headed socialist, who knew nothing of the local usages, at once recognized "the pampered beasts of some lordly aristocrat," and forthwith proceeded to make bitter comparisons between "the rich man's hundred head of kine" and "the poor widow's solitary heifer."

The biblical character of Millet's pictures has often been remarked. A faithful representation of many of the scenes I saw in and around Barbison could hardly have any other character, especially to the unfamiliar eye of a stranger and that stranger coming from the New World. Many of the images that illustrate so profusely the sacred writings, and which to us are mere figures of speech, are in the old countries of Europe, as well as in the East, actual facts. When you see the sower go forth to sow in the uninclosed fields, you understand how some of the seed might easily fall by the wayside; and when you

see women and children weeding the green grain, a new light is cast upon the parable of the tares that choked the wheat. On the Plain of Barbison, as in Palestine, the shepherd still *leads* his sheep, and the sheep know his voice: still, at certain seasons, the shepherds abide in the fields at night, watching their flocks. The gleaners still follow the reapers amid the wheat, and in Millet's picture of Ruth and Boaz the story is told, with no violation of probability, as happening in a French harvest field. You may give it the Scripture title or call it *Les Moissonneurs* with equal propriety.

There was much in Millet himself suggestive of the Bible and of the old patriarchs, especially to those who saw him in the privacy of his home; at least it so appeared to me on the occasion of my first introduction to his family. One day, when I had been about a month at Barbison, he said to me, "Si vous voulez venir vous chauffer avec nous quelquefois le soir, cela nous fera plaisir; si toutefois cela vous est agréable." I was very glad to accept the invitation, and did not allow many days to elapse before presenting myself, one evening, at Millet's house. I was ushered into a rather large but low room, very plainly furnished, where I found the family sitting around a large table in front of an open wood fire. There were, so far as I remember, no pictures of any kind upon the walls, nor any attempt at ornament; none of the knickknacks and objects of *virtu* which most artists think it so essential to gather around them. There was a lamp on the table, at which Millet was reading as I entered, while his brother Pierre was engaged in drawing. Opposite sat Madame Millet with her sewing, and beside her, with her knitting in her hand, the maid of all work who had answered my knock. The eldest daughter, a girl of about ten, was also present, but not long after my arrival, at a sign from her mother, she slipped quietly into a corner behind my chair, and when, attracted by a slight rustling sound, I involuntarily half turned my head, I saw that she had climbed upon a bed, whose presence in the room I had not before noticed. I had a momentary vision of a slim figure in a long white garment which suddenly collapsed and disappeared under the coverlid, beneath which, I think, one or more of the other children were already asleep.

"This," I wrote at the time in a letter describing the scene, "will give you some idea of the primitive manners of the household. I could not help fancying myself, not in a house in France and in the nineteenth century, but far away in some remote age and country; under the tent, perhaps, of Abraham the shepherd. Millet, himself, in fact, looks as though he had been taken bodily out of the Bible."

Millet, who was at that time in his fortieth year, had four children: three girls, of the respective ages of ten, eight, and four, and a boy of about six. Another daughter was born to him a few months later. On this, my first visit, Madame Millet took but little part in the conversation; but at other times I found her by no means indisposed to talk, especially of herself, her children, and her housekeeping. She was a farmer's-wife sort of body, brisk and active though no longer young. I was told she was an excellent woman and was a good wife to Millet. I think she regarded him as a being of superior order to herself, as indeed in many respects he was, while I shall never forget the tenderness of the tone with which I have heard him address her as "*ma vieille*," nor the affectionate gesture with which I have seen him lay his hand upon her shoulder.

Throughout all my intercourse with him, Millet's manner to me was uniformly courteous and kind; there was even a sort of geniality and cordiality about it, tempered, however, and held in check, as it were, by the native dignity and seriousness which characterized alike his appearance and his words. A slight hesitancy in his speech contributed perhaps somewhat to this impression, which was still further strengthened by a certain slowness and deliberation in all his movements. I felt myself at once at-

tracted and not so much repelled as gently held at a distance. Even after I had been several months at Barbison I wrote home, —

"Millet is not, however, one of those with whom it is easy to make acquaintance. He does not let himself out to the first comer. Although the most kind-hearted of men and very gay at times, there is always a sort of grand dignity about him which checks familiarity."

But Millet had a great deal of humor, which he also appreciated in others. He repeated to me with evident enjoyment a *bon mot* of Barye, the sculptor, apropos of the new Louvre, then just completed: "C'est de la haute confiserie," alluding to the sugar-like whiteness and profuse ornamentation of the edifice.

I had, according to his suggestion, provided myself with a pair of wooden shoes; in fact, with two pairs: one the ordinary sabot worn by the peasants, the other of somewhat lighter and more elegant make. This seemed to cause Millet much amusement; and on my explaining that I intended the first pair for common use and the other for extraordinary occasions, "Ah," said he, "je comprends; ce sont des sabots pour aller dans le monde."

Agreeably to the terms of our compact, Millet came from time to time to my room; whenever, in fact, I told him I had anything to show him. He had advised me to begin with drawing from casts, and had spoken of the statue in the Louvre known as the Achilles, as being to him the perfection of manly beauty. He also recommended the Silenus with the Infant Bacchus, the Venus de Milo, and some others. I was not able to procure a reduced copy of the Achilles, and got instead a Germanicus, which Millet hailed as an old acquaintance. When he was studying, he said, with Paul Delaroche, every pupil in the atelier was obliged to make a drawing from the Germanicus once a fortnight. "It was too much," he added; "we all got very tired of it." As he remained five years with Delaroche it may be concluded that he knew that figure at least by heart.

In criticising my drawings he often took up the crayon and showed me what he meant by saying that every line, every touch, should have a meaning, a purpose; that the form of an object was defined by the shadow thrown upon it; or demonstrated how easy it was to imitate, on a flat piece of paper, the appearance of rotundity. The great thing, he said, was to learn to see things as they are. "To see is to draw." This was a favorite axiom of Millet's; he was constantly repeating it under various forms.

"His idea of the art of drawing is that it consists not so much in handling the pencil as in seeing the object to be drawn. If you can see it rightly you must draw it rightly. He constantly urges upon me the necessity of explaining to myself (*me rendre compte*) why a thing appears thus and so. Is it because it is round or square — because it advances or recedes?"

At another time he said, "Seeing is to drawing what reading is to writing. You may teach a boy to make all the letters of the alphabet with perfect accuracy, but unless he first learn to read he will never be able to write."

I must have been dull indeed not to have learned something from his criticisms and corrections, the rapid but not careless sketches he would sometimes make on the margin of my paper, and, perhaps more than all, the long conversations we had together afterward, when, warmed by some favorite topic, he would often talk for an hour or more, most eloquently, as it seemed to me, and with a propriety of language, a fitness in the choice of words, remarkable in one born and bred a peasant. This was in part accounted for by a fact which I soon discovered, namely, that Millet was a great reader; often sitting up past midnight, his brother told me, devouring some volume he had picked up in Paris, where, on his occasional visits, he never failed to patronize the book-stalls. He had read the lives of all the great painters, knew a good deal about Shakespeare and Milton, and had even read

translations of passages from Channing and Emerson.

This habit of reading was begun by him at a very early age. In the old homestead in Normandy there was a by no means contemptible collection of books of all kinds. Some had been the property of one of the family who had been a priest; others had belonged to a relative of the mother of Millet's father, a man of learning, a member of the Institute and professor of chemistry and physics, whose name, Jean-Baptiste Jumelin, may be found in biographical dictionaries. A pious grandmother was careful that good books should always be lying in the children's way; the boy Millet eagerly devoured them all. Nor were books the only influences at work in molding the future artist. The allied families, the Millets and the Jumelins, though classed as peasants, were rather what we should call independent yeomen, cultivating their own lands, that had descended from father to son through a long line of ancestors, from whom they had also inherited what they far more highly prize — an untarnished name, a grand reputation for honesty and industry, integrity and piety. As far back as memory or tradition reached, they had been held in all the country round as the very types of probity and sterling worth. They took a pride which was hereditary in the orderly management of their farms, the decent aspect of their dwellings, in their taste and skill in rural handiwork; they were not insensible to the beauty of the scenery around them, and could appreciate the grandeur of the neighboring ocean. Constructive if not artistic skill they had, as one of the race testified by making of wood, with no tool but a knife, a timepiece that for a hundred years marked with accuracy not only the hours and minutes, but also the days, months, and years as they passed.

In all Millet's advice to me on the subject of my drawings he constantly insisted upon "more deliberation, greater pains; I must be sure I knew what I meant to do before I drew a line or made a mark upon my paper."

I wish some of our Boston critics, who have condemned his drawing as careless, sketchy, loose, and slovenly, could have heard some of his lectures, as I might call them, to me. They might have learned that there is a thoroughness of drawing of which they seem to have no comprehension; in which something more is required than a neat outline and delicate shading; which concerns itself more about the vital and essential qualities of things than with multiplicity of detail; which regards the whole as greater than the parts, the man as more important than his clothing, the woman as of more value than the jewel on her breast.

Of all faults in drawing, carelessness seemed most to excite Millet's ire, which he would usually vent in good-natured sarcasms. His constant caution to me was, "You must thoroughly feel (*bien sentir*) what you are going to draw;" and it has always seemed to me that his own skill consisted not so much in technical manipulation as in his power of concentrating his attention upon his subject, the thorough grasp he was able to take of it, as though he had it in his very hands. Analogous to this power was that of determining once for all where the chief interest of the whole picture should lie, and of resolutely making all other parts subordinate. This more, perhaps, than anything else explains the artistic charm of his pictures for those who really have any liking for them. Each one is a homogeneous whole.

I have often regretted that I did not at the time make memoranda of all the talks on art with which Millet favored me. Only once did I attempt it, writing down immediately the following notes of a conversation upon color.

Saturday, April 5, 1856.

"Treatises upon color, harmony of color, may be interesting and even useful if written by one who knows his subject, *par un des forts*, but if by one having no practical knowledge, worse than useless. Harmony of color, like harmony in music, is a matter of instinct or natural talent. Discords in color will be at once detected by the eye as dis-

cords in music by the ear, if there be a natural aptitude in either case. No theory will enable a man who has no eye for harmony of color to dispose colors harmoniously, any more than any theory of music will enable one who has not a musical ear to distinguish between concords and discords in music. La fin du jour, c'est l'épreuve d'un tableau. Harmony of color consists more in a just balance of light and dark than in juxtaposition of certain colors. There must be *équilibre*. The *tableau* must be *bien assis*. *Pondération enfin*. The great colorists *très simples*. Titian. Giorgione."

Les forts, the strong men, was Millet's favorite term for the great masters, the real artists, whether ancient or modern. By the maxim that Millet was fond of repeating, La fin du jour, c'est l'épreuve d'un tableau, he meant to say that the twilight hour, when there is not light enough to distinguish details, is the most favorable time to judge of the effect of a picture as a whole; "to see," as William Hunt would say, "the sort of spot it is going to make on the wall;" whether, in short, it is a picture or a mere piece of painting. *Pondération* was the word by which Millet summed up all the requisite qualities. If a picture, seen in the dim light of the closing day, have this balance or equipoise, as the term Millet used may be translated, it is a picture, though it may be but a mere sketch; if it have it not, no artful juxtaposition of pure colors, no elaboration of careful finish, can make a picture of it.

Though the above was the only one of Millet's conversations which I, of set purpose, noted down, I find several of them reported in letters written to friends at home. Here are some extracts: —

"Millet thinks photography a good thing, and would himself like to have a machine and take views, etc. He would, however, never paint from them, but would use them only as *renseignements*. Photographs, he says, are like casts from nature, which never can be as good as a good statue. No mechanism can be a substitute for genius. But photography, used as we use casts, may be of the greatest service."

"Once, apropos of a photographic likeness we had been looking at, he said that the art would never reach perfection till the process could be performed instantaneously and without the knowledge of the sitter. Only in that way, if at all, could a natural and life-like portrait be obtained. He had himself, he said, once painted portraits, at Havre; his subjects were chiefly sea-captains, who always insisted upon being painted with a spy-glass under one arm. 'Oh, ils tenaient absolument à leur longue-vue!' The business, he added, was very distasteful to him."

"Where there is progress, Millet says, there is hope. Besides, anybody can learn to draw, just as anybody can learn to write; it is only genius that is wanting to enable any one to be a painter. Drawing is to the art of painting what chirography is to poetry. . . . He assures me that the old proverb, 'Make haste slowly,' holds good in painting as in other things; and that, paradoxical as it may seem, those who have been most celebrated as rapid painters have always been very slow workers. He instanced particularly Horace Vernet, whose rapidity of execution has passed into a proverb, and yet, as he had been told by one of Vernet's pupils, any one to see him at work would suppose him the slowest of mortals. He drew his figure with charcoal upon the canvas in the most painstaking manner; every touch was made slowly and deliberately; but as he took time to think, or, in other words, looked before he leaped, he was as sure as he was slow, and lost but little time in effacing. . . . Millet says of himself that though he knows the human figure by heart, so as to be able to draw it perfectly without a model, he is still obliged to proceed very slowly and cautiously. . . . The great thing is to bring your mind to your work. Rembrandt is reported to have said, 'When I stop thinking I stop working.'"

"Nothing is more dangerous for a painter than what is commonly understood by facility; that is, a happy or

unhappy knack of hitting off a tolerable likeness of the thing to be represented; missing for the most part its true character and sentiment, and producing something that has about the same resemblance to a drawing that a caricature has to a portrait." . . .

"The most important part of color, what is called tone, can be expressed perfectly in black and white, and can best be studied so." . . .

"One of the most essential parts of the education of an artist is the training of the memory. Here the analogy with the art of writing holds good. In order to learn to write, the child must not only learn to imitate the form of the letter *a*, as he sees it in his copy-book; he must remember that form so as to be able to make it without a copy. To illustrate the necessity of cultivating this faculty, Millet related that when he was a student in the atelier of Paul Delaroche, that master was in the habit of repeating constantly to his pupils, 'Ne dessinez jamais que devant le modèle.' One day, however, M. Delaroche, who was then engaged upon his great picture for the Hémicycle des Beaux Arts, came into the atelier and addressed his pupils as follows: 'Gentlemen, I have all my life made a great mistake; I have always said to you, "Never draw but from the model." I now say to you exactly the contrary; and I advise each of you, on returning home, to draw over again from memory what you have drawn here to-day with the model before you. It is not enough to be able to draw what we see; we must also be able to draw what we do not see, what we never have seen; we must be able to invent. In the picture upon which I am now engaged I have to introduce the figure of Phidias. We have no portrait of that artist, and I can find no model who comes up to my idea of how Phidias should look. I have, therefore, been obliged to invent a Phidias of my own. Never having drawn except with the model before me, I have been very much embarrassed; already advanced in life, I am obliged to *faire route neuve.*'

"Millet says of himself that, not having naturally a strong memory, he has by practice so educated it that with regard to matters pertaining to his profession, at least, he has no difficulty in remembering anything he may desire to retain, and he thinks that any one may in time do the same. But in order to remember, we must first understand, unless we are content to be mere parrots; and in order to remember what we see, we must first learn to see understandingly. In order to see, it is not sufficient to open the eyes; there must be an act of the mind."

"One man may paint a picture from a careful drawing made on the spot, and another may paint the same scene from memory, from a brief but strong impression, and the last may succeed better in giving the character, the physiognomy, of the place, though all the details may be inexact."

"Apropos of a sketch I had made of a corner of my room, Millet remarked upon the individuality that every object in nature possesses, even the most insignificant, and discoursed for some time upon the grand character of the pencils and other implements lying on my table; even my stove and a pile of books on the window-seat had for him '*un grand caractère;*' and as Millet is not one of those who despise the ancients, he, as he does constantly, cited one of them in support of his views, instancing the portrait of the mathematician (Nicholas Kratzer, astronomer to Henry VIII. of England) by Holbein, in the Louvre, in which the mathematical instruments, he said, '*jouent un grand rôle,*' and have a character of grandeur and solemnity *parfaitement étonnant.*'"

In my visits to Millet's atelier I had an opportunity of seeing a number of his pictures in various stages of progress, though I very seldom saw him actually at work upon them. From several hints he let drop, I got the impression that though he accorded me the privilege of coming when I pleased to his studio, he did not care to have any one looking on while he was actually painting, and accordingly I was careful not to intrude too often during his working hours.

Among those which earliest attracted my attention was a canvas about two and a half feet in length, — rather a large size for Millet, most of whose pictures at that time were comparatively small, — upon which was begun a picture of two men digging in a field. There was as yet no color upon the canvas, but the whole subject was drawn on the white surface with black writing-ink in strong, heavy lines, and the effect was somewhat like that of a large etching. I never saw the picture finished. Soon after my arrival it seemed to have permanently taken its place, with other unfinished works, on a shelf, with its face to the wall. Before I left, however, I saw it once more: it was then thinly scumbled over with color, faintly foreshadowing the general tone of the picture, through which the inked outlines could be distinctly seen.

Millet was by no means exempt from what seems to the non-artist public the inconceivable weakness of having more irons in the fire than one can well attend to, and then leaving them all to heat a fresh one. He began every year many more pictures than he finished. Among the works laid aside for the time there was none that attracted me more or that I longed more to see completed than one, already well advanced, representing a woman who had just been drawing water from a well. The figure was nearly half the size of life, and stood facing the spectator as if about to move toward him; the attitude was erect, the eyes looked straight forward, and each hand firmly grasped the handle of a full water-pail, the weight of which stretched rigidly downward the arm that supported it. The well behind, with its mossy stones, and its bucket suspended from a pulley overhead, was half concealed by a luxuriantly growing vine, forming an arbor of richest verdure. This part of the picture seemed fully completed; so also the woman's head and one arm, while the rest of the figure was so far finished as to give a very satisfactory idea of what was intended. The woman's face, though not strictly beautiful, certainly not pretty, was yet truly handsome, ruddy with the glow of health, and had withal a grand, serious character, which was fully carried out in her form and attitude. She was, in spite of her peasant's dress, a superb, Juno-like creature. The arm that was finished was a marvel of modeling and of beauty; bare nearly to the shoulder, round and firm under the tension caused by the weight it was to support. The picture was remarkably fine in color, especially noticeable for the skill with which the woman's blue dress was harmonized with the green background, and was as far as possible removed from the dull terra-cotta tints Millet was at the time supposed to prefer. I was impatient to have this woman with the water-pails finished and exhibited, were it only to prove that Millet was a colorist as well as a draughtsman, and that he did not always make his women ugly. In the Gazette des Beaux Arts for May, 1875, I was glad to find mention made of a picture, *Femme portant deux Seaux*, which I presume to be the same.

During the winter I was with him, Millet made frequent visits to Paris to learn the art of etching. The process of painting, he said, was so slow that he should never live long enough to paint all the pictures he had already in his mind. He had therefore resolved to try his hand at some more expeditious process by which to express a part of what he had to tell. On a table in his atelier I used to see the implements of this new method, — sheets of copper covered with black varnish, etching-needles, bottles of acid, — and during my stay he completed and had printed four or five plates. One of these was a reproduction of the picture of two men digging, already mentioned; another, of which he presented me with a copy, represented a woman churning. Fourteen years afterward he painted identically the same subject, which I saw in the salon of 1870, under the title of *La Baratteuse*.

He was not, however, perfectly satisfied with the result of these experiments; and soon, I think, abandoned etching to return to drawings in crayon and pastel, whenever he wished to express himself

more rapidly than he could do in oil. Some of his earliest exhibited works were in pastel, but I remember seeing in his atelier only one drawing executed in that material, and that, for want of a glass to protect it, had become almost wholly effaced.

One morning, when Millet had gone to Paris for a few days to get fresh light on some difficulties he had met with in his etching, and especially, as he said, to learn the important process of "biting," — for which, he playfully added, he was not particularly well qualified by nature, — I was sitting in his atelier with his brother Pierre, when there came a loud knock at the door. On the customary invitation being given, there entered a party of four or five gentlemen, one of whom, by his wooden leg and his resemblance to his portraits, I at once recognized as the painter Diaz. It was Sunday, and they had come down from Paris for a holiday. They were much disappointed at finding that "l'ami Millet" was absent, but, turning to Pierre, called upon him to show them some of his brother's pictures; adding that this would be an excellent opportunity to see everything, for if Millet himself were there he would be sure to put them off, as usual, with two or three pictures, under the pretext that there were no others worth seeing. It was in vain that Pierre protested; they would take the responsibility, they said, and, besides, everything should be properly replaced, and Millet need never know. Then, with much noise and laughter and cries of admiration, they seized and placed one by one on an easel, in the best light, every canvas they could lay their hands on.

At last was brought out from its hiding-place a picture representing the interior of a peasant's cottage. A young mother was seated, knitting or sewing, while with one foot she rocked the cradle in which lay a child asleep. To screen the infant from the light which streamed in from an open window behind it, a blanket had been folded around the head of the cradle, through which the light came tempered and diffused as by a ground-glass shade. The strongly illuminated and semi-transparent blanket formed a sort of *nimbus* around the child's head; his little figure, from which, in his sleep, he had tossed most of its covering, lay in shadow, but a shadow lit up by tenderly transmitted or softly reflected lights. Anything more exquisitely beautiful than this sleeping child has rarely, I believe, been painted. Through the open window the eye looked out into a garden where a man with his back turned appeared to be at work. The whole scene gave the impression of a hot summer's day; you could almost see the trembling motion of the heated air outside, you could almost smell the languid scent of flowers, you could almost hear the droning of the bees, and you could positively feel the absolute quiet and repose, the solemn silence, that pervaded the picture. All those at least felt it who saw the picture upon that Sunday morning. A sudden hush fell upon all the noisy and merry party. They sat or stood before the easel without speaking, almost without breathing. The silence that was in some way painted into the canvas seemed to distill from it into the surrounding air. At last Diaz said in a low voice, husky with emotion, "Eh bien! ça, c'est biblique." The others gave their assent by signs or in whispers, — not another word was spoken.

I do not know what Millet called this picture. He usually gave very simple titles to his works, leaving it for those who might appreciate them to find out a deeper meaning than the name implied. One of his friends christened it *Le Bonheur Domestique*, and Millet did not disapprove. It is not impossible that, in painting it, Millet was thinking of that holy child who long ago, in Judea, was born of a peasant mother and slept in a peasant's cradle. The extraordinary effects of light, though explained by perfectly natural causes, give some color to the supposition, and the picture may have been intended to have a biblical character in a more literal sense than occurred to me, and perhaps to the others, at the time. The picture was, how-

ever, chiefly suggestive to me of that "Sabbath stillness" so dear to the descendants of the Puritans; and I could not avoid connecting it in my mind with a conversation I had lately had with Millet. He had been speaking of Milton and his accurate and beautiful descriptions of natural objects; he had been especially impressed with a passage of the Paradise Lost, in which, he said, the poet represents silence as listening. He had forgotten the connection, and remembered only the words, "*le silence écoute.*" "What a silence must that be," he added, "a silence that hushes itself to listen! a silence more silent than silence itself!" I felt sure that Millet had had the image in his mind when he was painting that picture. On looking for the passage afterward, on my return to America, I was surprised that I could not find it. At last it occurred to me that Millet had of course read it in a translation; and in the French version of Paradise Lost by J. Delille, I finally discovered it. It occurs in the well-known description of the approach of night, in the Fourth Book, beginning, —

"Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad," etc

In the verses describing the song of the nightingale there is in the French translation this line: —

"Il chante, l'air répond, et le silence écoute."

The act of listening is not mentioned in the original, though implied in the words, "Silence was pleased."

Millet was not in the habit of repeating his pictures, though in his later years he repainted many of his early subjects on a larger scale and in the endeavor to develop more fully his original conception, often making important changes. The only instance, as I have learned from his brother Pierre, in which he ever painted two pictures absolutely alike, was that of a repetition he made for me during my residence at Barbison. I had been much pleased with a small canvas upon which I had occasionally found him working — a peasant girl, wearing the distinctive white cloak peculiar to Barbison, reclining against a rock overshadowed by trees, and engaged in knitting, while a flock of sheep under her charge was feeding around her. In the distance was a glimpse of the Plain and men at work in the fields. The picture attracted me by its fresh, cool tone, suggestive of spring, the very season in which we then were, while the landscape embraced several of the landmarks with which I had become familiar in my daily walks. I expressed to Millet my desire to take a work of his home with me, and suggested that a subject similar to this would be what I should most like. The picture, he said, was already disposed of; but, since I liked it so much, he would willingly repeat it for me. I was for a moment disturbed at this proposal; I should have preferred a new subject, of which I should be the sole possessor; but reflecting that, even in that case, I should have no power to prevent Millet's making a repetition of it for some one else, and that an entirely new picture might not please me so well as this, with which I was thoroughly satisfied, I agreed to the proposition.

Millet immediately set to work, and in a few days the repetition, identical in size, was nearly as far advanced as the original. He now worked upon the two pictures alternately, carrying first one and then the other a little in advance of its competitor, and in this way making both, as he himself thought, better than either would have been without this rivalry, as it were, between them.

In a fortnight's time both had reached a stage where Millet said it would be desirable to have a frame. He attached much importance to this. A picture, he said, ought always to be finished in its frame. One could never know beforehand what effect the gold border would have; the picture might have to be painted up to it, and a picture should always be in harmony with its frame as well as with itself. He did, in this case, lighten the whole sky, besides making other changes, after the frame arrived.

About two months after I had first spoken to him on the subject, both pict-

ures were signed and pronounced finished. It was very difficult to distinguish them apart, and still harder to say which was the better of the two. In several instances a touch, that might at first look like an accident, a slip of the brush, would be found to be identically the same in both, showing it to be the result, not of carelessness, but of deliberate intention. Millet gave me my choice of the two pictures, but would afford me no assistance in making the selection. One, he thought, "was just as good as the other." I was long in coming to a decision, but finally my choice fell, without my being aware of it at the time, upon the one that had been first begun.

It has sometimes been claimed that Millet was consciously guided in his choice of subjects by philanthropic, reformatory, or even political motives. Under the republic of 1848, he was hailed by some and decried by others as the advocate, through his paintings, of the principles professed by the democratic and socialistic party. And later, it has been the fashion among some of his friends to speak of him as the painter of suffering humanity, and to regard him as the poor man's advocate in the great cause, ever on trial, of the poor against the rich.

In all his conversations with me he never, so far as I remember, touched upon political questions; nor do I think he ever proposed to himself, of set purpose, the task of benefiting the laboring classes; least of all by means of any arbitrary change in their outward condition. In exhibiting the poverty-stricken and toil-worn peasant with a truthfulness and a pathetic power never surpassed, he intended no protest against the unequal distribution of this world's goods, no accusation against those seemingly more favored by fortune. He had no envy of the rich and powerful; his feeling toward them was rather one of compassion. In one of my visits to Paris I had seen some of the ceremonies which took place at the baptism of the Prince Imperial. As I described to him the pomp and splendor of the scene, Millet's only comment was, "Pauvre petit Prince!"

Millet was first of all an artist, a poet who wrote with colors upon canvas instead of with ink upon paper. He painted peasants and their occupations because these were what he knew thoroughly; and he held that a man should write about or paint only those subjects of which he had thorough practical knowledge. A peasant and the son of a peasant, he could paint the peasant life from the peasant's point of view; not indeed that of the ordinary peasant, but that of a peasant who happened to be both poet and painter. Like all who have sung "the short and simple annals of the poor," he was strongly attracted to the pathetic side of their story; not merely because he saw that it was the more effective for the purposes of art, but because it touched him as a man. His pictures are not all sad, though all are serious, thoughtful, austere.

So far as regards the people of Barbison, from whom he so often took suggestions for his pictures, he repeatedly told me that he did not consider them at all "malheureux." Barbison was, in fact, a prosperous place; there was no real poverty there.

He was not an undiscriminating panegyrist of the poor and ignorant. He did not believe there was no virtue possible except to those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. It is true that with a noble consistency and true self-respect, he preferred to live, as he had been born and bred, in outward appearance a peasant. There was no affectation in this; he wore his blouse and his sabots when at home and about his work, because he was used to them and found them comfortable; but when occasion called him to Paris, he laid aside his rustic dress. But it was not among the peasants, his neighbors, that he found his friends and associates. These came to him from the world outside. They were people of taste and culture, artists and men of letters.

The peasant was, to Millet, no ideal being clothed in imaginary virtues. He knew him as he was and so painted him,

though he avoided his more ignoble aspects as unworthy the dignity of art and because they were repulsive to him as a man. More than once he spoke to me of the utter want of appreciation of the charms of nature shown by the peasant population of Barbison, of their often discontented and repining spirit, their low aims, their sordid views, their petty jealousies. But at the same time he knew that there might be, that there was, a peasant life free from these degrading faults. Such a life he had known in his own peasant home in Normandy, and in the traditions and memories of that early home he found the ideal of the peasant life he has drawn in his pictures — an ideal which was in fact a reality.

His peasants, it will be observed by those who examine attentively the long series of his works, are always of the orderly and industrious class, never the *vauriens*, the ne'er-do-weels. They may be poor, but they do not therefore complain; there is in them no trace of repining or discontent. They do not consider themselves objects of charity, nor are they conscious of exciting our pity. They are not beggars, and never wear the beggar's livery; their garments may be patched, testifying to the thrifty care of wife or mother, but they are never ragged. There is no levity, no wantonness in Millet's pictures; nothing low or mean. Seriousness, earnestness, freedom from passion and excitement, order, sobriety, industry, contentment with one's lot, a modest self-respect, the love of parents and children, of husband and wife, good-will toward man and piety toward God, — these are the virtues Millet saw practiced in the home of his childhood, and which he has celebrated in the songs, or rather the hymns, he has written upon canvas. The family, — a subject he has so often painted, was above all others his favorite theme, an echo of which runs like an undertone through all his works. There seems to be always a suggestion of the wife and child at home, even when we see only the man at work alone in the field; while the husband and father, an invisible presence, haunts the room where the mother watches her sleeping child.

June, 1856, was drawing to a close when I bade adieu to Millet to return to America. Fourteen years elapsed before I saw him again. Toward the end of June, 1870, almost on the anniversary of my departure, I trod once more the familiar street and knocked at the door of Millet's atelier. I had with me a companion to whom I wished to give a glimpse of the famous village and the famous painter. Millet himself answered our knock, and we found him alone in his atelier, which had much the same look as in the old days, except that it seemed more crowded with furniture and the varied litter that naturally collects in an artist's work-room. The number of books especially had greatly increased; heaps of them were lying about. Millet himself appeared very little changed; he was perhaps a little stouter, and his beard had a few more silver threads, but it was the same man in apparently the same dress as when I had seen him last.

On an easel stood a picture upon which he had been working when interrupted by our visit, and which was sold after his death for twenty-four thousand francs, under the title *Les Tueurs de Cochons*. The scene was laid in the court-yard of a house, and a large hog was the central figure. A man was trying, by means of a rope attached to the poor animal's neck, to drag him from his stye, while a woman tempted him forth with a platter of vegetables. The purpose of their endeavors was made painfully evident by a large knife which lay ready at hand. The poor creature, with an evident presentiment of his impending fate, had planted his feet firmly on the ground, and would be neither dragged nor enticed. But, in spite of his resistance, he felt that he was only delaying, not averting, the fatal moment. Despair as well as obstinacy was plainly depicted in his whole attitude and expression. In the background a child, distracted between curiosity and dread, had climbed upon the wall, while the family cat, with arched back, as

though she too scented danger, watched the proceedings half in terror, half in anger. There was a leaden sky overhead, and the whole picture had a sombre tone in keeping with the tragic nature of the subject. My companion spoke of its deep pathos. "Madame," replied Millet, "c'est un drame."

Edward Wheelwright.

IF YOU LOVE ME.

If you love me, tell me not:
Let me read it in your thought;
Let me feel it in the way
That you say me yea and nay;

Let me see it in your eye
When you greet or pass me by;
Let me hear it in the tone
Meant for me and me alone.

If you love me, there will be
Something only I shall see;
Meet or miss me, stay or go,
If you love me, I shall know.

Something in your tone will tell,
"Dear, I love you, love you well."
Something in your eyes will shine
Fairer that they look in mine.

In your mien some touch of grace,
Some swift smile upon your face
While you speak not, will betray
What your lips could scarcely say.

In your speech some silver word,
Tuning into sweet accord
All your bluntness, will reveal,
Unaware, the love you feel.

If you love me, then, I pray,
Tell me not, but, day by day,
Let love silent on me rise,
Like the sun in summer skies.

Luella Clark.

DEEPHAVEN EXCURSIONS.

KATE LANCASTER and I spent the greater part of that summer at the Shore House, out-of-doors. We often made long expeditions out into the suburbs of Deephaven, sometimes being gone all day and sometimes taking a long afternoon stroll and coming home early in the evening, hungry as hunters and laden with treasure, whether we had been through the pine woods inland or along shore, whether we had met old friends or made some desirable new acquaintances. We had a fashion of calling at the farm-houses, and by the end of the season we knew as many people as if we had lived in Deephaven all our days. We used to ask for a drink of water; this was our unfailing introduction, and afterward there were many interesting subjects which one could introduce, and we could always give the latest news at the shore. It was amusing to see the curiosity which we aroused. Many of the people came into Deephaven only on special occasions, and I must confess that at first we were often naughty enough to wait until we had been severely cross-questioned before we gave a definite account of ourselves. Kate was very clever at making unsatisfactory answers, when she cared to do so. We did not understand, for some time, with what a keen sense of enjoyment many of those people made the acquaintance of an entirely new person who cordially gave the full particulars about herself; but we soon learned to call this by another name than impertinence.

I think there were no points of interest in that region which we did not visit with conscientious faithfulness. There were cliffs and pebble-beaches, the long sands and the short sands; there were Black Rock and Roaring Rock, High Point and East Point, and Spouting Rock; we went to see where a ship had been driven ashore in the night, all hands being lost and not a piece of her left larger than an ax-handle; we visited the spot where a ship had come ashore in the fog, and been left high and dry on the edge of the marsh when the tide went out; we saw where the brig Methuselah had been wrecked, and the shore had been golden with her cargo of lemons and oranges, which one might carry away by the wherry-full.

Inland there were not many noted localities, but we used to enjoy the woods, and our explorations among the farms, immensely. To the westward the land was better and the people well-to-do; but we went oftenest toward the hills and among the poorer people. The land was uneven and full of ledges, and the people worked hard for their living, at most laying aside only a few dollars each year. Some of the more enterprising young people went away to work in shops and factories; but the custom was by no means universal, and the people had a hungry, discouraged look. It is all very well to say that they knew nothing better, that it was the only life of which they knew anything; there was too often a look of disappointment in their faces, and sooner or later we heard or guessed many stories: that this young man had wished for an education, but there had been no money to spare for books or schooling; and that one had meant to learn a trade, but there must be some one to help his father with the farm work, and there was no money to hire a man to work in his place if he went away. The older people had a hard look, as if they had always to be on the alert, and must fight hard for their place in the world. One could only forgive and pity their petty sharpness, which showed itself in trifling bargains, when one understood how much a single dollar seemed where dollars came so rarely. We used to pity the young girls so much. It was plain that those who knew how much easier and pleasanter our lives were could not help envying us.

There was a high hill half a dozen

miles from Deephaven which was known in its region as "the mountain." It was the highest land anywhere near us, and having been told that there was a fine view from the top, one day we went there with Tommy Dockum for escort. We overtook Mr. Lorimer, the minister, on his way to make parochial visitations on some members of his parish who lived far from church, and to our delight he proposed to go with us instead. It was a great satisfaction to have him for a guide, for he knew both the country and the people more intimately than any one else. It was a long climb to the top of the hill, but not a hard one. The sky was clear and there was a fresh wind, though we had left none at all at the sea-level. After lunch, Kate and I spread our shawls over a fine cushion of mountain-cranberry, and had a long talk with Mr. Lorimer about ancient and modern Deephaven. He always seemed as much pleased with our enthusiasm for the town as if it had been a personal favor and compliment to himself. I remember how far we could see, that day, and how we looked toward the far-away blue mountains, and then out over the ocean. Deephaven looked insignificant from that height and distance, and indeed the country seemed to be mostly covered with the pointed tops of pines and spruces, and there were long tracts of maple and beech woods with their coloring of lighter, fresher green.

"Suppose we go down, now," said Mr. Lorimer, long before Kate and I had meant to propose such a thing; and our feeling was that of dismay. "I should like to take you to make a call with me. Did you ever hear of old Mrs. Bonny?"

"No," said we, and cheerfully gathered our wraps and baskets; and when Tommy finally came panting up the hill after we had begun to think that our shoutings and whistling were useless, we sent him down to the horses, and went down ourselves by another path. It led us a long distance through a grove of young beeches; the last year's whitish leaves lay thick on the ground, and the new leaves made so close a roof overhead that the light was strangely purple, as if it had come through a great church window of stained glass. After this we went through some hemlock growth, where, on the lower branches, the pale green of the new shoots and the dark green of the old made an exquisite contrast each to the other. Finally we came out at Mrs. Bonny's. Mr. Lorimer had told us something about her on the way down, saying in the first place that she was one of the queerest characters he knew. Her husband used to be a charcoal-burner and basket-maker, and she used to sell butter and berries and eggs and choke-pears preserved in molasses. She always came down to Deephaven on a little black horse, with her goods in baskets and bags which were fastened to the saddle in a mysterious way. She had the reputation of not being a neat housekeeper, and none of the wise women of the town would touch her butter especially, so it was always a joke when she coaxed a new resident or a strange shipmaster into buying her wares; but the old woman always managed to jog home without the freight she had brought. "She must be very old, now," said Mr. Lorimer; "I have not seen her in a long time. It cannot be possible that her horse is still alive!" And we all laughed when we saw Mrs. Bonny's steed at a little distance, for the shaggy old creature was covered with mud, pine-needles, and dead leaves, with half the last year's burdock-burs in all Deephaven snarled into his mane and tail and sprinkled over his fur, which looked nearly as long as a buffalo's. He had hurt his leg, and his kind mistress had tied it up with a piece of faded red calico and an end of ragged rope. He gave us a civil neigh, and looked at us curiously. Then an impertinent little yellow and white dog, with one ear standing up straight and the other flopping over, began to bark with all his might; but he retreated when he saw Kate's great dog, which was walking solemnly by her side and did not deign to notice him. Just now Mrs. Bonny appeared at the door of the house, shading her eyes with her hand, to see who was coming. "Landy!" said she,

"if it an't old Parson Lorimer! And who be these with ye?"

"This is Miss Kate Lancaster, of Boston, Miss Katherine Brandon's niece, and her friend, Miss Denis."

"Pleased to see ye," said the old woman; "walk in, and lay off your things;" and we followed her into the house. I wish you could have seen her: she wore a man's coat, cut off so that it made an odd short jacket, and a pair of men's boots, much the worse for wear; also, some short skirts, beside two or three aprons, the inner one being a dress apron, as she took off the outer ones and threw them into a corner; and on her head was a tight cap with strings to tie under her chin. I thought it was a night-cap and that she had forgotten to take it off, and dreaded her mortification if she should suddenly become conscious of it; but I need not have troubled myself, for while we were with her she pulled it on and tied it tighter, as if she considered it ornamental.

There were only two rooms in the house; we went into the kitchen, which was occupied by a flock of hens and one turkey. The latter was evidently undergoing a course of medical treatment behind the stove, and was allowed to stay with us, while the hens were remorselessly hustled out with a hemlock broom. They all congregated on the door-step, apparently wishing to hear everything that was said.

"Ben up on the mountain?" asked our hostess. "Real sightly place. Goin' to be a master lot o' rosbries; get any down to the shore sence I quit comin'?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. Lorimer, "but we miss seeing you."

"I s'pose so," said Mrs. Bonny, smoothing her apron complacently, "but I'm getting old, and I tell 'em I 'm goin' to take my comfort; sence 'he' died, I don't put myself out no great; I've got money enough to keep me long 's I live. Beckett's folks goes down often, and I sends by them for what store stuff I want."

"How are you now?" asked the minister; "I think I heard you were sick in the spring."

"Stirrin', I'm obliged to ye. I was n't laid up long, and I was so 's I could get about, most of the time. I've got the best bitters ye ever see, good for the spring of the year. S'pose yer sister, Miss Lorimer, would n't like some? she used to be weakly lookin'." But her brother refused the offer, saying that she had not been so well for many years.

"Do you often get out to church nowadays, Mrs. Bonny? I believe Mr. Reid preaches in the school-house sometimes, down by the great ledge; does n't he?"

"Well, yes, he does; but I don't know as I get much of any good. Parson Reid, he 's a worthy creatur', but he never seems to have nothin' to say about fore-ordination and them p'ints. Old Parson Padelford was the man! I used to set under his preachin' a good deal; I had an aunt living down to East Parish. He 'd get worked up, and he 'd shut up the Bible and preach the hair off your head, 'long at the end of the sermon. Could n't understand more nor a quarter part what he said," said Mrs. Bonny admiringly. "Well, we were a-speaking about the meeting over to the ledge; I don't know 's I like them people any to speak of. They had a great revival over there in the fall, and one Sunday I thought 's how I 'd go; and when I got there, who should be a-prayin' but old Ben Patey, — he always lays out to get converted, — and he kep' it up diligent till I could n't stand it no longer; and by and by says he, 'I've been a wanderer;' and I up and says, 'Yes, you have, I 'll back ye up on that, Ben; ye 've wandered around my wood-lot and spoilt half the likely young oaks and ashes I 've got, a-stealing your basket-stuff;' and the folks laughed out loud, and up he got and cleared. He 's an awful old thief, and he 's no idea of ever being anything else. I wa' n't a-goin' to set there and hear him makin' b'lieve to the Lord. If anybody's heart is in it, I an't a-goin' to hender 'em; I 'm a professor, and I an't ashamed of it, weekdays nor Sundays neither. I can't bear to see folks so pious to meeting, and cheat yer eye-teeth out Monday morning. Well there! we an't none of us perfect;

even old Parson Moody was round-shouldered, they say."

"You were speaking of the Becketts just now," said Mr. Lorimer (after we had stopped laughing, and Mrs. Bonny had settled her big steel-bowed spectacles, and sat looking at him with an expression of extreme wisdom. One might have ventured to call her "peart," I think). "How do they get on? I am seldom in this region nowadays, since Mr. Reid has taken it under his charge."

"They get along, somehow or 'nother," replied Mrs. Bonny; "they 've got the best farm this side of the ledge, but they 're dreadful lazy and shiftless, them young folks. Old Mis' Hate-evil Beckett was tellin' me the other day — she that was Samanthy Barnes, you know — that one of the boys got fighting, the other side of the mountain, and come home with his nose broke and a piece o' one ear bit off. I forget which ear it was. Their mother is a real clever, willin' woman, and she takes it to heart, but it 's no use for her to say anything. Mis' Hate-evil Beckett, says she, 'It does make my man feel dreadful to see his brother's folks carry on so.' 'But there,' says I, 'Mis' Beckett, it 's just such things as we read of; Scriptur' is fulfilled: In the larter days there shall be disobedient children.' "

This application of the text was too much for us, but Mrs. Bonny looked serious, and we did not like to laugh. Two or three of the exiled fowls had crept slyly in, dodging underneath our chairs, and had perched themselves behind the stove. They were long-legged, half-grown creatures, and just at this minute one rash young rooster made a manful attempt to crow. "Do tell!" said his mistress, who rose in great wrath, "you need n't be so forth-putting, as I knows on!" After this we were urged to stay and have some supper. Mrs. Bonny assured us she could pick a likely young hen in no time, fry her with a bit of pork, and get us up "a good meat tea;" but we had to disappoint her, as we had some distance to walk to the house where we had left our horses, and a long drive home.

Kate asked if she would be kind enough to lend us a tumbler (for ours was in the basket, which was given into Tommy's charge). We were thirsty, and would like to go back to the spring and get some water.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Bonny, "I 've got a glass, if it 's so 's I can find it;" and she pulled a chair under the little cupboard over the fire-place, mounted it, and opened the door. Several things fell out at her, and after taking a careful survey she went in, head and shoulders, until I thought that she would disappear altogether; but soon she came back, and reaching in took out one treasure after another, putting them on the mantel-piece or dropping them on the floor. There were some bunches of dried herbs, a tin horn, a lump of tallow in a broken plate, a newspaper, and an old boot, with a number of turkey wings tied together, several bottles, and a steel trap, and finally, such a tumbler! which she produced with triumph, before stepping down. She poured out of it on the table a mixture of old buttons and squash-seeds, besides a lump of beeswax which she said she had lost, and now pocketed with satisfaction. She wiped the tumbler on her apron and handed it to Kate, but we were not so thirsty as we had been, though we thanked her and went down to the spring, coming back as soon as possible, for we could not lose a bit of the conversation.

There was a beautiful view from the door-step and we stopped a minute there. "Real sightly, an't it?" said Mrs. Bonny. "But you ought to be here and look across the woods some morning just at sun-up. Why, the sky is all yaller and red, and them low lands topped with fog! Yes, it 's nice weather, good growin' weather, this week. Corn and all the rest of the trade looks first-rate. I call it a forrard season. It 's just such weather as we read of, an't it?"

"I don't remember where, just at this moment," said Mr. Lorimer.

"Why, in the almanac, bless ye!" said she with a tone of pity in her grum voice; could it be possible he did n't know — the Deephaven minister!

We asked her to come and see us. She said she had always thought she 'd get a chance sometime to see Miss Katherine Brandon's house. She should be pleased to call, and she did n't know but she should be down to the shore before very long. She was 'shamed to look so shif'less that day, but she had some good clothes in a chist in the bedroom, and a boughten bonnet with a nice cypress veil, which she had when "he" died. She calculated they would do, though they might be old-fashioned, some. She seemed greatly pleased at Mr. Lorimer's having taken the trouble to come to see her. All those people had a great reverence for "the minister." We were urged to come again in "rosbry" time, which was near at hand, and she gave us messages for some of her old customers and acquaintances. "I believe some of those old creaturs will never die," said she; "why, they 're getting to be ter'ble old, an't they, Mr. Lorimer? There! ye 've done me a sight of good, and I wish I could ha' found the Bible, to hear ye read a psalm." When Mr. Lorimer shook hands with her, at leaving, she made him a most reverential courtesy. He was the greatest man she knew; and once during the call, when he was speaking of serious things in his simple, earnest way, she had so devout a look, and seemed so interested, that Kate and I, and Mr. Lorimer himself, caught a new, fresh meaning in the familiar words he spoke.

Living there in the lonely clearing, deep in the woods and far from any neighbor, she knew herbs and trees and the harmless wild creatures who lived among them, by heart; and she had an amazing store of tradition and superstition, which made her so entertaining to us that we went to see her many times before we came away in the autumn. We went with her to find some pitcher-plants, one day, and it was wonderful how much she knew about the woods, what keen observation she had. There was something so wild and unconventional about Mrs. Bonny that it was like taking an afternoon walk with a good-natured Indian. We used to carry her offerings of tobacco, for she was a great smoker, and advised us to try it, if ever we should be troubled with nerves, or narves, as she pronounced the name of that affliction.

When we had first come to Deephaven we drove one day to "the great cliff," which was seven or eight miles distant from the town. The coast for several miles was rocky, and there were few places where a boat could put in, so there were no fishermen in the region, and the farms were scattered wide apart. The place where we left our horse was a lone ly little farm-house, looking more like a small, unpainted country school-house than anything else, and seeing us seemed to be a perfect godsend to the people, with whom we had a long talk before we started for the cliff, which was beyond a half-mile or more of rocks and bayberry bushes which they called the pasture. The house was nearer the sea than this; the cliff was farther down the shore; a bold, craggy place it was, the land rising higher and higher, and finally we stood at the edge of the rocks and looked down nearly a hundred feet at the sea, dashing its white spray high over the ledges that quiet day. What could it be in winter, when there was a storm and the great waves came thundering in?

When we came back early in the afternoon to the house, we succeeded in making friends with the children, and gave them some candy and the rest of our lunch, which luckily had been even more abundant than usual. They looked thin and pitiful, but even in that lonely place, where they so seldom saw a stranger or even a neighbor, they showed that there was an evident effort to make them look like other children, and they were neatly dressed, though there could be no mistake about their being very poor. One forlorn little soul, with honest gray eyes and a sweet, shy smile, showed us a string of beads which she wore round her neck; there were perhaps two dozen of them, blue and white, on a bit of twine, and they were the dearest things in all her world. When we came away we were very glad that we could give the man more than he asked us for taking care of

the horse while we had been gone; and his thanks touched us.

"I hope ye may never know what it is to earn every dollar as hard as I have. I never earned any money as easy as this before. I don't feel as if I ought to take it. I've done the best I could," said the man, with the tears coming into his eyes and a huskiness in his voice, "I've done the best I could, and I'm willin' and my woman is, but everything seems to have been ag'in us; we never seem to get forehanded. It looks sometimes as if the Lord had forgot us, but my woman, she never wants me to say that; she says he 'ain't, and that we might be worse off, but I do' know. I have n't had my health; that 's hendered me most. But my oldest boy, he 's getting ahead some. He pushed off this spring, and he works in a box-shop to Boston; he sent me ten dollars a spell ago, and his mother a shawl. I don't see how he done it, but he 's smart, if he only keeps his chance." This seemed to be the only bright spot in their lives; and we admired the shawl, and sat down in the house a while with the mother, who seemed patient and tired, and evidently took great delight in talking about what one should wear. Kate and I thought and spoke often of these people afterward, and when one day we met the man in Deephaven we sent some things to the children and his wife, and begged him to come to the house whenever he came to town ; but we never saw him again.

Our second excursion was made just before we left Deephaven, late in October. We knew the coast-road would be bad, after the fall rains, and took Leander, the eldest of the Dockum boys, with us. We enjoyed the drive that morning, in spite of the rough road. The air was warm, and sweet with the smell of bayberry bushes and pitch-pines and the delicious saltness of the sea, which was not far from us all the way. It was a perfect autumn day. Sometimes we crossed pebble beaches, and then went farther inland, through woods, and up and down steep little hills, and over shaky bridges which crossed narrow salt creeks in the marsh lands. There was a little excitement about the drive and an exhilaration in the air; we laughed at jokes forgotten the next minute, and sang, and were jolly enough. Leander, who had never happened to see us in exactly this hilarious state of mind before, seemed surprised and interested, and became unusually talkative, telling us a great many edifying particulars about the people whose houses we passed, and who owned every wood-lot along the road. "Do you see that house over on the p'int?" he asked; "an old fellow lives there that 's part lost his mind. He had a son who was drowned off Cod Rock, fishing, much as twenty-five years ago, and he 's worn a deep path out to the end of the p'int, where he goes out every hand's turn o' the day to see if he can't see the boat coming in;" and Leander looked round to see if we were not amused, and seemed puzzled because we did n't laugh. Happily, his next story was funny.

When we reached the house, to our surprise there was no one in sight and the place looked deserted. We left the wagon, and while Leander went toward the barn, which stood at a little distance, Kate and I went to the house and knocked. I opened the door a little way and said "Hallo!" Nobody answered. The people could not have moved away, for there were some chairs standing outside the door, and as I looked in I saw the bunches of herbs hanging up and a trace of corn, and the furniture was all there. It was a great disappointment, for we had counted upon seeing the children again. Leander said there was nobody at the barn, and that they must have gone to a funeral; he could n't think of anything else. Just then we saw some people coming up the road, and we thought at first that they were the man and his wife coming back, but they proved to be strangers, and we eagerly asked what had become of the family.

"They 're dead, both on 'em. His wife, she died about nine weeks ago last Sunday, and he died day before yesterday. Funeral 's going to be this afternoon. Thought ye were some of her

folks from up-country, when we were coming along," said the man.

"Guess they won't come nigh," said the woman, scornfully; "'fraid they'd have to help provide for the children. I was sister to him, and I've got to take the three least ones."

"Did you say he was going to be buried this afternoon?" asked Kate slowly: we were both more startled than I can tell.

"Yes," said the man, who seemed much better-natured than his wife; she appeared like a person whose only aim in life was to have things over with; "yes, we're going to bury him at two o'clock. They had a master sight o' trouble, first and last."

Leander had said not a word all this time. He had known the man, and had expected to spend the day with him and get him to go on two miles farther, to help bargain for a dory. He asked, in a disappointed way, "what had carried him off so sudden."

"Drink," said the woman, relentlessly. "He 'ain't ben good for nothing sence his wife died; she was took with a fever along in the first of August, and never got up from it — poor, shif'less thing, any way!"

"Now don't be hard on the dead, Marthy," said her husband; "I guess they done the best they could."

And Kate said, "Did you say he was your brother?"

"Yes, I was sister to him," said the woman promptly, with perfect unconsciousness of Kate's meaning.

"And what will become of those poor children?"

"I've got the three youngest over to my place to take care on, and the two next them has been put out to some folks over toward the cove. I dare say like 's not they'll be sent back."

"They're clever child'n, I guess," said the man, who spoke as if this were the first time he had dared take their part. "Don't be ha'sh, Marthy;" and then she turned round and looked at him with utter contempt.

"I can't stand it to hear men folks talking on what they don't know nothing about," said she. "The ways of Providence is dreadful myster'ous," she went on, with a whine, instead of the sharp tone of voice which we had heard before. "We've had a hard row, and we've just got our own children off our hands and able to do for themselves, and now here are these three to be fetched up."

"But perhaps they'll be a help to you; they seemed to be nice little things," said Kate. "I saw them in the summer, and they seemed to be good children, and it is dreadfully hard for them to be left alone. It's not their fault, you know. We brought over something for them; will you be kind enough to take the basket when you go home?"

"Thank ye, I'm sure," said the aunt, relenting slightly. "You can speak to my man about it, and he'll give it to somebody that's going by. I've got to walk in the procession. They'll be obliged, I'm sure. I s'pose you're the young ladies that come to the cliff right after the Fourth o' July, an't you? I should be pleased to have you call and see the child'n, if you're over this way again. I heard 'em talk about you last time I was over here. Won't ye step into the house and see him? He looks real nateral," she added; but we said "No, thank you."

Leander told us he believed he would n't bother about the dory that day, and that he should be there at the house, whenever we were ready. He evidently meant to help at the funeral, and considered it a piece of good luck that he had happened to arrive in time. We spoke to the man about the things we had brought for the children, which seemed to delight him, poor soul, and we felt sure he would be kind to them. His wife shouted to him from a window of the house that he 'd better not loiter round or they would n't be half ready when the folks began to come. And we said good-by to him, and went away.

"What a pitiful ending it is to those humble lives!" said Kate.

We supposed the funeral would be all over with when we returned to the house from a stroll over the pastures, but found

we were mistaken. There were several men standing around the door, looking solemn and important, and by and by one of them came over to where we had seated ourselves on a low rock, and we found out a little more of the sad story. We liked this man, there was so much pity in his face and voice. "He was a real willin', honest man," said our new friend, "but he used to be sickly, and seemed to have no luck, though for a year or two he got along some better. When his wife died he was sore afflicted, and could n't get over it, and he did n't know what to do or what was goin' to become of 'em, with winter comin' on, and — well — I may 's well tell ye: he took to drink, and it killed him right off. I came over two or three times and made some gruel and fixed him up 's well 's I could, and the little gals done the best they could, but he faded right out, and did n't know anything the last time I see him; and he died Sunday mornin' when the tide began to ebb. I always set a good deal by John; we used to play together down to the cove; that 's where he was raised, and my folks lived there too. I 've got one o' the little gals. I always knowed him and his wife."

We heard the people in the house singing China, the Deephaven funeral hymn, and the tune suited well that day, with its wailing rise and fall; it was strangely plaintive. Then the funeral exercises were over, and the man with whom we had just been speaking led to the door a horse and a rickety wagon from which the seat had been taken, and when the coffin had been put in, he led the horse down the road a little way, and we watched the mourners come out of the house two by two. We heard some one scold in a whisper because the wagon was twice as far off as it need have been; they evidently had a rigid funeral etiquette, and felt it important that everything should be carried out according to rule. We saw a forlorn-looking kitten with a bit of faded braid around its neck run across the road in terror, and presently appear again on the stone wall, where she sat looking at the people. We saw the dead man's eldest son, of whom he had told us in the summer with such pride. He had shown his respect for his father as best he could, by a black band on his hat and a pair of black cotton gloves a world too large for him. He looked very sad, and cried bitterly as he stood alone at the head of the people. His aunt was next, with a handkerchief at her eyes, fully equal to the proprieties of the occasion, though I fear her grief was not so heart-felt as her husband's, who dried his eyes with his coat-sleeve again and again. There were, perhaps, twenty of the mourners, and there was much whispering among those who walked last. The minister and some others fell into line, and the procession went slowly down the slope. A strange shadow had fallen over everything; it was like a November day, for the air felt cold and bleak. There were some great sea-fowl high in the air, fighting their way toward the sea against the wind, and giving now and then a wild, far-off, ringing cry. We could hear the dull sound of the sea, and at a little distance from the land the waves were leaping high and breaking in white foam over the isolated ledges.

The rest of the people began to walk or drive away, but Kate and I stood watching the funeral as it crept along the narrow, crooked road. We had never seen what the people called "walking funerals" until we came to Deephaven, and there was something piteous about this one; the mourners looked so few, and we could hear the rattle of the wagon-wheels. "He 's gone, an't he?" said some one near us. That was it — *gone*.

Before the people had entered the house there had been, I am sure, an indifferent, business-like look; but when they came out all that was changed: their faces were awed by the presence of death, and the indifference had given place to uncertainty. Their neighbor was immeasurably their superior now. Living, he had been a failure by their own low standards, but now, if he could come back, he would know secrets and be wise beyond anything they could imagine; and who could know the riches of

which he might have come into possession?

We stayed a little while longer, until we had seen the last funeral-guest go away, and the door had been shut and fastened with a queer old padlock and some links of rusty chain. The door fitted loosely, and the man gave it a vindictive shake, as if he thought that the poor house had somehow been to blame, and that after a long, desperate struggle for life under its roof and among the stony fields, the family must go away defeated. It is not likely that any one else will ever go to live there. The man to whom the farm was mortgaged will add the few forlorn acres to his pasture-land, and the thistles which the man who is dead had fought so many years will march in next summer, and take unmolested possession.

I think, to-day, of that fireless, empty, forsaken house, where the winter sun shines in and creeps slowly along the floor; the bitter cold is in and around the house, and the snow has sifted in at every crack; outside it is untrodden by any living creature's footstep. The wind blows and rushes, and shakes the loose window-sashes in their frames, while the padlock knocks, knocks against the door.

The Deephaven people used to say, sometimes complacently, that certain things or certain people were "as dull as East Parish." Kate and I grew curious to see that part of the world which was considered duller than Deephaven itself; and, as upon inquiry we found that it was not out of reach, one day we went there.

It was like Deephaven, only on a smaller scale. The village, though it is a question whether that is not an exaggerated term to apply, had evidently seen better days. It was on the bank of a river, and perhaps half a mile from the sea. There were a few old houses there, some with mossy roofs and a great deal of yellow lichen on the sides of the walls next the sea; a few newer houses, belonging to fishermen; some dilapidated fish-houses, and a row of fish-flakes. Every house seemed to have a lane of its own, and all faced different ways except two fish-houses which stood amiably side by side. There was a church which we had been told was the oldest in the region. Through the windows we saw the high pulpit and sounding-board, and finally found the keys at a house near by; so we went in and looked around at our leisure. A rusty foot-stove stood in one of the old square pews, and in the gallery there was a majestic bass-viol with all its strings snapped but the largest, which gave out a doleful sound when we touched it.

After we left the church we walked along the road a little way, and came in sight of a fine old house which had apparently fallen into ruin years before. The front entrance was a fine specimen of old-fashioned workmanship, with its columns and carvings, and the fence had been a grand affair in its day, though now it could scarcely stand alone. The long range of out-buildings were falling piece by piece; one shed had been blown down entirely by a late high wind. The large windows had many panes of glass, and the great chimneys were built of the bright red bricks which used to be brought from over-seas in the days of the colonies. We noticed the gnarled lilacs in the yard, the wrinkled cinnamon roses, and a flourishing company of French pinks or "Bouncing Bets," as Kate called them.

"Suppose we go in," said I; "the door is open a little way. There surely must be some stories about its being haunted. We will ask Miss Honora." And we climbed over the boards which were put up like pasture-bars across the wide front gateway.

"We shall certainly meet a ghost," said Kate.

Just as we stood on the steps the door was pulled wide open; we started back, and, well-grown young women as we are, we have confessed since that our first impulse was to run away. On the threshold there stood a stately old woman who looked surprised at first sight of us, then quickly recovered herself and stood waiting for us to speak. She was dressed in a rusty black satin gown, with

scant, short skirt and huge sleeves; on her head was a great black bonnet with a high crown and a close brim, which came far out over her face. "What is your pleasure?" said she; and we felt like two awkward children. Kate partially recovered her wits, and asked which was the nearer way to Deephaven.

"There is but one road, past the church and over the hill. It cannot be missed," and she bowed gravely when we thanked her and begged her pardon, we hardly knew why, and came away.

We looked back to see her still standing in the doorway. "Who in the world can she be?" said Kate; and we wondered and puzzled and talked over "the ghost" until we saw Miss Honora Carew, who told us that it was Miss Sally Chauncey.

"Indeed, I know her, poor old soul!" said Miss Honora; "she has the saddest story I know. She is the last survivor of one of the most aristocratic old colonial families. The Chaunceys were of great renown until early in the present century, and then their fortunes changed. They had always been rich and well-educated, and I suppose nobody ever had a gayer, happier time than Miss Sally did in her girlhood, for they entertained a great deal of company and lived in fine style; but her father was unfortunate in business, and at last was utterly ruined at the time of the embargo; then he became partially insane, and died after many years of poverty. I have often heard a tradition that a sailor to whom he had broken a promise had cursed him, and that none of the family had died in their beds or had any good luck since. The East Parish people seem to believe in it, and it is certainly strange what terrible sorrow has come to the Chaunceys. One of Miss Sally's brothers, a fine young navy officer, who was at home on leave, asked her one day if she could get on without him, and she said yes, thinking he meant to go back to sea; but in a few minutes she heard the noise of a pistol in his room, and hurried in to find him lying dead on the floor. Then there was another brother who was insane, and who became so violent that he was chained for years in one of the upper chambers, a dangerous prisoner. I have heard his horrid cries myself, when I was a young girl," said Miss Honora, with a shiver.

"Miss Sally is insane, and has been for many years, and this seems to me the saddest part of the story. When she first lost her reason she was sent to a hospital, for there was no one who could take care of her. The mania was so acute that no one had the slightest thought that she would recover or even live long. Her guardian sold the furniture and pictures and china, almost everything but clothing, to pay the bills at the hospital, until the house was fairly empty; and then one spring day, I remember it well, she came home in her right mind, and, without a thought of what was awaiting her, ran eagerly into her home. It was a terrible shock, and she never has recovered from it, though after a long illness her insanity took a mild form, and she has always been perfectly harmless. She has been alone many years, and no one can persuade her to leave the old house, where she seems to be contented and does not realize her troubles; though she lives mostly in the past, and has little idea of the present, except in her house affairs, which seem pitiful to me, for I remember the housekeeping of the Chaunceys when I was a child. I have always been to see her, and she usually knows me, though I have been but seldom of late years. She is several years older than I. The town makes her an allowance every year, and she has some friends who take care that she does not suffer, though her wants are few. She is an elegant woman still, and some day, if you like, I will give you something to carry to her, and a message, if I can think of one, and you must go to make her a call. I hope she will happen to be talkative, for I am sure you would enjoy her. For many years she did not like to see strangers, but some one has told me lately that she seems to be pleased if people go to see her."

You may be sure it was not many days before Kate and I claimed the bas-

ket and the message, and went again to East Parish. We boldly lifted the great brass knocker, and were dismayed because nobody answered. While we waited, a girl came up the walk and said that Miss Sally lived up-stairs, and she would speak to her if we liked. "Sometimes she don't have sense enough to know what the knocker means," we were told. There was evidently no romance about Miss Sally to our new acquaintance.

"Do you think," said I, "that we might go in and look around the lower rooms? Perhaps she will refuse to see us."

"Yes, indeed," said the girl, "only run the minute I speak; you'll have time enough, for she walks slow and is a little deaf."

So we went into the great hall with its wide staircase and handsome cornices and paneling, and then into the large parlor on the right, and through it to a smaller room looking out on the garden, which sloped down to the river. Both rooms had fine carved mantels, with Dutch-tiled fire-places, and in the cornices we saw the fastenings where pictures had hung — old portraits, perhaps. And what had become of them? The girl did not know: the house had been the same ever since she could remember, only it would all fall through into the cellar soon. But the old lady was proud as Lucifer, and would n't hear of moving out.

The floor in the room toward the river was so broken that it was not safe, and we came back through the hall and opened the door at the foot of the stairs. "Guess you won't want to stop long there," said the girl. Three old hens and a rooster marched toward us with great solemnity when we looked in. The cobwebs hung in the room, as they often do in old barns, in long, gray festoons; the lilacs outside grew close against the two windows where the shutters were not drawn, and the light in the room was greenish and dim.

Then we took our places on the threshold and the girl went up-stairs and announced us to Miss Sally, and in a few minutes we heard her come along the hall.

"Sophia," said she, "where are the gentry waiting?" and just then she came in sight round the turn of the staircase. She wore the same great black bonnet and satin gown, and looked more old-fashioned and ghostly than before. She was not tall, but very erect, in spite of her great age, and her eyes seemed to "look through you" in an uncanny way. She slowly descended the stairs and came toward us with a courteous greeting, and when we had introduced ourselves as Miss Carew's friends she gave us each her hand in a most cordial way and said she was pleased to see us. She bowed us into the parlor and brought us two rickety, straight-backed chairs, which with an old table were all the furniture there was in the room. "Sit ye down," said she, herself taking a place in the window-seat. I have seen few more elegant women than Miss Chauncey. Thoroughly at her ease, she had the manner of a lady of the olden times, using the quaint fashion of speech which she had been taught in her girlhood. The long words and ceremonious phrases suited her extremely well. Her hands were delicately shaped, and she folded them in her lap as no doubt she had learned to do at boarding-school so many years before. She asked Kate and me if we knew any young ladies at that school in Boston, saying that most of her intimate friends had left when she did, but some of the younger ones were there still.

She asked for the Carews and Mr. Lorimer, and when Kate told her that she was Miss Brandon's niece and asked if she had not known her, she said, "Certainly, my dear; we were intimate friends at one time, but I have seen her little of late."

"Do you not know that she is dead?" asked Kate.

"Ah, they say every one is 'dead' nowadays. I do not comprehend the silly idea!" said the old lady impatiently. "It is an excuse, I suppose; she could come to see me if she chose, but she was always a ceremonious body, and

I go abroad but seldom now; so perhaps she waits my visit. I will not speak uncourteously, and you must remember me to her kindly."

Then she asked us about other old people in Deephaven, and about families in Boston whom she had known in her early days. I think every one of whom she spoke was dead, but we assured her that they were all well and prosperous, and we hoped we told the truth. She asked about the love-affairs of men and women who had died old and gray-headed within our remembrance; and finally she said we must pardon her for these tiresome questions, but it was so rarely she saw any one direct from Boston, of whom she could inquire concerning these old friends and relatives of her family.

Something happened after this which touched us both inexpressibly: she sat for some time watching Kate with a bewildered look, which at last faded away, a smile coming in its place. "I think you are like my mother," she said; "did any one ever say to you that you are like my mother? Will you let me see your forehead? Yes; and your hair is only a little darker." Kate had risen when Miss Chauncey did, and they stood side by side. There was a tone in the old lady's voice which brought the tears to my eyes. She stood there some minutes looking at Kate. I wonder what her thoughts were? There was a kinship, it seemed to me, not of blood, only that they both were of the same stamp and rank: Miss Chauncey of the old generation and Kate Lancaster of the new. Miss Chauncey turned to me, saying, "Look up at the portrait and you will see the likeness too, I think." But when she turned and saw the bare wainscoting of the room, she looked puzzled, and the bright flash which had lighted up her face was gone in an instant, and she sat down again in the window-seat; but we were glad that she had forgotten. Presently she said, "Pardon me, but I forget your question."

Miss Carew had told us to ask her about her school-days, as she nearly always spoke of that time to her; and, to our delight, Miss Sally told us a long story about her friends and about her "coming-out party," when boat-loads of gay young guests came down from Rivermouth, and all the gentry from Deephaven. The band from the fort played for the dancing, the garden was lighted, the card-tables were in this room, and a grand supper was served. She also remembered what some of her friends wore, and her own dress was a silver-gray brocade with rose-buds of three colors. She told us how she watched the boats go off up river in the middle of the summer night; how sweet the music sounded; how bright the moonlight was; how she wished we had been there at her party.

"I can't believe I am an old woman. It seems only yesterday," said she, thoughtfully; and then she lost the idea and talked about Kate's great-grandmother, whom she had known, and asked us how she had been this summer.

She asked us if we would like to go up-stairs where she had a fire, and we eagerly accepted, though we were not in the least cold. Ah, what a sorry place it was! She had gathered together some few pieces of her old furniture, which half filled one fine room, and here she lived. There was a tall, handsome chest of drawers, which I should have liked much to ransack. Miss Carew had told us that Miss Chauncey had large claims against the government, dating back sixty or seventy years, but nobody could ever find the papers; and I felt sure that they must be hidden away in some secret drawer. The brass handles and trimmings were blackened, and the wood looked like ebony. I wanted to climb up and look into the upper part of this antique piece of furniture, and it seemed to me I could at once put my hand on a package of "papers relating to the embargo."

On a stand near the window was an old Bible, fairly worn out with constant use. Miss Chauncey was religious; in fact, it was the only subject about which she was perfectly sane. We saw almost nothing of her insanity that day, though afterward she was different. There were days when her mind seemed clear;

but sometimes she was silent, and often she would confuse Kate with old Miss Brandon, and talk to her of long-forgotten plans and people. She would rarely speak of anything more than a minute or two, and then would drift into an entirely foreign subject.

She urged us that afternoon to stay to luncheon with her; she said she could not offer us dinner, but she would give us tea and biscuit, and no doubt we should find something in Miss Carew's basket, as she was always kind in remembering her fancies. Miss Honora had told us to decline, if she asked us to stay; but I should have liked to see her sit at the head of her table, and to be a guest at such a lunch-party.

Poor creature! it was a blessed thing that her shattered reason made her unconscious of the change in her fortunes, and incapable of comparing the end of her life with its beginning. To herself she was still Miss Chauncey, a gentlewoman of high family, possessed of unusual worldly advantages. The remembrance of her cruel trials and sorrows had faded from her mind. She had no idea of the poverty of her surroundings when she paced back and forth, with stately steps, on the ruined terraces of her garden; the ranks of lilies and the conserve-roses were still in bloom for her, and the box-borders were as trimly kept as ever; and when she pointed out to us the distant steeples of Rivermouth, it was plain to see that it was still the Rivermouth of her girlhood. If the boat landing at the foot of the garden had long ago dropped into the river and gone out with the tide; if the maids and men who used to do her bidding were all out of hearing; if there had been no dinner company that day and no guests were expected for the evening, — what did it matter? The twilight had closed around her gradually, and she was alone in her house, but she did not heed the ruin of it or the absence of her friends. On the morrow, life would again go on.

We always used to ask her to read the Bible to us, after Mr. Lorimer had told us how grand and beautiful it was to listen to her. I shall never hear some of the Psalms or some chapters of Isaiah again without being reminded of her; and I remember just now, as I write, one summer afternoon when Kate and I had lingered later than usual, and we sat in an upper room looking out on the river and the shore beyond, where the light had begun to grow golden as the day drew near sunset. Miss Sally had opened the great book at random and read slowly, "In my Father's house are many mansions;" and then, looking off for a moment at a leaf which had drifted into the window-recess, she repeated it: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you." Then she went on slowly to the end of the chapter, and with her hands clasped together on the Bible she fell into a reverie, and the tears came into our eyes as we watched her look of perfect content. Through all her clouded years the promises of God had been her only certainty.

Miss Chauncey died early in the winter after we left Deephaven, and one day when I was visiting Kate in Boston, Mr. Lorimer came to see us, and told us about her.

It seems that after much persuasion she was induced to go to spend the winter with a neighbor, her house having become uninhabitable, and she was, besides, too feeble to live alone. But her fondness for her old home was too strong, and one day she stole away from the people who took care of her, and crept in through the cellar, where she had to wade through half-frozen water, and then went up-stairs, where she seated herself at a front window and called joyfully to the people who went by, asking them to come in to see her, as she had got home again. After this she was very ill, and one day, when she was half delirious, they missed her, and found her at last sitting on her hall stairway, which she was too feeble to climb. She lived but a short time afterwards, and in her last days her mind seemed perfectly clear. She said over and over again how good God had always been to her, and she was gentle, and unwilling to be a trouble to those who had the care of her.

Mr. Lorimer spoke of her simple good-

ness, and told us that though she had no other sense of time, and hardly knew if it were summer or winter, she was always sure when Sunday came, and always came to church when he preached at East Parish, her greatest pleasure seeming to be to give money, if there was a contribution. "She may be a lesson to us," added the old minister, reverently; "for, though bewildered in mind, bereft of riches and friends and all that makes this world dear to many of us, she was still steadfast in her simple faith, and was never heard to complain of any of the burdens which God had given her."

Sarah O. Jewett.

THE PARLOR CAR.

FARCE.

SCENE: A Parlor Car on the New York Central Railroad. It is late afternoon in the early autumn, with a cloudy sunset threatening rain. The car is unoccupied save by a gentleman, who sits fronting one of the windows, with his feet in another chair; a newspaper lies across his lap; his hat is drawn down over his eyes, and he is apparently asleep. The rear door of the car opens, and the conductor enters with a young lady, heavily veiled, the porter coming after with her wraps and traveling bags. The lady's air is of mingled anxiety and desperation, with a certain fierceness of movement. She casts a careless glance over the empty chairs.

Conductor. "Here 's your ticket, madam. You can have any of the places you like here, or," — glancing at the unconscious gentleman, and then at the young lady, — "if you prefer, you can go and take that seat in the forward car."

Miss Lucy Galbraith. "Oh, I can't ride backwards. I 'll stay here, please. Thank you." The porter places her things in a chair by a window, across the car from the sleeping gentleman, and she throws herself wearily into the next seat, wheels round in it, and lifting her veil gazes absently out at the landscape. Her face, which is very pretty, with a low forehead shadowed by thick, blonde hair, shows the traces of tears. She makes search in her pocket for her handkerchief, which she presses to her eyes. The conductor, lingering a moment, goes out.

Porter. "I 'll be right here, at de end of de cah, if you should happen to want anything, miss," — making a feint of arranging the shawls and satchels. "Should you like some dese things hung up? Well, they 'll be jus' as well in de chair. We 's pretty late dis afternoon; more 'n four hours behin' time. Ought to been into Albany 'fore dis. Freight train off the track jus' dis side o' Rochester, an' had to wait. Was you goin' to stop at Schenectady, miss?"

Miss G., absently. "At Schenectady?" After a pause, "Yes."

Porter. "Well, that 's de next station, and den de cahs don't stop ag'in till dey git to Albany. Anything else I can do for you now, miss?"

Miss G. "No, no, thank you, nothing." The porter hesitates, takes off his cap, and scratches his head with a murmur of embarrassment. Miss Galbraith looks up at him inquiringly, and then suddenly takes out her porte-monnaie and fees him.

Porter. "Thank you, miss, thank you. If you want anything at all, miss, I 'm right dere at de end of de cah." He goes out by the narrow passage-way beside the smaller inclosed parlor. Miss Galbraith looks askance at the sleeping

gentleman, and then, rising, goes to the large mirror, to pin her veil, which has become loosened from her hat. She gives a little start at sight of the gentleman in the mirror but arranges her head-gear, and returning to her place looks out of the window again. After a little while she moves about uneasily in her chair, then leans forward and tries to raise her window; she lifts it partly up, when the catch slips from her fingers and the window falls shut again with a crash.

Miss G. "Oh *dear*, how provoking! I suppose I must call the porter." She rises from her seat, but on attempting to move away she finds that the skirt of her polonaise has been caught in the falling window. She pulls at it, and then tries to lift the window again, but the cloth has wedged it in, and she cannot stir it. "Well, I certainly think this is beyond endurance! Porter! Ah — porter! Oh, he 'll never hear me in the racket that these wheels are making! I wish they 'd stop — I" —

The gentleman stirs in his chair, lifts his head, listens, takes his feet down from the other seat, rises abruptly, and comes to Miss Galbraith's side.

Mr. Allen Richards. "Will you allow me to open the window for you?" Starting back, "Miss Galbraith!"

Miss G. "Al— Mr. Richards!" There is a silence for some moments, in which they remain looking at each other; then,

Mr. Richards. "Lucy" —

Miss G. "I forbid you to address me in that way, Mr. Richards."

Mr. R. "Why, you were just going to call me Allen!"

Miss G. "That was an accident, you know very well — an impulse" —

Mr. R. "Well, so is this."

Miss G. —"Of which you ought to be ashamed to take advantage. I wonder at your presumption in speaking to me at all. It 's quite idle, I can assure you. Everything is at an end between us. It seems that I bore with you too long; but I 'm thankful that I had the spirit to act at last, and to act in time. And now that chance has thrown us together, I trust that you will not force your conversation upon me. No gentleman would, and I have always given you credit for thinking yourself a gentleman. I request that you will not speak to me."

Mr. R. "You 've spoken ten words to me for every one of mine to you. But I won't annoy you. I can't believe it, Lucy; I can *not* believe it. It seems like some rascally dream, and if I had had any sleep since it happened, I should think I *had* dreamed it."

Miss G. "Oh! You were sleeping soundly enough when I got into the car!"

Mr. R. "I own it; I was perfectly used up, and I *had* dropped off."

Miss G., scornfully: "Then perhaps you *have* dreamed it."

Mr. R. "I 'll think so till you tell me again that our engagement is broken; that the faithful love of years is to go for nothing; that you dismiss me with cruel insult, without one word of explanation, without a word of intelligible accusation, even. It 's too much! I've been thinking it all over and over, and I can't make head or tail of it. I meant to see you again as soon as we got to town, and implore you to hear me. Come, it 's a mighty serious matter, Lucy. I 'm not a man to put on heroics and that; but I believe it 'll play the very deuce with me, Lucy, — that is to say, Miss Galbraith, — I do indeed. It 'll give me a low opinion of woman."

Miss G., averting her face: "Oh, a very high opinion of woman you have had!"

Mr. R., with sentiment. "Well, there was one woman whom I thought a perfect angel."

Miss G. "Indeed! May I ask her name?"

Mr. R., with a forlorn smile: "I shall be obliged to describe her somewhat formally as — Miss Galbraith."

Miss G. "Mr. Richards!"

Mr. R. "Why, you 've just forbidden me to say *Lucy!* You must tell me, dearest, what I have done to offend you. The worst criminals are not condemned unheard, and I've always thought you were merciful if not just. And now I only ask you to be just."

Miss G., looking out of the win-

dow: "You know very well what you 've done. You can't expect me to humiliate myself by putting your offense into words."

Mr. R. "Upon my soul, I don't know what you mean! I *don't* know what I 've done. When you came at me, last night, with my ring and presents and other little traps, you might have knocked me down with the lightest of the lot. I was perfectly dazed; I could n't say anything before you were off, and all I could do was to hope that you 'd be more like yourself in the morning. And in the morning, when I came round to Mrs. Phillips's, I found you were gone, and I came after you by the next train."

Miss G. "Mr. Richards, your personal history for the last twenty-four hours is a matter of perfect indifference to me, as it shall be for the next twenty-four hundred years. I see that you are resolved to annoy me, and since *you* will not leave the car, *I* must do so." She rises haughtily from her seat, but the imprisoned skirt of her polonaise twitches her abruptly back into her chair. She bursts into tears. "Oh! what *shall* I do?"

Mr. R., dryly: "You shall do whatever you like, Miss Galbraith, when I 've set you free; for I see your dress is caught in the window. When it 's once out, I 'll shut the window, and you can call the porter to raise it." He leans forward over her chair, and while she shrinks back the length of her tether, he tugs at the window-fastening. "I can't get at it. Would you be so good as to stand up, — all you can?" Miss Galbraith stands up, droopingly, and Mr. Richards makes a movement towards her, and then falls back. "No, that won't do. Please sit down again." He goes round her chair and tries to get at the window from that side. "I can't get any purchase on it. Why don't you cut out that piece?" Miss Galbraith stares at him in dumb amazement. "Well, I don't see what we 're to do. I 'll go and get the porter." He goes to the end of the car, and returns. "I can't find the porter — he must be in one of the other cars. But" — brightening with the fortunate conception — "I 've just thought of something. Will it unbutton?"

Miss G. "Unbutton?"

Mr. R. "Yes; this garment of yours."

Miss G. "My polonaise?" Inquiringly: "Yes."

Mr. R. "Well, then, it 's a very simple matter. If you will just take it off I can easily" —

Miss G., faintly: "I can't. A polonaise is n't like an *over*coat" —

Mr. R., with dismay: "Oh! Well, then"— He remains thinking a moment in hopeless perplexity.

Miss G., with polite ceremony: "The porter will be back soon. Don't trouble yourself any further about it, please. I shall do very well."

Mr. R., without heeding her: "If you could kneel on that foot-cushion and face the window" —

Miss G., kneeling promptly: "So?"

Mr. R. "Yes, and now" — kneeling beside her — "if you 'll allow me to — to get at the window catch," — he stretches both arms forward; she shrinks from his right into his left, and then back again, —"and pull, while I raise the window" —

Miss G. "Yes, yes; but do hurry, please. If any one saw us, I don't know what they would think. It 's perfectly ridiculous!" — pulling. "It 's caught in the corner of the window, between the frame and the sash, and it won't come! Is my hair troubling you? Is it in your eyes?"

Mr. R. "It 's in my eyes, but it is n't troubling me. Am I inconveniencing you?"

Miss G. "Oh, not at all."

Mr. R. "Well, now then, pull hard!" He lifts the window with a great effort; the polonaise comes free with a start, and she strikes violently against him. In supporting the shock he cannot forbear catching her for an instant to his heart. She frees herself, and starts indignantly to her feet.

Miss G. "Oh what a cowardly — subterfuge!"

Mr. R. "Cowardly? You 've no idea how much courage it took." Miss Galbraith puts her handkerchief to her face,

and sobs. "Oh, don't cry! Bless my heart — I 'm sorry I did it! But you know how dearly I love you, Lucy, though I do think you 've been cruelly unjust. I told you I never should love any one else, and I never shall. I could n't help it, upon my soul I could n't. Nobody could. Don't let it vex you, my" — He approaches her.

Miss G. "Please not touch me, sir! You have no longer any right whatever to do so."

Mr. R. "You misinterpret a very inoffensive gesture. I have no idea of touching you, but I hope I may be allowed, as a special favor, to — pick up my hat, which you are in the act of stepping on." Miss Galbraith hastily turns, and strikes the hat with her whirling skirts; it rolls to the other side of the parlor, and Mr. Richards, who goes after it, utters an ironical "Thanks!" He brushes it and puts it on, looking at her where she has again seated herself at the window with her back to him, and continues, "As for any further molestation from me" —

Miss G. "If you *will* talk to me" —

Mr. R. "Excuse me, I am not talking to you."

Miss G. "What were you doing?"

Mr. R. "I was beginning to think aloud. I — I was soliloquizing. I suppose I may be allowed to soliloquize?"

Miss G., very coldly: "You can do what you like."

Mr. R. "Unfortunately that 's just what I can't do. If I could do as I liked, I should ask you a single question."

Miss G., after a moment: "Well, sir, you may ask your question." She remains as before, with her chin in her hand, looking tearfully out of the window; her face is turned from Mr. Richards, who hesitates a moment, before he speaks.

Mr. R. "I wish to ask you just this, Miss Galbraith: if you could n't ride backwards in the other car, why do you ride backwards in this?"

Miss G., burying her face in her handkerchief, and sobbing: "Oh, oh, oh! This is too bad!"

Mr. R. "Oh, come now, Lucy. It breaks my heart to hear you going on so, and all for nothing. Be a little merciful to both of us, and listen to me. I 've no doubt I can explain everything if I once understand it, but it 's pretty hard explaining a thing if you don't understand it yourself. Do turn round. I know it makes you sick to ride in that way, and if you don't want to face me — there!" — wheeling in his chair so as to turn his back upon her — "you need n't. Though it 's rather trying to a fellow's politeness, not to mention his other feelings. Now, what in the name" —

Porter, who at this moment enters with his step-ladder, and begins to light the lamps: "Going pretty slow ag'in, sah."

Mr. R. "Yes; what 's the trouble?"

Porter. "Well, I don't know exactly, sah. Something de matter with de locomotive. We shan't be into Albany much 'fore eight o'clock."

Mr. R. "What 's the next station?"

Porter. "Schenectady."

Mr. R. "Is the whole train as empty as this car?"

Porter, laughing: "Well, no, sah. Fact is, *dis* cah don't belong on dis train. It 's a Pullman that we hitched on when you got in, and we 's taking it along for one of de Eastern roads. We let you in 'cause de Drawing-rooms was all full. Same with de lady" — looking sympathetically at her, as he takes up his steps to go out. "Can I do anything for you now, miss?"

Miss G., plaintively: "No, thank you; nothing whatever." She has turned while Mr. Richards and the porter have been speaking, and now faces the back of the former, but her veil is drawn closely. The porter goes out.

Mr. R., wheeling round so as to confront her: "I wish you would speak to me half as kindly as you do to that darky, Lucy."

Miss G. "*He* is a gentleman!"

Mr. R. "He is an urbane and well-informed nobleman. At any rate, he 's a man and a brother. But so am I." Miss Galbraith does not reply, and after a pause Mr. Richards resumes. "Talking of gentlemen: I recollect, once, com-

ing up on the day-boat to Poughkeepsie, there was a poor devil of a tipsy man kept following a young fellow about, and annoying him to death — trying to fight him, as a tipsy man will, and insisting that the young fellow had insulted him. By and by he lost his balance, and went overboard, and the other jumped after him and fished him out." Sensation on the part of Miss Galbraith, who stirs uneasily in her chair, looks out of the window, then looks at Mr. Richards, and drops her head. "There was a young lady on board, who had seen the whole thing — a very charming young lady indeed, with pale blonde hair growing very thick over her forehead, and dark eyelashes to the sweetest blue eyes in the world. Well, this young lady's papa was amongst those who came up to say civil things to the young fellow when he got aboard again, and to ask the honor — he said the *honor* — of his acquaintance. And when he came out of his state-room in dry clothes, this infatuated old gentleman was waiting for him, and took him and introduced him to his wife and daughter. And the daughter said, with tears in her eyes, and a perfectly intoxicating impulsiveness, that it was the grandest and the most heroic and the noblest thing that she had ever seen, and she should always be a better girl for having seen it. Excuse me, Miss Galbraith, for troubling you with these facts of a personal history which, as you say, is a matter of perfect indifference to you. The young fellow did n't think at the time he had done anything extraordinary; but I don't suppose he *did* expect to live to have the same girl tell him he was no gentleman."

Miss G., wildly: "Oh, Allen, Allen! You *know* I think you are a gentleman, and I always did!"

Mr. R., languidly: "Oh! I merely had your word for it, just now, that you did n't." Tenderly: "Will you hear me, Lucy?"

Miss G., faintly: "Yes."

Mr. R. "Well, what is it I 've done? Will you tell me if I guess right?"

Miss G., with dignity: "I am in no humor for jesting, Allen. And I can assure you that though I consent to hear what you have to say, or ask, *nothing* will change my determination. All is over between us."

Mr. R. "Yes, I understand that perfectly. I am now asking merely for general information. I do not expect you to relent, and in fact I should consider it rather frivolous if you did. No. What I have always admired in your character, Lucy, is a firm, logical consistency; a clearness of mental vision that leaves no side of a subject unsearched; and an unwavering constancy of purpose. You may say that these traits are characteristic of *all* women; but they are preëminently characteristic of you, Lucy." Miss Galbraith looks askance at him, to make out whether he is in earnest or not; he continues, with a perfectly serious air. "And I know now that if you 're offended with me, it 's for no trivial cause." She stirs uncomfortably in her chair. "What I have done I can't imagine, but it must be something monstrous, since it has made life with me appear so impossible that you are ready to fling away your own happiness — for I know you *did* love me, Lucy — and destroy mine. I will begin with the worst thing I can think of. Was it because I danced so much with Fanny Watervliet?"

Miss G., indignantly: "How can you insult me by supposing that I could be jealous of such a *perfect* little goose as that? No, Allen! Whatever I think of you, I *still* respect you too much for *that*."

Mr. R. "I 'm glad to hear that there are yet depths to which you think me incapable of descending, and that Miss Watervliet is one of them. I will now take a little higher ground. Perhaps you think I flirted with Mrs. Dawes. I thought, myself, that the thing might begin to have that appearance, but I give you my word of honor that as soon as the idea occurred to me, I dropped her, — rather rudely, too. The trouble was, don't you know, that I felt so perfectly safe with a *married* friend of yours. I could n't be hanging about you all the

time, and I was afraid I might vex you if I went with the other girls; and I did n't know what to do."

Miss G. "I think you behaved rather silly, giggling so much with her. But"—

Mr. R. "I own it, I know it was silly. But"—

Miss G. "It was n't that; it was n't that!"

Mr. R. "Was it my forgetting to bring you those things from your mother?"

Miss G. "No!"

Mr. R. "Was it because I had n't given up smoking yet?"

Miss G. "You *know* I never asked you to give up smoking. It was entirely your own proposition."

Mr. R. "That 's true. That 's what made me so easy about it. I knew I could leave it off *any* time. Well, I will not disturb you any longer, Miss Galbraith." He throws his overcoat across his arm, and takes up his traveling-bag. "I have failed to guess your fatal — conundrum; and I have no longer any excuse for remaining. I am going into the smoking-car. Shall I send the porter to you for anything?"

Miss G. "No, thanks." She puts up her handkerchief to her face.

Mr. R. "Lucy, do you send me away?"

Miss G., behind her handkerchief: "You were going, yourself."

Mr. R., over his shoulder: "Shall I come back?"

Miss G. "I have no right to drive you from the car."

Mr. R., coming back, and sitting down in the chair nearest her: "Lucy, dearest, tell me what 's the matter."

Miss G. "Oh, Allen, your not *knowing* makes it all the more hopeless and killing. It shows me that we *must* part; that you would go on, breaking my heart, and grinding me into the dust as long as we lived." She sobs. "It shows me that you never understood me, and you never will. I know you 're good and kind and all that, but that only makes your not understanding me so much the worse. I do it quite as much for your sake as my own, Allen."

Mr. R. "I 'd much rather you would n't put yourself out on my account."

Miss G., without regarding him: "If you could mortify me before a whole roomful of people as you did last night, what could I expect after marriage but continual insult?"

Mr. R., in amazement: "*How* did I mortify you? I thought that I treated you with all the tenderness and affection that a decent regard for the feelings of others would allow. I was ashamed to find I could n't keep away from you."

Miss G. "Oh, you were *attentive* enough, Allen; nobody denies that. Attentive enough in non-essentials. Oh yes!"

Mr. R. "Well, what vital matters did I fail in? I 'm sure I can't remember."

Miss G. "I dare say! I dare say they won't appear vital to you, Allen. Nothing does. And if I had told you, I should have been met with ridicule, I suppose. But I knew *better* than to tell; I respected myself too *much*."

Mr. R. "But now you must n't respect yourself *quite* so much, dearest. And I promise you I won't laugh at the most serious thing. I 'm in no humor for it. If it were a matter of life and death, even, I can assure you that it would n't bring a smile to my countenance. No, indeed! If you expect me to laugh, *now*, you must say something particularly funny."

Miss G. "I was not going to say anything *funny*, as you call it, and I will say nothing at all, if you talk in that way."

Mr. R. "Well, I won't, then. But do you know what I suspect, Lucy? I would n't mention it to everybody, but I will to you — in strict confidence: I suspect that you 're rather ashamed of your grievance, if you have any. I suspect it 's nothing at all."

Miss G., very sternly at first, with a rising hysterical inflection. "Nothing, Allen! Do you call it *nothing*, to have Mrs. Dawes come out with all that about your accident on your way up the river, and ask me if it did n't frighten me terribly to hear of it, even after it was all over; and I had to say you had n't told

me a word of it? 'Why, Lucy!'" — angrily mimicking Mrs. Dawes — "'you must teach him better than that. I make Mr. Dawes tell *me* everything.' Little simpleton! And then to have them all laugh — oh dear, it 's too much!"

Mr. R. "Why, my dear Lucy" —

Miss G., interrupting him: "I saw just how it was going to be, and I 'm thankful, *thankful* that it happened. I saw that you did n't care enough for me to take me into your whole life; that you despised and distrusted me, and that it would get worse and worse to the end of our days; that we should grow further and further apart, and I should be left moping at home, while you ran about making confidantes of other women whom you considered *worthy* of your confidence. It all *flashed* upon me in an *instant;* and I resolved to break with you, then and there; and I did, just as soon as ever I could go to my room for your things, and I 'm glad, — yes, — oh hu, hu, hu, hu, hu! — *so* glad I did it!"

Mr. R., grimly: "Your joy is obvious. May I ask" —

Miss G. "Oh, it was n't the *first* proof you had given me how little you really cared for me, but I was determined it should be the last. I dare say you 've forgotten them! I dare say you don't remember telling Mamie Morris that you did n't like crocheted cigar-cases, when you 'd just *told* me that you did, and let me be such a fool as to commence one for you; but I 'm thankful to say *that* went into the fire, — oh, yes, *instantly!* And I dare say you 've forgotten that you did n't tell me your brother's engagement was to be kept, and let me come out with it that night at the Rudges' and then looked perfectly aghast, so that everybody thought I had been blabbing! Time and again, Allen, you have made me suffer agonies, yes, *agonies;* but your power to do so is at an end. I am free and happy at last." She weeps bitterly.

Mr. R., quietly: "Yes, I *had* forgotten those crimes, and I suppose many similar atrocities. I own it, I *am* forgetful and careless. I was wrong about those things. I ought to have told you why I said that to Miss Morris; I was afraid she was going to work me one. As to that accident I told Mrs. Dawes of, it was n't worth mentioning. Our boat simply walked over a sloop in the night, and nobody was hurt. I should n't have thought twice about it, if she had n't happened to brag of their passing close to an iceberg on their way home from Europe: then I trotted out *my* pretty-near disaster as a match for hers — confound her! I wish the iceberg had sunk them! Only it would n't have sunk her — she 's so light; she 'd have gone bobbing about all over the Atlantic Ocean, like a cork; she 's got a perfect life-preserver in that mind of hers." Miss Galbraith gives a little laugh, and then a little moan. "But since you are happy, I will not repine, Miss Galbraith. I don't pretend to be very happy myself, but then, I don't deserve it. Since you are ready to let an absolutely unconscious offense on my part cancel all the past; since you let my devoted love weigh as nothing against the momentary pique that a malicious little rattle-pate — she was vexed at my leaving her — could make you feel, and choose to gratify a wicked resentment at the cost of any suffering to me, why, *I* can be glad and happy, too." With rising anger: "Yes, Miss Galbraith. All *is* over between us. You can go! I renounce you!"

Miss G., springing fiercely to her feet: "Go, indeed! Renounce me! Be so good as to remember that you have n't got me *to* renounce!"

Mr. R. "Well, it 's all the same thing. I 'd renounce you if I had. Good evening, Miss Galbraith. I will send back your presents as soon as I get to town; it won't be necessary to acknowledge them. I hope we may never meet again." He goes out of the door towards the front of the car, but returns directly, and glances uneasily at Miss Galbraith, who remains with her handkerchief pressed to her eyes. "Ah — a — that is — I shall be obliged to intrude upon you again. The fact is" —

Miss G., anxiously: "Why, the cars

have stopped! Are we at Schenectady?"

Mr. R. "Well, no; not *exactly;* not exactly at *Schenectady*" —

Miss G. "Then what station is this? Have they carried me by?" Observing his embarrassment: "Allen, what is the matter? What has happened? Tell me instantly! Are we off the track? Have we run into another train? Have we broken through a bridge? Shall we be burnt alive? Tell me, Allen, tell me — I can bear it! — are we telescoped?" She wrings her hands in terror.

Mr. R., unsympathetically: "Nothing of the kind has happened. This car has simply come uncoupled, and the rest of the train has gone on ahead, and left us standing on the track, nowhere in particular." He leans back in his chair, and wheels it round from her.

Miss G., mortified, yet anxious: "Well?"

Mr. R. "Well, until they miss us, and run back to pick us up, I shall be obliged to ask your indulgence. I will try not to disturb you; I would go out and stand on the platform, but it 's raining."

Miss G., listening to the rain-fall on the roof: "Why, so it is!" Timidly: "Did you notice when the car stopped?"

Mr. R. "No." He rises and goes out at the rear door, comes back, and sits down again.

Miss G. rises and goes to the large mirror to wipe away her tears. She glances at Mr. Richards, who does not move. She sits down in a seat nearer him than the chair she has left. After some faint murmurs and hesitations, she asks, "Will you please tell me why you went out just now?"

Mr. R., with indifference: "Yes. I went to see if the rear signal was out."

Miss G., after another hesitation: "Why?"

Mr. R. "Because if it was n't out, some train might run into us from that direction."

Miss G., tremulously: "Oh! And was it?"

Mr. R., dryly: "Yes."

Miss G. returns to her former place, with a wounded air, and for a moment neither speaks. Finally she asks very meekly, "And there 's no danger from the front?"

Mr. R., coldly: "No."

Miss G., after some little noises and movements meant to catch Mr. R.'s attention: "Of course, I never meant to imply that you were *intentionally* careless or forgetful."

Mr. R., still very coldly: "Thank you."

Miss G. "I always did justice to your good-heartedness, Allen; you 're perfectly lovely that way; and I know that you would be sorry if you *knew* you had wounded my feelings, however accidentally." She droops her head so as to catch a sidelong glimpse of his face, and sighs, while she nervously pinches the top of her parasol, resting the point on the floor. Mr. R. makes no answer. "That about the cigar-case might have been a mistake; I saw that myself, and, as you explain it, why, it was certainly very kind and very creditable to — to your thoughtfulness. It *was* thoughtful!"

Mr. R. "I am grateful for your good opinion."

Miss G. "But do you think it was exactly — it was quite — nice, not to tell me that your brother's engagement was to be kept, when you know, Allen, I can't bear to blunder in such things?" Tenderly: "*Do* you? You *can't* say it was?"

Mr. R. "I never said it was."

Miss G., plaintively: "No, Allen. That 's what I always admired in your character. You always owned up. Don't you think it 's easier for men to own up than it is for women?"

Mr. R. "I don't know. I never knew any woman to do it."

Miss G. "Oh yes, Allen! You know I *often* own up."

Mr. R. "No, I don't."

Miss G. "Oh, how can you bear to say so? When I 'm rash, or anything of that kind, you know I acknowledge it."

Mr. R. "Do you acknowledge it now?"

Miss G. "Why, how can I, when I

have n't *been* rash? *What* have I been rash about?"

Mr. R. "About the cigar-case, for example."

Miss G. "Oh! *That!* That was a great while ago! I thought you meant something quite recent." A sound as of the approaching train is heard in the distance. She gives a start, and then leaves her chair again for one a little nearer his. "I thought perhaps you meant about — last night."

Mr. R. "Well?"

Miss G., very judicially: "I don't think it was *rash*, exactly. No, not *rash*. It might not have been very *kind* not to — to — trust you more, when I knew that you did n't mean anything; but — No, I took the only course I could. *No*body could have done differently under the circumstances. But if I caused you any pain, I 'm very sorry; oh yes, very sorry indeed. But I was not precipitate, and I know I did right. At least I *tried* to act for the best. Don't you believe I did?"

Mr. R. "Why, if you have no doubt upon the subject, my opinion is of no consequence."

Miss G. "Yes. But what do you think? If you think differently, and can make me see it differently, ought n't you to do so?"

Mr. R. "I don't see why. As you say, all is over between us."

Miss G. "Yes." After a pause: "I should suppose you could care enough for *yourself* to wish me to look at the matter from the right point of view."

Mr. R. "I don't."

Miss G., becoming more and more uneasy as the noise of the approaching train grows louder: "I think *you* have been very quick with *me* at times; quite as quick as I could have been with you last night." The noise is more distinctly heard. "I 'm sure that if I could once see it as you do, *no* one would be more willing to do anything in their power to atone for their rashness. Of course I know that everything is over."

Mr. R. "As to that, I have your word; and, in view of the fact, perhaps this analysis of motive, of character, however interesting on general grounds, is a little" —

Miss G., with sudden violence: "Say it, and take your revenge! I have put myself at your feet, and you do right to trample on me! Oh, this is what women may expect when they trust to men's generosity! Well, it *is* over now, and I 'm thankful, thankful! Cruel, suspicious, vindictive, you 're all alike, and I 'm glad that I 'm no longer subject to your heartless caprices. And I don't care what happens after this, I shall always — Oh! You 're sure it 's from the front, Allen? Are you sure the rear signal is out?"

Mr. R., relenting: "Yes, but if it will ease your mind, I 'll go and look again." He rises and starts towards the rear door.

Miss G., quickly: "Oh no! Don't go! I can't bear to be left alone!" The sound of the approaching train continually increases in volume. "Oh, is n't it coming very, very, *very* fast?"

Mr. R. "No, no! Don't be frightened."

Miss G., running towards the rear door: "Oh, I *must* get out! It will kill me, I know it will. Come with me! Do, do!" He runs after her, and her voice is heard at the rear of the car. "Oh, the outside door is locked, and we are trapped, trapped, trapped! Oh, quick! Let 's try the door at the other end." They reënter the parlor, and the roar of the train announces that it is upon them. "No, no! It 's too late, it 's too late! I 'm a wicked, wicked girl, and this is all to punish me! Oh, it 's coming, it 's coming at full speed!" He remains bewildered, confronting her. She utters a wild cry, and, as the train strikes the car with a violent concussion, she flings herself into his arms. "There, there! Forgive me, Allen! Let us die together, my own, own love!" She hangs fainting on his breast. Voices are heard without, and after a little delay the porter comes in with a lantern.

Porter. "Rather more of a jah than we meant to give you, sah! We had to run down pretty quick after we missed you, and the rain made the track a little slippery. Lady much frightened?"

Miss G., disengaging herself: "Oh, not at all! Not in the least. We thought it was a train coming from behind, and going to run into us, and so — we — I" —

Porter. "Not quite so bad as that. We 'll be into Schenectady in a few minutes, miss. I 'll come for your things." He goes out at the other door.

Miss G., in a fearful whisper: "Allen! What will he ever think of us? I 'm sure he saw us!"

Mr. R. "I don't know what he 'll think *now*. He *did* think you were frightened; but you told him you were not. However, it is n't important what he thinks. Probably he thinks I 'm your long-lost brother. It had a kind of familiar look."

Miss G. "Ridiculous!"

Mr. R. "Why, he 'd never suppose that I was a jilted lover of yours!"

Miss G., ruefully: "No."

Mr. R. "Come, Lucy," — taking her hand, — "you wished to die with me, a moment ago. Don't you think you can make one more effort to live with me? I won't take advantage of words spoken in mortal peril, but I suppose you were in earnest when you called me your own — own" — Her head droops; he folds her in his arms, a moment, then she starts away from him, as if something had suddenly occurred to her.

Miss G. "Allen, where are you going?"

Mr. R. "Going? Upon my soul, I have n't the least idea."

Miss G. "Where *were* you going?"

Mr. R. "Oh, I *was* going to Albany."

Miss G. "Well, don't! Aunt Mary is expecting me here at Schenectady, — I telegraphed her, — and I want you to stop here, too, and we 'll refer the whole matter to her. She 's such a wise old head. I 'm not sure" —

Mr. R. "What?"

Miss G., demurely: "That I 'm good enough for you."

Mr. R., starting, in burlesque of her movement, as if a thought had struck *him:* "Lucy! How came you on this train when you left Syracuse on the morning express?"

Miss G., faintly: "I waited over a train at Utica." She sinks into a chair and averts her face.

Mr. R. "May I ask why?"

Miss G., more faintly still: "I don't like to tell. I" —

Mr. R., coming and standing in front of her, with his hands in his pockets: "Look me in the eye, Lucy!" She drops her veil over her face, and looks up at him. "Did you — did you expect to find *me* on this train?"

Miss G. "I was afraid it never *would* get along, — it was so late!"

Mr. R. "Don't — tergiversate."

Miss G. "Don't *what?*"

Mr. R. "Fib."

Miss G. "Not for worlds!"

Mr. R. "How did you know I was in this car."

Miss G. "Must I? I thought I saw you through the window; and then I made sure it was you when I went to pin my veil on — I saw you in the mirror."

Mr. R., after a little silence: "Miss Galbraith, do you want to know what *you* are?"

Miss G., softly: "Yes, Allen."

Mr. R. "You 're a humbug!"

Miss G., springing from her seat, and confronting him: "So are you! You pretended to be asleep!"

Mr. R. "I — I — I was taken by surprise. I had to take time to think."

Miss G. "So did I."

Mr. R. "And you thought it would be a good plan to get your polonaise caught in the window?"

Miss G., hiding her face on his shoulder. "No, no, Allen! That I never *will* admit. *No* woman would!"

Mr. R. "Oh, I dare say!" After a pause: "Well, I am a poor, weak, helpless man, with no one to advise me or counsel me, and I have been cruelly deceived. How could you, Lucy, how could you? I can never get over this." He drops his head upon her shoulder.

Miss G., starting away again and looking about the car: "Allen, I have an idea! Do you suppose Mr. Pullman could be induced to *sell* this car?"

Mr. R. "Why?"

Miss G. "Why, because I think it 's

perfectly lovely, and I should like to live in it always. It could be fitted up for a sort of summer-house, don't you know, and we could have it in the garden, and you could smoke in it."

Mr. R. "Admirable! It would look just like a traveling photographic saloon. No, Lucy, we won't buy it; we will simply keep it as a precious souvenir, a sacred memory, a beautiful dream, — and let it go on fulfilling its destiny all the same."

Porter, entering and gathering up Miss Galbraith's things: "Be at Schenectady in half a minute, miss. Won't have much time."

Miss G., rising and adjusting her dress, and then looking about the car, while she passes her hand through her lover's arm: "Oh, I do *hate* to leave it. Farewell, you dear, kind, good, lovely car! May you never have another accident!" She kisses her hand to the car, upon which they both look back as they slowly leave it.

Mr. R., kissing his hand in like manner: "Good-by, sweet chariot! May you never carry any but bridal couples!"

Miss G. "Or engaged ones!"

Mr. R. "Or husbands going home to their wives!"

Miss G. "Or wives hastening to their husbands."

Mr. R. "Or young ladies who have waited one train over, so as to be with the young men they hate."

Miss G. "Or young men who are so indifferent that they pretend to be asleep when the young ladies come in!" They pause at the door, and look back again. "'And must I leave thee, Paradise?'" They both kiss their hands to the car again, and, their faces being very close together, they impulsively kiss each other. Then Miss Galbraith throws back her head, and solemnly confronts him. "Only think, Allen! If this car had n't broken *its* engagement, we might never have mended ours."

W. D. Howells.

SEPTEMBER.

O golden month! How high thy gold is heaped!
The yellow birch-leaves shine like bright coins strung
On wands; the chestnut's yellow pennons tongue
To every wind its harvest challenge. Steeped
In yellow still lie fields where wheat was reaped;
And yellow still the corn sheaves stacked among
The yellow gourds, which from the earth have wrung
Her utmost gold. To highest boughs hath leaped
The purple grape, — last thing to ripen, — late
By very reason of its precious cost.
Oh, Heart, remember, vintages are lost
If grapes do not for freezing night-dews wait;
Think, while thou sun'st thyself in Joy's estate,
Mayhap thou canst not ripen without frost!

H. H.

HOLY PLACES OF THE HOLY CITY.

The sojourner in Jerusalem falls into the habit of dropping in at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre nearly every afternoon. It is the centre of attraction. There the pilgrims all resort; there one sees, in a day, many races, and the costumes of strange and distant peoples; there one sees the various worship of the many Christian sects. There are always processions making the round of the holy places, sect following sect, with swinging censers, each fumigating away the effect of its predecessor.

The central body of the church, answering to the nave, as the rotunda, which contains the Holy Sepulchre, answers to choir and apse, is the Greek chapel, and the most magnificent in the building. The portion of the church set apart to the Latins, opening also out of the rotunda, is merely a small chapel. The Armenians have still more contracted accommodations, and the poor Copts enjoy a mere closet, but it is in a sacred spot, being attached to the west end of the sepulchre itself.

On the western side of the rotunda we passed through the bare and apparently uncared-for chapel of the Syrians, and entered, through a low door, into a small grotto hewn in the rock. Lighted candles revealed to us some tombs, little pits cut in the rock, two in the side-wall and two in the floor. We had a guide who knew every sacred spot in the city, a man who never failed to satisfy the curiosity of the most credulous tourist.

"Whose tombs are these?" we asked.

"That is the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, and that beside it is the tomb of Nicodemus."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? You ask me how I know. Have n't I always lived in Jerusalem? I was born here."

"Then perhaps you can tell us, if this tomb belonged to Joseph of Arimathea and this to Nicodemus, whose is this third one?"

"Oh yes, that other," replied the guide, with only a moment's paralysis of his invention, "that is the tomb of Arimathea himself."

One afternoon at four, service was going on in the Greek chapel, which shone with silver and blazed with tapers, and was crowded with pilgrims, principally Russians of both sexes, many of whom had made a painful pilgrimage of more than two thousand miles on foot merely to prostrate themselves in this revered place. A Russian bishop and a priest, in the resplendent robes of their office, were intoning the service responsively. In the very centre of this chapel is a round hole covered with a grating, and tapers are generally burning about it. All the pilgrims kneeled there, and kissed the grating and adored the hole. I had the curiosity to push my way through the throng in order to see the object of devotion, but I could discover nothing. It is, however, an important spot: it is *the centre of the earth;* though why Christians should worship the centre of the earth I do not know. The Armenians have in their chapel also a spot that they say is the real centre; that makes three that we know of, for everybody understands that there is one in the Kaaba at Mecca.

We sat down upon a stone bench near the entrance of the chapel, where we could observe the passing streams of people, and were greatly diverted by a blithe and comical beggar who had stationed himself on the pavement there to intercept the Greek charity of the worshipers when they passed into the rotunda. He was a diminutive man with distorted limbs; he wore a peaked red cap, and dragged himself over the pavement, or rather skipped and flopped about on it like a devil-fish on land. Never was seen in a beggar such vivacity and imperturbable good-humor, with so much deviltry in his dancing eyes.

As we appeared to him to occupy a

neutral position as to him and his victims, he soon took us into his confidence and let us see his mode of operations. He said (to our guide) that he was a Greek from Damascus, — oh, yes, a Christian, a pilgrim, who always came down here at this season, which was his harvest-time. He hoped (with a wicked wink) that his devotion would be rewarded.

It was very entertaining to see him watch the people coming out, and select his victims, whom he would indicate to us by a motion of his head as he flopped towards them. He appeared to rely more upon the poor and simple than upon the rich, and he was more successful with the former. But he rarely, such was his insight, made a mistake. Whoever gave him anything he thanked with the utmost *empressement* of manner; then he crossed himself, and turned around and winked at us, his confederates. When an elegantly dressed lady dropped the smallest of copper coins into his cap, he let us know his opinion of her by a significant gesture and a shrug of his shoulders. But no matter from whom he received it, whenever he added a penny to his store the rascal chirped and laughed and caressed himself. He was in the way of being trodden under foot by the crowd; but his agility was extraordinary, and I should not have been surprised at any moment if he had vaulted over the heads of the throng and disappeared. If he failed to attract the attention of an eligible pilgrim, he did not hesitate to give the skirt of his elect a jerk, for which rudeness he would at once apologize with an indescribable grimace and a joke.

When the crowd had passed, he slid himself into a corner, by a motion such as that with which a fish suddenly darts to one side, and set himself to empty his pockets into his cap and count his plunder, tossing the pieces into the air and catching them with a chuckle, crossing himself and hugging himself by turns. He had four francs and a half. When he had finished counting his money he put it in a bag, and for a moment his face assumed a grave and business-like expression. We thought he would depart without demanding anything of us. But we were mistaken; he had something in view that he no doubt felt would insure him a liberal backsheesh. Wriggling near to us, he set his face into an expression of demure humility, held out his cap, and said, in English, each word falling from his lips as distinctly and unnaturally as if he had been a wooden articulating machine, —

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and *I* will give you rest."

The rascal's impiety lessened the charity which our intimacy with him had intended, but he appeared entirely content, chirped, saluted with gravity, and, with a flop, was gone from our sight.

At the moment, a procession of Franciscan monks swept by, chanting in rich bass voices, and followed, as usual, by Latin pilgrims, making the daily round of the holy places; after they had disappeared we could still hear their voices and catch now and again the glimmer of their tapers in the vast dark spaces.

Opposite the place where we were sitting is the Chapel of the Apparition, a room not much more than twenty feet square; it is the Latin chapel, and besides its contiguity to the sepulchre has some specialties of its own. The chapel is probably eight hundred years old. In the centre of the pavement is the spot upon which our Lord stood when he appeared to the Virgin after the resurrection; near it a slab marks the place where the three crosses were laid after they were dug up by Helena, and where the one on which our Lord was crucified was identified by the miracle that it worked in healing a sick man. South of the altar is a niche in the wall, now covered over, but a round hole is left in the covering. I saw pilgrims thrust a long stick into this hole, withdraw it, and kiss the end. The stick had touched a fragment of the porphyry column to which the Saviour was bound when he was scourged.

In the semicircle at the east end of the nave are several interesting places: the prison where Christ was confined

before his execution, a chapel dedicated to the centurion who pierced the side of our Lord, and the spot on which the vestments were divided. From thence we descend, by a long flight of steps partly hewn in the rock, to a rude, crypt-like chapel, in the heavy early Byzantine style, a damp, cheerless place, called the Chapel of Helena. At the east end of it another flight of steps leads down into what was formerly a cistern, but is now called the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross. Here the cross was found, and at one side of the steps stands the marble chair in which the mother of Constantine sat while she superintended the digging. Nothing is wanting that the most credulous pilgrim could wish to see; that is, nothing is wanting in *spots* where things were. This chapel belongs to the Latins; that of Helena to the Greeks; the Abyssinian convent is above both of them.

On the south side of the church, near the entrance, is a dark room called the Chapel of Adam, in which there is never more light than a feeble taper can give. I groped my way into it often, in the hope of finding something; perhaps it is purposely involved in an obscurity typical of the origin of mankind. There is a tradition that Adam was buried on Golgotha, but the only tomb in this chapel is that of Melchizedek! The chapel formerly contained that of Godfrey de Bouillon, elected the first king of Jerusalem in 1099, and of Baldwin, his brother. We were shown the two-handed sword of Godfrey, with which he clove a Saracen lengthwise into two equal parts, a genuine relic of a heroic and barbarous age. At the end of this chapel a glimmering light lets us see through a grating a crack in the rock made by the earthquake at the crucifixion.

The gloom of this mysterious chapel, which is haunted by the spectre of that dim shadow of unreality, Melchizedek, prepared us to ascend to Golgotha, above it. The chapels of Golgotha are supported partly upon a rock which rises fifteen feet above the pavement of the church. The first is that of the Elevation of the Cross, and belongs to the Greeks. Under the altar at the east end is a hole in the marble which is over the hole in the rock in which the cross stood; on either side of it are the holes of the crosses of the two thieves. The altar is rich with silver and gold and jewels. The chamber, when we entered it, was blazing with light, and Latin monks were performing their adorations, with chanting and swinging of incense, before the altar. A Greek priest stood at one side, watching them, and there was plain contempt in his face. The Greek priests are not wanting in fanaticism, but they never seem to me to possess the faith of the Latin branch of the Catholic church. When the Latins had gone, the Greek took us behind the altar and showed us another earthquake-rent in the rock.

Adjoining this chapel is the Latin Chapel of the Crucifixion, marking the spot where Christ was nailed to the cross; from that we looked through a window into an exterior room dedicated to the Sorrowing Virgin, where she stood and beheld the crucifixion. Both these latter rooms do not rest upon the rock, but upon artificial vaults, and of course can mark the spots commemorated by them only *in space*.

Perhaps this sensation of being in the air, and of having no standing-place even for tradition, added something to the strange feeling that took possession of me; a mingled feeling that was no more terror than is the apprehension that one experiences at a theatre from the manufactured thunder behind the scenes. I suppose it arose from cross currents meeting in the mind, the thought of the awful significance of the events here represented and the sight of this theatrical representation. The dreadful name, Golgotha, the gloom of this part of the building, — a sort of mount of darkness, with its rent rock and preternatural shadow, — the blazing contrast of the chapel where the cross stood with the dark passages about it, the chanting and flashing lights of pilgrims ever coming and going, the neighborhood of the sepulchre itself, were well calculated to awaken an imagination the least sensitive. And, so susceptible is the mind

to the influence of that mental electricity — if there is no better name for it — which proceeds from a mass of minds having one thought (and is sometimes called public opinion), be it true or false, that whatever one may believe about the real location of the Holy Sepulchre, he cannot witness, unmoved, the vast throng of pilgrims to these shrines, representing as they do every section of the civilized and of the uncivilized world into which a belief in the cross has penetrated. The undoubted sincerity of the majority of the pilgrims who worship here makes us for the time forget the hundred inventions which so often allure and as often misdirect that worship.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre offers at all times a great spectacle, and one always novel, in the striking ceremonies and the people who assist at them. One of the most extraordinary, that of the Holy Fire, at the Greek Easter, which is three weeks later than the Roman, and which has been so often described, we did not see. I am not sure that we saw even all the thirty-seven holy places and objects in the church. It may not be unprofitable to set down those I can recall. They are, —

The Stone of Unction.

The spot where the Virgin Mary stood when the body of our Lord was anointed.

The Holy Sepulchre.

The stone on which the angel sat.

The tombs of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus.

The well of Helena.

The stone marking the spot where Christ in the form of a gardener appeared to Mary Magdalene.

The spot where Mary Magdalene stood.

The spot where our Lord appeared to the Virgin after his resurrection.

The place where the true cross, discovered by Helena, was laid, and identified by a miracle.

The fragment of the Column of Flagellation.

The prison of our Lord.

The "Bonds of Christ," a stone with two holes in it.

The place where the *title* on the cross was preserved.

The place of the division of the vestments.

The centre of the earth (Greek).

The centre of the earth (Armenian).

The altar of the centurion who pierced the body of Christ.

The altar of the penitent thief.

The Chapel of Helena.

The chair in which Helena sat when the cross was found.

The spot where the cross was found.

The Chapel of the Mocking, with a fragment of the column upon which Jesus sat when they crowned him with thorns.

The Chapel of the Elevation of the Cross.

The spot where the cross stood.

The spots where the crosses of the thieves stood.

The rent rock near the cross.

The spot where Christ was nailed to the cross.

The spot where the Virgin stood during the crucifixion.

The Chapel of Adam.

The tomb of Melchizedek.

The rent rock in the Chapel of Adam.

The spots where the tombs of Godfrey and Baldwin stood.

No, we did not see them all. Besides, there used to be a piece of the cross in the Latin chapel; but the Armenians are accused of purloining it. All travelers, I suppose, have seen the celebrated Iron Crown of Lombardy, which is kept in the church at Monza, near Milan. It is all of gold except the inner band, which is made of a nail of the cross brought from Jerusalem by Helena. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre has not all the relics it might have, but it is as rich in them as any church of its age.

A place in Jerusalem almost as interesting to Christians as the Holy Sepulchre, and more interesting to antiquarians, is the Haram, or Temple area, with its ancient substructions and its resplendent Saracenic architecture. It is largely an open place, green with grass; it is clean and wholesome, and the sun lies lovingly on it. There is no part of

the city where the traveler would so like to wander at will, to sit and muse, to dream away the day on the walls overhanging the valley of the Kidron, to recall at leisure all the wonderful story of its splendor and its disaster. But admission to the area is had only by special permit. Therefore the ordinary tourist goes not so much as he desires to the site of the Temple that Solomon built, and of the porch where Jesus walked and talked with his disciples. When he does go, he feels that he treads upon firm historical ground.

We walked down the gutter (called street) of David; we did not enter the Haram area by the Bâb es-Silsileh (Gate of the Chain), but turned northward and went in by the Bâb el-Katanîn (Gate of the Cotton-Merchants), which is identified with the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. Both these gates have twisted columns and are graceful examples of Saracenic architecture. As soon as we entered the gate the splendor of the area burst upon us; we passed instantly out of the sordid city into a green plain, out of which — it could have been by a magic wand only — had sprung the most charming creations in stone: minarets, domes, colonnades, cloisters, pavilions, columns of all orders, horse-shoe arches and pointed arches, every joyous architectural thought expressed in shining marble and brilliant color.

Our dragoman, Abd-el-Atti, did the honors of the place with the air of proprietorship. For the first time in the Holy City he felt quite at home, and appeared to be on the same terms with the Temple area that he is with the tombs of the Pharaohs. The Christian antiquities are too much for him, but his elastic mind expands readily to all the marvels of the Moslem situation. The Moslems, indeed, consider that they have a much better right to the Temple than the Christians, and Abd-el-Atti acted as our cicerone in the precincts with all the delight of a boy and with the enthusiasm of faith. It was not unpleasant to him, either, to have us see that he was treated with consideration by the mosque attendants and ulemas, and that he was well known and could pass readily into the most reserved places. He had said his prayers that morning, at twelve, in this mosque, a privilege only second to that of praying in the mosque at Mecca, and was in high spirits, as one who had (if the expression is allowable) got a little ahead in the matter of devotions.

Let me give in a few words, without any qualifications of doubt, what seem to be the well-ascertained facts about this area. It is at present a level piece of ground (in the nature of a platform, since it is sustained on all sides by walls), a quadrilateral with its sides not quite parallel, about fifteen hundred feet long by one thousand feet broad. The northern third of it was covered by the Fortress of Antonia, an ancient palace and fortress, rebuilt with great splendor by Herod. The small remains of it in the northeast corner are now barracks.

This level piece of ground is nearly all artificial, either filled in or built up on arches. The original ground (Mount Moriah) was a rocky hill, the summit of which was the rock about which there has been so much controversy. Near the centre of this ground, and upon a broad raised platform, paved with marble, stands the celebrated mosque Kubbet es-Sukhrah, "The Dome of the Rock." It is built over the Sacred Rock.

This rock marks the site of the threshing-floor of Ornan, the Jebusite, which David bought, purchasing at the same time the whole of Mount Moriah. Solomon built the Temple over this rock, and it was probably the "stone of sacrifice." At the time Solomon built the Temple, the level place on Moriah was scarcely large enough for the *naos* of that building, and Solomon extended the ground to the east and south by erecting arches and filling in on top of them, and constructing a heavy retaining-wall outside. On the east side also he built a porch, or magnificent colonnade, which must have produced a fine effect of Oriental grandeur when seen from the deep valley below or from the Mount of Olives opposite.

To this rock the Jews used to come,

in the fourth century, and anoint it with oil, and wail over it, as the site of the Temple. On it once stood a statue of Hadrian. When the Moslems captured Jerusalem, it became, what it has ever since been, one of their most venerated places. The Khalif Omar cleared away the rubbish from it, and built over it a mosque. The Khalif Abd-el-Melek began to rebuild it in A. D. 686. During the Crusades it was used as a Christian church. Allowing for decay and repairs, the present mosque is probably substantially that built by Abd-el-Melek.

At the extreme south of the area is the vast Mosque of Aksa, a splendid basilica with seven aisles, which may or may not be the Church of St. Mary built by Justinian in the sixth century; architects differ about it. This question it seems to me very difficult to decide from the architecture of the building, because of the habit that Christians and Moslems both had of appropriating columns and capitals of ancient structures in their buildings; and because the Moslems at that time used both the round and the pointed arch.

This platform is beyond all comparison the most beautiful place in Jerusalem, and its fairy-like buildings, when seen from the hill opposite, give to the city its chief claim to Oriental picturesqueness.

The dome of the mosque Kubbet-es-Sukhrah is perhaps the most beautiful in the world; it seems to float in the air like a blown bubble; this effect is produced by a slight drawing in of the base. This contraction of the dome is not sufficient to give the spectator any feeling of insecurity, or to belittle this architectural marvel to the likeness of a big toy; the builder hit the exact mean between massiveness and expanding lightness. The mosque is octagonal in form, and although its just proportions make it appear small, it is a hundred and fifty feet in diameter; outside and in, it is a blaze of color in brilliant marbles, fine mosaics, stained glass, and beautiful Saracenic tiles. The lower part of the exterior wall is covered with colored marbles in intricate patterns; above are pointed windows with stained glass; and the spaces between the windows are covered by glazed tiles, with arabesque designs and very rich in color. In the interior, which has all the soft warmth and richness of Persian needle-work, are two corridors, with rows of columns and pillars; within the inner row is the Sacred Rock.

This rock, which is the most remarkable stone in the world, if half we hear of it be true, and which by a singular fortune is sacred to three religions, is an irregular bowlder, standing some five feet above the pavement, and is something like sixty feet long. In places it has been chiseled, steps are cut on one side, and various niches are hewn in it; a round hole pierces it from top to bottom. The rock is limestone, a little colored with iron, and beautiful in spots where it has been polished. One would think that by this time it ought to be worn smooth all over.

If we may believe the Moslems and doubt our own senses, this rock is suspended in the air, having no support on any side. It was to this rock that Mohammed made his midnight journey on El Burâk; it was from here that he ascended into Paradise, an excursion that occupied him altogether only forty minutes. It is, I am inclined to think, the miraculous suspension of this stone that is the basis of the Christian fable of the suspension of Mohammed's coffin — a miracle unknown to all Moslems of whom I have inquired concerning it.

"Abd-el-Atti," I said, "does this rock rest on nothing?"

"So I have hunderstood; him say so."

"But do you believe it?"

"When I read him, I believe; when I come and see him, I can't help what I see."

At the south end of the rock we descended a flight of steps and stood under the rock in what is called the Noble Cave, a small room about six feet high, plastered and whitewashed. This is supposed to be the sink into which the blood of the Jewish sacrifices drained. The plaster and whitewash hide the original rock, and give the Moslems the

opportunity to assert that there is no rock foundation under the big stone.

"But," we said to Abd-el-Atti, "if this rock hangs in the air, why cannot we see all around it? Why these plaster walls that seem to support it?"

"So him used to be. This done so, I hear, on account of de women. Thim come here, see this rock, thim berry much frightened. Der little shild, what you call it, get born in de world before him wanted. So thim make this wall under it."

There are four altars in this cave, one of them dedicated to David; here the Moslem prophets, Abraham, David, Solomon, and Jesus, used to pray. In the rock is a round indentation made by Mohammed's head when he first attempted to rise to heaven; near it is the hole through which he rose. On the upper southeast corner of the rock is the print of the prophet's foot, and close to it the print of the hand of the angel Michael, who held the rock down from following Mohammed into the skies.

In the mosque above, Abd-el-Atti led us, with much solemnity, to a small stone set in the pavement near the north entrance. It was perforated with holes, in some of which were brass nails.

"How many holes you make 'em there?"

"Thirteen."

"How many got nails?"

"Four."

"Not so many. Only three and a half nails. Used to be thirteen nails. Now only three and a half. When these gone, then the world come to an end. I t'ink it not berry long."

"I should think the Moslems would watch this stone very carefully."

"What difference? You not t'ink it come when de time come?"

We noticed some pieces of money on the stone, and asked why that was.

"Whoever he lay backsheesh on this stone, he certain to go into Paradise, and be took by our prophet in his bosom."

We wandered for some time about the green esplanade, dotted with cypress-trees, and admired the little domes: the Dome of the Spirits, the dome that marks the spot where David sat in judgment, etc.; some of them cover cisterns and reservoirs in the rock, as old as the foundations of the Temple.

In the corridor of the Mosque of Aksa are two columns standing close together, and like those at the Mosque of Omar, in Cairo, they are a test of character; it is said that whoever can squeeze between them is certain of Paradise, and must, of course, be a good Moslem. I suppose that when this test was established the Moslems were all lean. A black stone is set in the wall of the porch; whoever can walk, with closed eyes, across the porch pavement and put his finger on this stone may be sure of entering Paradise. According to this criterion, the writer of this is one of the elect of the Mohammedan Paradise and his dragoman is shut out. We were shown in this mosque the print of Christ's foot in a stone; and it is said that with faith one can feel in it, as he can in that of Mohammed's in the rock, the real flesh. Opening from this mosque is the small Mosque of Omar, on the spot where that zealous khalif prayed.

The massive pillared substructions under Aksa are supposed by Moslems to be of Solomon's time. That wise monarch had dealings with the invisible, and no doubt controlled the genii, who went and came and built and delved at his bidding. Abd-el-Atti, with haste and an air of mystery, drew me along under the arches to the window in the south end, and showed me the opening of a passage under the wall, now half choked up with stones. This is the beginning of a subterranean passage made by the prophet Solomon, that extends all the way to Hebron, and has an issue in the mosque over the tomb of Abraham. This fact is known only to Moslems, and to very few of them, and is considered one of the great secrets. Before I was admitted to share it, I am glad that I passed between the two columns, and touched, with my eyes shut, the black stone.

In the southeast corner of the Haram is a little building called the Mosque of Jesus. We passed through it, and descended the stairway into what is called

Solomon's Stables, being shown on our way a stone trough which is said to be the cradle of the infant Jesus. These so-called stables are subterranean vaults, built, no doubt, to sustain the south end of the Temple platform. We saw fifteen rows of massive square pillars of unequal sizes and at unequal distances apart (as if intended for supports that would not be seen), and some forty feet high, connected by round arches. We were glad to re-ascend from this wet and unpleasant cavern to the sunshine and the green-sward.

I forgot to mention the Well of the Leaf, near the entrance, in the Mosque of Aksa, and the pretty Moslem legend that gave it a name, which Abd-el-Atti relates, though not in the words of the hand-book: —

"This well berry old; call him Well of the Leaf; water same as Pool of Solomon, healthy water; I like him very much. Not so deep as Bir el-Arwâh; that small well, you see it under the rock; they say it goes down in Gehenna."

"Why is this called the Well of the Leaf?"

"Once, time of Suleiman [it was Omar], a friend of our prophet come here to pray, and when he draw water to wash he drop the bucket in the bottom of the well. No way to get it up, but he must go down. When he was on the bottom, there he much surprised by a door open in the ground, and him berry cur'ous to see what it is. Nobody there, so he look in, and then walk through berry fast, and look over him shoulder to the bucket left in the well. The place where he was come was the most beautiful garden ever was, and he walk long time and find no end, always more garden, so cool, and water run in little streams, and sweet smell of roses and jasmine, and little birds that sing, and big trees and dates and oranges and palms, more kind, I t'ink, than you see in the garden of his vice-royal. When the man have been long time in the garden he begin to have fright, and pick a green leaf off a tree, and run back and come up to his friends. He show 'em the green leaf, but nobody have believe what he say. Then they tell him story to the kadi, and the kadi send men to see the garden in the bottom of the well. They not find any, not find any door. Then the kadi he make him a letter to the Sultan — berry wise man — and he say (so I read it in our history), 'Our prophet say, One of my friends shall walk in Paradise while he is alive. If this is come true, you shall see the leaf, if it still keep green.' Then the kadi make examine of the leaf, and find him green. So it is believe the man has been in Paradise."

"And do you believe it?"

"I cannot say edzacly where him been. Where you t'ink he done got that leaf?"

Along the east wall of the Haram there are no remains of the long colonnade called Solomon's Porch, not a column of that resplendent marble pavilion which caught the first rays of the sun over the mountains of Moab, and which, with the shining temple towering behind it, must have presented a more magnificent appearance than Babylon, and have rivaled the architectural glories of Baalbec. The only thing in this wall worthy of note now is the Golden Gate, an entrance no longer used. We descended into its archways, and found some fine columns with composite capitals, and other florid stone-work of a rather tasteless and debased Roman style.

We climbed the wall by means of the steps, a series of which are placed at intervals, and sat a long time looking upon a landscape every foot of which is historical. Merely to look upon it is to recall a great portion of the Jewish history and the momentous events in the brief life of the Saviour, which, brief as it was, sufficed to newly create the earth. There is the Mount of Olives, with its commemorative chapels, heaps of stone, and scattered trees; there is the ancient foot-path up which David fled as a fugitive by night from the conspiracy of Absalom, what time Shimei, the relative of Saul, stoned him and cursed him; and down that Way of

Triumph, the old road sweeping round its base, came the procession of the Son of David, in whose path the multitude cast their garments and branches of trees, and cried, "Hosanna in the highest." There on those hills, Mount Scopus and Olivet, were once encamped the Assyrians, and again the Persians; there shone the eagles of Rome, borne by her conquering legions; and there, in turn, Crusaders and Saracens pitched their tents. How many times has the air been darkened with missiles hurled thence upon this shining prize, and how many armies have closed in about this spot and swarmed to its destruction! There the Valley of Jehoshaphat curves down until it is merged in the Valley of the Brook Kidron. There, at the junction of the roads that run over and around Olivet, is a clump of trees surrounded by a white wall; that is the Garden of Gethsemane. Near it is the tomb of Mary. Farther down you see the tomb of Absalom, the tomb of St. James, the monolith pyramid-tipped tomb of Zacharias (none of them apparently as old as they claim to be), and the remains of a little temple, the model of which came from the banks of the Nile, that Solomon built for his Egyptian wife, the daughter of Pharaoh, wherein they worshiped the gods of her country. It is tradition also that near here were some of the temples he built for others of his strange wives: a temple to Chemosh, the Moabite god, and the image of Moloch, the devourer of children. Solomon was wiser than all men, wiser than Heman, and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol; his friend Hiram of Tyre used to send riddles to him which no one in the world but Solomon could guess; but his wisdom failed him with the other sex, and there probably never was another Oriental court so completely ruled and ruined by women as his.

This valley below us is perhaps the most melancholy on earth; nowhere else is death so visibly master of the scene; nature is worn out, man tired out; a gray despair has settled down upon the landscape. Down there is the village of Siloam, a village of huts and holes in the rocks, opposite the cave of that name. If it were the abode of wolves it would have a better character than it has now. There is the grim cast of sin and exhaustion upon the scene. I do not know exactly how much of this is owing to the Jewish burying-ground, which occupies so much of the opposite hill. The slope is thickly shingled with gray stones, that lie in a sort of regularity which suggests their purpose. You fall to computing how many Jews there may be in that hill, layer upon layer; for the most part they are dissolved away into the earth, but you think that if they were to put on their mortal bodies and come forth, the valley itself would be filled with them almost to the height of the wall. Out of these gates, giving upon this valley of death, six hundred thousand bodies of those who had starved were thrown during the siege, and long before Titus stormed the city. I do not wonder that the Moslems think of this frightful vale as Gehenna itself.

From an orifice in the battlemented wall where we sat projects a round column, mounted there like a cannon, and perhaps intended to deceive an enemy into the belief that the wall is fortified. It is astride this column, overhanging this dreadful valley, that Mohammed will sit at the last, the judgment day. A line finer than a hair and sharper than a razor will reach from it to the tower on the Mount of Olives, stretching over the valley of the dead. This is the line Es-Serat. Mohammed will superintend the passage over it. For in that day all who ever lived, risen to judgment, must walk this razor line; the good will cross in safety; the bad will fall into hell, that is, into Gehenna, this blasted gulf and side-hill below, thickly sown with departed Jews. It is in view of this perilous passage that the Moslem every day, during the ablution of his feet, prays: "Oh, make my feet not to slip on Es-Serat, on that day when feet shall slip."

Charles Dudley Warner.

SONNET.

ENAMORED architect of airy rhyme,
Build as thou wilt; heed not what each man says.
Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,
Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time:
Others, beholding how thy turrets climb
'Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all their days;
But most beware of those who come to praise.
O Wondersmith, O worker in sublime
And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all:
Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame,
Build as thou wilt, and as the gods have given:
Then, if at last the airy structure fall,
Dissolve, and vanish, — take thyself no shame.
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE AMERICAN.

VIII.

"TELL me something about your sister," said Newman abruptly.

Bellegarde turned and gave him a quick look. "Now that I think of it, you have never yet asked me a question about her."

"I know that very well."

"If it is because you don't trust me, you are very right," said Bellegarde. "I can't talk of her rationally. I admire her too much."

"Talk of her as you can," said Newman. "Let yourself go."

"Well, we are very good friends; we are such a brother and sister as have not been seen since Orestes and Electra. You have seen her; you know what she is: tall, thin, light, imposing, and gentle, half a *grande dame* and half an angel; a mixture of pride and humility, of the eagle and the dove. She looks like a statue which had failed as stone, resigned itself to its grave defects, and come to life as flesh and blood, to wear white capes and long trains. All I can say is that she really possesses every merit that her face, her glance, her smile, the tone of her voice, lead you to expect; it is saying a great deal. As a general thing, when a woman seems very charming, I should say 'Beware!' But in proportion as Claire seems charming you may fold your arms and let yourself float with the current; you are safe. She is so good! I have never seen a woman half so perfect or so complete. She has everything; that is all I can say about her. There!" Bellegarde concluded; "I told you I would rhapsodize."

Newman was silent a while, as if he were turning over his companion's words. "She is very good, eh?" he repeated at last.

"Divinely good!"

"Kind, charitable, gentle, generous?"

"Generosity itself; kindness double-distilled!"

"Is she clever?"

"She is the most intelligent woman I know. Try her, some day, with something difficult, and you will see."

"Is she fond of admiration?"

"*Parbleu!*" cried Bellegarde; "what woman is not?"

"Ah, when they are too fond of admiration they commit all kinds of follies to get it."

"I did not say she was too fond!" Bellegarde exclaimed. "Heaven forbid I should say anything so idiotic. She is not too anything! If I were to say she was ugly, I should not mean she was too ugly. She is fond of pleasing, and if you are pleased she is grateful. If you are not pleased, she lets it pass and thinks the worse neither of you nor of herself. I imagine, though, she hopes the saints in heaven are, for I am sure she is incapable of trying to please by any means of which they would disapprove."

"Is she grave or gay?" asked Newman.

"She is both; not alternately, for she is always the same. There is gravity in her gayety, and gayety in her gravity. But there is no reason why she should be particularly gay."

"Is she unhappy?"

"I won't say that, for unhappiness is according as one takes things, and Claire takes them according to some receipt communicated to her by the Blessed Virgin in a vision. To be unhappy is to be disagreeable, which, for her, is out of the question. So she has arranged her circumstances so as to be happy in them."

"She is a philosopher," said Newman.

"No, she is simply a very nice woman."

"Her circumstances, at any rate, have been disagreeable?"

Bellegarde hesitated a moment — a thing he very rarely did. "Oh, my dear fellow, if I go into the history of my family I shall give you more than you bargain for."

"No, on the contrary, I bargain for that," said Newman.

"We shall have to appoint a special *séance*, then, beginning early. Suffice it for the present that Claire has not slept upon roses. She made at eighteen a marriage that was expected to be brilliant, but that turned out like a lamp that goes out; all smoke and bad smell. M. de Cintré was sixty years old, and an odious old gentleman. He lived, however, but a short time, and after his death his family pounced upon his money, brought a lawsuit against his widow, and pushed things very hard. Their case was a good one, for M. de Cintré, who had been trustee for some of his relatives, appeared to have been guilty of some very irregular practices. In the course of the suit some revelations were made as to his private history which my sister found so displeasing that she ceased to defend herself and washed her hands of the property. This required some pluck, for she was between two fires, her husband's family opposing her and her own family forcing her. My mother and my brother wished her to cleave to what they regarded as her rights. But she resisted firmly, and at last bought her freedom, — obtained my mother's assent to dropping the suit at the price of a promise."

"What was the promise?"

"To do anything else, for the next ten years, that was asked of her — anything, that is, but marry."

"She had disliked her husband very much?"

"No one knows how much!"

"The marriage had been made in your horrible French way," Newman continued, "made by the two families, without her having any voice?"

"It was a chapter for a novel. She saw M. de Cintré for the first time a month before the wedding, after everything, to the minutest detail, had been arranged. She turned white when she looked at him, and white she remained till her wedding-day. The evening before the ceremony she swooned away, and she spent the whole night in sobs. My mother sat holding her two hands, and my brother walked up and down the room. I declared it was revolting and

told my sister publicly that if she would refuse, downright, I would stand by her. I was told to go about my business, and she became Comtesse de Cintré."

"Your brother," said Newman, reflectively, "must be a very nice young man."

"He is very nice, though he is not young. He is upward of fifty; fifteen years my senior. He has been a father to my sister and me. He is a very remarkable man; he has the best manners in France. He is extremely clever; indeed, he is very learned. He is writing a history of The Princesses of France that Never Married." This was said by Bellegarde with extreme gravity, looking straight at Newman, and with an eye that betokened no mental reservation; or that, at least, almost betokened none.

Newman perhaps discovered there a gleam of irony, for he presently said, "You don't love your brother."

"I beg your pardon," said Bellegarde ceremoniously; "well-bred people always love their brothers."

"Well, I don't love him, then!" Newman answered.

"Wait till you know him!" rejoined Bellegarde, and this time he smiled.

"Is your mother also very remarkable?" Newman asked, after a pause.

"For my mother," said Bellegarde, now with intense gravity, "I have the highest admiration. She is a very extraordinary woman. You cannot approach her without perceiving it."

"She is the daughter, I believe, of an English earl."

"Of the Earl of St. Dunstan's."

"Has the Earl of St. Dunstan's a very old family?"

"So-so; the sixteenth century. It is on my father's side that we go back — back, back, back. The family antiquaries themselves lose breath. At last they stop, panting and fanning themselves, somewhere in the ninth century, under Charlemagne. That is where we begin."

"There is no mistake about it?" said Newman.

"I 'm sure I hope not. We have been mistaken at least for several centuries."

"And you have always married into old families?"

"As a rule; though in so long a stretch of time there have been some exceptions. Three or four Bellegardes, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, took wives out of the *bourgeoisie* — married lawyers' daughters."

"A lawyer's daughter; that 's very bad, is it?" asked Newman.

"Horrible! one of us, in the middle ages, did better: he married a beggar-maid, like King Cophetua. That was really better; it was like marrying a bird or a monkey; one did n't have to think about her family at all. Our women have always done well; they have never even gone into the *petite noblesse*. There is, I believe, not a case on record of a misalliance among the women."

Newman turned this over a while, and then at last he said, "You offered, the first time you came to see me, to render me any service you could. I told you that some time I would mention something you might do. Do you remember?"

"Remember? I have been counting the hours."

"Very well; here 's your chance. Do what you can to make your sister think well of me."

Bellegarde stared, with a smile. "Why, I 'm sure she thinks as well of you as possible, already."

"An opinion founded on seeing me three or four times? That is putting me off with very little. I want something more. I have been thinking of it a good deal, and at last I have decided to tell you. I should like very much to marry Madame de Cintré."

Bellegarde had been looking at him with quickened expectancy, and with the smile with which he had greeted Newman's allusion to his promised request. At this last announcement he continued to gaze; but his smile went through two or three curious phases. It felt, apparently, a momentary impulse to broaden; but this it immediately checked. Then it remained for some instants taking counsel with itself, at the end of which it decreed a retreat. It slowly effaced itself and left a look of

seriousness modified by the desire not to be rude. Extreme surprise had come into the Count Valentin's face; but he had reflected that it would be uncivil to leave it there. And yet, what the deuce was he to do with it? He got up, in his agitation, and stood before the chimney-piece, still looking at Newman. He was a longer time thinking what to say than one would have expected.

"If you can't render me the service I ask," said Newman, "say it out!"

"Let me hear it again, distinctly," said Bellegarde. "It 's very important, you know. I shall plead your cause with my sister, because you want — you want to marry her? That 's it, eh?"

"Oh, I don't say plead my cause, exactly; I shall try and do that myself. But say a good word for me, now and then — let her know that you think well of me."

At this, Bellegarde gave a little light laugh.

"What I want chiefly, after all," Newman went on, "is just to let you know what I have in mind. I suppose that is what you expect, is n't it? I want to do what is customary, over here. If there is anything particular to be done, let me know and I will do it. I would n't for the world approach Madame de Cintré without all the proper forms. If I ought to go and tell your mother, why I will go and tell her. I will go and tell your brother, even. I will go and tell any one you please. As I don't know any one else, I begin by telling you. But that, if it is a social obligation, is a pleasure as well."

"Yes, I see — I see," said Bellegarde, lightly stroking his chin. "You have a very right feeling about it, but I 'm glad you have begun with me." He paused, hesitated, and then turned away and walked slowly the length of the room. Newman got up and stood leaning against the mantel-shelf, with his hands in his pockets, watching Bellegarde's promenade. The young Frenchman came back and stopped in front of him. "I give it up," he said; "I will not pretend I am not surprised. I am — hugely! *Ouf!* It 's a relief."

"That sort of news is always a surprise," said Newman. "No matter what you have done, people are never prepared. But if you are so surprised, I hope at least you are pleased."

"Come!" said Bellegarde. "I am going to be tremendously frank. I don't know whether I am pleased or horrified."

"If you are pleased, I shall be glad," said Newman, "and I shall be — encouraged. If you are horrified, I shall be sorry, but I shall not be discouraged. You must make the best of it."

"That is quite right — that is your only possible attitude. You are perfectly serious?"

"Am I a Frenchman, that I should not be?" asked Newman. "But why is it, by the bye, that you should be horrified?"

Bellegarde raised his hand to the back of his head and rubbed his hair quickly up and down, thrusting out the tip of his tongue as he did so. "Why, you are not noble, for instance," he said.

"The devil I am not!" exclaimed Newman.

"Oh," said Bellegarde a little more seriously, "I did not know you had a title."

"A title? What do you mean by a title?" asked Newman. "A count, a duke, a marquis, I don't know anything about that, I don't know who is and who is not. But I say I am noble. I don't exactly know what you mean by it, but it 's a fine word and a fine idea; I put in a claim to it."

"But what have you to show, my dear fellow; what proofs?"

"Anything you please! But you don't suppose I am going to undertake to prove that I am noble. It is for you to prove the contrary."

"That 's easily done. You have manufactured wash-tubs."

Newman stared a moment. "Therefore I am not noble? I don't see it. Tell me something I have n't done — something I can't do."

"You cannot marry a woman like Madame de Cintré for the asking."

"I believe you mean," said Newman slowly, "that I am not good enough."

"Brutally speaking — yes!"

Bellegarde had hesitated a moment, and while he hesitated Newman's attentive glance had grown somewhat eager. In answer to these last words he for a moment said nothing. He simply blushed a little. Then he raised his eyes to the ceiling and stood looking at one of the rosy cherubs that was painted upon it. "Of course I don't expect to marry any woman for the asking," he said at last; "I expect first to make myself acceptable to her. She must like me, to begin with. But that I am not good enough to make a trial is rather a surprise."

Bellegarde wore a look of mingled perplexity, sympathy, and amusement. "You would not hesitate, then, to go up to-morrow and ask a duchess to marry you?"

"Not if I thought she would suit me. But I am very fastidious; she might not, at all."

Bellegarde's amusement began to prevail. "And you would be surprised if she refused you?"

Newman hesitated a moment. "It sounds conceited to say yes, but nevertheless I think I should. For I should make a very handsome offer."

"What would it be?"

"Everything she wishes. If I get hold of a woman that comes up to my standard, I shall think nothing too good for her. I have been a long time looking, and I find such women are rare. To combine the qualities I require seems to be difficult, but when the difficulty is vanquished it deserves a reward. My wife shall have a good position, and I am not afraid to say that I shall be a good husband.'

"And these qualities that you require — what are they?"

"Goodness, beauty, intelligence, a fine education, personal elegance — everything, in a word, that makes a splendid woman."

"And noble birth, evidently," said Bellegarde.

"Oh, throw that in, by all means, if it 's there. The more the better!"

"And my sister seems to you to have all these things?"

"She is exactly what I have been looking for. She is my dream realized."

"And you would make her a very good husband?"

"That is what I wanted you to tell her."

Bellegarde laid his hand on his companion's arm a moment, looked at him with his head on one side, from head to foot, and then, with a loud laugh, and shaking the other hand in the air, turned away. He walked again the length of the room, and again he came back and stationed himself in front of Newman. "All this is very interesting — it is very curious. In what I said just now I was speaking, not for myself, but for my traditions, my superstitions. For myself, really, your proposal tickles me. It startled me at first, but the more I think of it the more I see in it. It 's no use attempting to explain anything; you won't understand me. After all, I don't see why you need; it 's no great loss."

"Oh, if there is anything more to explain, try it! I want to proceed with my eyes open. I will do my best to understand."

"No," said Bellegarde, "it 's disagreeable to me; I give it up. I liked you the first time I saw you, and I will abide by that. It would be quite odious for me to come talking to you as if I could patronize you. I have told you before that I envy you; *vous m'imposez*, as we say. I did n't know you much until within five minutes. So we will let things go, and I will say nothing to you that, if our positions were reversed, you would not say to me."

I do not know whether, in renouncing the mysterious opportunity to which he alluded, Bellegarde felt that he was doing something very generous. If so, he was not rewarded; his generosity was not appreciated. Newman quite failed to recognize the young Frenchman's power to wound his feelings, and he had now no sense of escaping or coming off easily. He did not thank his companion even with a glance. "My eyes are open, though," he said, "so far as that you have practically told me that your family and your friends will turn

up their noses at me. I have never thought much about the reasons that make it proper for people to turn up their noses, and so I can only decide the question off-hand. Looking at it in that way I can't see anything in it. I simply think, if you want to know, that I 'm as good as the best. Who the best are, I don't pretend to say. I have never thought much about that, either. To tell the truth, I have always had rather a good opinion of myself; a man who is successful can't help it. But I will admit that I was conceited. What I don't say yes to is that I don't stand high — as high as any one else. This is a line of speculation I should not have chosen, but you must remember you began it yourself. I should never have dreamed that I was on the defensive, or that I had to justify myself; but if your people will have it so, I will do my best."

"But you offered, a while ago, to make your court, as we say, to my mother and my brother."

"Damn it!" cried Newman, "I want to be polite."

"Good!" rejoined Bellegarde; "this will go far, it will be very entertaining. Excuse my speaking of it in that cold-blooded fashion, but the matter must, of necessity, be for me something of a spectacle. It 's positively exciting. But apart from that I sympathize with you, and I shall be actor, so far as I can, as well as spectator. You are a capital fellow; I believe in you and I back you. The simple fact that you appreciate my sister will serve as the proof I was asking for. All men are equal — especially men of taste!"

"Do you think," asked Newman presently, "that Madame de Cintré is determined not to marry?"

"That is my impression. But that is not against you; it 's for you to make her change her mind."

"I am afraid it will be hard," said Newman, gravely.

"I don't think it will be easy. In a general way I don't see why a widow should ever marry again. She has gained the benefits of matrimony — freedom and consideration — and she has got rid of the drawbacks. Why should she put her head into the noose again? Her usual motive is ambition: if a man can offer her a great position, make her a princess or an ambassadress, she may think the compensation sufficient."

"And — in that way — is Madame de Cintré ambitious?"

"Who knows?" said Bellegarde, with a profound shrug. "I don't pretend to say all that she is or all that she is not. I think she might be touched by the prospect of becoming the wife of a great man. But in a certain way, I believe, whatever she does will be the *improbable*. Don't be too confident, but don't absolutely doubt. Your best chance for success will be precisely in being, to her mind, unusual, unexpected, original. Don't try to be any one else; be simply yourself, out and out. Something or other can't fail to come of it; I am very curious to see what."

"I am much obliged to you for your advice," said Newman. "And," he added with a smile, "I am glad, for your sake, I am going to be so amusing."

"It will be more than amusing," said Bellegarde; "it will be inspiring. I look at it from my point of view, and you from yours. After all, anything for a change! And only yesterday I was groaning so as to dislocate my jaw, and declaring that there was nothing new under the sun! If it is n't new to have you come into the family as a suitor, I am very much mistaken. Let me say that, my dear fellow; I won't call it anything else, bad or good; I will simply call it new." And overcome with a sense of the novelty thus foreshadowed, Valentin de Bellegarde threw himself into a deep arm-chair before the fire, and, with a fixed, intense smile, seemed to read a vision of it in the flame of the logs. After a while he looked up. "Go ahead, my boy; you have my good wishes," he said. "But it is really a pity you don't understand me, that you don't know just what I am doing."

"Oh," said Newman, laughing, "don't do anything wrong. Leave me to myself, rather, or defy me, out and out.

I would n't lay any load on your conscience."

Bellegarde sprang up again; he was evidently excited; there was a warmer spark even than usual in his eye. "You never will understand — you never will know," he said; "and if you succeed, and I turn out to have helped you, you will never be grateful, not as I shall deserve you should be. You will be an excellent fellow always, but you will not be grateful. But it does n't matter, for I shall get my own fun out of it." And he broke into an extravagant laugh. "You look puzzled," he added; "you look almost frightened."

"It *is* a pity," said Newman, "that I don't understand you. I shall lose some very good jokes."

"I told you, you remember, that we were very strange people," Bellegarde went on. "I give you warning again. We are! My mother is strange, my brother is strange, and I verily believe that I am stranger than either. You will even find my sister a little strange. Old trees have crooked branches, old houses have queer cracks, old races have odd secrets. Remember that we are eight hundred years old!"

"Very good," said Newman; "that 's the sort of thing I came to Europe for. You come into my programme."

"*Touchez-là*, then," said Bellegarde, putting out his hand. "It 's a bargain: I accept you; I espouse your cause. It 's because I like you, in a great measure; but that is not the only reason!" And he stood holding Newman's hand and looking at him askance.

"What is the other one?"

"I am in the opposition. I dislike some one else."

"Your brother?" asked Newman, in his modulated voice.

Bellegarde laid his finger upon his lips with a whispered *hush!* "Old races have strange secrets!" he said. "Put yourself into motion, come and see my sister, and be assured of my sympathy!" And on this he took his leave.

Newman dropped into a chair before his fire, and sat staring into the blaze for a long time.

IX.

He went to see Madame de Cintré the next day, and was informed by the servant that she was at home. He passed as usual up the large, cold staircase and through a spacious vestibule above, where the walls seemed all composed of small door panels, touched with long-faded gilding, and was ushered into the sitting-room in which he had already been received. It was empty, and the servant told him that Madame la Comtesse would presently appear. He had time, while he waited, to wonder whether Bellegarde had seen his sister since the evening before, and whether, if he had, he had spoken to her of their talk. In this case Madame de Cintré's receiving him was an encouragement. As he reflected that she might come in with the knowledge of his supreme admiration, and of the project he had built upon it, in her eyes, he felt a certain trepidation; but the feeling was not disagreeable. Her face could wear no look that would make it less beautiful, and he was sure beforehand that however she might take the proposal he had in reserve, she would not take it in scorn or in irony. He had a feeling that if she could only read the bottom of his heart and measure the extent of his good will toward her, she would be entirely kind.

She came in at last, after so long an interval that he wondered whether she had been hesitating. She smiled with her usual frankness, and held out her hand; she looked at him straight with her soft and luminous eyes, and said, without a tremor in her voice, that she was glad to see him and that she hoped he was well. He found in her what he had found before — that faint perfume of a personal shyness, worn away by contact with the world, but the more perceptible the more closely you approached her. This lingering diffidence seemed to give a peculiar value to what was definite and assured in her manner; it made it seem like an accomplishment, a beautiful talent, some-

thing that one might compare to an exquisite touch in a pianist. It was, in fact, Madame de Cintré's "authority," as they say of artists, that especially impressed and fascinated Newman; he always came back to the feeling that when he should complete himself by taking a wife, that was the way he would like his wife to interpret him to the world. The only trouble, indeed, was that when the instrument was so perfect it seemed to interpose too much between you and the genius that used it. Madame de Cintré gave Newman the sense of an elaborate education, of her having passed through mysterious ceremonies and processes of culture in her youth, of her having been fashioned and made flexible to certain exalted social needs. All this, as I have affirmed, made her seem rare and precious — a very expensive article, as he would have said, and one which a man with an ambition to have everything about him of the best would find it highly agreeable to possess. But looking at the matter with an eye to private felicity, Newman wondered where, in so exquisite a compound, nature and art showed their dividing line. Where did the special intention separate from the habit of good manners? Where did urbanity end and sincerity begin? Newman asked himself these questions even while he stood ready to accept the admired object in all its complexity; he felt that he could do so in profound security, and examine its mechanism afterwards, at leisure.

"I am very glad to find you alone," he said. "You know I have never had such good luck before."

"But you have seemed before very well contented with your luck," said Madame de Cintré. "You have sat and watched my visitors with an air of quiet amusement. What have you thought of them?"

"Oh, I have thought the ladies were very elegant and very graceful, and wonderfully quick at repartee. But what I have chiefly thought has been that they only helped me to admire you." This was not gallantry on Newman's part — an art in which he was quite unversed. It was simply the instinct of the practical man, who had quite made up his mind what he wanted, and was now beginning to take active steps to obtain it.

Madame de Cintré started slightly, and raised her eyebrows; she had evidently not expected so fervid a compliment. "Oh, in that case," she said with a laugh, "your finding me alone is not good luck for me. I hope some one will come in quickly."

"I hope not," said Newman. "I have something particular to say to you. Have you seen your brother?"

"Yes; I saw him an hour ago."

"Did he tell you that he had seen me last night?"

"He said so."

"And did he tell you what we had talked about?"

Madame de Cintré hesitated a moment. As Newman asked these questions she had grown a little pale, as if she regarded what was coming as necessary, but not as agreeable. "Did you give him a message to me?" she asked.

"It was not exactly a message — I asked him to render me a service."

"The service was to sing your praises, was it not?" And she accompanied this question with a little smile, as if to make it easier to herself.

"Yes, that is what it really amounts to," said Newman. "Did he sing my praises?"

"He spoke very well of you. But when I know that it was by your special request, of course I must take his eulogy with a grain of salt."

"Oh, that makes no difference," said Newman. "Your brother would not have spoken well of me unless he believed what he was saying. He is too honest for that."

"Are you very deep?" said Madame de Cintré. "Are you trying to please me by praising my brother? I confess it is a good way."

"For me, any way that succeeds will be good. I will praise your brother all day, if that will help me. He is a noble little fellow. He has made me feel, in

promising to do what he can to help me, that I can depend upon him."

"Don't make too much of that," said Madame de Cintré. "He can help you very little."

"Of course I must work my way myself. I know that very well; I only want a chance. In consenting to see me, after what he told you, you almost seem to be giving me a chance."

"I am seeing you," said Madame de Cintré, slowly and gravely, "because I promised my brother I would."

"Blessings on your brother's head!" cried Newman. "What I told him last evening was this: that I admired you more than any woman I had ever seen, and that I should like immensely to make you my wife." He uttered these words with great directness and firmness, and without any sense of confusion. He was full of his idea, he had completely mastered it, and he seemed to look down on Madame de Cintré, with all her gathered elegance, from the height of his warm good conscience. It is probable that this particular tone and manner were the very best he could have hit upon. Yet the light, just visibly forced smile with which his companion had listened to him died away, and she sat looking at him with her lips parted and her face as solemn as a tragic mask. There was evidently something very painful to her in the scene to which he was subjecting her, and yet her impatience of it found no angry voice. Newman wondered whether he was hurting her, and could not imagine why the liberal devotion he meant to express should be disagreeable. He got up and stood before her, leaning one hand on the chimney-piece. "I know I have seen you very little to say this," he said, "so little that it may make what I say seem disrespectful. That is my misfortune! I could have said it the first time I saw you. Really, I had seen you before; I had seen you in imagination; you seemed almost an old friend. So what I say is not mere gallantry and compliments and nonsense — I can't talk that way, I don't know how, and I would n't, to you, if I could. It 's as serious as such words can be. I feel as if I knew you and knew what a beautiful, admirable woman you are. I shall know better, perhaps, some day, but I have a general notion now. You are just the woman I have been looking for, except that you are far more perfect. I won't make any protestations and vows, but you can trust me. It is very soon, I know, to say all this; it is almost offensive. But why not gain time if one can? And if you want time to reflect, — of course you do, — the sooner you begin, the better for me. I don't know what you think of me; but there is no great mystery about me: you see what I am. Your brother told me that my antecedents and occupations were against me; that your family stands, somehow, on a higher level than I do. That is an idea which of course I don't understand and don't accept. But you don't care anything about that. I can assure you that I am a very solid fellow, and that if I give my mind to it I can fix things so that in a very few years I shall not need to waste time in explaining who I am and what I am. You will decide for yourself whether you like me or not. What there is, you see before you. I honestly believe I have no hidden vices or nasty tricks. I am kind, kind, kind! Everything that a man can give a woman I will give you. I have a large fortune, a very large fortune; some day, if you will allow me, I will go into details. If you want brilliancy, everything in the way of brilliancy that money can give you, you shall have. And as regards anything you may give up, don't take for granted too much that its place cannot be filled. Leave that to me; I 'll take care of you; I shall know what you need. Energy and ingenuity can arrange everything. I 'm a strong man! There, I have said what I had on my heart! It was better to get it off. I am very sorry if it 's disagreeable to you; but think how much better it is that things should be clear. Don't answer me now, if you don't wish to. Think about it; think about it as slowly as you please. Of course I have n't said, I can't say, half I mean, especially about my admiration for you. But take a

favorable view of me; it will only be just."

During this speech, the longest that Newman had ever made, Madame de Cintré kept her gaze fixed upon him, and it expanded at the last into a sort of fascinated stare. When he ceased speaking she lowered her eyes and sat for some moments looking down and straight before her. Then she slowly rose to her feet, and a pair of exceptionally keen eyes would have perceived that she was trembling a little in the movement. She still looked extremely serious. "I am very much obliged to you for your offer," she said. "It seems very strange, but I am glad you spoke without waiting any longer. It is better the subject should be dismissed. I appreciate all you say; you do me great honor. But I have decided not to marry."

"Oh, don't say that!" cried Newman, in a tone absolutely *naïf* from its pleading and caressing cadence. She had turned away, and it made her stop a moment with her back to him. "Think better of that. You are too young, too beautiful, too much made to be happy and to make others happy. If you are afraid of losing your freedom, I can assure you that this freedom here, this life you now lead, is a dreary bondage to what I will offer you. You shall do things that I don't think you have ever thought of. I will take you to live anywhere in the wide world that you propose. Are you unhappy? You give me a feeling that you *are* unhappy. You have no right to be, or to be made so. Let me come in and put an end to it."

Madame de Cintré stood there a moment longer, looking away from him. If she was touched by the way he spoke, the thing was conceivable. His voice, always very mild and interrogative, gradually became as soft and as tenderly argumentative as if he had been talking to a much-loved child. He stood watching her, and she presently turned round again, but this time she did not look at him, and she spoke with a quietness in which there was a visible trace of effort. "There are a great many reasons why I should not marry," she said, "more than I can explain to you. As for my happiness, I am very happy. Your offer seems strange to me, for more reasons also than I can say. Of course you have a perfect right to make it. But I cannot accept it — it is impossible. Please never speak of this matter again. If you cannot promise me this, I must ask you not to come back."

"Why is it impossible?" Newman demanded. "You may think it is, at first, without it 's really being so. I did n't expect you to be pleased at first, but I do believe that if you will think of it a good while, you may be satisfied."

"I don't know you," said Madame de Cintré. "Think how little I know you."

"Very little, of course, and therefore I don't ask for your *ultimatum* on the spot. I only ask you not to say no, and to let me hope. I will wait as long as you desire. Meanwhile you can see more of me and know me better, look at me as a possible husband, — as a candidate, — and make up your mind."

Something was going on, rapidly, in Madame de Cintré's thoughts; she was weighing a question there, beneath Newman's eyes, weighing it and deciding it. "From the moment I don't very respectfully beg you to leave the house and never return," she said, "I listen to you, I seem to give you hope. I *have* listened to you — against my judgment. It is because you are eloquent. If I had been told this morning that I would consent to consider you as a possible husband, I should have thought my informant a little crazy. I *am* listening to you, you see!" And she threw her hands out for a moment and let them drop with a gesture in which there was just the slightest expression of appealing weakness.

"Well, as far as saying goes, I have said everything," said Newman. "I believe in you, without restriction, and I think all the *good* of you that it is possible to think of a human creature. I firmly believe that in marrying me you will be *safe*. As I said just now," he

went on with a smile, "I have no bad habits. I offer you a large fortune. And if you are afraid that I am not what you have been accustomed to, not refined and delicate and punctilious, you may easily carry that too far. I *am* delicate! You will see!"

Madame de Cintré walked some distance away, and paused before a great plant, an azalea, which was flourishing in a porcelain tub before her window. She plucked off one of the flowers and, twisting it in her fingers, retraced her steps. Then she sat down in silence, and her attitude seemed to be a consent that Newman should say more.

"Why should you say it is impossible you should marry?" he continued. "The only thing that could make it really impossible would be your being already married. Is it because you have been unhappy in marriage? That is all the more reason! Is it because your family exert a pressure upon you, interfere with you, annoy you? That is still another reason; you ought to be perfectly free, and marriage will make you so. I don't say anything against your family — understand that!" added Newman, with an eagerness which might have made a perspicacious observer smile. "Whatever way you feel toward them is the right way, and anything that you should wish me to do to make myself agreeable to them I will do as well as I know how. Depend upon that!"

Madame de Cintré rose again and came toward the fire-place, near which Newman was standing. The expression of pain and embarrassment had passed out of her face, and it was illuminated with something which, this time at least, Newman need not have been perplexed whether to attribute to habit or to intention, to art or to nature. She had the air of a woman who has stepped across the frontier of friendship, and looked round her and found the region vast. A certain checked and controlled exaltation seemed mingled with the usual level radiance of her glance. "I will not refuse to see you again," she said, "because much of what you have said has given me pleasure. But I will see you only on this condition: that you say nothing more, in the same way, for a long time."

"For how long?"

"For six months. It must be a solemn promise."

"Very well; I promise."

"Good-by, then," she said, and extended her hand.

He held it a moment, as if he were going to say something more. But he only looked at her; then he took his departure.

That evening, on the Boulevard, he met Valentin de Bellegarde. After they had exchanged greetings, Newman told him that he had seen Madame de Cintré a few hours before.

"I know it," said Bellegarde. "I dined in the Rue de l'Université." And then, for some moments, both men were silent. Newman wished to ask Bellegarde what visible impression his visit had made, and the Count Valentin had a question of his own. Bellegarde spoke first.

"It 's none of my business, but what the deuce did you say to my sister?"

"I am willing to tell you," said Newman, "that I made her an offer of marriage."

"Already!" And the young man gave a whistle. "'Time is money!' Is that what you say in America? And Madame de Cintré?" he added, with an interrogative inflection.

"She did not accept my offer."

"She could n't, you know, in that way."

"But I am to see her again," said Newman.

"Oh, the strangeness of woman!" exclaimed Bellegarde. Then he stopped, and held Newman off at arms'-length. "I look at you with respect!" he exclaimed. "You have achieved what we call a personal success! Immediately, now, I must present you to my brother."

"Whenever you please!" said Newman.

X.

Newman continued to see his friends, the Tristrams, with a good deal of frequency, though if you had listened to Mrs. Tristram's account of the matter you would have supposed that they had been cynically repudiated for the sake of grander acquaintance. "We were all very well so long as we had no rivals — we were better than nothing. But now that you have become the fashion, and have your pick every day of three invitations to dinner, we are tossed into the corner. I am sure it is very good of you to come and see us once a month; I wonder you don't send us your cards in an envelope. When you do, pray have them with black edges; it will be for the death of my last illusion." It was in this incisive strain that Mrs. Tristram moralized over Newman's so-called neglect, which was in reality a most exemplary constancy. Of course she was joking, but there was always something ironical in her jokes, as there was always something jocular in her gravity.

"I know no better proof that I have treated you very well," Newman had said, "than the fact that you abuse me at such a rate. Familiarity breeds contempt; I have made myself too cheap. If I had a little proper pride I would stay away a while, and when you asked me to dinner say I was going to the Princess Borealska's. But I have not any pride where my pleasure is concerned, and to keep you in the humor to see me — if you must see me only to call me names — I will agree to anything you choose; I will admit that I am the biggest snob in Paris." Newman, in fact, had declined an invitation personally given by the Princess Borealska, an inquiring Polish lady to whom he had been presented, on the ground that on that particular day he always dined at Mrs. Tristram's; and it was only a tenderly perverse theory of his hostess of the Avenue d'Eylau that he was faithless to his early friendships. She needed the theory to explain a certain moral irritation by which she was often visited; though, if this explanation was unsound, a deeper analyst than I must give the right one. Having launched our hero upon the current which was bearing him so rapidly along, she appeared but half-pleased at its swiftness. She had succeeded too well; she had played her game too cleverly, and she wished to mix up the cards. Newman had told her, in due season, that her friend was "satisfactory." The epithet was not romantic, but Mrs. Tristram had no difficulty in perceiving that, in essentials, the feeling which lay beneath it was. Indeed, the mild, expansive brevity with which it was uttered, and a certain look, at once appealing and inscrutable, that issued from Newman's half-closed eyes as he leaned his head against the back of his chair, seemed to her the most elegant attestation of a mature sentiment that she had ever encountered. Newman was, according to the French phrase, only abounding in her own sense, but his temperate raptures exerted a singular effect upon that ardor which she herself had so freely manifested a few months before. She now seemed inclined to take a purely critical view of Madame de Cintré, and wished to have it understood that she did not in the least answer for her being a compendium of all the virtues. "No woman was ever so good as that woman seems," she said. "Remember what Shakespeare calls Desdemona, 'a supersubtle Venetian.' Madame de Cintré is a supersubtle Parisian. She is a charming woman, and she has five hundred merits; but you had better keep that in mind." Was Mrs. Tristram simply finding out that she was jealous of her dear friend on the other side of the Seine, and that in undertaking to provide Newman with an ideal wife she had counted too much on her own disinterestedness? We may be permitted to doubt it. The inconsistent little lady of the Avenue d'Eylau had an insuperable need of changing her place, intellectually. She had a lively imagination, and she was capable, at certain times, of imagining the direct reverse of her most cherished beliefs, with a vividness more intense than that

of conviction. She got tired of thinking aright; but there was no serious harm in it, as she got equally tired of thinking wrong. In the midst of her mysterious perversities she had admirable flashes of justice. One of these occurred when Newman related to her that he had made a formal proposal to Madame de Cintré. He repeated in a few words what he had said, and in a great many what she had answered. Mrs. Tristram listened with extreme interest.

"But after all," said Newman, "there is nothing to congratulate me upon. It is not a triumph."

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Tristram; "it is a great triumph. It is a great triumph that she did not silence you at the first word, and request you never to speak to her again."

"I don't see that," observed Newman.

"Of course you don't; Heaven forbid you should! When I told you to go your own way and do what came into your head, I had no idea you would go over the ground so fast. I never dreamed you would offer yourself after five or six morning-calls. As yet, what had you done to make her like you? You had simply sat — not very straight — and stared at her. But she does like you."

"That remains to be seen."

"No, that is proved. What will come of it remains to be seen. That you should propose to marry her, without more ado, could never have come into her head. You can form very little idea of what passed through her mind as you spoke; if she ever really marries you, the affair will be characterized by the usual justice of all human things towards women. You will think you take generous views of her; but you will never begin to know through what a strange sea of feeling she passed before she accepted you. As she stood there in front of you the other day, she plunged into it. She said 'Why not?' to something which, a few hours earlier, had been inconceivable. She turned about on a thousand gathered prejudices and traditions as on a pivot, and looked where she had never looked hitherto. When I think of it, — when I think of Claire de Cintré and all that she is, there seems to me something very fine in it. When I recommended you to try your fortune with her, I of course thought well of you, and in spite of your sins I think so still. But I confess I don't see quite what you are and what you have done, to make such a woman do this sort of thing for you."

"Oh, there is something very fine in it!" said Newman with a laugh, repeating her words. He took an extreme satisfaction in hearing that there was something fine in it. He had not the least doubt of it himself, but he had already begun to value the world's admiration of Madame de Cintré, as adding to the prospective glory of possession.

It was immediately after this conversation that Valentin de Bellegarde came to conduct his friend to the Rue de l'Université to present him to the other members of his family. "You are already introduced," he said, "and you have begun to be talked about. My sister has mentioned your successive visits to my mother, and it was an accident that my mother was present at none of them. I have spoken of you as an American of immense wealth, and the best fellow in the world, who is looking for something very superior in the way of a wife."

"Do you suppose," asked Newman, "that Madame de Cintré has related to your mother the last conversation I had with her?"

"I am very certain that she has not; she will keep her own counsel. Meanwhile you must make your way with the rest of the family. Thus much is known about you: you have made a great fortune in trade, you are a little eccentric, and you frankly admire our dear Claire. My sister-in-law, whom you remember seeing in Madame de Cintré's sitting-room, took, it appears, a fancy to you; she has described you as having *beaucoup de cachet*. My mother, therefore, is curious to see you."

"She expects to laugh at me, eh?" said Newman."

"She never laughs. If she does not

like you, don't hope to purchase favor by being amusing. Take warning by me!"

This conversation took place in the evening, and half an hour later Valentin ushered his companion into an apartment of the house of the Rue de l'Université into which he had not yet penetrated, the salon of the dowager Marquise de Bellegarde. It was a vast, high room, with elaborate and ponderous moldings, painted a whitish gray, along the upper portion of the walls and the ceiling; with a great deal of faded and carefully repaired tapestry in the doorways and chair-backs; a Turkey carpet in light colors, still soft and deep, in spite of great antiquity, on the floor; and portraits of each of Madame de Bellegarde's children, at the age of ten, suspended against an old screen of red silk. The room was illumined, exactly enough for conversation, by half a dozen candles, placed in odd corners, at a great distance apart. In a deep arm-chair, near the fire, sat an old lady in black; at the other end of the room another person was seated at the piano, playing a very expressive waltz. In this latter person Newman recognized the young Marquise de Bellegarde.

Valentin presented his friend, and Newman walked up to the old lady by the fire and shook hands with her. He received a rapid impression of a white, delicate, aged face, with a high forehead, a small mouth, and a pair of cold blue eyes which had kept much of the freshness of youth. Madame de Bellegarde looked hard at him, and returned his hand-shake with a sort of British positiveness which reminded him that she was the daughter of the Earl of St. Dunstan's. Her daughter-in-law stopped playing and gave him an agreeable smile. Newman sat down and looked about him, while Valentin went and kissed the hand of the young marquise.

"I ought to have seen you before," said Madame de Bellegarde. "You have paid several visits to my daughter."

"Oh, yes," said Newman, smiling; "Madame de Cintré and I are old friends by this time."

"You have gone fast," said Madame de Bellegarde.

"Not so fast as I should like," said Newman, bravely.

"Oh, you are very ambitious," answered the old lady.

"Yes, I confess I am," said Newman, smiling.

Madame de Bellegarde looked at him with her cold fine eyes, and he returned her gaze, reflecting that she was a possible adversary and trying to take her measure. Their eyes remained in contact for some moments. Then Madame de Bellegarde looked away, and without smiling, "I am very ambitious, too," she said.

Newman felt that taking her measure was not easy; she was a formidable, inscrutable little woman. She resembled her daughter, and yet she was utterly unlike her. The coloring in Madame de Cintré was the same, and the high delicacy of her brow and nose was hereditary. But her face was a larger and freer copy, and her mouth in especial a happy divergence from that conservative orifice, a little pair of lips at once plump and pinched, that looked, when closed, as if they could not open wider than to swallow a gooseberry or to emit an "Oh, dear, no!" which probably had been taught to give the finishing touch to the aristocratic prettiness of the Lady Emmeline Atheling as represented, forty years before, in several Books of Beauty. Madame de Cintré's face had, to Newman's eye, a range of expression as delightfully vast as the wind-streaked, cloud-flecked distance on a Western prairie. But her mother's white, intense, respectable countenance, with its formal gaze and its circumscribed smile, suggested a document signed and sealed; a thing of parchment, ink, and ruled lines. "She is a woman of conventions and proprieties," he said to himself as he looked at her; "her world is the world of things immutably decreed. But how she is at home in it, and what a paradise she finds it! She walks about in it as if it were a blooming park, a Garden of Eden; and when she sees 'This is genteel,' or 'This is improper,' written on

a mile-stone, she stops ecstatically, as if she were listening to a nightingale or smelling a rose." Madame de Bellegarde wore a little black velvet band tied under her chin, and she was wrapped in an old black cashmere shawl.

"You are an American?" she said presently. "I have seen several Americans."

"There are several in Paris," said Newman jocosely.

"Oh, really?" said Madame de Bellegarde. "It was in England I saw these, or somewhere else; not in Paris. I think it must have been in the Pyrenees, many years ago. I am told your ladies are very pretty. One of these ladies was very pretty! such a wonderful complexion! She presented me a note of introduction from some one, — I forget whom, — and she sent with it a note of her own. I kept her letter a long time afterwards, it was so strangely expressed. I used to know some of the phrases by heart. But I have forgotten them now, it is so many years ago. Since then I have seen no more Americans. I think my daughter-in-law has; she is a great gad-about; she sees every one."

At this the younger lady came rustling forward, pinching in a very slender waist, and casting idly preoccupied glances over the front of her dress, which was apparently designed for a ball. She was, in a singular way, at once ugly and pretty; she had protuberant eyes, and lips that were strangely red. She reminded Newman of his friend, Mademoiselle Nioche; this was what that much-obstructed young lady would have liked to be. Valentin de Bellegarde walked behind her at a distance, hopping about to keep off the far-spreading train of her dress.

"You ought to show more of your shoulders behind," he said very gravely. "You might as well wear a standing ruff outright as such a dress as that."

The young woman turned her back to the mirror over the chimney-piece, and glanced behind her, to verify Valentin's assertion. The mirror descended low, and yet it reflected nothing but a large, unclad flesh surface. The young marquise put her hands behind her and gave a downward pull to the waist of her dress. "Like that, you mean?" she asked.

"That is a little better," said Bellegarde in the same tone, "but it leaves a good deal to be desired."

"Oh, I never go to extremes," said his sister-in-law. And then, turning to Madame de Bellegarde, "What were you calling me just now, madame?"

"I called you a gad-about," said the old lady. "But I might call you something else, too."

"A gad-about? What an ugly word! What does it mean?"

"A very beautiful person," Newman ventured to say, seeing that it was in French.

"That is a pretty compliment, but a bad translation," said the young marquise. And then, looking at him a moment, "Do you dance?"

"Not a step."

"You are very wrong," she said, simply. And with another look at her back in the mirror she turned away.

"Do you like Paris?" asked the old lady, who was apparently wondering what was the proper way to talk to an American.

"Yes, rather," said Newman. And then he added, with a friendly intonation, "Don't you?"

"I can't say I know it. I know my house — I know my friends — I don't know Paris."

"Oh, you lose a great deal," said Newman, sympathetically.

Madame de Bellegarde stared; it was presumably the first time she had been condoled with on her losses. "I am content with what I have," she said with dignity.

Newman's eyes, at this moment, were wandering round the room, which struck him as rather sad and shabby; passing from the high casements, with their small, thickly-framed panes, to the sallow tints of two or three portraits in pastel, of the last century, which hung between them. He ought, obviously, to have answered that the contentment of his hostess was quite natural — she had

a great deal; but the idea did not occur to him during the pause of some moments which followed.

"Well, my dear mother," said Valentin, coming and leaning against the chimney-piece, "what do you think of my dear friend Newman? Is he not the excellent fellow I told you?"

"My acquaintance with Mr. Newman has not gone very far," said Madame de Bellegarde. "I can as yet only appreciate his great politeness."

"My mother is a great judge of these matters," said Valentin to Newman. "If you have satisfied her, it is a triumph."

"I hope I shall satisfy you, some day," said Newman, looking at the old lady. "I have done nothing yet."

"You must not listen to my son; he will bring you into trouble. He is a sad scatterbrain."

"Oh, I like him — I like him," said Newman, genially.

"He amuses you, eh?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Do you hear that, Valentin?" said Madame de Bellegarde. "You amuse Mr. Newman."

"Perhaps we shall all come to that!" Valentin exclaimed.

"You must see my other son," said Madame de Bellegarde. "He is much better than this one. But he will not amuse you."

"I don't know — I don't know!" murmured Valentin, reflectively. "But we shall very soon see. Here comes the marquis!"

The door had just opened to give ingress to a gentleman who stepped forward and whose face Newman remembered. He had been the author of our hero's discomfiture the first time he tried to present himself to Madame de Cintré. Valentin de Bellegarde went to meet his brother, looked at him a moment, and then, taking him by the arm, led him up to Newman.

"This is my excellent friend, Mr. Newman," he said very blandly. "You must know him."

"I am delighted to know Mr. Newman," said the marquis with a low bow, but without offering his hand.

"He is the old woman at second-hand," Newman said to himself, as he returned M. de Bellegarde's greeting. And this was the starting-point of a speculative theory, in his mind, that the late marquis had been a very amiable foreigner, with an inclination to take life easily and a sense that it was difficult for the husband of the stilted little lady by the fire to do so. But if he had taken little comfort in his wife he had taken much in his two younger children, who were after his own heart, while Madame de Bellegarde had paired with her eldest-born.

"My brother has spoken to me of you," said M. de Bellegarde; "and as you are also acquainted with my sister, it was time we should meet." He turned to his mother and gallantly bent over her hand, touching it with his lips, and then he assumed an attitude before the chimney-piece. With his long, lean face, his high-bridged nose, and his small, opaque eye, he looked much like an Englishman. His whiskers were fair and glossy, and he had a large dimple, of unmistakably British origin, in the middle of his handsome chin. He was "distinguished" to the tips of his polished nails, and there was not a movement of his fine, perpendicular person that was not noble and majestic. Newman had never yet been confronted with such an incarnation of the art of taking one's self seriously; he felt a sort of impulse to step backward, as you do to get a view of a great façade.

"Urbain," said young Madame de Bellegarde, who had apparently been waiting for her husband to take her to her ball, "I call your attention to the fact that I am dressed."

"That is a good idea," murmured Valentin.

"I am at your orders, my dear friend," said M. de Bellegarde. "Only, you must allow me first the pleasure of a little conversation with Mr. Newman."

"Oh, if you are going to a party, don't let me keep you," objected Newman. "I am very sure we shall meet again. Indeed, if you would like to converse with me I will gladly name an

hour." He was eager to make it known that he would readily answer all questions and satisfy all exactions.

M. de Bellegarde stood in a well-balanced position before the fire, caressing one of his fair whiskers with one of his white hands, and looking at Newman, half askance, with eyes from which a particular ray of observation made its way through a general meaningless smile. "It is very kind of you to make such an offer," he said. "If I am not mistaken, your occupations are such as to make your time precious. You are in — a — as we say here, *dans les affaires.*"

"In business, you mean? Oh no, I have thrown business overboard for the present. I am 'loafing,' as *we* say. My time is quite my own."

"Ah, you are taking a holiday," rejoined M. de Bellegarde. "'Loafing.' Yes, I have heard that expression."

"Mr. Newman is American," said Madame de Bellegarde.

"My brother is a great ethnologist," said Valentin.

"An ethnologist?" said Newman. "Ah, you collect negroes' skulls, and that sort of thing."

The marquis looked hard at his brother, and began to caress his other whisker. Then, turning to Newman, with sustained urbanity, "You are traveling for your pleasure?" he asked.

"Oh, I am knocking about to pick up one thing and another. Of course I get a good deal of pleasure out of it."

"What especially interests you?" inquired the marquis.

"Well, everything interests me," said Newman. "I am not particular. Manufactures are what I care most about."

"That has been your specialty?"

"I can't say I have had any specialty. My specialty has been to make the biggest possible fortune in the shortest possible time." Newman made this last remark very deliberately; he wished to open the way, if it were necessary, to an authoritative statement of his means.

M. de Bellegarde laughed agreeably. "I hope you have succeeded," he said.

"Yes, I have made a fortune in a reasonable time. I am not so old, you see."

"Paris is a very good place to spend a fortune. I wish you great enjoyment of yours." And M. de Bellegarde drew forth his gloves and began to put them on.

Newman for a few moments watched him sliding his white hands into the white kids, and as he did so his feelings took a singular turn. M. de Bellegarde's good wishes seemed to descend out of the white expanse of his sublime serenity with the soft, scattered movement of a shower of snow-flakes. Yet Newman was not irritated; he did not feel that he was being patronized; he was conscious of no especial impulse to introduce a discord into so noble a harmony. Only he felt himself suddenly in personal contact with the forces with which his friend Valentin had told him that he would have to contend, and he became sensible of their intensity. He wished to make some answering manifestation, to stretch himself out at his own length, to sound a note at the uttermost end of his scale. It must be added that if this impulse was not vicious or malicious, it was by no means void of humorous expectancy. Newman was quite as ready to give play to that loosely-adjusted smile of his, if his hosts should happen to be shocked, as he was far from deliberately planning to shock them.

"Paris is a very good place for idle people," he said, "or it is a very good place if your family has been settled here for a long time, and you have made acquaintances and got your relations round you; or if you have got a good big house like this, and a wife and children and mother and sister, and everything comfortable. I don't like that way of living all in rooms next door to each other. But I am not an idler. I try to be, but I can't manage it; it goes against the grain. My business habits are too deep-seated. Then, I have n't any house to call my own, or anything in the way of a family. My sisters are five thousand miles away, my mother died when I was a youngster, and I have n't any wife; I

wish I had! So, you see, I don't exactly know what to do with myself. I am not fond of books, as you are, sir, and I get tired of dining out and going to the opera. I miss my business activity. You see, I began to earn my living when I was almost a baby, and until a few months ago I have never had my hand off the plow. Elegant leisure comes hard."

This speech was followed by a profound silence of some moments, on the part of Newman's entertainers. Valentin stood looking at him fixedly, with his hands in his pockets, and then he slowly, with a half-sidling motion, went out of the room. The marquis continued to draw on his gloves and to smile benignantly.

"You began to earn your living when you were a mere baby?" said the marquise.

"Hardly more — a small boy."

"You say you are not fond of books," said M. de Bellegarde; "but you must do yourself the justice to remember that your studies were interrupted early."

"That is very true; on my tenth birthday I stopped going to school. I thought it was a grand way to keep it. But I picked up some information afterwards," said Newman, reassuringly.

"You have some sisters?" asked old Madame de Bellegarde.

"Yes, two sisters. Splendid women!"

"I hope that for them the hardships of life commenced less early."

"They married very early, if you call that a hardship, as girls do in our Western country. One of them is married to the owner of the largest india-rubber house in the West."

"Ah, you make houses also of india-rubber?" inquired the marquise.

"You can stretch them as your family increases," said young Madame de Bellegarde, who was muffling herself in a long white shawl.

Newman indulged in a burst of hilarity, and explained that the house in which his brother-in-law lived was a large wooden structure, but that he manufactured and sold india-rubber on a colossal scale.

"My children have some little india-rubber shoes which they put on when they go to play in the Tuileries in damp weather," said the young marquise. "I wonder whether your brother-in-law made them."

"Very likely," said Newman; "if he did, you may be very sure they are well made."

"Well, you must not be discouraged," said M. de Bellegarde, with vague urbanity.

"Oh, I don't mean to be. I have a project which gives me plenty to think about, and that is an occupation." And then Newman was silent a moment, hesitating, yet thinking rapidly; he wished to make his point, and yet to do so forced him to speak out in a way that was disagreeable to him. Nevertheless he continued, addressing himself to old Madame de Bellegarde, "I will tell you my project; perhaps you can help me. I want to take a wife."

"It is a very good project, but I am no match-maker," said the old lady.

Newman looked at her an instant, and then, with perfect sincerity, "I should have thought you were," he declared.

Madame de Bellegarde appeared to think him too sincere. She murmured something sharply in French, and fixed her eyes on her son. At this moment the door of the room was thrown open, and with a rapid step Valentin reappeared.

"I have a message for you," he said to his sister-in-law. "Claire bids me to request you not to start for your ball. She will go with you."

"Claire will go with us!" cried the young marquise. "En voilà, du nouveau!"

"She has changed her mind; she decided half an hour ago, and she is sticking the last diamond into her hair," said Valentin.

"What has taken possession of my daughter?" demanded Madame de Bellegarde, sternly. "She has not been into the world these three years. Does she take such a step at half an hour's notice, and without consulting me?"

"She consulted me, dear mother, five minutes since," said Valentin, "and I

told her that such a beautiful woman — she is beautiful, you will see — had no right to bury herself alive."

"You should have referred Claire to her mother, my brother," said M. de Bellegarde, in French. "This is very strange."

"I refer her to the whole company!" said Valentin. "Here she comes!" And he went to the open door, met Madame de Cintré on the threshold, took her by the hand, and led her into the room. She was dressed in white; but a long blue cloak, which hung almost to her feet, was fastened across her shoulders by a silver clasp. She had tossed it back, however, and her long, white arms were uncovered. In her dense, fair hair there glittered a dozen diamonds. She looked serious and, Newman thought, rather pale; but she glanced round her, and, when she saw him, smiled and put out her hand. He thought her tremendously handsome. He had a chance to look at her full in the face, for she stood a moment in the centre of the room, hesitating, apparently, what she should do, without meeting his eyes. Then she went up to her mother, who sat in her deep chair by the fire, looking at Madame de Cintré almost fiercely. With her back turned to the others, Madame de Cintré held her cloak apart to show her dress.

"What do you think of me?" she asked.

"I think you are audacious," said the marquise. "It was but three days ago, when I asked you, as a particular favor to myself, to go to the Duchess de Lusignan's, that you told me you were going nowhere and that one must be consistent. Is this your consistency? Why should you distinguish Madame Robineau? Who is it you wish to please to-night?"

"I wish to please myself, dear mother," said Madame de Cintré. And she bent over and kissed the old lady.

"I don't like surprises, my sister," said Urbain de Bellegarde; "especially when one is on the point of entering a drawing-room."

Newman at this juncture felt inspired to speak. "Oh, if you are going into a room with Madame de Cintré, you need n't be afraid of being noticed yourself!"

M. de Bellegarde turned to his sister with a smile too intense to be easy. "I hope you appreciate a compliment that is paid you at your brother's expense," he said. "Come, come, comtesse." And offering Madame de Cintré his arm he led her rapidly out of the room. Valentin rendered the same service to young Madame de Bellegarde, who had apparently been reflecting on the fact that the ball dress of her sister-in-law was much less brilliant than her own, and yet had failed to derive absolute comfort from the reflection. With a farewell smile she sought the complement of her consolation in the eyes of the American visitor, and perceiving in them a certain mysterious brilliancy, it is not improbable that she may have flattered herself she had found it.

Newman, left alone with old Madame de Bellegarde, stood before her a few moments in silence. "Your daughter is very beautiful," he said at last.

"She is very strange," said Madame de Bellegarde.

"I am glad to hear it," Newman rejoined, smiling. "It makes me hope."

"Hope what?"

"That she will consent, some day, to marry me."

The old lady slowly rose to her feet. "That really is your project, then?"

"Yes; will you favor it?"

"Favor it?" Madame de Bellegarde looked at him a moment and then shook her head. "No!" she said, softly.

"Will you suffer it, then? Will you let it pass?"

"You don't know what you ask. I am a very proud and meddlesome old woman."

"Well, I am very rich," said Newman.

Madame de Bellegarde fixed her eyes on the floor, and Newman thought it probable she was weighing the reasons in favor of resenting the brutality of this remark. But at last, looking up, she said simply, "How rich?"

Newman expressed his income in a

round number which had the magnificent sound that large aggregations of dollars put on when they are translated into francs. He added a few remarks of a financial character, which completed a sufficiently striking presentment of his resources.

Madame de Bellegarde listened in silence. "You are very frank," she said, finally. "I will be the same. I would rather favor you, on the whole, than suffer you. It will be easier."

"I am thankful for any terms," said Newman. "But, for the present, you have suffered me long enough. Good night!" And he took his leave.

Henry James, Jr.

WHY?

WHY do I love you? I don't know!
They say Love never gives a reason;
But that he has one I don't doubt.
Do you? You do! That 's downright treason.

Not always, let me tell you, sir,
Love practiced such excess of prudence;
'T was once his custom to explain
The why and wherefore to his students.

And how to solve each puzzling case
He taught by rule and illustrations;
But skeptics, such as you, have made
Love shy of giving demonstrations.

Why foolish mortals love at all,
Why we two hold each other dearest;
How long 't will last, and where 't will end,
You 'd like to know, you precious querist?

You never will! I 'll tell you that,
Yet still maintain my first assertion;
Love understands what he 's about,
And blinds you, first, for his diversion.

Ah, why I love you! If I knew,
I would not tell you, — no, no, never!
For souls like yours were made to seek,
And mine to hide, you see, forever.

There 's little, sir, you don't find out,
But since that little makes life pleasant,
I think I 'll keep it secret still,
And so *keep you*, too, for the present.

Mary Keeley Boutelle

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XIV.

JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM GATE,
May 2d.

MY DEAREST H——: I received your kind letter the other night (that is, morning) on my return from a ball, and read your reflections on dissipation with an attention heightened by the appropriate *comment* of a bad headache and abject weariness from top to toe with dancing. The way in which people *prosecute* their pleasures in this good town of London is certainly amazing; and we are (perforce) models of moderation, compared with most of our acquaintance. I met at that very ball persons who had been to one and two parties previously, and were leaving that dance to hurry to another. Independently of the great fatigue of such a life, it seems to me so strange that when people are enjoying themselves to their hearts' content in one place, they cannot be satisfied to remain there until they wish to return home, but spend half the night in the streets, running from one house to another, working their horses to death, and wasting the precious time when they might be DANCING. You see my folly is not so great but that I have philosophy to spare for my neighbors. Let me tell you again, dear H——, how truly I rejoice in your niece's restored health. I cannot conceive anything more interesting than the sources of enjoyment which must at every moment present themselves in a young existence whose powers of pleasure have been suspended for so long a time. The spring, too, is the very time for such a resurrection, when every day and every hour, every cloud and every flower, offer inexhaustible matter for the capabilities of delight thus regained. Indeed, "the drops on the trees are the most beautiful of all!" [E—— T——'s exclamation during one of her first drives after the long imprisonment of her nervous malady.] A wonderful feeling of renewed hope seems to fill the heart of all created things in the spring, and even here in this smoky town it finds its way to us, inclosed as we are by brick walls, dusty streets, and all things unlovely and unnatural. I stood yesterday in the little court behind our house, where two unhappy poplars and a sycamore-tree were shaking their leaves as if in surprise at the acquisition and to make sure they had them, and looked up to the small bit of blue sky above them with pleasurable spring tears in my eyes. How I wish I were rich and could afford to be out of town now! I always dislike London, and this lovely weather gives me a sort of *mal du pays* for the country. My dearest H——, you must not dream of leaving Ardgillan just when I am coming to see you; that would be indeed a disappointment. My father is not at home at this moment, but I shall ask him before I close this letter the exact time when we shall be in Dublin. I look forward with much pleasure to making my aunt Dall known to you. She is, I am happy to say, coming with me, for indeed she is in some sense my all the world. You have often heard me speak of her, but it is difficult for words to do justice to one whose whole life is an uninterrupted stream of usefulness, goodness, and patient devotion to others. I know but one term that, as the old writers say, "delivers" her fully, and though it is not unfrequently applied, I think she is the only person I know who really deserves it; she is *absolutely unselfish*. Old maids are vulgarly taxed with sourness and discontent. I know nothing of the justice of such a charge. It may be founded in more general observation than mine, but if it were true as a rule (of which I have only seen the exception), something of it must surely be attributed to a forlorn and isolated position; and the consciousness of the stigma absurdly affixed to their condition in itself must tend to make them

techy and nervously sensitive to the undeserved ridicule attaching to them. I wonder if this contempt for old maids is of Jewish extraction. You know they always speak of marrying and bearing children as a woman's *reproach being taken from her;* and the ladies who have children are invariably so impertinent to those who have not. The importance of the tribe depending upon its numbers, I suppose the mother of men was naturally held in honor; but among many nations vowed virginity has been honored above maternity. In any case, I do not see why we English are always to speak of old maids with a sneer; and when to the disconsolate prospect of an uncompanioned life and solitary age is added the melancholy retrospect of a disastrous early attachment (as is often the case), there is something in the name of "old maid" which seems to me to command both respect and commiseration. Perhaps it is a sort of presentiment that I shall one day be hailed by the title myself that inclines me to be civil to it; but my experience of the species, instead of suggesting the usual train of worries, fidgets, fusses, and unamiable peculiarities generally conjured up by the words "old maid," presents the image of the kindest soul and cheerfulest good human being that ever dedicated her life to the comfort and happiness of those around her. I am sure, dear H——, you will excuse this panegyric, though you do not know how well it is deserved; the proof of its being so is that there is not one of us but would say the same of aunt Dall.

My father's benefit took place last Wednesday, when I acted Isabella; the house was crowded and the play very successful; I think I played it well, and I take credit to myself for so doing, for I dislike both play and part extremely. The worst thing I do in it is the soliloquy when I am about to stab Biron, and the best, my death. My dresses were very beautiful, and I am exceedingly glad the whole thing is over. I suppose it will be my last new part this season. I am reading with great pleasure a purified edition, just published, of the old English dramatists; the work, as far as my ignorance of the original plays will enable me to judge, seems very well executed, and I owe the editor many thanks for some happy hours spent with his book. I have just heard something which annoys me not a little: I am to prepare to act Mrs. Haller. I know very well that nobody was ever at liberty in this world to do what they liked and that only; but when I know with what task-like feeling I set about most of my work, I am both amused and provoked when people ask me if I do not delight in acting. I have not an idea what to do with that part; however, I must apply myself to it, and try; such mawkish sentiment and such prosaic, commonplace language seem to me alike difficult to feel and to deliver.

My dear H——, I shall be in Ireland the whole month of July. I am coming first to Dublin, and shall afterwards go to Cork. You really must not be away when I come, for if you are, I won't come, which is good Irish, is n't it? I do not feel as you do, at all, about the sea. Instead of depressing my spirits, it always raises them; it seems to me as if the vast power of the great element communicated itself to me. I feel *strong*, as I run by the side of the big waves, with something of their strength, and the same species of wild excitement which thunder and lightning produce in me always affects me by the sea-shore. I never saw the sea but once violently agitated, and then I was so well pleased with its appearance that I took a boat and went out into the bustle, singing with all my might, which was the only vent I could find for my high spirits; it is true that I returned in much humiliation, very seasick, after a very short "triumph of Galatea," indeed.

You ask me in one of your last why I do not send you verses any more, as I used to do, and whether I still write any. So here I send you some which I improvised the other day in your honor, and which, written hurriedly as they were, will not, I think, stand the test of any very severe criticism: —

Whene'er I recollect the happy time
When you and I held converse sweet together,

There come a thousand thoughts of sunny weather,
Of early blossoms, and the young year's prime.
Your memory lives forever in my mind,
With all the fragrant freshness of the spring,
With odorous lime and silver hawthorn twined,
And mossy rest and woodland wandering.
There 's not a thought of you but brings along
Some sunny glimpse of river, field, and sky;
Your voice sets words to the sweet blackbird's song,
And many a snatch of wild old melody
And as I date it still our love arose
'Twixt the last violet and the earliest rose.

I never go anywhere without a book wherein I may scratch my valuable ideas, and therefore when we meet I will show you my present receptacle. I take great delight in writing, and write less incorrectly than I used to do. I have not time now to go on with this letter, and as I am anxious you should know when to expect us, I shall not defer it in the hope of making it more amusing, though I fear it is rather dull. But you will not mind that, and will believe me ever your affectionate FANNY KEMBLE.

The arrangement of Massinger for the family library by my friend the Reverend Alexander Dyce, the learned Shakespearean editor and commentator, was my first introduction to that mine of dramatic wealth which enriched the literature of England in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, and culminated in the genius of Shakespeare. It is by comparison with them, his contemporaries, that we arrive at a just estimate of his supremacy; the extraordinary vigor and force and almost total absence of grace and beauty of their writings, viewed with reference to his, suggest the idea of the huge Titanic Torso compared with the divine humanity of the Apollo Belvedere. Some years ago, there appeared in the Revue des Deux Mondes (I rather think from the pen of M. Montegut) a very poetical and ingenious paper on the subject of Shakespeare, his predecessors and contemporaries. The whole article, more like a German than a French one in the thorough acquaintance it displayed with the early literature of the English stage, was full of fine and just discrimination and appreciation of the particular genius of the several members of the remarkable company of playwrights of which Shakespeare was the preëminent head, and ended with a comparison of them all to the *dramatis personæ* of his Tempest and of himself to Prospero, which was full of critical judgment, taste, and imagination. I was so enchanted with these plays of Massinger's, but more especially with the one called The Maid of Honor, that I never rested till I had obtained from the management its revival on the stage. The part of Camiola is the only one that I ever selected for myself. The Maid of Honor succeeded on its first representation, but failed to attract audiences. Though less defective than most of the contemporaneous dramatic compositions, the play was still too deficient in interest to retain the favor of the public. The character of Camiola is extremely noble and striking, but that of her lover so unworthy of her that the interest she excites personally fails to inspire one with sympathy for her passion for him. The piece in this respect has a sort of moral incoherency, which appears to me, indeed, not an infrequent defect in the compositions of these great dramatic pre-Shakespearites. There is a want of psychical verisimilitude, a disjointed abruptness, in their conceptions, which, in spite of their grand treatment of separate characters and the striking force of particular passages, renders almost every one of their plays inharmonious as a whole, however fine and powerful in detached parts. Their selection of abnormal and detestable subjects is a distinct indication of intellectual weakness instead of vigor; supreme genius alone perceives the beauty and dignity of human nature and human life in their common conditions, and can bring to the surface of vulgar, every-day existence the hidden glory that lies beneath it.

The strictures contained in these girlish letters on the various plays in which I was called to perform the heroines, of course partake of the uncompromising nature of all youthful verdicts. Hard, sharp, and shallow, they never went lower than the obvious surface of things, and dealt easily, after the undoubting youthful fashion, with a main result, without

any misgiving as to conflicting causes or painful anxiety about contradictory component parts. At the beginning of life, the ignorant moral and intellectual standard alike have definite form and decided color; time, as it goes on, dissolves the outline into vague indistinctness, and reveals lights and shades so various and innumerable, that towards the end of life criticism grows diffident, opinion difficult, and positive judgment almost impossible.

My first London season was now drawing to an end, and preparations were begun for a summer tour in the provinces. There had been some talk of my beginning with Brighton, but for some reason or other this fell through. I do not suppose the fact of my father's hearing that Captain C—— had made interest with the manager to be allowed to act with me had anything to do with his decision not to go there, as of course no such arrangement could have been fulfilled without our agreement to it, which was impossible; so I am afraid the gentleman amateur was disappointed and annoyed. Captain C——, of my acquaintance with whom I have spoken elsewhere, was passionately fond of the theatre, and one of the best amateur actors I have ever seen. He was at one time attached to the English embassy in Florence, while Lord N—— was our ambassador there, and the diplomatic duties of these gentlemen, in those good, easy, unpolitical times, were quite secondary in importance with them, I imagine, to the theatrical representations which were the principal occupation and interest of the British representative and his staff. Of one of these amateur performances I remember Captain C—— giving me a most ludicrous account. He was acting Macduff, to the Macbeth of Lord N—— (the diplomatists were heroic in their games), and during their final deadly encounter in the last scene, his excellency kept calling to him in a frenzied half-whisper, "Fight round! fight round, will you! that they [the audience] may see my face!" That was very like the real thing for an amateur. I used to think that my friend C—— had occasionally the tone of a disappointed man, who attributed his want of success to want of zeal on the part of his friends or active disservice on that of his enemies; I wonder if he ever attributed his not achieving an ambassadorship to the grudge of Lord N—— and his underhand influence, in consequence of his not having "fought round" and allowed him to "show his face" properly to his Florentine spectators.

BATH, *May* 31, 1830.

MY DEAR H——: I have owed you an answer, and a most grateful one, for some time past, for your kindness in writing me so long a letter as your last; but when I assure you that, what with leave-taking, trying on dresses, making purchases, etc., etc., and all the preparations for our summer tour, this is the first moment in which I have been able to draw a long breath for the last month, I am sure you will forgive me, and believe, notwithstanding my long silence, that I was made very happy indeed by your letter. Do you know, when first I opened it I was so surprised and pleased at seeing another sheet within the first, that after my first movement of delight a second thought crossed my mind, that it must be an extract or a copy from something; not that I thought you incapable of inditing so much original matter, but it was so long since I had received such a full-grown epistle from you that I imagined it was "too good to be true." All this tumbled into my head while I opened your letter, and may serve as some confirmation of what I often tell you, that I value them extremely. I bade Covent Garden and my dear London audience farewell on Friday last, when I acted Lady Townley for the first time. The house was crammed, and as the proprietors had fixed that night for a second benefit which they gave me, I was very glad that it was so. I was very nicely dressed, and to my own fancy acted well, though I dare say my performance was a little flat occasionally. But considering my own physical powers, and the immense size of the theatre, I do not think I should have done better on the whole by acting more broadly;

though I suppose it would have been more effective, I should have had to sacrifice something of repose and refinement to make it so. I was very sorry to leave my London audience; they welcomed my first appearance, they knew the history of our shipwrecked fortunes, and though perhaps not one individual amongst them would go a mile out of his way to serve us, there exists in them, taken collectively, a kind feeling and respect for my father, and an indulgent good-will towards me, which I do not hope to find elsewhere. I like Bath very much; I have not been here since I was six years old, when I spent a year here in hopes of being *bettered* by my aunt, Mrs. Twiss. A most forlorn hope it was. I suppose in human annals there never existed a more troublesome little brat than I was for the few years after my first appearance on this earthly stage. This town reminds me a little of Edinburgh; it has the same broad, fine streets and stone houses, and occasional glimpses through them of charming country, but it has not the mountains nor the glorious sea. How glad I shall be to see Edinburgh once more! I expect much pleasure, too, from the pleasure of my aunt Dall, who some years ago spent some very happy time in Edinburgh, and who loves it from association. And then, dear H——, I am looking forward to seeing you once more; I shall be with you somewhere in the beginning of June. I have had my first rehearsal here this morning, Romeo and Juliet; the theatre is much smaller than Covent Garden, which rather inconveniences me, as a novelty, but the audience will certainly benefit by it. My fellow-laborers amuse me a good deal; their versions of Shakespeare are very droll. I wonder what your Irish ones will be. I am fortunate in my Romeo, inasmuch as he is one of my cousins; he has the family voice and manner very strongly, and at any rate does not murder the text of Shakespeare. I have no more time to spare now, for I must get my tea and go to the theatre. I must tell you, though, of an instance of provincial prudery (delicacy, I suppose I ought to call it) which edified us not a little at rehearsal this morning: the Mercutio, on seeing the nurse and Peter, called out, "A sail, a sail!" and terminated the speech in a significant whisper, which being literally inaudible, my mother, who was with me on the stage, very innocently asked, "Oh, does the gentleman leave out the shirt and the smock?" upon which we were informed that "body linen" was not so much as to be hinted at before a truly refined Bath audience. How particular we are growing—*in word!* I am much afraid my father will shock them with the speech of that scamp Mercutio in all its pristine purity and precision. Good-by dear H——. Ever your affectionate

F. A. K.

P. S. My mother desires to be particularly remembered to you. I want to revive Massinger's Maid of Honor; I want to act Camiola.

The necessity for carrying with us into the provinces a sufficient number of various parts, and especially of plays in which my father and myself could fill the principal characters, and so be tolerably independent of incompetent coadjutors, was the reason of my coming out in the play of The Provoked Husband, before leaving London. The passage in this letter about Lady Townley sufficiently shows how bad my performance of it must have been, and how absolutely in the dark I was with regard to the real style in which the part should be played. The fine lady of my day, with the unruffled insipidity of her *low* spirits (high spirits never came near her) and the imperturbable composure of her smooth insolence, was as unlike the rantipole, racketing high-bred woman of fashion of Sir John Vanbrugh's play as the flimsy elegance of my silver-embroidered, rose-colored tulle dress was unlike the elaborate splendor of her hooped and feathered and high-heeled, patched-and-powdered magnificence, with its falling laces and standing brocades. The part of Lady Townley was not only beyond my powers, but has never been seen on the English stage since the days of Mrs. Abigdon and Miss

Farren, the latter elegant and spirited actress being held by those who had seen both less like the original great lady than her predecessor; while even the Théâtre Français, where consummate study and reverend tradition of elder art still prevail, has lost more and more the secret of *la grande manière* in a gradual descent from the *grande dame* of Mademoiselle Contat to the pretty, graceful *femme comme il faut* of Mademoiselle Plessis; for even the exquisite Célimène of Mademoiselle Mars was but a "pale reflex" of Molière's brilliant coquette, as played by her great instructress, Contat. The truth is, that society no longer possesses or produces that creature, and a good deal of reading, not of a usual or agreeable kind, would alone make one familiar enough with Lady Townley and her like to enable an actress of the present day to represent her with any verisimilitude. The absurd practice, too, of dressing all the serious characters of the piece in modern costume, and all the comic ones in that of the time at which it was written, renders the whole ridiculously incoherent and manifestly impossible, and destroys it as a picture of the manners of any time; for even stripped of her hoop and powder, and her more flagrant coarsenesses of speech, Lady Townley is still as unlike, in manners, language, and deportment, any modern lady, as she is unlike the woman of fashion of Hogarth's time, whose costume she has discarded.

The event fully justified my expectation of far less friendly audiences out of London than those I had hitherto made my appeals to. None of the personal interest that was felt for me there existed elsewhere, and I had to encounter the usual opposition, always prepared to cavil, in the provinces, at the metropolitan verdict of merit, as a mere exhibition of independent judgment, and to make good to the expectations of the country critics the highly laudatory reports of the London press, by which the provincial judges scorned to have a decision imposed upon them. Not unnaturally, therefore, I found a much less fervid enthusiasm in my audiences — who were, I dare say, quite justified in their disappointment — and a far less eulogistic tone in the provincial press with regard to my performances. Our houses, however, were always very crowded, which was the essential point, and for my own part I was quite satisfied with the notices and applause which were bestowed on me. My cousin, John Mason, was the Romeo to whom I have referred in this letter. He was my father's sister's son, and, like so many members of our family, he and one of his brothers and his sister had made the stage their profession. He had some favorable physical qualifications for it: a rather striking face, handsome figure, good voice, and plenty of fire and energy; he was tolerably clever and well-informed, but without either imagination or refinement. My father, who thought there was the making of a good actor in him, was extremely kind to him, and for several years he was on terms of friendly familiarity with us, and we saw him constantly both on and off the stage.

Glasgow, *Monday, June* 28, 1830.

My dear Mrs. Jameson, — I believe that you will have felt too well convinced that I had not had a moment to spare, to be surprised at my not having sooner acknowledged your very kind letter; nothing but the incessant occupation of my time would so long have prevented me from doing so, but I embrace the opportunity which the king's death affords me of telling you how much obliged to you I was for writing to me, and writing as you did. I have little news to return you but what concerns myself, but I shall make no coquettish excuses about that, for I really believe 't is the subject that will interest you most of any I could find. First, then, I am very well, rather tired, and sitting at an inn window, in a dull, dark, handsome square in Glasgow. My fortnight in Edinburgh is over, and a short fortnight it has been, what with rehearsals, riding, sitting for my bust, and acting. The few hurried glimpses I have caught of my friends have been like dreams, and now that I have parted from them, no more to meet them there certainly,

the whole seems to me like mere bewilderment, and I repeat to myself in my thoughts, hardly believing it, that the next time that I visit Edinburgh I shall not find the dear companionship of my cousins nor the fond affection of Mrs. Henry Siddons. This will be a severe loss to me; Edinburgh will, I fear, be without its greatest charm, and it will remain to be proved whether these lovely scenes that I have so admired and delighted in owed all their incomparable fascination to their intrinsic beauty, or to that most pleasurable frame of mind I enjoyed at the same time, the consciousness of the kind regard of the excellent human beings among whom I lived.

You will naturally expect me to say something of my theatrical experiences in the modern Athens. Our houses have been very fine, our audiences (as is their national nature) very cold; but upon the whole I believe they were well pleased with us, notwithstanding the damping influence of the newspapers, which have one and all been unfavorable to me. The death-like stillness of the audience, as it afforded me neither rest nor stimulus, distressed me a good deal; which, I think I need not tell you, the newspaper criticisms did not. I was surprised, in reading them, to find how very generally their strictures were confined to my external disadvantages, — my diminutive stature and defective features; and that these far-famed northern critics discussed these rather than what I should have expected them to bestow their consideration upon, the dramatic artist's conception of character, and his (or her) execution of that conception. But had their verdicts been still more severe, I have a sufficient consolation in two notes of Sir Walter Scott's, written to the editor of one of the papers, Ballantyne, his own particular friend, which the latter sent me, and where he bears such testimony to my exertions as I do not care to transcribe, for fear my cheeks should reflect a lasting blush on my paper, but which I keep as a treasure and shall certainly show you with pride and pleasure when we meet.

Among the delightful occurrences of last week, I must record our breakfasting with Walter Scott. I was wonderfully happy. To whom, since Shakespeare, does the reading world owe so many hours of perfect, peaceful pleasure, of blessed forgetfulness of all things miserable and mean in its daily life? The party was a small but interesting one: Sir Walter and his daughter Anne, his old friend Sir Adam Fergusson and Lady Fergusson, and Miss Ferrier, the authoress of Marriage, and Inheritance, with both which capital books I hope, for your own sake, you are acquainted. Sir Walter was most delightful, and I even forgot all awful sense of his celebrity in his kind, cordial, and almost affectionate manner towards me. He is exceedingly like all the engravings, pictures, and busts of him with which one is familiar, and it seems strange that so varied and noble an intellect should be expressed in the features of a shrewd, kindly, but not otherwise striking countenance. He told me several things that interested me very much; among others, his being present at the time when, after much searching, the regalia of Scotland was found locked up in a room in Edinburgh Castle, where, as he said, the dust of centuries had accumulated upon it, and where the ashes of fires lit more than two hundred years before were still lying in the grate. He told me a story that made me cry, of a poor old lady upwards of eighty years of age, who belonged to one of the great Jacobite families, — she was a Maxwell, — sending to him at the time the Scottish crown was found, to implore permission to see it but for one instant; which (although in every other case the same petition had been refused) was granted to her in consideration of her great age and the vital importance she seemed to attach to it. I never shall forget his describing her when first she saw it, appearing for a moment petrified at sight of it, and then tottering forward and falling down on her knees, and weeping and wailing over these poor remains of the royalty of her country as if it had been the dead body of her child.

Sir Adam Fergusson is a delightful

person, whose quick, bustling manner forms a striking contrast to Walter Scott's quiet tone of voice and deliberate enunciation. I have also made acquaintance with Jeffrey, who came and called upon us the other morning, and, I hear, like other of his fellow-townsmen, complains piteously that I am not prettier. Indeed, I am very sorry for it, and I heartily wish I were; but I did not think him handsome either, and I wonder why he is not handsomer? though I don't care so much about his want of beauty as he seems to do about mine. But I am running on at a tremendous rate, and quite forget that I have traveled upwards of forty miles to-day, and that I promised my mother, whenever I could, to go to bed early. Good-by, my dear Mrs. Jameson. I hope you will be able to make out this scrawl, and to decipher that I am yours affectionately,

F. A. Kemble.

Of the proverbial frigidity of the Edinburgh public I had been forewarned, and of its probably disheartening effect upon myself. Mrs. Harry Siddons had often told me of the intolerable sense of depression with which it affected Mrs. Siddons, who, she said, after some of her grandest outbursts of passion, to which not a single expression of applause or sympathy had responded, exhausted and breathless with the effort she had made, would pant out in despair, under her breath, "Stupid people, stupid people!" Stupid, however, they undoubtedly were not, though, as undoubtedly, their want of excitability and demonstrativeness diminished their own pleasure by communicating itself to the great actress and partially paralyzing her powers. The story was often told me by my Edinburgh friends, when I complained of their distressing coldness as an audience, how one night, after one of Mrs. Siddons's greatest exhibitions of power and pathos, the dead silence of the house was broken, after a pause of about a minute, by a single voice oracularly pronouncing, "That 's no bad!" which, like the string of a shower-bath, pulled down at once a perfect tempest of applause from the apparently insensible public. That this habitual reserve sometimes gave way to very violent exhibitions of enthusiasm, the more fervent from its general repression, there is no doubt; and I think it was in Edinburgh that my friend, Mr. Harness, told me the whole of the sleep-walking scene in Macbeth had once been so vehemently encored that my aunt was literally obliged to go over it a second time, before the piece was allowed to proceed.

Scott's opinion of my acting, which would, of course, have been very valuable to me, let it have been what it would, was written to his friend and editor (*eheu!*), Ballantyne, who was also the editor of one of the principal Edinburgh papers, in which unfavorable criticisms of my performances had appeared, and in opposition to which Sir Walter Scott told him he was too hard upon me, and that for his part he had seen nothing so good since Mrs. Siddons. This encouraging verdict was courteously forwarded to me by Mr. Ballantyne himself, who said he was sure I would like to possess it. The first time I ever saw Walter Scott, my father and myself were riding slowly down Princes Street, up which Scott was walking; he stopped my father's horse, which was near the pavement, and desired to be introduced to me. Then followed a string of cordial invitations which previous engagements and our work at the theatre forbade our accepting, all but the pressing one with which he wound up, that we would at least come and breakfast with him. The first words he addressed to me as I entered the room were, "You appear to be a very good horsewoman, which is a great merit in the eyes of an old border-man." Every *r* in which sentence was rolled into a combination of double *u* and double *r* by his border burr, which made it memorable to me by this peculiarity of his pleasant speech. My previous acquaintance with Miss Ferrier's admirable novels would have made me very glad of the opportunity of meeting her, and I should have thought Sir Adam Fergusson delightfully entertaining, but that I could not bear

to lose, while listening to any one else, a single word spoken by Walter Scott.

I never can forget, however, the description Sir Adam Fergusson gave me of a morning he had passed with Scott at Abbotsford, which at that time was still unfinished, and, swarming with carpenters, painters, masons, and bricklayers, was surrounded with all the dirt and disorderly discomfort inseparable from the process of house-building. The room they sat in was in the roughest condition which admitted of their occupying it at all; the raw, new chimney smoked intolerably. Out-of-doors the whole place was still one chaos of bricks, mortar, scaffolding, tiles, and slates. A heavy mist shrouded the whole landscape of lovely Tweed side, and distilled in a cold, persistent, dumb drizzle. Maida, the well-beloved staghound, kept fidgeting in and out of the room, Walter Scott every five minutes exclaiming, "Eh, Adam! the puir brute's just wearying to get out;" or, "Eh, Adam! the puir creature 's just crying to come in;" when Sir Adam would open the door to the raw, chilly air for the wet, muddy hound's exit or entrance, while Scott, with his face swollen with a grievous toothache, and one hand pressed hard to his cheek, with the other was writing the inimitably humorous opening chapters of The Antiquary, which he passed across the table, sheet by sheet, to his friend, saying, "Now, Adam, d 'ye think that 'll do?" Such a picture of mental triumph over outward circumstance has surely seldom been surpassed; house-builders, smoky chimney, damp draughts, restless, dripping dog, and toothache, form what our friend, Miss Masson, called a "concatenation of exteriorities" little favorable to literary composition of any sort; but considered as accompaniments or inspiration of that delightfully comical beginning of The Antiquary, they are all but incredible.

To my theatrical avocation I have been indebted for many social pleasures and privileges; among others, for Sir Walter Scott's notice and acquaintance; but among the things it has deprived me of was the opportunity of enjoying more of his honorable and delightful intercourse. A visit to Abbotsford, urged upon us most kindly, is one of the lost opportunities of my life that I think of always with bitter regret. Sir Walter wanted us to go down and spend a week with him in the country, and our professional engagements rendered it impossible for us to do so; and there are few things in my whole life that I count greater loss than the seven days I might have passed with that admirable genius and excellent, kind man, and had to forego. I never saw Abbotsford until after its master had departed from all earthly dwelling-places. I was staying in the neighborhood, at the house of my friend, Mrs. M——, of Carolside, and went thither with her and my youngest daughter. The house was inhabited only by servants; and the housekeeper, whose charge it was to show it, waited till a sufficient number of tourists and sight-seers had collected, and then drove us all together from room to room of the house in a body, calling back those who outstripped her, and the laggers who would fain have fallen a few paces out of the sound of the dreary parrotry of her inventory of the contents of each apartment. There was his writing-table and chair, his dreadnaught suit and thick walking shoes and staff there in the drawing-room; the table, fitted like a jeweler's counter, with a glass cover, protecting and exhibiting all the royal and precious tokens of honor and admiration, in the shape of orders, boxes, miniatures, etc., bestowed on him by the most exalted worshipers of his genius, hardly to be distinguished under the thick coat of dust with which the glass was darkened. Poor Anne Scott's portrait looked dolefully down on the strangers staring up at her, and, a glass door being open to the garden, Mrs. M—— and myself stepped out for a moment to recover from the miserable impression of sadness and desecration the whole thing produced on us; but the inexorable voice of the housekeeper peremptorily ordered us to return, as it would be she said (and very truly), quite

impossible for her to do her duty in describing the "curiosities" of the house, if visitors took upon themselves to stray about in every direction instead of keeping together and listening to what she was saying. How glad we were to escape from the sort of nightmare of the affair!

I returned there on another occasion, one of a large and merry party who had obtained permission to picnic in the grounds, but who, deterred by the threatening aspect of the skies from gypsying (as had originally been proposed) by the side of the Tweed, were allowed, by Sir Adam Fergusson's interest with the housekeeper, to assemble round the table in the dining-room of Abbotsford. Here, again, the past was so present with me as to destroy all enjoyment, and, thinking how I might have had the great good fortune to sit there with the man who had made the whole place illustrious, I felt ashamed and grieved at being there then, though my companions were all kind, merry, good-hearted people, bent upon their own and each other's enjoyment. Sir Adam Fergusson had grown very old, and told no more the vivid anecdotes of former days; and to complete my mental discomfort, on the wall immediately opposite to me hung a strange picture of Mary Stuart's head, severed from the trunk and lying on a white cloth on a table, as one sees the head of John the Baptist in the charger, in pictures of Herodias's daughter. It was a ghastly presentation of the guillotined head of a pretty but rather common-looking French woman, — a fancy picture which it certainly would not have been my fancy to have presiding over my dinner-table.

Only once after this dreary party of pleasure did I return, many years later, to Abbotsford. I was alone, and the tourist season was over, and, the sad autumnal afternoon offering little prospect of my being joined by other sight-seers, I prevailed with the housekeeper, who admitted me, to let me wander about the place, without entering the house; and I spent a most melancholy hour in the garden and in pacing up and down the terrace overlooking the Tweed side. The place was no longer inhabited at all; my ringing at the gate had brought, after much delay, a servant from Mr. Hope's new residence, built at some distance from Scott's house, and from her I learned that the proprietor of Abbotsford had withdrawn to the house he had erected for himself, leaving the poet's dwelling exclusively as a place of pilgrimage for travelers and strangers, with not even a servant residing under its roof. The house abandoned to curious wayfarers; the sons and daughters, the grandson and granddaughter, every member of the founder's family dead; Mr. Hope remarried to a lady of the house of Arundel, and living in a semi-monastic seclusion in a house walled off from the tourist-haunted shrine of the great man whose memory alone was left to inhabit it, — all these circumstances filled me with indescribable sadness as I paced up and down in the gloaming, and thought of the strange passion for founding here a family of the old border type which had obfuscated the keen, clear brain of Walter Scott, made his wonderful gifts subservient to the most futile object of ambition, driven him to the verge of disgrace and bankruptcy, embittered the evening of his laborious and glorious career, and finally ended in this, — the utter extinction of the name he had illustrated and the family he had hoped to found. And while his noble works remain to make his memory ever loved and honored, this *Brummagem* mediæval mansion, this mock feudal castle with its imitation baronial hall (upon a diminutive scale) hung round with suits of armor, testifies to the utter perversion of good sense and good taste resulting from this one mental infirmity, this craving to be a border chieftain of the sixteenth century instead of an Edinburgh lawyer of the nineteenth, and his preference for the distinction of a petty land-holder to that of the foremost genius of his age. Mr. Combe, in speaking of this feudal insanity of Scott and the piteous havoc it made of his life, told me that at one time he and Ballan-

tyne, with whom he had entered into partnership, were staving off imminent ruin by indorsing and accepting each other's bills, and carried on that process to the extremest verge compatible with honesty. What a history of astounding success and utter failure!

GLASGOW, *July* 3, 1830.

You will, ere this, my dear Mrs. Jameson, have received my very tardy reply to your first kind letter. I got your second last night at the theatre, just after I *had given away my jewels to Mr. Beverley.* I was much gratified by your profession of affection for me, for though I am not over-desirous of public admiration and approbation, I am anxious to secure the good-will of individuals whose intellect I admire, and on whose character I can with confidence rely. Your letter, however, made me uncomfortable in some respects; you seem unhappy and perplexed. I am sure you will believe me when I say that, without the remotest thought of intruding on the sacredness of private annoyances and distresses, I most sincerely sympathize in your uneasiness, whatever may be its cause, and earnestly pray that the cloud, which the two or three last times we met in London hung so heavily on your spirits, may pass away. It is not for me to say to you, "Patience," my dear Mrs. Jameson; you have suffered too much to have neglected that only remedy of our afflictions, but I trust Heaven will make it an efficacious one to you, and erelong send you less need of it. I am glad you see my mother often, and very glad that to assist your recollection of me you find interest and amusement in discussing the fitting-up of my room with her. Pray do not forget that the drawing you made of the rooms in James Street is mine, and that when you visit me in my new abode it will be pleasant to have that remembrance before us of a place where we have spent some hours very happily together.

What you say of Mrs. N—— only echoes my own thoughts of her. She is a splendid creature, nobly endowed every way; too nobly to become through mere frivolity and foolish vanity the mark of the malice and envy of such *things* as she is surrounded by, and who will all eagerly embrace the opportunity of slandering one so immeasurably their superior in every respect. I do not know much of her, but I feel deeply interested in her; not precisely with the interest inspired by loving or even liking, but with that feeling of admiring solicitude with which one must regard a person so gifted, so tempted, and in such a position as hers. I am glad that lovely sister of hers is married, though matrimony in that world is not always the securest haven for a woman's virtue or happiness; it is sometimes in that society the reverse of an "honorable estate."

The poor king's death gave me a holiday on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and we eagerly embraced the opportunity its respite afforded us of visiting Loch Lomond and the entrance to Loch Long. As almost my first thought when we reached the lake was, "How can people attempt to describe such places?" I shall not terminate my letter with "smooth expanses of sapphire-tinted waves," or "purple screens of heath-clad hills rising one above another into the cloudless sky." A volume might be written on the mere color of the water, and give no idea of it, though you are the very person whose imagination, aided by all that you 've seen, would best realize such a scene from description. It was heavenly, and we had such a perfect day! I prefer, however, the glimpse we had of Loch Long to what we saw of Loch Lomond. The latter has more serene beauty in its wide expanse and verdant shores, but the rocks and crags which guard the entrance of Loch Long are wilder and more sublime, and the dark water inclosed by the mountains of Arquhar, instead of reflecting the smiling sky as it lay mirrored on the wide surface of Loch Lomond, borrowed a sinister, gloomy tint from the black cliffs that wall it in on either side. Perhaps, too, the circumstance of our not having had time

to explore Loch Long added the stimulus of unsatisfied curiosity to the admiration which was excited by what I saw of it, and fancy still suggests that what was "beyond" would have been more beautiful than all I had seen. I brought away an appropriate nosegay from my trip: a white rose from Dumbarton, in memory of Mary Stuart, an oak branch from Loch Lomond, and a handful of heather, for which I fought with the bees on the rocky shore of Loch Long.

I like my Glasgow audience better than my Edinburgh one; they are not so cold. I look for a pleasant audience in your country, for which we set out to-morrow, I believe. My aunt desires to be remembered to you, and so does my father, and bids me add, in answer to your modest doubt, that you are a person to be always remembered with pleasure and esteem. I am glad you did not like my Bath miniature; indeed, it was not likely that you would.

Believe me always yours affectionately,

F. A. K.

During our summer tour my mother, who had remained in London, superintended the preparation of a new house, to which we removed on our return to town. My brother Henry's schooling at Westminster was over, which had been the reason for our taking the house at Buckingham Gate, and, though it had proved a satisfactory residence in many respects, we were glad to exchange it for the one to which we now went, which had many associations that made it agreeable to my father, having been my uncle John's home for many years, and connected with him in the memory of my parents. It was the corner house of Great Russell Street and Montague Place, and, since we left it, has been included in the new court-yard of the British Museum (which was next door to it) and become the librarian's quarters, our friend Panizzi being its first occupant afterward. It was a good, comfortable, substantial house, the two pleasantest rooms of which, to me, were the small apartment on the ground floor, lined with books from floor to ceiling, and my own peculiar lodging in the upper regions, which, thanks to my mother's kindness and taste, was as pretty a bower of elegant comfort as any young spinster need have desired. There I chiefly spent my time, pursuing my favorite occupations, or in the society of my own especial friends: my dear H—— S——, when she was in London; Mrs. Jameson, who often climbed thither for an hour's pleasant discussion of her book on Shakespeare; and a lady with whom I now formed a very close intimacy, which lasted till her death, my dear E—— F——.

I had the misfortune to lose the water-color sketches which Mrs. Jameson had made of our two drawing-rooms in James Street, Buckingham Gate. They were very pretty and skillful specimens of a difficult kind of subject, and valuable as her work, no less than as tokens of her regard for me. The beautiful G—— S——, to whose marriage I have referred, had she not been a sister of her sisters would have been considered a wit; and, in spite of this was the greatest beauty of her day. She always reminded me of what an American once said in speaking of a countrywoman of his, that she was so lovely that when she came into the room she took his breath away. While I was in Bath I was asked by a young artist to sit for my miniature. His portrait had considerable merit as a piece of delicate, highly finished workmanship; it was taken in the part of Portia, and engraved; but I think no one, without the label underneath, would have imagined in it even the intention of my portrait. Whether or not the cause lay in my own dissimilar expressions and dissimilar aspects at different times, I do not know; but if a collection was made of the likenesses that have been taken of me, to the number of nearly thirty, nobody would ever imagine that they were intended to represent the same person. Certainly, my Bath miniature produced a version of my face perfectly unfamiliar to myself and most of my friends who saw it.

Frances Anne Kemble.

A FAIR COMPENSATION.

A CITY clerk engaged to be married, having, between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-four, mastered three foreign languages to enable him to be of value to his firm, and having therefore been transferred from the outer office, where it was light and sunny, to the parlors, where all was rich and gloomy, and having toiled at general correspondence and general management ten hours out of every twenty-four for five years longer, finally yielded to nature, and became ill.

The junior partner, who commonly illustrated the humane instincts of the firm, said, "Perhaps you would do well to take a day. A run up Harlem Lane, now, or a stroll in the Park, would build you up wonderfully." Phosphorus was not to be had so easily, and Eades returned to his work with a sensation of great roominess in the upper part of his head.

It was Friday, and it was necessary that the foreign mail should be written for the Saturday steamers. The faithful slave, with dull eyes and trembling hands, worked until twelve P. M., and then fell in a dead faint into the arms of the post-messenger and the copy-clerk. But not until he had directed his last letter.

On the next day he was told by a physician that he must give up business for eighteen months or two years. He whispered, "Impossible," and sent for another adviser. This gentleman mended matters by saying, "Three years and a total change of scene and climate."

At the end of the week, the girl of his heart was finally permitted to go to his bedside. She entered the room with the tread of a hare but with the spirit of a volcano. She paused beside him, filled with sorrow and amazement. She sank upon her knees and buried her face in the palms of his hands and hers. After an hour she found coherent use of her tongue, and suggested immediate marriage.

"Never!" cried he, with the flush of a man of pride.

"Forever," cried she, with the smile of an angel. Then they fell into argument. It lasted, with intervals, for three days.

He claimed, of course, that it would be cruel to entail upon her the aggravated anxieties which she would feel were she made a wife; also that, as a matter of pure justice, it was wrong to start upon a copartnership with a tangible disability upon one side; again, as a matter of hygiene, that it would be clearly dangerous for a susceptible yet entirely healthy mental organization to be under the debilitating influence of one vitiated by exhaustion. There would be a drain without a counter-drain, and so it would end in the illness of both; then, again, viewing sentiment as a living element in all human complications, how hard it would be to relinquish forever the delicate joys of final courtship and the sweet fervor of the honeymoon, and to experience in their places the solicitudes of the sick-chamber! How sad it would be hereafter to associate their early married life, not with ardent hopes and the sunshine of unburdened hearts, but with invalidism and apprehensions!

To this the reply was general, and was like the bursting of sunlight upon a candle-lighted chamber. The feeble rays of Eades's persuasion turned pale and then went out.

"How unworthily you speak! How is it that in this moment of distress you dare to pretend that love, the supreme method of God, is nothing but a human passion! The law permits us to be nearer to one another, but what shall determine at what time we may or may not bear one another's ills? Does not the love of this tender office come with the need of it, and without a spur? Does not the grace of a loving heart fall like a dew, without a commotion, with-

out a cloud? Let us begin our lives by correcting an evil; it is far better than waiting for a chance to perpetuate what is only happy." And so on, by snatches and runs, now faltering and now eloquent, but always illogical. Still, the argument, aided as it was by many tears and by the most beautiful face in the world, did its work.

They called in their families and four sworn friends, and were married with all due rites. Three hours later the wife appeared in a gray traveling-suit, which became her well. Eades asked her where she was going. (He was still in bed.)

"To South Carolina," she replied. "I learn that there is a township there the climate of which is delightful at this season of the year. I am going to see for myself. If I am satisfied, then we shall go there at once to live until you recover."

It amused him to see her pretend to pull her gloves on; for five minutes she tried to fit the left in place of the right. He said, "You are going to walk there, I fancy." Then she broke down like a bubble, and ran and threw her arms about his neck.

"Oh, my poor husband, how hard it seems to leave you, even to the care of Heaven! All my prayers that I might be brave at this moment have failed me; and see, I am crying like a child! Even you, with your sunken cheeks and hollow eyes, seem stronger than I. I cannot pretend that I am bold any longer; I have prayed that God may guide our footsteps and lead us where we shall be secure."

In this humble mood she went away.

Just as her carriage departed, another arrived. It contained an aged man, a friend of her husband. He was shown to the invalid's chamber without delay. He was slow of speech, and his voice was subdued. "I learn that you are going away, Eades."

"Yes, to the South somewhere. My wife has gone to search for a good climate."

It was the first time that the words "my wife" had passed his lips. The utterance apparently confounded both the speaker and the listener. The face of one grew slowly radiant, while the face of the other became immeasurably grave.

"Yes, we are going to the South somewhere," repeated the young man. "Your home was there once, was it not, sir?"

"Yes, for fifty years. My wife is there now. We were estranged by the war."

"*Man and wife estranged by the war!*" Eades sat up for the first time. This seemed to him to be an intolerable sarcasm. "I should have believed just as easily that your own body and soul had taken sides against each other on account of the war."

"Yes, no doubt," replied the visitor, after a pause.

"And do I understand that this estrangement still exists?"

"We have not heard of each other for five years."

"*Of* each other?"

"Yes."

"Implying, of course, that you have not heard *from* each other during that period?"

"No, nor for the fourteen years that have elapsed since 1861."

"Merciful Heaven!"

Eades sank down again and considered these statements. So long as he could hold them in his head he could discover nothing in them but evil, but his weakened brain began to give up its hold after a few minutes, and his face, not his tongue, expressed his opinions. His eyes searched the face of his friend with languor, yet with a steadfastness that finally drew this from the unwilling lips:

"You are just married. I cannot presume to give advice to you, for you are as well adjusted to your circumstances as I was to mine, or as I am to those that surround me now. I have tried hard to keep up the dignity of living, but I have failed. I have endeavored to console myself, but I have failed in that. I have to confess that the discipline which my spirit has undergone has produced no good, that all the phi-

losophy that I knew how to use has not soothed a single regret. I thought that I was right at the outset, and I think so now. The reasons that led me to decide what my course should be in that fatal crisis have lost none of their force, and I have nothing to retract. I was unable to influence my wife, and she remained steadfast to her principles. She was not passive. She was active in giving aid and encouragement where I would have given warning and reproof. Fortified by the spirit of the neighborhood and the hour, she came to believe it heroic to stand aloof from me, and those were days when cooled love changed to frenzied hate. May the Almighty Father never again visit such upon his humble people!

"Separated as I am from that one human being whose whereabouts I know not, I am as lonely as if I were solitary in the middle of the sea. Nothing enters my bosom. The sympathy of no one reaches me. Knowing the character of her spirit, I believe that I can never enter into her heart again."

Eades had nothing to say. He gazed, perhaps with but dim comprehension, at the old mourner, and felt for him, beside astonishment at his lack of vigor, a profound compassion.

Ten days later a message came from the wife, and Eades, in obedience to it, prepared to leave the city at once, and in the care of a physician who was engaged to accompany him on the journey.

Everything that the wife had done thus far had had a peculiarly metallic ring about it, and if the relator were put upon the rack he would admit that Eades began to feel a little uneasiness. It was plain that if she proposed to go on in this manner, there must soon occur a little fault in the melody; but this was only the fear of the ex-business-manager *in propria persona*, and it was wholly groundless.

The invalid arrived at his destination in the night-time. His tyrant, with a little lantern shaped like a pepper-box hanging by a ring and a chain from her fore-finger, was standing in the doorway of the station, with her features balanced for a smile or an agony of tears. When Eades got out she flew at him and threw herself upon his neck like a child. The physician left some directions for form's sake, and then went discreetly to a hotel.

This is the principal meaning of the chat on the wife's part, as she led her husband toward their sanitarium, over an easy country path that wound through a grove of enormous trees: —

"Our house is a cottage with three verandas; hence, three faces and one back. It has a garden of white sand, and out of the sand grow twenty varieties of roses, which bloom always, nearly. To the west is a heavenly view of a pine valley and a limitless sky. We shall spend many happy hours on that side. To the east is a well ninety feet deep, with a lattice and a Swiss roof above it. There is also a whitewashed cabin where one of my maids and her uncle and four nephews live. I pay the maid only; however, she voluntarily considers the support of her relatives a just perquisite. We have many hens; but we purchase eggs, as I am told in the kitchen that this is an off-year with fowl of our sort.

"We have neighbors in cottages just like ours in all directions. They are all Southerners, and are silent, kind, and generally very thin. They know all that has passed in the world up to seven days ago, the common time for book parcels from New York, and they will be glad to speak with you on political matters, especially those of the State. Their welcome to Northern people is real; I have broken bread in nearly every house that I could reach by walking half an hour.

"There are no great scenes here. The land is elevated and the air is dry. You can do nothing at first but breathe the piny air, calm your spirit in the calm of the place, and bring your soul down to the small things.

"We shall be able, I think, to learn many lessons in fortitude and endurance, and we shall hear some of the strangest theories of political and social economy that ever came out of the brain of man.

I predict that our sympathies with the suffering will be drained very dry, and yet that we shall wonder how it became possible that sympathies could be demanded when all — we and they — are so ready to love each other and to hate war."

Eades, feeble and languid to the last degree, did the best that his strength and sense permitted. At first he was able only to sit in a broad chair upon the piazza, with bared head and folded hands, and to gaze down the valley with the vacancy of a child. He slept but little. Every petty noise in the dead of night rang in his ears like a clap of thunder. In a fortnight he mended so much that his wife took him for short walks in the woods, he leaning upon her arm, and she shielding him from all stray sunshine with her umbrella. Little was said upon these occasions, yet they conversed without cessation. It was not necessary that they should speak, to understand each other's happiness. To press the same pine carpet with their feet, to behold the same grandeur in the trees, to listen together to the murmur of the wind, to pause as one to breathe the fragrant air, was communion enough, and the simple touch of their hands was a privilege immeasurably sweet. Every moment passed thus was an aid to the crippled man. With a thankfulness that his stammering words at nightfall could but illy formulate, he noted, on this day perhaps that he was able to walk a little farther without exhaustion; on this, that he craved another ounce of food; on this, that he slept a few moments in the afternoon; on another, that his color was better, or that the palm of his hand was firmer, or that he was able to laugh a little more heartily.

Gratitude, the purest and deepest, flowed out at these trifling events. Clasped in one another's arms, the husband and wife recognized the direct interposition of favoring Providence. The wife's cup was too full, and one day she cried, —

"Oh that a little of my joy might fall into the sad hearts that are so many in this strange land!"

On a day that had promised to be fair, a storm came up with great speed and overtook a number of strollers in the woods. Among these were Eades and his wife. She urged him to hasten, having more fear of the rain than of the exhaustion that might ensue from a rapid walk. They were in a valley. The nearest house was an old villa upon the brow of a red hill. The tall pines about it began to sway in the wind, and the clouds came floating up from the west with that wild hurry with which smoke rushes into the zenith from conflagrations.

"Let us climb up this road and go to Mistress Gardette's," cried the anxious nurse.

"Do you know her?"

"Yes. She beckoned to me one day and told me that she liked my way of stepping."

Eades smiled, and hurried on with compressed lips, swaying from side to side, now and then casting furtive looks at his wife, endeavoring to see by her face how he himself was standing the strain. They reached the white paling just as the storm broke and deluged the old mansion and its sombre panes. The rose-bushes bowed with a rushing sound, and the dogs howled in their kennels.

Mistress Gardette came herself to the door. In a moment the refugees were sheltered. The parlor was furnished with that half-comfort, that curious blending of the homely and the tasteful, that characterizes most Southern interiors. There was a fine French lamp upon a bare table. The walls were covered with old engravings and imitations of new pictures in high colors. Over the mantel hung a rough cut of Stonewall Jackson and his men at prayer. Beside this was a print of a Confederate flag soaring upward toward a sunlit ether from a world of turbid smoke. On the north wall was Lee's Farewell Address, together with a portrait of the beloved soldier.

Mistress Gardette was fifty years of age, slender, erect, positive, and yet silent. Her face was dark, her eyes could brighten upon occasion, and her

lips so touched each other that one decided that they were kept closed by an ever-present "Let me think of this." She surveyed the two people before her with calm curiosity. Presently she asked a few questions in a sweet and tardy undertone: —

"Do you not walk together a great deal — walk in the woods?"

"Oh, yes," returned Mistress Eades, after a pause and a long interrogative look, "we walk together."

"I see; he is ill, and he needs some one beside him."

"But I should walk with him all the same if he were well."

"That would not be very interesting, would it?" said the other with a smile. A good strong blush came up over the young wife's face and neck, and her eyes sparkled. She waited until she could answer in a few words, and then she said, simply enough, —

"It has always been so, thus far, Mistress Gardette."

"And you walk in the woods," added the other. "Youth and Nature, and senility and Nature, are always good company."

"Yes, we go every day. It is warm there, and there is plenty of shade. We love the woods."

"And you love each other?"

"Y-yes," replied Mistress Eades, with astonishment.

A moment was occupied by the hostess in (apparently) considering this answer. She then asked in a louder and a little lighter tone, "And you fear that you will be separated?"

"No," whispered Eades, with a last effort for a voice. His eyes were closed and his head was inclined a little upon his breast. His wife leaped to her feet, and cried for water, at the same time placing her arm about his body. His over-exertion had made him faint. Mistress Gardette, still seated, called, "Marcia! Marcia!" But Mistress Eades seized some flowers from a vase, and, plunging her hand in as far as the wrist, drew it out cool and dripping, and dashed the face of the sick man with a grateful shower. Marcia came. Her mistress shook her head. "Yes," interposed the wife, promptly, "a little cool water, please, and a napkin."

A furious outburst of the storm happened at this instant, and it grew much darker. Mistress Gardette calmly turned and gazed toward the rattling windows. The prospect was clouded as if by a fog, for the fierce wind had shattered the rain-drops and produced a horrible tempestuous spray that rolled in billows against the house, which the storm shook to its foundations. Vivid flashes of lightning followed one another in rapid succession, and the accompanying thunder seemed to roll lower and lower toward the very roof.

Eades had awakened, and from an impulse to protect had placed his feeble arms about his wife. She, remembering his weakness, yet trembling with terror, preserved her old attitude. The hostess regarded the two pale faces with a cold and protracted gaze, conceding neither a shudder at the force of the storm nor a sign of sympathy at so much suffering. The half-divine interchange of support that she beheld seemed to touch nothing within her breast. That she was debarred from this or a similar companionship, that she sat aloof, that there was no one of her kind to interpose between her and evil, drew no sign to her placid face. She preserved her immobility to the end. In the course of a few moments the fury of the tempest expended itself.

"Mistress Gardette," said the wife in a low voice, turning her face toward her hostess, "I fear that it would be wrong for us to venture out again to-night, for" —

The other raised her hand. "Stay here with me. You shall have all the comforts that I can give you."

Tears sprang to the eyes of the wife. This prompt welcome filled her with gratitude. She arose hastily from her chair and ran, like a girl, and throwing her arms about the neck of the stern lady kissed her repeatedly. The other made no response. When she was released from the embrace she exhibited no trace of emotion.

At an early hour on the next morning Mistress Gardette was awakened, being a light sleeper, by a slight noise. She arose and encountered her guest passing through the hall-way with a handful of phials. "Ah, you are up betimes, to-day."

"Y-yes. That is, I have not been in bed. I have just come from our cottage with these medicines. I needed them, for my husband is not well, — no, not at all well." A quick, full look accompanied this repetition.

"And so you have not slept?"

"I? No, — no, I have not slept." She immediately went on into the chamber.

At noon the temperature was high and the air was quiet. All the windows were thrown open, begging a little draught, but getting none. The sky was very blue, the sunlight was very yellow, and the pine forests were very cool. The whole region was tranquil. There were no sounds. Everything invited to repose. To close the eyes was involuntary. Everything said, "Sleep! sleep!"

Mistress Gardette, from her curious parlor, looked across the hall-way and saw that the door of the chamber was open. She laid aside her play (not her work) and went to speak to her guest.

Eades was lying upon the bed. He was very pale, and his eyes, wide open, stared upward with a blank gaze. His hands lay upon the counterpane, with their fingers extended and separated. Seated close beside him was his wife, plying a fan above his face, showing a few signs of physical exhaustion but none whatever of a lack of spirit.

She caught sight of Mistress Gardette. She gave her a quick smile, a smile that dissipated the natural gloom of the sick-chamber in a flash.

Mistress Gardette returned to her parlor without a sign. In the afternoon she put a black straw hat upon her head, a thin shawl about her shoulders, and taking a small parasol with a long fringe at its edges, walked over to the Pine Run plantation to ask what they thought over there about putting cotton-seed into the earth at that date.

On her way back through the pine-woods, she discerned a figure moving briskly toward the village. It was Mistress Eades. She was in great haste. As she came up, Mistress Gardette saw that her eyes were sunken and that there were hollows in her cheeks. Yet she moved with elasticity and even with a certain gayety.

"Are you going for a physician?"

"Oh no, *I* am the physician. I know exactly what will help him and what will hurt him. Indeed, I look upon physicians as desperate remedies. I know when the time has arrived for change in diet." She caught the stray hand of the other with a laugh, and cried, "The time has come when he should have some Florida oranges; I tell by the manner in which he tastes the ice-water."

"But has he not asked?"

"Asked? oh, he would n't have asked for the world!"

"Well, and where will you find the oranges? They are rare in town."

"Mistress Farley will give me some."

"Mistress Farley! She lives three miles off!"

"Yes — or tw[illegible]niles."

"And it is so [illegible]ot!"

"Hot?" Mistress Eades put up her white hand, with its fair palm to the north. "Well, at least one may walk fast, — that will make a breeze, you know."

Mistress Gardette fixed her eyes upon her, and the fire that lay latent within them began to burn. The lids parted a little wider, and her nostrils quivered for a bare instant. Then all became calm again. It seemed as if she were afraid to accept these evidences as proofs of what they appeared to prove. She seemed to fortify herself against encroachments upon a rigid disbelief. She permitted the other to go on her way without further questioning. Twice or thrice before she quitted the warm and fragrant copse, she turned her head and looked back to catch one more glimpse of the hastening woman.

Night came on again. It was a repetition of the previous one; neither the invalid nor the watcher could close their

eyes. Mistress Gardette learned of this with a raising of her hands and an involuntary agitation in her throat.

"I pray that he may sleep; that is all I want," whispered Mistress Eades.

"But you — *you?*" queried the other.

"I? Oh, I can rest any time; but think of the weary hours he spends. And I dare not give him opiates, for the after effects are evil. I will wait until to-morrow."

"To-morrow! Will you pass another day and another night without rest? Are you made of brass and iron?" (Mistress Eades opened her eyes at the tone of this question.) "You expose yourself to the sun and rain; you watch, you sing songs, you smile, you walk long distances, you invent shades for the light and strange dishes to eat, and you seem happy and full of hope. Yet you never rest. You seem tireless. Why do you not fall down as you walk? Why do you not feel disheartened? Why" —

"Mistress Gardette, tell me, where are your children?"

"I have none, Mistress Eades. God forbade the blessing." In a flash she felt a finger laid upon her lips.

"Well, your father, your mother?"

"Remember, I am old."

"Forgive me. Then your sister, your brother?"

"I have none."

"Then your husband?"

The questions had been pushed so rapidly that Mistress Gardette had had little time to devise an answer to this last query, which she expected in its course. She retreated a step, made a gesture of deprecation, and remained silent. The other, carried away by an internal fire of commiseration and by the very fullness of her own heart, hastened on.

"You have a husband. He is not here. You look half sad and half angry when I speak of him. Perhaps he has done you some injury; perhaps his nature is so different from yours that you are always in conflict, and so how wrong may it be for me to say a word to you — you whose child I might be! But oh, mother, has not the time come when you are beginning to lean a little, when your hand needs a support, when your heart aches with loneliness? In this sweet land where it is so warm and fruitful, how hard it must be to say to yourself, My life is the only thing that is unlike! Are your wrongs now anything more than cobwebs? Tell me, can you not sweep them away very easily? And when they have disappeared will not there remain a high spirit that love might enter again? Oh, I am sure of it! I know it! It is not too late to sweep and garnish the chambers of *your* heart! You have watched me! You have followed me incessantly with your eyes and thoughts, and the sight of my poor devotion has aroused your own, though your face seems to be as stern as ever. You cannot deceive me! You would not! You have begun to look with terror on every day that you pass alone; and oh, dear friend — mother — I implore you — hark!"

A confused noise came from the sick-chamber. It seemed to be a stifled call and a sound as if some one were in the midst of a struggle. Mistress Eades flew back and threw open the door.

Her husband, whose nervous system had received a fresh strain from lack of repose, had become weakly alarmed at her absence and had risen from his bed, insane to reach her. He had staggered to a closed door near by, and was now beating wildly upon it with his open palms, uttering at the same time a number of incomprehensible words.

His appearance was sufficiently alarming to have caused even the strongest to feel a little terror; but the wife approached him without hesitation. He did not recognize her, and he repulsed her with a gesture of surprise and anger. Mistress Gardette, anticipating a scene of violence, fled in dismay, calling upon her guest to follow her. But Mistress Eades, conceiving what was required, with ready precision, stood her ground, inviting the confidence of the sick man by gently extending her hand for him to take, and by composing her features and her figure, not as a commander or an aggressor, but as a suppliant, or rather as a friend.

By slow degrees the frenzy faded from the husband's face, his features became placid, and his eyes regained a little of their native expression. He turned his gaze aside and in a moment submitted to be led to his resting-place. He sank into it with a long and painful sigh, an utterance that was half sane and half mad, and that more nearly brought down the pitying tears of the wife than any other incident that had happened during her recent ministrations.

Now that all was secure, her quick and graceful hand restored calm and beauty to the room, as it had restored peace to the disturbed man. The light was lowered, flowers were brought, a gentle breeze was let in, and order reigned once more.

The wife said to herself, "If I can only make you close your eyes, dear boy, then I shall be happy; rest, and you will recover quickly."

Quarter of an hour later, Mistress Gardette, hearing no further noise, approached the door. She beheld the invalid lying upon his side, with one slender hand beneath his head and the other extended, as was his custom, over the coverlid. The pale wife, nearly as wan as her husband, sat plying her fan above his face, extending her arm, and keeping even the skirt of her dress with great care from contact with the bed. She knew that the smallest touch could produce a great disturbance at such a critical moment.

Mistress Gardette perceived once more in the weary face of her guest that ineradicable glow that had already so often startled her. She now contemplated it with profound attention. She saw that the eyes and the lips, though set in the midst of features so dragged and discolored by labor and anxiety that they resembled those of death, were brilliant and mobile with an inward life. She recognized afresh the presence of an indomitable something that had preserved its entirety in spite of all, and she dwelt upon it with humility. In a few moments she turned about and went somewhat rapidly into the garden, passing into a small lattice-house that was covered by a screen of roses called the Cloth of Gold.

She spent an hour in tears and meditation, saying at intervals, in a low voice, "I *must* believe it; it is true; there can be no deception; she deceives neither herself nor me. I am living with her, not in advance of her; yesterday I was older than she, but now I am as young. She smiles, and I weep; but it is all alike, all the same. The vision of my husband now fills a million eyes that have been opened in my breast. He shall return, if the good God wills."

When she returned to the house, she passed through the main hall-way. The doors at either end were open, and a fresh breeze laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers came in from the sun-lit gardens. She paused and reflected upon the closed doors, the silence, and the sad loneliness of the ancient house. She caught sight of her own sombre figure in a tarnished mirror that hung upon the wall. Could it be possible that joy might yet come to gladden her and her surroundings? It seemed impossible. The place appeared to be the very home of sadness.

At this instant the door of the sick-chamber opened, and Mistress Eades came forth. Her step was light and noiseless, her face was aglow, and she looked like an angel. She was filled with that gratitude that made her spirit spring up with a divine joy. Her weariness was dissipated. Her eyes were brilliant, her lips trembled. She was tender, lofty, radiant. She whispered, with her finger before her lips, —

"*He is sleeping!*"

Unparalleled concession of nature! Tremendous event, fit to mark an epoch in any life! After so many days of torture, relief had at last come to the wearied man; he had fallen into oblivion.

Mistress Gardette looked long at the glowing face before her. Then she exclaimed, "Ay, I say once more, it is true, it is real. I believe!"

A little while after, Eades summoned the venerable castaway from the North, and as the invalid quitted the house to

return once more to his cottage, the husband entered the door.

"It seems to me, my convalescent," said Mistress Eades, "that our prayer that a little of our joy might fall upon this strange land has been granted, and twice over."

"Yes, so it seems to me, — or at least it may have been the prayer; and yet a little human worth may have had something to do with it; but we won't go into that."

"No, please." Mistress Eades shook her head.

Albert F. Webster.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FAIR.

III.

THERE is no department in which so much artistic pretension is to be observed as in the British. Their china, much of it, affects the old styles of other countries and periods; their furniture is a distinct, resolute return to fashions of from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty years ago, with a view to expression; their wall-papers, carpets, and other matters of upholstery are controlled by the authority of South Kensington or the establishment of Messrs. Morris, Rossetti, and other artist-poets in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury. To criticise these tendencies would be to enter upon a discussion of the present condition of taste and even art in England, — a vexed question.

A careful examination of the results has brought me to the conclusion that there is an immense outward effort now in Great Britain towards æsthetic progress, without the smallest impulse or inspiration from within. There is a struggle, a strain, which it would seem must produce distortion and unnatural development. There is no simplicity, no originality; oddity and exaggeration are almost universal. With regard to the forms of the furniture, the people who pride themselves — and justly — on their special comprehension of comfort, have been laughing for a long time at the straight-backed, spindle-shanked chairs and sofas of their forefathers, which seemed to refuse themselves to an average rotundity. Having spent a great deal of pains in getting the shortest legs, deepest seats, widest arms, and softest padding which could bring the art of lolling to perfection, they suddenly revert to semi-classic shapes of genteel inconvenience and elegant constraint. To accommodate themselves to such chairs and couches there must be a marked reform in their manners and bearing. But in truth it is an absurdity, and its causes are nearly all to be found in false æsthetic notions. In the higher branches, too, we find nothing but imitations, adaptations, and affectations, even where the pre-Raphaelite school indulges its quaintest conceits. The Lambeth pottery, of the Doulton works, is an exception, but it struck me in its more ambitious examples, such as the great terra-cotta pulpit and font, as only fit to fill a place in some of the attempts to modernize Gothic architecture. To appreciate the absence of artistic merit in them it is only necessary to compare their figures and faces with the red clay groups of Norman fishermen and fisherwomen by M. Blot, in the French department. The Elkington ware attracts a great deal of admiration, and it is sumptuous in richness of both material and work: steel and bronze inlaid with precious metals, or the most elaborate *repoussé* work in silver and gold, hammered out by hand to an extreme point of relief and finish. It is splendid, it is superb, and yet — and yet — if we wish for a clew to our dissatisfaction let us turn

from the Helicon vase, or the Paradise Lost shield, to the case in which are exhibited fac-simile duplicates of classic, or Renaissance, or ancient Oriental models. There is upon all the modern productions that industrial, mechanical stamp destructive to the rarity and costliness which properly belong to works of art that are also objects of luxury. None of them looks unique. But these are free from the vicious quality which pervades whole fields of manufacture and invention, and which is condensed, so to speak, in the pavilion of the South Kensington School of Needlework. That it is effective cannot be denied, but after all how bad it is! Such flowers and fruit grow only in the gardens of the Night Hag; they remind us of the blossom in Hawthorne's Rappaccini's Daughter, or the pomegranate in the Arabian Nights which was an afrite, and the seeds of which changed into fish. It makes Mr. Walter Crane's forlorn and foolish virgins the more pitiable that one can count the stitches in their noses. The worst of this school is the undeniable fascination which it exercises over the judgment and faculties; one ends by expecting to walk abroad and see the meadow-flowers with heads askew and leaves akimbo emblazoned on a heraldic green field.

But in spite of these aberrations, the English are immensely in advance of us in all that makes a dwelling comfortable and attractive to the eye. Their little specimen rooms, papered, painted, carpeted, and crowded with furniture by Shoolbred, or some other wholesale dealer at whom the initiated would sniff, have a coziness and charm which the handsomest of our American houses do not attain. There is in the present fashion everywhere too great a breaking up of surfaces and planes, too little breadth and repose for the body or glance; and the English are a great way ahead of us on a wrong track. But if we could find their starting-point, get at the secret which underlies all the rubbish, and learn how to give our houses the homelike air which belongs to all their abodes (above those of poverty), we should have gained enough to repay us for whatever our Exhibition may cost.

All this has not been seen in a day. Meanwhile the Centennial has gradually gained possession of Philadelphia; it is the focus of existence here, the paramount interest and occupation. The formula by which a lady is excused to a visitor is no longer "Not at home," or "Engaged and begs to be excused," but "At the Centennial," or, with the scrupulous, "Has been at the Centennial all day, and is very tired." The influx of strangers increases, and Philadelphia, which at this season is usually bagging up furniture in linen and closing her window shutters, is now opening her doors and lighting her halls in honor of her guests. The new University buildings and the Academy of Fine Arts have given opportunity for receptions to the commissioners and judges. The long suites, large and lofty rooms, and great staircases, where may be a multitude without a crowd, and the presence of so many men of distinction and mark, gave these entertainments a peculiar dignity and ease. The fine gallery which overhangs the stairway in the Academy, brilliantly lighted, with rows of handsome women beautifully dressed leaning over the balustrade, recalled to those coming up the steps some of Titian's and Tintoretto's festal scenes, minus the color. But that element ("the noblest gift of God to man," as Mr. Ruskin calls it somewhere) has been flooding our pale-hued thoroughfares lately; processions of soldiers are as common a feature as if we were a military people, and the grand parade of the Knights Templars, to the number of seven hundred, mounted and caparisoned with due regard to the splendid suggestions of their name, was a very gorgeous spectacle, even if to the mind it smacked of the ridiculous. A foreigner with the artistic temperament, and long acquaintance with this and many other countries, predicts that we are to excel in this particular line of picturesque show and effect, and says that our attempts are far superior to those of the English, — the sun and sky also helping much. Public-spirited citizens with

long purses and fine houses have emulated the hospitality of the institutions. Dom Pedro has been rather the hero of these festivities. The plant which hedges an emperor does not grow in this country. Fortunately he has been much more concerned to see and hear everything than to protect his majesty, and he moves about among his republican hosts, the most active and inquiring of foreigners. There has been some reciprocity of civilities, giving us further opportunity of studying men and manners. The Brazilians, who have been great favorites in Philadelphia society all winter, have a frigate in the Delaware, on which, before the great heat began, they gave a gay ball. They celebrate mass on deck with military music every Sunday, which has attracted some visitors: if the proposal of the officers to follow up their devotions with dancing, after good Catholic custom, was heard on shore, the Quaker city must have asked herself, like the old woman in the song and story, "If this be really I." The British commissioners gave a kettle-drum at their pretty head-quarters, St. George's House, as they call their cross-timbered cottage. But the event of the foreign society has been a wedding at the Exhibition. A hundred years hence it will be correct to give all the gossip and detail which can be gathered about this pretty incident. Now a mere picture of the scene is all that is permissible. To begin with, the evening was extraordinarily beautiful. Sunset in the west and a storm in the east mingled their hues mysteriously, and filled the atmosphere with a suffused light of magic richness in which the landscape gleamed like an enchanted region, and the hard-faced Philadelphia houses glowed with the soft intensity of Venetian palace-fronts; the mid-sky was like a strange, pure cerulean lake bordered by rippled sands of amber, over which hung a rainbow bridge; the western horizon was roseate, barred with heavy purple, fused and reflected below in the Schuylkill in a darker, ruddier mass of color, across which rolled black smoke with flashes of crimson, from earth-born uses, producing the most magnificent combination, like one of Turner's great canvases. The city-ward side of the Exhibition grounds has a fell glare, by night, from rows of gas-lit saloons of fanciful exterior; a pious pilgrim might deem it a street in Vanity Fair — not Thackeray's, but Bunyan's. But inside the gates it was fairy-land: lamps sparkling among the foliage up and down the soft knolls and dells, the vast dark outlines of the empty buildings defined by the subdued light within. Agricultural Hall, silent and deserted, with its cathedral-like roof and towers, all its windows aglow with mellow radiance, looked like a great church awaiting some mystic midnight rites. The marriage took place in the Judges' Pavilion. The body of the building is taken up by a great hall of fine proportions, with an arched and frescoed roof; an open-work gallery, handsome but not heavy, runs round three sides; at the upper end an arrangement of shrubbery, flowers, and flags improvised a sort of chapel or chancel, and the door at the lower end was draped with the American colors. The company divided into two lines on opposite sides of the room, leaving a wide space open down its entire length; and the light summer dresses of the women, the prevalence of uniforms, the stately, bland bearing of the foreigners of Latin race (which neither we stiff yet nervous American Angles, nor our British brethren, nor our cousins German ever wholly acquire) combined to give great elegance and distinction to the general aspect of the assemblage. It looked official, diplomatic. The absence of drawing-room details, which are generally conspicuous in all except church weddings, conferred a *grande air* on the occasion; seldom is a simple maiden so royally married. Mendelssohn's Wedding-March burst forth from an invisible band, and the bridal party entered the hall under the folds of the star-spangled banner, and swept up between the ranks of friends to where the clergyman was waiting for them. It was a pretty group: the minister in his Geneva gown and ruff; the graceful, girlish bride, pale and tremulous, but calm, with her crown of myrtle, a little queen's crown,

according to her national custom; the bridegroom in his uniform; a little withdrawn, the circle of the parents, the fresh-faced and white-robed bridesmaids, and more uniforms. The service, pronounced in Swedish, had a hearty, homely sound which gave a pleasant sense of remote familiarity even to those who understood not a word; the minister's hands laid each on the head of the newly married pair during the Lord's Prayer, which concluded the ceremony, added pathos and solemnity to his benediction. Then followed kisses between the bride and her parents and young friends, and a few embraces between the men, which looked strangely only to our eyes and those of the English, and which indeed struck me as very fitting at the moment. A little poem in Swedish, Greeting to the Bride and Bridegroom, written for the occasion, was distributed among the guests; tumblers of a sweet Swedish punch, made with arrack and most insidious in its potency, were offered for our undoing; and then it broke up into a mere wedding reception of unusual brilliancy. There was some talk of carrying out a lively Norse custom at the end of the evening: the bride, blindfold, plays at blindman's-buff with the bridesmaids; the one caught is to be the next to wear the myrtle crown. But the emotions of the day had been too much for the young girl; though wedded under the parental wing, and surrounded by friendly faces, she was too far from home, and her future lay too sundered from it, for her happiness to be perfectly joyous; so she declined the blind-man's buff, and the evening closed with a little dancing, to which the wide, smooth floor, cool, spacious hall, and charming music invited irresistibly. When we emerged from the pavilion with uncomfortable recollections of the ominous clouds, heavy as London fog, through which the lightning was playing two hours before, the summer moon was shining down from the most serene heaven and silvering the transparent vapors which hung lightly above the river. The drive back through the park was one of those simple things which stamp themselves on the memory for a life-time. The alternations of moonlight and shadow on the embowered roads, the calm masses of woodland mirrored in the water, the steady points of light on the shore reflected in long trembling lines, the quiet and loneliness, the sweet scent of new-mown hay mingling with the heavier perfume of catalpa and elder blossoms which gleamed white from the dark boskage, all joined in a silent epithalamium. One could fancy Cupid and Psyche hovering in the air to breathe their blessing on the nuptials.

The national anniversary, this year of jubilee, was not confined to the Fourth of July. Like the great sacred classic and Oriental festivals, it lasted for several days. The whole previous week rose towards it as to a climax; by Saturday it seemed as if system and sanity had come to an end. All the roads leading toward Philadelphia should have been marked by sign-posts, "That way madness lies." The railroad companies changed their hours from day to day, so that nobody could keep the run of them, and the ticket-agents resolutely refused the passengers time-tables, saying that they were printed exclusively for the use of conductors; besides which, the trains were all behind time, and rushed without stopping past platforms crowded with blank faces. The river steamboats, sunk deep in the water almost to a level with the lower deck by their loads, declined to touch at their appointed landings, where more crowds were waiting to come on board, the utmost concession being to near the wharf and allow adventurous passengers to jump ashore. In compensation, there was another train or boat the next minute. The express companies became for once objects of commiseration. Luggage was not delivered for thirty-six or forty-eight hours after the arrival of the hapless owners. Yet they could not complain when it was brought at last by haggard, spectral men, who had been up for two nights, with their magnificent horses reduced to subjects for the S. P. C. A. Hotels and private houses were so filled with distinguished people that one could not but speculate as to where the obscure

lodged; celebrities began to be cheap. Hackmen threw off the last semblance of restraint, and, defying tariffs, statutes, and ordinances, demanded their own prices, and got them. On Saturday the Fourth began. The principal ceremony of that day was held at Independence Hall by the Committee of Restoration. The object of these gentlemen has been to reclaim the old "State House" from the disfigurements and defilements which it had gradually incurred during its long occupation by the courts. They have restored it as nearly as possible to the appearance it presented when it was the theatre of that great act which announced the birth of a new nation, the child of freedom. The moving spirit in the undertaking was Mr. F. M. Etting,[1] one of those antiquaries who concentrate themselves upon a single epoch or point of the past, as some naturalists do upon a single species. His study is the early history of this country. The Committee of Restoration three years ago appointed a board for the foundation of a National Museum, to preserve the relics of our past from the casualties to which they are liable in private keeping, that they may form an open chronicle to be seen and understood by the whole country. There was peculiar fitness in the choice of Independence Hall as the receptacle for such a collection, being, as it is, the patriotic possession of the nation rather than of any one State or section. But it has been a heavy, and has seemed at times a hopeless task to carry out the project. The board began by trying to wake an interest in the subject throughout the country, and by appointing ladies as representatives in every State. If it be hard to find the right man, how much harder to find the right woman! Yet in most of the States she has been found. Others would have it believed that neither man nor woman in all their borders had any sympathy in the enterprise. Other difficulties followed; three years ago and less, many people were violently opposed to an international celebration, and would have nothing to do with an association which, notwithstanding all explanations to the contrary, they persisted in considering a branch of the Centennial Commission; others were ardent partisans of the latter, and would not encourage an independent body, however friendly. Some thought that there ought to be such a collection in every State, instead of one for the country at large; some thought there should be but one, and that Washington was the proper site for it. There was a general disposition to call it the Philadelphia Museum, and build objections upon the misnomer. There was a general indisposition to part with family pictures, plate, arms, papers, etc., which was not found to be less obstinate even when these treasures were not inheritances, but purchases or windfalls. Some who demurred at parting permanently with their relics were not more ready to do so on learning that the museum was designed to be in great measure a loan collection. It is the history of most beginnings.

Mr. Etting's first achievement was to restore Independence Hall to the aspect which it wore during the first Congress. The speaker's chair and table were replaced, and many of the members' chairs recovered, with no little pains, from the honor or neglect which had been their later portion; the walls were hung with portraits of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and of revolutionary army officers, many of them originals of great merit. Lately, too, that precious document itself, whose words and names are fading from sight while they are coming out stronger and brighter to reverence and remembrance, has been placed in the east chamber, framed and raised upon a stand, where thousands daily come to look upon it. The west chamber, now the National Museum, looks like an old curiosity shop; furniture, weapons, raiment, trinkets, silver, china, pictures, embroidery, parchments, are displayed there, with fragments and remnants such as find place in all similar collections. Each article has its legend, its link with notable people,

[1] We regret to say that, since the above was written, Mr. Etting's connection with the committee has ceased.

places, or events. There are some fine pictures, others not so good; a number of lovely miniatures, and the greater part of that interesting and charming gallery of likenesses called the Sharpless crayons. There are beautiful specimens of old lace and porcelain; also household stuff, wearing apparel, visiting-cards and cards of invitation bearing distinguished names; in short, material from which to reconstruct the domestic and social manners of the successive periods of our existence for two hundred years. There is an immense amount of personal interest and romance lingering about many of these tarnished and time-stained objects. Paul Jones's ale-mug, General Wayne's field-glass, the original pine-tree banner, with its thirteen mailed arms grasping the welded links, stir something beyond mere curiosity; far more do Faith Trumbull's biblical tapestry, and the tiny baby-clothes of John Quincy Adams, stitched with exquisite and patient fineness by his mother's hand, which could wield a pen not less ably.

The museum has been slowly gaining in public knowledge and favor, and even during the first meagre twelvemonth it drew hundreds of visitors daily. This year has given it a great impetus; the most generous gifts and loans have come from all parts of the country, in such quantities that the Academy of Fine Arts offered a room as an annex to the exhibition at Independence Hall, which overflowed with its treasures; while the rush of people thither has been too great to allow of much being seen by anybody. Here, on Saturday, the first of July (the real anniversary, falling on Sunday, being unavailable), was commemorated the day when the first signature was affixed to the Declaration of Independence, and when Washington issued a general order to the troops to prepare for immediate action; of which John Adams wrote on the morrow to his wife: "The second day of July will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America." The Committee of Restoration and the ladies of the National Museum board received the American authors and antiquarians who were in town, many of whom came from their own distant cities expressly to be present. One of Mr. Etting's desires has been to secure material for a history of Independence Hall, to which end he has endeavored to obtain, from those best qualified to prepare them, short biographical notices of the men prominent in the great measures enacted there, many of whom are forgotten in all but name. This was fixed upon as an appropriate occasion for presenting the manuscripts. Accordingly the guests assembled in the west chamber, "like the patriots of a hundred years ago," said Judge B—— of Philadelphia, "each with his life in his hand." Thence they passed into the east chamber, into the presence of that imposing circle of empty chairs, and stood under the gaze of the men who once filled them, —men who bequeathed liberty to their country, and in the fullness of time to the world. Mr. Etting, in a short, spirited address, which rang with the eloquence of enthusiasm, set forth the occasion of the meeting, the object of the National Museum, and what had already been accomplished. The regular ceremonies followed, beginning with a prayer by the Rev. W. W. Bronson, a descendant of the saintly Bishop White, the first Protestant Episcopal bishop of this country, long rector of Christ Church and St. Peter's, of Philadelphia, who presided at the convention which ratified the American Book of Common Prayer in 1789. Then the gentlemen and ladies who had brought the biographical notices were called up, and the subjects of their memoirs announced as the manuscripts were handed in. There was crowd, confusion, conversation, and an excitement so inseparable from the time, place, and moral condition of the audience, that description must fail to renew the impression. Yet imagination can easily guess the thrill with which bystanders heard the names of Ethan Allen, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, and many more such, called aloud, and saw living men go forward in answer. From Independence Hall the meeting adjourned to a vast platform over the south door, pro-

jecting into Independence Square, where several thousand people were assembled, while twice or thrice the number had gathered under the trees to listen to the speeches and the music. Little of either was audible to the majority of the spectators, yet nobody seemed dissatisfied; there was an accumulating fervor in the air, and people found their own emotions enough for them.

Of all the music which the Centennial commemoration has called forth, the most absolutely, completely successful composition is Paine's Hymn. It is a large, serious melody, in the best style of sacred music; connoisseurs cannot find fault with it, while its strain, at once elevated and popular, is easily comprehended and caught by the mass; it has some of the grandeur of Old Hundred, with more depth of meaning, better expressing the introspective bent of the modern mind even in prayer and thanksgiving: it nobly answers to Whittier's noble words. It is already a fixed fact; everybody understands, knows, sings it; it is recognized at the first bar, and accepted with Hail Columbia and The Star-Spangled Banner. On these great national days it has been disappointing, and to some degree painful, to listen vainly for those familiar tunes, which seem to be superseded by a nonsensical adaptation of an Irish patriotic air, and a still more absurd one of God save the Queen. But if our national anthems are to lose the place they have so long held in our hearts and on our lips, we are doubly fortunate in having this fine hymn in the very hour of their decline, possessing, moreover, the advantage of being wholly American, in both words and music. Next to the triumphs of patriot-heroes and statesmen, we can fancy no higher, purer joy for a man who loves his country than the consecration of his inspirations to her service and glory by the universal voice of his countrymen. Whittier has spoken the best feelings of Americans so often and so well that his last lofty and beautiful verses are like the Nunc Dimittis of his serene old age. To a man like Mr. Paine, who hitherto had won the suffrages of the initiated principally, this sudden unanimous recognition, so early in his career, should fill his soul with a high, exultant happiness not often vouchsafed to mortals save in some supreme culminating moment.

All Sunday the bright summer sky echoed with salvos, and flags waved and fluttered like the floating over of clouds, the flutter of leaves, the flight of birds; they were everywhere. For many people now living the first days of July will always revive one recollection above all others. There must be few Pennsylvanians of the present generation to whom they do not recall the beginning of July, 1863, when the battle of Gettysburgh held the country in suspense for three mortal days and nights, while the hours were counted by telegrams. The issue was momentous to the whole North, to this State and city it was vital; when the morning of the fourth brought the decisive news, it was not victory which Philadelphia celebrated, but deliverance. Many of the churches were open for early prayer on those terrible days, when ordinary existence had come to a standstill and living was limited to hope and fear; the few men who had remained behind were there with the women; it was on coming out from service on the morning of the fourth that the tidings of Meade's victory met us in the street. On Monday, July 3, 1876, there was a very interesting and solemn service at Christ Church, the oldest Episcopalian church in the State. It was founded in 1695, and American independence was recognized on the day of its proclamation, by the rector (then chaplain of Congress) and vestry; it was the church attended by the president as long as Philadelphia continued the seat of government. The absence of an established church, and still more the lack of a great consecrated building capable of containing masses of people, will always interfere with general religious celebrations; those held in the open air want the impressiveness of sacred limits. The high, old-fashioned pews of Christ Church were packed close, and the staircases leading to the galleries served as tiers of seats, yet the assemblage did not ex-

ceed by many hundreds the usual congregation. Still, it was very different from an every-Sunday audience; at the sight of the open doors and sound of the chimes, people poured in from the streets eager to join in what was going forward; this had been foreseen, and the regular places had been long occupied; there was an interval of expectation the very opposite in effect to the ordinary quarter of an hour before service. The well-known contagion of excitement is almost invariably promoted in a crowd by movements, shouts, cheers, slight incidents, sayings struck from an electric mind which flash hither and thither and become watch-words: in Christ Church it was a congregation, not a crowd, and it was silent and stationary; yet waves of magnetic sympathy passed over the meeting; thoughts of the century fulfilled and memories of thirteeen years ago mingled in a flood of meditation and thanksgiving which rose higher and higher as the bells pealed and the worshipers flocked in, until at last, when the long procession of bishops and clergy swept up the aisle, and the organ and choir broke out with —

"Our fathers' God, from out whose hand,"

the tide had reached its height, and turning spread in swift currents of emotion over the hearers.

Parades had begun at an early hour; the railway trains were bringing regiments from every direction, the streets were blocked to see them pass, the air resounded with the strident music of military bands. They were all greeted with hearty welcome and applause, and fine new banners with garlands and streamers gleamed over the heads of the crowd; but whenever a continuous huzza followed the line of march down the sidewalks, rising into a roar as it drew near, it heralded certain torn and faded colors, memorials of the men who had brought it to pass that the nation was keeping its feast as one. Receptions, ceremonies, festivities, were going on all day long and throughout the evening. Night came with illuminations and a torchlight procession; the whole population sat on the roofs, or at windows, or on door-steps, or thronged the sidewalks, until hours after the bell of Independence Hall boomed midnight, thus merging the third in the fourth.

The heat had been increasing for a week, and the morning fairly blazed, although great white clouds now and then cast compassionate shadows, and a fresh breeze flapped the bunting and canvas of the awnings; but I do not believe that it kept a single person at home; nothing was counted a drawback on that day, and not only were all the inhabitants of Philadelphia in the streets, but hosts from elsewhere. In spite of this prodigious concourse there was no disorder; and those who had invitations to the ceremonies at Independence Hall — for it was decided to hold them there, and not at the Exhibition — reached it without difficulty. The platform and square presented the same spectacle as on Saturday, with numbers indefinitely multiplied and a more intense enthusiasm. Again the music and speaking were lost to everybody except a few score on the reporters' benches, but again they were felt to be a subordinate part of the occasion; the fact of being there, the sight of the multitude, the sense of what it meant, were the chief sources of enjoyment. So there is no need to speak of Dr. Holmes's hymn, nor of Mr. Dexter Smith's chorus, nor of the vice-president's address. The president's absence put the finishing stroke to the sum of his offenses; it was the most condensed yet crudest statement of his estimation of the dignity of the country, the occasion, and his office. The credit of the day and nation could only gain by his absence; his own suffered as far as he has left room for it to lose. We will not dwell upon it. One must be thoroughly ungrateful and ungenerous not to feel that the course of President Grant gives cause for sorrow far deeper than any anger or disgust it may excite.

Very few words of anybody's were heard that day. Mr. Bayard Taylor's clear, agreeable delivery now and then sent a couplet of his ode chiming through the remoter circles of his audience; but most of us forebore to strain our ears,

and waited to see it in print, as well as Mr. Evarts's oration, the force and grasp of which could only be guessed from the pale, powerful face he turned from time to time upon the thousands pressing on every side to catch a sentence. The climax of the rites was when Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, standing where Leverett Saltonstall had stood on Saturday and told us about his Puritan ancestors, read the Declaration of Independence from the original manuscript. At the sight of that creased and discolored paper the shouts of the vast assembly burst forth. It was held up towards the square, and the people shouted again and again with a mighty acclamation. "Turn it round!" rang from the platform: it was turned towards them, and the shouts went up anew. It was a great sight, a great sound, the heartfelt reverence and rejoicing of a nation.

The rest of the day was spent in company with two hundred thousand fellow-beings at the Exhibition, where it was cooler than anywhere else. The great halls wore a more varied and animated aspect than usual; the uniforms of the military and religious associations, some of which were very pretty and effective, scattered color and costume thickly through the crowd, and made up for the want of foreign picturesqueness which has been so often lamented. A strong desire for a fancy dress combined with remarkable readiness to be satisfied was to be observed. I saw one old man apparently quite complacent with the effect of a green feather in addition to a common black felt hat and his every-day clothes. The standard-bearers of different companies walked about through the crowd, with their flags wrapped round the long lance-headed pole, as unconcernedly as if it were as convenient for themselves, and others, as carrying an umbrella.

Being strongly drawn that day to whatever was especially American, Machinery Hall was my chosen field of inspection. The place makes an extraordinary impression upon everybody, and probably those who understand nothing of what they see are more imaginatively affected than those who know all about valves and pistons. The predominating impression is that of manifold movement. One is amazed to see how many sorts of motion there are, and how they can be expressed by those soulless, senseless machines. Besides the slow and swift, the tremendous and insidious, there are others which do not convey the idea of powers and properties, but of emotions; persons unfamiliar with the varieties of machinery think of its action as regular and steady, but here one sees it not only quivering and tremulous, but startled, spasmodic, convulsive. Some of them in discharging their functions seem to be guided by an infallible instinct, like intelligent brutes; others, by reason and reflection: they pause, they ponder, then they do. The action of some is facetious and jocose, like a broad grin in iron or steel; some members of the meat-choppers look as if they were executing a double-shuffle out of sheer hilarity. There are bands which glide and coil as noiselessly as serpents, and in other directions one sees a wild grace inconsistent with the laws and purposes of machinery: above one of the agricultural implements a long strip or scarf of tricolor waved and flickered like flame, while below, through a small square of glass set like a window in the side of the wooden case, could be seen a handful of little parti-colored ribbons, slim as leeches standing on their tails, dancing a weird dance by themselves, like daylight will-o'-the-wisps. Nowhere else are the triumphs of ingenuity, the marvels of skill, so displayed and demonstrated; there is something at once sublime and infernal in the spectacle. Machines claim nothing for themselves, they make no boast, but silently perform their task before your eyes; the mode in which it is effected is a mystery; the spools, shuttles, spindles, are there, so is the raw material; one sees the means and the result, but the process is invisible and inscrutable as are those of Nature; even where it lies bared before you there is a point, the turning-point, where it eludes observation. Surely here, and not in literature,

science, or art, is the true evidence of man's creative power; here is Prometheus unbound.

Long contemplation of the machinery induces an oppression which must weigh heavily on the more sensitive operators. The huge swing of the Corliss engine, the heavy fall of the watery sheet which closes the south transept, the ceaseless, multifarious motion from which the eye cannot escape, the pursuing thought of so much intricacy, complexity, and above all brain-toil, beget at last overwhelming weariness. A young girl among the assistants was apparently overcome by it; she sat succumbing, a red bow in her hair being evidently the final touch, the feather which broke the camel's back.

As the long day drew to a close, the Schuylkill became a crowded highway. The river was covered with little steamers no bigger than punts; long, slender, club racing-boats, with their crews in scarlet, blue, or cream-colored shirts; little row-boats, often manned but by two, one of whom wore white muslin and was crowned with ferns or flowers; and low, heavy barges, on whose decks reclined pleasure-seekers bare-headed to the evening breeze. Many of them were shaded by striped awnings, and every rope and spar was alive with flags and pennons, as if myriads of bright birds had alighted on them. The sunset was gorgeous and ominous, and the water gave back the splendor of the sky in deep geranium dyes. A display of fireworks was to be given at Fairmount, the extremity of the vast park which touches the town. In approaching it from the west bank, the slopes were seen to be covered with an innumerable crowd; no huddling flocks, or serried battalions, or even close growth of bushes over wide campaign or moorland, ever gave me such a sense of countless hosts. They came streaming out of all the streets by hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands, each avenue pouring forth its human torrent, to which as far as eye could reach there was neither break nor end. It looked as if the population, not of the city or State, but of the entire continent, were gathering together. And what a muster of well-dressed, well-behaved, good-humored, happy people! That peaceable, prosperous burgher multitude might well stand for our whole folk in its best aspect. It was unlike anything I ever beheld in this country or any other. Legions of police could not have restrained them if there had been the least disposition to riot or panic; but in the thirteen hours we passed in the streets, squares, park, on steamboats, railway trains, and horse-cars, none of our large party witnessed one disorderly act, heard a coarse or angry word, or saw a single tipsy person. It was a grand and memorable spectacle. The solemn import of the day had penetrated the masses. There was no excitement, no exuberance of spirits or merriment, but a universal expression of gladness and rejoicing. This, and the tenor of the public speeches, and the temper in which these were received, were the pleasantest and most hopeful signs an anxious American could have asked. The lessons of the last few years have not been thrown away upon the national conscience. There was no self-glorification or arrogance; our great blessings, our prosperity, our good fortune, our high promise were remembered joyfully and gratefully, but no one said: "By the strength of my hand have I done it, and by my wisdom."

RECENT LITERATURE.

If the literary quality of this history[1] were equal to its mechanical execution, it would leave nothing to be desired in the way of excellence. The maps, in particular, deserve especial commendation, alike for their accuracy of detail and the beauty of their execution. In both respects they are unsurpassed by any battle maps with which we are acquainted. An illustrated paper on Block Houses as a means of Defense, by Colonel W. E. Merrill, of the United States Engineers, supplements the work. As these structures were relied on to defend the bridges and railroads by which the Army of the Cumberland maintained its lines of communication, this memoir, by the officer under whose supervision they were built, is particularly valuable. It explains the method by which they were made so completely successful that an army of one hundred thousand men was supplied for an entire season, over a single line of railroad nearly four hundred miles long, running through a hostile country, without the loss of a single ration.

The Army of the Cumberland was the centre of the national army, in the recent rebellion. This history, therefore, to be worthy of its theme, should relate all that properly belongs to the life and fortunes of such an army, from the causes that led to its being called into existence to the issues which permitted its dissolution. To the production of such a history, no comparison or collation of official reports, however exhaustive, is adequate. Such documents no more paint the life or interpret the spirit of an army than an array of tailors' dummies present us the real man. Chaplain Van Horne has contented himself with trying to make a history by narrating in chronological order the events in which the Army of the Cumberland took part. This he has done with industry and fidelity. Probably no inaccuracies which affect the details of the story can be found in the whole work, and a great many facts are given which have never before been brought into a connected narrative. But the philosophical qualities of mind, without which history cannot be written, seem to be lacking in Chaplain Van Horne. His work is therefore deficient not merely in those characteristics marking great military historians, like Napier, and Kinglake, and even the Comte de Paris, by which they are enabled to group together in logical order all the essential facts, and to assign to each its natural place and importance, but also in the less vital but not less attractive distinctions of style and literary expression. Indeed, he seems to lack what might be called mental perspective. Hence it is difficult to acquire a satisfactory understanding of those underlying general facts without which there can be no correct knowledge of special and particular ones. To take an example at random, on page 184, vol. i., occurs this sentence: "On the 29th of September, Major-General Thomas received an order at the hands of Colonel McKibbin, aid-de-camp to General Halleck, commander-in-chief, assigning him to the command of the Army of the Ohio, but at his request General Buell was retained. The day following, General Thomas was announced as second in command." Every portion of this statement is literally true. But it utterly fails to convey — what a complete history should do — the least clew to a reason why it was deemed advisable to relieve General Buell, or why it was so immediately afterward decided to retain him. There is no previous hint of dissatisfaction with that general. And yet more than six weeks previous, on the 18th of August, while army head-quarters were at Huntsville, Alabama, and before Bragg's plans had been fully developed, indeed, before he had crossed the Tennessee River, so much dissatisfaction had been expressed at the supposed slowness of General Buell's movements, that the latter telegraphed to General Halleck: "I beg that you will not interfere in my behalf. On the contrary, if dissatisfaction cannot cease on grounds which I think might be supposed, if not ap-

[1] *History of the Army of the Cumberland.* Its Organization, Campaigns, and Battles. Written at the request of Major-General George H. Thomas, chiefly from his private military journal and official and other documents furnished by him. By Thomas B. Van Horne, U S. Army Illustrated with campaign and battle maps compiled by Edward Ruger, late Superintendent Topographical Engineer Office, Head-quarters Department of the Cumberland. Two volumes and atlas. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1875.

parent, I respectfully request that I may be relieved. My position is far too important to be occupied by any officer on sufferance. I have no desire to stand in the way of what may be deemed necessary for the public good."

Either Mr. Van Horne did not know of the dissatisfaction here so plainly exhibited, — in which case he failed to make use of all available sources of information, or he put it aside as of no consequence, — in which case he shows himself unable to appreciate the full requirements of history. It is acquaintance with just such facts as he has here omitted which gives one the key to the real condition of things.

Deficiences of a similar nature are manifest all through this work, deficiencies for which no accuracy of detail can compensate. We can instance but a few: no mention is made of the appointment of Andrew Johnson as military governor of Tennessee, or of his acts as such; of the fortifying of Nashville by General Buell's orders, in July and August, 1862; of the death of General Nelson at Louisville; of the reasons which finally led to the retirement of General Buell and the appointment of General Rosecrans as his successor; of the military commission which was detailed by the war department to examine into and report upon the campaigns of the former in Kentucky and Tennessee; of the outspoken annoyance of the authorities at Washington over General Rosecrans's long delay at Murfreesboro', or of the anxiety of Rosecrans himself at the subsequent lack of co-operation on the part of General Burnside; of the examination into the conduct of a number of the generals commanding corps and divisions at the battle of Chickamauga; of the causes which led to the change of commanders in the rebel army after the battle of Missionary Ridge; or of the half-hearted support subsequently accorded to General Joseph E. Johnston by the Confederate chieftain.

It is also clear that Mr. Van Horne entirely misapprehends the situation of things in Kentucky during the operations of that portion of the army which was under the command of General Thomas, in December, 1861, and January, 1862. What he narrates is doubtless accurate in the main; but he does not see the whole field. The movement against the Confederate forces at Mill Spring, resulting in the defeat and death of Zollicoffer, was only an episode of the campaign, — not the chief object of the operations covering so vast a field. Mr. Van Horne evidently regards the efforts by which the incursions of the rebel army in Eastern Kentucky were checked as the leading features of General Buell's plan; and he gives the credit for them, by implication certainly, to General Thomas; whereas, in fact, these movements were entirely subsidiary; and, moreover, were wholly directed, except of course the manœuvres on the battle-field, by General Buell as the commander of the department. The book, in fact, is rather a history of General Thomas's connection with the Army of the Cumberland, with notices of its other commanders interjected, than a complete and comprehensive history of the army itself, based on information drawn only from the fountain-head, and after exhaustive research in every channel of intelligence. General Thomas deserves all the commendation he has ever received, but he did not command the Army of the Cumberland until more than two years after its organization. But whatever its faults and short-comings, we hope this history will be widely read, for it is the only one we are likely to have in this generation which embodies the story "of one of the grandest armies that ever battled for country or freedom, and which never, in its unity, gave but one field to the enemy, and even then gained the fruits of victory under the semblance of defeat."

— The law of demand and supply, a reference to which serves so often as a substitute for wisdom, is hardly adequate to account for the best literature, but its operations seem to extend over a wide range of books and even to affect so serious a class as the historical. It was natural to expect that the new interest in our national history should give occasion for the preparation of historical compends and paragraph histories, but one is tempted to look with suspicion upon a work projected on a large scale and professing thoroughness, which is put forth ostensibly to meet a "long-felt want." Perhaps it is hardly fair to accept as identical the expression of publisher and author, and in examining Bryant's Popular History of the United States[1] we think

[1] *A Popular History of the United States*, from the First Discovery of the Western Hemisphere by the Northmen, to the End of the First Century of the Union of the States. Preceded by a Sketch of the Prehistoric Period and the Age of the Mound Builders. By William Cullen Bryant and Sydney Howard Gay. Vol. I. Fully illustrated. New York Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1876

we discover a possible conflict between the projected idea of the work and its accomplishment. We do not mean that the publishers have proposed one thing and the authors disposed another, but that all the persons engaged upon it have in a measure allowed the work to shape itself, and that its shape is different now from what was deliberately planned at the outset. The word *popular* still clings to it as a memento of what the book was intended to be, and doubtless it describes tolerably well what the authors still intend, but what the period so far covered presents little opportunity for fulfilling, — a treatment which shall take full cognizance of popular forces and popular illustration of national life. So far as this first volume is concerned, the title "popular" is a misnomer. The pictures are here, some of them innocently imaginative, and the reader is not afflicted with the solemn style which once was regarded as necessary to heroic history. There is, however, no such concealment of the anatomy of history as belongs to a popular narrative, nor any manifest attempt to persuade the reader that history is as delightful as a novel.

The authors distinctly disclaim any purpose of making their work simply a re-arrangement of accepted facts. "It is not," they say, "a compilation from histories already written, but in its narrative of events and its representation of the state of our country at different epochs has derived its materials, through independent research, from original sources." That much labor has been expended in investigation is very clear, and the highest praise can be awarded to the conscientiousness of the authors, and to the judicial mind which they have brought to the task. In the sifting of evidence and the comparison of authorities they have shown a fairness and soundness of sense which are most important elements in historical writing; but they have made the reader a partner in their labors to an extent hardly justifiable in a popular history. One feels, as one reads, not so much the enthusiasm of the authors, which is the reader's right, as their labor and cogitation. He seems to be helping them examine authorities and settle disputed points, and unless he has a special interest in this task, which few have, his attention in reading is pretty sure to flag. We cannot get over the feeling that we are reading careful notes made for a history rather than history itself; as if the authors were only just a little ahead of each completed chapter, and working indefatigably to keep ahead, like the teacher of Sanskrit who began his study of the language a week before his pupils came.

Whether this be so or not, we miss that freedom of narrative which results from a full mind. We find but three passages which approach the humorous, and humor in its simpler forms is an excellent element in historical writing. The style indeed is clear, and refreshingly free from false dignity; it shows, we think, the constant influence of the senior author, whose nature and whose practice alike assert themselves in a truthful form of expression. This straightforwardness and manliness of tone are positive elements, but they do not preclude other important elements in historical writing which we miss here. We miss, for example, a certain sympathy with the varying narrative which, freely yielded to, displays itself in a subtle change of color; the romantic portions and the matter-of-fact annals are treated with scarcely a perceptible difference of color, and the result is that the reader does not find the authors interpreters of the human element in the history. He is not enthusiastic, for they are not; he does not pity, for they do not; and he follows them through the slender footpaths of our early history, as they put aside the trees and bushes, with very much the same care for his own sureness of step, and with just as little admiration for the vistas or sudden glimpses of landscape, as the writers themselves have.

But there is a more serious defect in the book than any relating to style or manner. The close scrutiny of individual facts is not favorable to broad groupings or just perspective, and we have constantly been disappointed, in reading this volume, by the failure of the authors to seize upon the larger facts of history, while intent, with praiseworthy conscientiousness, upon the minor and disputed facts. In their desire to think, historically, for themselves, and to found their statements upon original research, they have missed some well-accepted historical truths. Niebuhr says in one of his lectures that he is very suspicious of paradoxes, that it is the κοινὴ δόξη, the common opinion, which is to be relied upon in historical matters, meaning that the consensus of historians is to be respected beyond any striking view which has novelty for its chief merit. There is no tendency to paradox in this history, but there is a disposition to break away from the customary route of historians and

to avoid familiar aspects. This produces a desirable freshness, but it is also liable to conceal important historic processes. For example, the ordinary contrast between the Pilgrim settlement at Plymouth and the Puritan settlement in Massachusetts Bay is scarcely referred to, and the heading of the chapter, The Puritans, which refers almost exclusively to the Separatists, is likely to mislead persons unfamiliar with Puritanism in English history. It is possible that future chapters will treat more particularly of the relation subsisting between the New England colonies and the mother country, but the opportunity is lost for calling attention to the significant change of base by which the government of the colony in Massachusetts Bay was transferred from London to Boston; so, too, the marked importance of the personality of John Winthrop is not yet pointed out, though his accession was undoubtedly intimately connected with the transfer. We point out these instances not for any singular or grave omission, but because they seem to us to indicate an undue interest on the part of the authors in petty facts, and a neglect of leading and momentous ones. In reading this portion we constantly wish that the authors had kept more distinctly before the reader's mind the fact that American history so far was in reality a part of European history, and can be truthfully related only by a person who takes his stand now on one side, now on the other, of the Atlantic. There is a disposition to regard the facts too exclusively with reference to their American aspects, and if this policy is carried out we shall miss the best lessons which history has to give us, lessons which show our connection with the world's history and not our independence of it. We cannot help thinking that a truly popular history would have indicated those undercurrents of race, law, and institutions which make the nexus of the New World with the Old, and act as interpreters of the later history, wrought out under more separate influences.

It is unfortunate that we are called on to read a single volume of the four that are promised. It is by no means impossible that in the later volumes the same conscientiousness when dealing with more familiar facts will be united with a more comprehensive grasp of the leading lines of historical development, and we shall look for such a result. But the present volume is an illustration of the fact that an abiding history grows, and is not made to order; that a popular history may be the better for springing from a popular impulse, but that it cannot maintain its character and fulfill its purpose while the authors are striving for the more enduring qualities of a scientific history.

— Of the great modern philosophers, that one of whom least is known is William Herschel. This is a real loss to our generation, and one we can ill afford to suffer. We may appropriate the words which escaped him when the barren region of the sky near the body of Scorpio was passing slowly through the field of his great reflector during one of his sweeps, to express our own sense of absence of light and knowledge: *Hier ist wahrhaftig ein Loch im Himmel.* He was born of humble parents in Hanover in 1738; he was educated by his father, a musician, to be himself a musician, and at the age of twenty-one he went to England to seek his fortune. In 1765 we find him as organist at Halifax, and the next year as organist of the Octagon Chapel, Bath. Here he was a busy and successful man, conducting oratorios and concerts, writing anthems and glees, giving lessons to fashionable pupils and getting on in the world. He was occupied with Latin, Italian, and Greek, and the Opticks of Dr. Smith, attending the meetings of a philosophical society in Bath, and bringing out Judas Maccabæus, Samson, the Messiah, with an orchestra of one hundred performers; also writing four-part songs which when copied he could not spare time to send to the publishers.

A desire to possess a telescope having been baulked by the necessary expense, he proceeds to make one for himself; successful in this, he makes and sells others, and by rare good fortune in 1781 he finds the planet Uranus, called by him Georgium Sidus, in honor of his king. He was speedily named Royal Astronomer, and from this moment the world knows but little of his life as a man. He lived in his observatory, and from his forty-third to his eighty-fourth year he only left it for a short time every summer, to go to London, to submit his classic memoirs, carefully copied out for him by his sister, to the Royal Society; and even for these occasions he chose the period of moonlight nights when no observations could be made. Almost all that was known of the private life of Herschel is told in these few lines, and the natural de-

[1] *Memoir and Correspondence of Caroline Herschel.* By Lady Herschel. With Portraits. London: John Murray 1876

sire to know something more of England's great philosopher remained quite unsatisfied. Fortunately Lady Herschel, the wife of Sir John Herschel, his son, has given to the world the memoirs of Caroline, the youngest sister of Sir William, his companion and assistant in all the splendid researches and discoveries which have made him famous.

To the admirer of William Herschel this book will be precious; nowhere else can he learn so much of his private history, of his energy in all pursuits, of his enthusiasm for astronomy, of the ardor of his spirit. The student of his wonderful series of papers in the Philosophical Transactions must admire him, delight in his genius, almost revere the clear-sightedness and philosophical tact of his mind; to learn to love him, he must be seen as he is portrayed by the faithful hand of his sister. Her naïve notes were meant only for the eyes of her nephew, and were written to beguile the weary years of her later life in Hanover, — the twenty years she spent in waiting for death to take her from a world which was no longer lovely to her, since her brother was no longer in it to demand her devotion and her aid.

After his discovery of Uranus in 1781, it was not long before Herschel was called to present himself to the king. While the plans for his appointment as Royal Astronomer were in progress, he wrote from the court to his "Dear Lina" very fully. His first letter closes thus: "All my papers are printing, with the postscript and all, and are allowed to be very valuable. You see, Lina, I tell you all these things. You know vanity is not my foible, therefore I need not fear your censure." And again, in his next letter from the court, "I pass my time between Greenwich and London agreeably enough, but am rather at a loss for work that I like. Company is not always pleasing, and I would much rather be polishing a speculum. . . . To-morrow I dine at Lord Palmerston's, next day with Sir Joseph Banks, etc., etc. Among opticians and astronomers nothing now is talked of but *what they call* my great discoveries. Alas! this shows how far they are behind, when such trifles as I have seen and done are called *great*. Let me but get at it again! I will make such telescopes, and see such things — that is, I will endeavor to do so." At the court, Herschel was received warmly, and he exhibited his telescopes to good effect; on one occasion when the sky was overcast he displayed his ingenuity and tact by replacing the real Saturn of the sky by a pasteboard model, which he illuminated by a lantern so that "the effect was fine, and so natural that the best astronomer might have been deceived."

As the result of this stay Herschel was appointed Royal Astronomer on a salary of two hundred pounds a year — as Sir William Watson exclaimed, "Never bought monarch honor so cheap" — and soon removed to a house at Datchet, near Windsor. Here much of his time was wasted in exhibiting his telescope to the royal party at Windsor, and in transporting it to and fro between the two places, for his nights were devoted entire to his astronomy; it was his constant habit to observe till daylight at all seasons. From Datchet, Herschel soon moved to Clay Hall, near by, and again in 1786 a final move to Slough was made. "The last night at Clay Hall was spent in sweeping till daylight, and by the next evening the telescope stood ready for observation at Slough." In this ardent way Herschel "minded the heavens" for thirty years, when, broken in health and spirits, he died in 1822, tended to the last by the faithful hands of his sister, who left England at once to go to her old home in Hanover, there to die, as she supposed.

The simple story of her life is as noble in its way as the more exalted history of his. From her earliest childhood she adored her brother William, and on the mere suggestion that she might be sent to England to remain two years with him, if only she could be spared from her duties at home, she set about knitting for her mother and brother "as many cotton stockings as would last two years at least," and making "prospective clothes for them." At last she went to Bath and became a successful singer in the oratorios conducted by her brother, copying music for him, "lending a hand" in the work-shop, in the observatory, anywhere where she could be of use, but always with the profoundest humility of spirit. "I was a mere tool which he had the trouble of sharpening." But the tool had the true temper. She acquired a knowledge of astronomical calculation, she assisted in the manufacture of specula, and was Herschel's constant companion in the severe labors of observation which he undertook. When he was away from home she computed for him all day and minded the heavens for him at night, discovering independently no less than *eight* comets, *five* of which were first

seen by her, and many nebulæ. Best of all, though least conspicuous, she introduced the greatest order in the record of his nightly work, copying and re-copying, computing and re-computing, verifying and checking everything, so that the value of that labor is immensely enhanced. Her devotion in everything was complete: after a severe accident to herself while assisting her brother at the telescope, she speaks of the "comfort" she had in knowing that "my brother was no loser, for the remainder of the night was cloudy." Again, in her diary: "May 3d. I intended to pay a long promised visit to Mrs. G——, but found my brother too busy with putting the forty-foot mirror in the tube. . . . Therefore I postponed my journey till I was sure I should not be wanted at home." "January 1, 1815. *Mem.* The winter was uncommonly severe. My brother suffered from indisposition, and I, for my part, felt I should never be anything else but an invalid for life; but this I very carefully kept to myself, as I wished to be useful to my brother as long as possibly I could." In 1819, a little note of Sir William's is indorsed in her tremulous handwriting: "I keep this as a relic! Every line, *now*, traced by the hand of my dear brother, becomes a treasure to me." She kept a commonplace book, in which she wrote out in full the answers which her brother gave her at breakfast, or in his few leisure moments, to her questions as to the mathematical formulæ she was to use in her computations, and the like. After her discoveries of comets, the publication of two of her works by the Royal Society, and the praise and recognition of her labors by astronomers all over Europe, she still writes, "I had the comfort to see that my brother was satisfied with my endeavors in assisting him."

She received in Hanover the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society, a gold medal from the government of Prussia, and notices of her election as honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society and the Royal Irish Academy. Of this last honor she writes to her nephew, "I cannot help crying out aloud every now and then, *What is that for?*" Again, "But I think it is almost mocking me to look upon me as a member of an Academy; I that have lived these eighteen years (against my will and intention) without finding as much as a single comet." Her days in Hanover were spent in the great labor of reducing to one epoch the observations of twenty-five hundred nebulæ made at Slough, and from her intellectual solitude there she writes that the heat has made "havoc in her brittle constitution." "At the heavens there is no getting, for the high roofs of the opposite houses;" "the few stars that I can get at, out of my window, only cause me vexation." She felt "the blank of life after having lived within the radiance of genius." The natural tendency to despondency in her disposition did not make her morose, nor take away her sprightliness. In response to a flattering letter from Maskelyne she says, "You see, sir, I do own myself to be vain, because I would not wish to be singular: and was there ever a woman without vanity? Or a man either? only with this difference, that among gentlemen the commodity is generally styled ambition." To her nephew (in whose work she took great pride) she says, "I fear you must often be exposed to great dangers by creeping about in holes and corners among craters of volcanoes, but you know best, and I hope you found something." "In 1787 I helped my brother to receive the Princess Lamballe, who came with a numerous attendance to see the moon, etc. About a fortnight after, her head was off."

In Hanover her life was quiet and uneventful. In her day-book the date when the Astronomische Nachrichten arrived is always noted. Great men occasionally wrote to her, and she kept her interest in their work to the last. "How I envy you having seen Bessel — the man who found *us* the parallax of 61 Cygni." Altogether we must be thankful for this book, which gives us information we can find nowhere else of the great philosopher, her brother, and which has introduced to the world another character, her own, which it could ill afford to be ignorant of. Lady Herschel in her touching preface to the work says truly, "Of the noble company of unknown helpers Caroline Herschel was one." Her portrait, the frontispiece of the volume, shows a strong and patient face. That of her brother in his early life is the most pleasing we have seen, far more full of the inner genius of the man than the later one published in 1823 by Henry Caxton. The text is defaced by many careless errors which good proof-reading should have eliminated.

— It is astonishing what pleasure may be derived from Mr. Hamerton's books by one who does not expect too much of them. He is a gentle and reflective egoist who

only asks of you to tolerate his mood and hear him out. He does not fatigue you by his brilliancy, nor reproach you by his superiority, nor excite you by his originality; but his observations are often acute and his judgments almost always fair. His artist's taste and training make him admirable in the description of natural objects; most admirable of all in depicting minute forms and drawing delicate distinctions. He always expects you to look at a large landscape with some slight reference to its effect on P. G. Hamerton, or to the effect of the latter in it; but he loves the landscape, and in the end he makes you love the painter. The present volume[1] is a convenient reprint of two previous ones which first appeared in a more luxurious shape, illustrated by numerous etchings of the author's own. The Sylvan Year is the story, under a light guise of fiction, of a year spent by Mr. Hamerton in that unfrequented part of rural France which lies between the vine-lands of Burgundy and the river Loire. The loveliest parts of his journal are those in which he analyzes the color of the landscape in that region, and describes its flora.

The voyage down the Unknown River loses more than the Sylvan Year by the absence of the etchings, which were all interesting, although of very unequal merit. But it is still more readable by one of quiet mind than the tale of most voyages of discovery.

— The aim of Mr. Klaczko, in his interesting volume,[2] is to unveil the mysteries of diplomacy, and to show that while Gortchakof and Bismarck put their two heads together and outwitted the whole of Europe, Bismarck was playing a still deeper game on his own account, and now laughs much and long in his sleeve when he thinks of the way he has hoodwinked Gortchakof, to whom he intends to give and always has given merely the shell of the oyster. In proof of the soundness of this hypothesis, which is considered a satisfactory explanation of the recent changes in European politics, Mr. Klaczko has written a very fascinating history of European diplomacy during the last twenty-five years. Naturally a good part of this history concerns itself especially with Bismarck, for whom this author, who has strong Austrian sympathies, entertains a very hearty hatred. It must be said, however, that he is far too wily a man to show his hatred too plainly; he has another end in view, the disclosing of his foe's designs, and he is too clear-sighted not to know that his heaviest blows would be those which baffled Bismarck by betraying his intentions. By representing Russia as the blind tool of Germany he doubtless hopes to kindle the jealous wrath of those Slaves who are opposed to Teutonic influence, and in this way to check the growth of German power. Certainly this book tends to arouse Russian distrust, but that the arguments he has collected are sufficient to convince an indifferent outsider cannot be affirmed. Too much stress, in our opinion, is laid upon the early connection between Gortchakof and Bismarck, and it is by no means conclusively shown that they grew to be great friends. "At Frankfort he (Gortchakof) took especial pleasure in the society of his Prussian colleague, a young lieutenant in the Landwehr, an entire novice in the diplomatic career, although marked out for such a prodigious destiny," is the sentence describing the beginning of the plotting between the arch-conspirators; to this is added, a few pages farther on, the statement that Gortchakof at Frankfort found "firm support in his colleague of Prussia;" and farther on still, this feeble substructure is magnified as follows: "Prince Gortchakof, as we have already seen, had made the acquaintance of, and maintained the most intimate relations with a colleague," etc. This is certainly not the way to write history, without giving the reader the testimony; and a slip like this has no other effect than to put the cautious reader on his guard against possibly more warrantable statements on the part of the would-be historian.

It should be said, however, that in unraveling the tangled web of diplomacy, Mr. Klaczko is invariably an entertaining, even if an uncertain guide. He, like many others, cannot forgive Bismarck for being ambitious, for trying to lift Germany into a place among the higher powers; and all his polite satire and amusing reading of history are used for decrying him. That Bismarck will find him a very serious enemy can hardly be supposed, for a man who always misleads his adversaries by stating exactly what he is going to do, as is the case with

[1] *The Sylvan Year, and the Unknown River.* By P. G. Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1876.

[2] *Two Chancellors: Prince Gortchakof and Prince Bismarck* By Julian Klaczko. Translated from the Revue des Deux Mondes, by Frank P Ward. New York: Hurd and Houghton Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1876

the German chancellor, will not stand in too great dread of exposure; and, moreover, he has too many burdens already on his shoulders to mind what every pamphleteer may have to urge against him. Indeed, what Mr. Klaczko has written is not so sure to redound to Bismarck's discredit as may have been desired; for at any rate his ability is not denied; and this book, at the best, only proves his skill in diplomacy. Those who regard Bismarck as a fiend, for defeating Austria in 1866, and the French in 1870, will regard this veiled attack as a most just punishment for a wicked and ill-spent life; those, however, who do not so utterly blame the course of Germany, will not dread this unflattering portrait of a great man; and all, whether they agree with Mr. Klaczko or not, will find his book entertaining.

The translation is on the whole well done, though there are places, here and there, which are marked by French rather than English idiom. For example, Bismarck's *mot* is not well given in this form: "Paris is too great a personage that we should treat it in this manner," etc. Moreover, was Mr. Eugene Schuyler ever "ambassador of the United States at St. Petersburg"? This, to be sure, is an error of the original writer, but should it not have been corrected by the translator? The foot-note, page 188, also needs revision. "The narration made by M. Thiers himself, some days later, *to the diocese of Orleans*," is an inaccurate rendering: what is meant is, what he said at the palace of the Bishop of Orleans.

— It is hard to see what there is of especial interest in the trip of a Centennial commissioner in Europe[1] that he should write a book about it. In this case, however, the commissioner is an editor of a paper to which he wrote very hurried letters, and at the request of flattering friends he weakly consented to publish them in book form. That the letters are of startling novelty or interest it would be hard to say, although there are few people who would find so little to blame in what they saw as did Mr. Forney. In his first letter he says, "I am more than ever impressed, as I see the good results produced by our noble American-built steamers, with their heavy freights, full complement of happy passengers, and excellent management, as to the paramount justice of protecting American manufactures." This testimony from so unprejudiced a witness is of great value, and when one considers how seasick and unhappy all the passengers sometimes are on the Cunard steamers, it may be said to be perfectly convincing. Perhaps Mr. Forney's enthusiasm appears most strongly in his mention of the notorious Weston's defeat of the English champion in a walking-match, which he visited in company with the late minister to England, General Schenck. "Lightly built, agile, pale, and firm, with a bright, flashing eye, he (Weston) looked a sort of young Antinous. He saw and recognized us, and with a flash of glad and grateful welcome repeatedly kissed his hand to us as he passed." This young Antinous "wore a velvet coat, jaunty hat, and white kid gloves, with top-boots of thin patent-leather," unlike the old Antinous, it will be noticed. But Mr. Forney's bubbling enthusiasm does not stop here; he goes on to say: "As we passed out of the great hall and heard the band and the shouts of the honest crowds, I could not help asking an American friend whether the lamented James Buchanan, while minister to England, with his chilling white cravat, or Charles Francis Adams, robed in his cold, ancestral mantle, would have gone out like Robert C. Schenck to mingle with the boisterous and somewhat perilous British crowd to offer comfort to a young American stranger in London, in the hour of his expected defeat, with no hope of his overwhelming triumph." One cannot help wondering what was the dress of our minister on that day when in company with Mr. Forney he found himself in an honest crowd. It is much to the credit of both these gentlemen that they were not more terrified.

Mr. Forney did not waste his time in pleasure alone; he had the interests of the Centennial Exhibition near his patriotic heart, and accordingly he visited the ex-empress of the French to ask her to "send some token of the interest she manifested in the Exhibition." It is hardly gallant of him, however, to begin his account of this meeting by mentioning the lady's age, although he does away with any possible evil impression by relating at some length the impression she made upon his susceptible heart. A captious critic on the lookout for errors might detect what Matthew Arnold would call the note of provinciality, in Mr. Forney's habit of bringing the people he describes vividly before his readers by mentioning the citizen of Philadelphia whom

[1] *A Centennial Commissioner in Europe.* 1874–76. By JOHN W. FORNEY, Editor of The Philadelphia Press. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co 1876.

they most nearly resemble. Thus, Mr. Charles Reade looks like "our William Sellers, of Philadelphia;" again, "I do not know how better to bring John Bright before you than to say he is not unlike John O. James, or Colonel Thomas A. Scott, with a pair of white whiskers running under the chin, and snowy hair." One more example must suffice: "There was a fine old Catholic priest, with a figure like Archbishop Wood and a face like Shelton Mackenzie, who alternately devoured the pages of the Revue de Monde (*sic*) and discussed politics with his neighbor." However convenient this habit may be to Philadelphians, to the countless readers of this volume in other parts of the world it cannot help being an unsatisfactory guide. Seriously, this book is a most depressing record of cheaply accumulated facts and the naïvest vulgarity, and that any attention should have been paid to the Exhibition by those who were brought into the presence of this commissioner speaks well for their good nature.

— Mrs. Dodge's volume, Theophilus and Others,[1] shows that she can write almost as entertainingly for grown people as she can for children, which is saying a great deal. This book is made up of a number of little stories of modest pretensions, and of essays which by no means exhaust the subjects considered, although they are for the most part bright and readable. Not all the contributions are of equal merit. The first one, Dobbs's Horse, describes, in a way with which many experienced readers can sympathize, the struggles of a city family in the country over more or less uncommendable horses. Theophilus is the husband whose impetuosity, laziness, and good nature are no more than distinguish a large class of that race, and the "others" referred to in the title are children; a Boston lady "of 'Mayflower' descent," who says: "I should really admire to have Annie become intimate with her;" a wild negro servant; an Irish servant who states in two pages her objections to the Chinese, etc.

Mrs. Dodge's humor is delightful; her sentiment is possibly a trifle tedious, as if the habit of writing for children had caused unnecessary and superfluous contempt for the intelligence of their elders, who also are expected to take their pathos watered. This is a trifling fault, however, and the volume, slight as it is, is sure to be liked.

— It may well be questioned whether the authors of the Wide, Wide World have added to their fame by this new novel.[2] In the first place, the story it tells is one of no marked merit or originality, and the way in which it is told is in the highest degree crabbed and unintelligible. There is such an air of pertness about every one of the speakers, — and the story is told almost entirely by means of conversations, — that the reader gets the impression that all the characters are referring to jests known only to themselves, as if he were overhearing private conversations.

As may be imagined, this scrappy way of writing soon becomes very tiresome from the difficulty the reader has in detecting the hidden meaning of these curt sentences. The book tells the love of Rollo for Wych Hazel, and indulges in gentle satire against parties, round dances, etc. The love-story is made obscure, Rollo's manners are called "Spanish," and he is in many ways a peculiar young man. We seem to be dealing much more with notes for a novel than with the completed product.

— It is hard to say anything about Miss Duhring's book which will not sound harsh.[3] For three hundred pages she expresses her opinion on Gentlefolks and Others, the others being Lovers of Nature, Letter-Writers, Foolish Virgins, Passionate Women, Authors, Egoists, Liars, Thieves and the Like, Confidants, etc. The general tone of these essays, in which the smoothness of expression is more marked than the profundity of the thought, may be gathered from this example: —

"There is a strong tendency in the present age to depreciate letter-writing.

"'Of what use?' cries the spirit of Utilitarianism. 'I have steam, electricity, commerce, and agriculture; I see our country growing in extent, wealth, and power. Are not these enough?'

"'Yes, more than enough!' retorts the spirit of Beauty. 'I grant you all your strength and influence; would do nothing to check your growth. But I, too, have my rightful place in the empire; one from which

[1] *Theophilus and Others.* By Mary Mapes Dodge, author of Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates, Rhymes and Jingles, etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1876.

[2] *Wych Hazel.* By Susan and Anna Warner, authors of Wide, Wide World, Queechy, etc., etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1876.

[3] *Gentlefolks and Others.* By Julia Duhring, author of Philosophers and Fools. Philadelphia: J B. Lippincott & Co. 1876

you cannot rightly exclude me. If you ignore this right, you will see how courageously I can defend my birthright!'"

It will be impossible, however, not to notice the inappropriateness of the remarks of both of these personified spirits; commerce, agriculture, steam, and growth in wealth and power have nothing to say against the writing of letters, and the spirit of Beauty seems to indulge in unnecessary threatenings.

Throughout the volume there is no lack of instances of similar virtue in missing of the point. The book is full of idle reveries of a superficial sort, expressed with great fullness, never rising to any important utterance, but keeping the dull monotone of those vague fancies which rarely, in such profusion at least, see printer's ink. Both the spirit of Beauty and that of Utilitarianism might make the book a text for some unpleasant remarks. Miss Duhring's theory of writing is a very dangerous one. Good writing is, according to her, "whatever you write without conscious effort, without knowing, when the pages are finished, what you have written." A saying better worth remembering is this, that easy writing is hard reading.

— The second volume of the Life of Lord Shelburne[1] opens with his being made Secretary of State in 1766. The office was then divided into the northern and southern departments, and Shelburne held the southern, which was by far the more responsible, including the management of home and Irish affairs, and the correspondence with the states of Western Europe, India, and the colonies. He was twenty-nine years of age, and devoted to the principles and policy of Lord Chatham. His enemies, like Walpole, called him Lord Chatham's *creature*, very falsely. Shelburne was never any man's creature. On the contrary, his eccentric and over-haughty individuality made him unpopular even among his friends, and robbed him of much of the consideration which he should have won by the consistent liberality of his views and his patient devotion to what he considered the public weal.

The time was a stormy one in English politics. Ireland was unusually vicious and discontented; the American colonies were on the eve of their final revolt; the affairs of the East India Company had assumed a most threatening aspect; and the other great European powers — France under the ministry of the ambitious and able Duc de Choiseul, Spain through her wily minister Masserano, Prussia with an unsatisfied private grudge against England, — were eagerly watching for the moment when they might best take advantage of Great Britain's internal troubles. At the head of the administration was the brilliant and unscrupulous Charles Townshend, the leader of what was known as the king's party, who encouraged George III. in every aggressive and implacable whim, especially toward the American colonies. Townshend also desired to flatter the East Indian magnates by opposing all schemes for the limitation of their revenues and the curtailment of their power, and whatever was lost to the general revenue of the country in this way he proposed to make up by increased taxation of the transatlantic states. Against such a policy Shelburne struggled as best he might. His letters on American affairs, despite the inveterate clumsiness and obscurity of style which he never, save in moments of very indignant eloquence, quite overcame, seem models of fairness and common sense; and he strove manfully to have what were called the territorial revenues of the East India Company forfeited to the government, and their monstrous dividends limited to ten per cent. Shelburne's position at this time was a peculiarly solitary and unpleasant one. His proper leader, Lord Chatham, was prostrated by the first attack of that mysterious malady, half physical and half mental, which deprived the state of his valuable services at a most critical time, and plunged him in so morose a silence that not even the young statesman who was understood to be the active representative of his views could get out of him a word of real sympathy or counsel for the space of three years. Chatham forbade his much-tried colleague to resign, and that was all. Once, indeed, during this period, Chatham, who continued to hold the Privy Seal, roused himself and made a strenuous effort to get rid of Townshend altogether, and have Lord North appointed in his place; but he failed, and Townshend revenged himself by attacking Shelburne in the famous "champagne" speech, concerning which Horace Walpole, after deploring the accidental burning up of his first and fuller account, writes on the 12th of May, 1767, to Sir

[1] *Life of William, Earl of Shelburne, afterwards First Marquis of Lansdowne. With Extracts from his Papers and Correspondence.* By Lord Fitzmaurice. Vol. II. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

Horace Mann, "It was a wonderful speech, *apropos* to nothing, yet about everything, — about ministers past, present, and to come, himself in particular, whom I think rather past than to come. It was all wit and folly, satire and indiscretion; he was half drunk when he made it, and yet that did but serve to raise the idea of his abilities." That speech was very nearly the last ebullition of Townshend's lively malice. On the 27th of the next September we find Walpole writing from Paris, "Our comet is set! Charles Townshend is dead. All those parts and fire are extinguished; those volatile salts are evaporated; the first eloquence of the world is dumb! That duplicity is fixed, that cowardice has terminated heroically. He joked on death as naturally as he used to do on the living, and not with the affectation of philosophers who wind up their works with sayings which they hope to have remembered."

On the death of Townshend, the Bedford whigs, under the leadership of the head of that house, came into full power, and Lord Shelburne's position was not improved. In the first place, his office was divided, — a measure which had been proposed and had failed under Lord Rockingham, — and the department of American affairs was given to Lord Hillsborough, who was fully of the popular opinion that America was to be coerced into good behavior. Shelburne was, however, desired to keep the chief management of Irish and foreign affairs, and in vain did he attempt to obtain Lord Chatham's opinion on the propriety of his retaining an office so curtailed. "Your ladyship," he wrote to Lady Chatham, for he no longer held direct communication with the great earl, "sees the delicacy of this situation. My sincere and only wish is to do what is agreeable to Lord Chatham, not so much from a motive of private regard, as a thorough conviction that nothing but his compass and extent of mind can save this country from some great confusion. My reason for not choosing the new department proposed is no dislike to the office, but that I think the general system affected; but if Lord Chatham desires I should do it, I am very ready to take the part he wishes, notwithstanding my own earnest inclinations." He got no help in his perplexity, and in the end decided — one cannot help thinking from the most disinterested motives — to retain the office, which he did for about a year longer. He labored hard to effect some positive good for Ireland, being Irish born and an immense Irish proprietor, and thus feeling the real grievances of that ill-govered nation as no alien statesman could have done. He also resisted firmly the designs of France upon Corsica, and favored the independence of the island, although he did not heartily admire the ill-fated hero of the Corsican revolution, Pascal Paoli.

On the 19th of October, 1769, Shelburne finally resigned the seals of his secretaryship, and began, as member of the House of Lords, to work with all his might, and to very little purpose, in the distracted opposition. In January, 1771, his beloved wife died suddenly, and he himself, being in greatly impaired health, resolved to quit England for a time. He accordingly visited the Continent, taking with him his life-long friend, Colonel Barré, and in the philosophic circles of the French capital he found congenial society, an easy tolerance of his peculiarities of manner and temper, and the sort of sympathetic appreciation which his own countrymen had been slow to allow him. Here he met Malesherbes, for whom he conceived a most reverent admiration, and the Abbé Morellet, the French Adam Smith, who became his intimate friend, and to whom he afterwards extended the hospitality of the British Isles in the most superb manner.

It does not appear to us that the present volume of Lord Shelburne's memoirs quite fulfills the promise of Lord Fitsmaurice's prospectus. Undoubtedly, however, it gives us a clearer idea of Shelburne *as a man* than could be derived from the previous one. We recognize the superficial faults and foibles which hindered men from perceiving his real nobility of purpose, and in a measure defeated his justly earned fame. It was his misfortune to be, during the greater part of his public career, a member of an unsuccessful opposition, at a time, too, when party feeling ran very high, and personal abuse was unbridled. It seems to have been purely his misfortune that his manners were so artificial that people found it hard to believe in his sincerity of spirit. His theories, nay, his political action, were consistently liberal, almost democratic; yet he was personally very haughty and exclusive, — a combination so common that one would think men might after a while cease to be amazed at it. He did right in a wrong spirit. He had a certain careless contempt for his fellow-men, whom all the while he was resolved to benefit. He

scorned to conciliate them, yet cherished a secret resentment because they did not always discern his generous intent under his forbidding manner. There was much more of this sort of antagonism with his own countrymen than with the French, among whom he was easily at home; and indeed he seems always to have been regarded in England as a species of foreigner, and his highly ceremonious manners as very affectedly uninsular. There is a curious instance of this in a little affair he had with Lady Rockingham, who had supplied him with snuff once, when, in calling on her on his way to the House of Lords, he had found himself without that necessary stimulant. Lord Shelburne returned the snuff with such formality, and in a snuff-box of such offensive magnificence, that my lady felt her simple courtesy insulted, and replied in a very stiff and super-dignified note. On the other hand, it is interesting to see what a different impression the English statesman made upon Madame de l'Espinasse, whom he captivated upon their first meeting. She has been telling in a letter how dazzling and charming Madame Boufflers was at a certain dinner of Madame Geoffrin's. "But you should have seen," she says, "the effect upon Milord Shelburne. *He* is simple and natural. He is strong; he has a soul. He cares only for that which resembles himself, — at least in the matter of simplicity. I think he is most happy to have been born an Englishman. I have seen a great deal of him, and heard him talk, and he is intellectual, ardent, elevated. He reminds me a little of both those men of the world whom I have loved, and for whom I would be willing either to live or die."

The circle of *esprits forts* who used to frequent Bowood in the later years of Lord Shelburne's life — Franklin, Barré, the distinguished dissenter Dr. Price, the Unitarian Dr. Priestley, to whom Shelburne gave an annuity of two hundred and fifty pounds and the nominal office of his librarian, and the philosophic Frenchmen who came and went — comprised some of the most noteworthy thinkers of the age; and doubtless they enjoyed themselves and one another after the manner of esprits forts. The present volume closes with a chapter entitled Shelburne on Men and Things, comprising extracts from memoranda found among the statesman's papers which throw some curious side-lights upon his mind and character.

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

French and German.[1]

It is a singular thing about French novels that they can be so easily divided into distinct classes, one consisting of those which are likely to call up a blush for the moment, while at the same time they tend to undermine and do away with the habit of blushing, and the other of those that have almost nothing to do with the human heart except as an organ not to be tampered with by the assassin's knife. When a French author sets about writing a novel which shall be free of all guile and a fitting occupant of the drawing-room, he invents a story of murder or robbery, in which the guilty ones are hidden, and the interest lies in detecting the well-concealed offenders. Now novels of this sort never fail in giving entertainment, though they have by no means the charm of love-stories, because every reader either has been, is, or expects or at least hopes to be, in love; while even with the immunity now generally given to murderers, there are but few novel-readers who either have committed murders or intend to commit them, and fewer still, it is only fair to suppose, who are committing them while reading.

Le Serment de Madeleine [2] is a novel of this last-named class, and one that may be safely commended to those readers who are anxious to avoid being shocked by what they read. Madeleine, the heroine, is first the wife and then the widow of a man who is unjustly accused of the murder of a rich usurer, who is found killed the evening after a visit from her husband, a carpenter, who has just been making him a strong box. The testimony gathers around the innocent man very closely, but yet he is acquitted. When he returns home, however, he suffers from the scorn of his acquaintances, who had for a long time been jealous of him, and now look upon his stay in prison as a most degrading thing; he finds that others have supplanted him in his business, so that his path in life is very thorny. His wife at the moment of his acquittal had sworn a solemn oath in the court-room, before judge, jury, lawyers, and spectators, to find out who was the guilty man, and the largest part of the book describes her efforts and varying suc-

[2] *Le Serment de Madeleine.* Par Charles Deslys Paris: Dentu. 1875.

cess. She is a well-drawn character, and her energy and affection are clearly put before us. Indeed, in many respects this book has a certain modest value as a portrayal of the lives and ways of the peasants and villagers in the Vosges. At last the real murderer is detected. Madeleine's husband has died broken-hearted, but she has yet her duty to her children to spur her on to revenge; and although the case is a complicated one, and when she finds out who really committed the murder she is tempted to keep silent, she does not and justice is not defrauded of its victim.

It may be seen that this is not one of the most fascinating novels that was ever written, but it need not be passed over too hastily on that account; it is readable, and for the time it is held in the hands it fixes the attention.

— Die Moderne Oper[1] is one of a German series of books which is intended to cover a certain number of subjects interesting to all who care for literary, scientific, historical, and artistic matters. The list of authors who have agreed to write in it includes such well-known names as Auerbach, Paul Heyse, F. Bodenstedt, Louis Büchner, Bluntochli, Paul Lindau, Von Giesebrecht, Gutzkow, Häckel, Von Sybel, Spielhagen, Strodtmann, Carl Vogt, Daniel Sanders, and Vambéry, and almost every one of these, it is fair to say, is familiar to American readers who have followed the course of German literature during the last few years. It may be said here that the annual payment of the sum of thirty marks, or fifteen dollars, to Herrn Verlagsbuchhändler A. Hofmann, Kronenstrasse, 17 Berlin W, will reward the subscriber by the return of seven neatly-printed books of the series, bound in cloth.

The book before us is very entertaining; the author, Dr. Hauslick, is a musical critic of note in Vienna as well as professor of history, and in this volume it has been his endeavor to give a certain amount of information about the operas that have been given in Vienna during the last twenty years, with some account of the different composers. In his preface he says: "The great excess in the number of very recent composers mentioned in these pages is explained by the condition of the modern repertory. Almost every year the once large contingent of older pieces grows smaller, and more and more do famous composers retire into the biographical dictionary, where they are styled immortal, whereas for the present age they are dead and forgotten. The famous axiom that what is 'really beautiful' (and who shall decide what is!) can never, in any lapse of time, lose its charm, is, so far as music is concerned, hardly more than a figure of speech." And further on: "Every time has proclaimed the immortality of its favorites. Even Adam Hiller, in Leipzig, declared that if Hasse's operas ever ceased to give delight, universal barbarism must ensue; even Schubart, the writer on music, said of Jomelli that it was inconceivable that that composer should ever be forgotten; and what are Hasse and Jomelli now? . . . History teaches us that operas, for the certainty of whose immortality we would gladly march to the stake, have an average life of from forty to fifty years, a limit which only very few survive and is seldom reached." Certainly these passages show that the author looks at his subject with the eye of a philosopher, and that he does not spend his time in bewailing unavoidable change.

In this book he has written of the operas of Gluck, Mozart, Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, Ambroise Thomas, Gounod, Verdi, Schumann, Wagner, Rubinstein, and Johann Strauss, at some length, with briefer mention of those of Beethoven, Weber, Marschner, Cherubini, Méhul, and Boieldieu. It may be begging the whole question to say that Wagner belongs among those whose position on Parnassus is not yet assured; but, on the other hand, it is fair enough in view of the way in which his supporters are continually alleging his greatness, and thus betraying their uneasiness, just as seafowls betray to the intruder the nearness of their young by their anxiety to attract him from the spot. Hauslick says of him: "Wagner is certainly fortunate in everything. First, he raged against all crowned heads, and lo! a noble king steps forward full of enthusiastic love, and secures him against want or poverty. Then he writes a squib against the Jews, and all the Jews, musical or unmusical, encourage him more warmly by writing favorable notices of him in the papers and by buying his Bayreuth bonds. In a pamphlet On Directing, he proves that all our conductors and musical directors are nothing but mechanics, to whom he would not trust a 'single tempo' of one of his operas; and at once our conductors and musical directors from Wagner unions send and enlist troops for the contest

[1] *Die Moderne Oper.* Von Dr. E. Hauslick. Berlin: Hofmann. 1876.

at Bayreuth. Opera singers and directors whose performances Wagner had criticised most severely in his writings follow his footsteps wherever he leads, and are made happy by a smile from him. He brands our conservatories (in a Report to King Ludwig) as the most worthless, pernicious institutions; and the pupils of the Vienna Conservatory form a lane before Richard Wagner and collect money for a tribute of honor to the master. . . . Without doubt Wagner is a most remarkable man. His unwearying energy and love of work have won our admiring respect." After speaking of Wagner's reluctance to bringing out his operas in theatres where other operas have been played, Hauslick goes on: "So Wagner has built a new theatre, a Wagner theatre, in order to serve up his gifts in fresh vessels. At the same time he thinks of renewing, with his performances at Bayreuth, that golden age of Greece when the theatre did not supply daily amusement, but a rare popular festival, a serious, religious, artistic uplifting of the nation. Whether classical Greece, which is so absolutely separated from our time, will be renewed through the Bayreuth theatre, the future will show; one difference at least is clear. The Greek plays were really popular festivals, open to every one without expense; but in order to see the Nibelungen operas at Bayreuth one must have a ticket costing three hundred thalers. Consequently only rich friends of music can secure this musical treat for themselves. By belonging to a 'Wagner union' one has a chance of winning a ticket in a lottery." Moreover, concerts are given to procure money for the tickets of needy lovers and students of music, Wagner himself taking it for granted that the pilgrimage to Bayreuth is indispensable for all; but since all cannot receive three hundred thalers from the concerts, the "worthiest" will have to be selected, whose "worth" will probably depend on their musical faith, "so that this festival, which pretends to be a German national festival, will really be that of the rich and of those poor Wagner enthusiasts for whom the rich pay. This does not agree with renewed Olympic games, or with the democratic clap-trap Wagner is not averse to using; if he had cared to give pleasure to the people he would have done better to take some large theatre already standing, where any one could have obtained admission for a few groschen." The building of this theatre, he says, is one of the most remarkable events in the history of art, and the most extraordinary success a composer ever achieved.

Many lovers of music have a very reasonable dislike to reading books on music, where they often find confused attempts at interpretation of musical masterpieces; but in this book there is nothing of the sort. This author writes in a clear and brilliant style about music and musical men and musical matters, in a perfectly intelligible way, without affectation or pretense. His wit is often very keen and entertaining, and the reader moreover always has the feeling that he has to do with a man perfectly familiar with his subject.

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ART.

THE art of repairing and restoring frescoes, as it is now practiced in Italy, is in some respects an entirely new one; and the results are so wonderful that some account of the process seems to be called for. The Cavaliere Guglielmo Botti, of Pisa, is the creator of the modern practice. He has improved some of the known processes, and invented others, until there seems to be hardly any limit to his skill. The world owes him almost as much for what he does not do as for what he does; for it is a sacred principle with him never to add a line or a tint to what remains of an old work. He never tries to re-create any missing portion, but fills the space with a neutral tint in harmony with the general tone; thinking, with Cavalcaselle, that "a picture injured or wanting in parts is more useful to an intelligent student than a picture finished by the restorer, for this ends by being neither an old work nor a new one." Before beginning to restore a picture, therefore, he has a large photograph made of it, which will testify that nothing is added or destroyed in the original.

As long ago as 1856, Professor Botti made his first trial on a small portion of the Campo Santo of Pisa, and succeeded so perfectly that he was entrusted with the restoration of much of the work of Benozzo Gozzoli existing there. Then the municipality of Padua summoned him to save the works of Giotto in Santa Maria dell' Arena, and of Mantegna in the Eremitani. Since that he has restored many other works in various places, and he now holds the appointment of inspector of frescoes for the kingdom. Several pupils instructed by him are at work under his direction, so that the restorations are proceeding as fast as the small amount of funds at government disposal permits, and the art is in no danger of perishing with its discoverer.

Perhaps the most striking example of Botti's success is to be seen in the upper church of the Monastery of Saint Francis, at Assisi. The frescoes on the ceiling, which Vasari says astonished the world, had begun to fade when he saw them; and the work of time had since gone on so far that, what with dust and mold, sunken colors, and portions so cracked and loosened from the wall as to seem ready to drop on the traveler's head as he looked up, little of their beauty could be recognized. Only a portion of them has been restored, and the contrast between this and the untouched parts is so amazing — the colors are so fresh, the designs so distinct — that every one's first impulse must be to disbelieve the old priest who assures him that there has

been no repainting or anything like it. It is said that Mr. Ruskin, who had flown to the rescue when he heard that the Assisi frescoes were threatened with restoration, did entirely disbelieve the old gentleman, and preferred the evidence of his own senses, until Professor Botti led him up to the platform, where he could touch and believe.

Before speaking of details, we may recall the difference between fresco and tempera. In the first the colors are ground in water only, with no vehicle; so much of the wall as can be painted in a day, and no more, is coated with a plaster of finest lime and marble dust in about equal proportions; the design is traced upon this, and entirely painted while the ground remains fresh; and as this dries, the colors become incorporated with the surface. The inconvenience of having to finish the picture, or one portion of it, at once, with no chance of corrections or additions, often led the great fresco painters to mix up tempera and fresco in the same work. In tempera painting the colors are ground with size or egg, or some such vehicle (tempera) closely resembling that which scene-painters use. Although convenient, because making it possible to paint at leisure on a dry surface, it has not the imperishable qualities of fresco. With time the walls grow damp; the moisture and salts of the lime destroy the glue or size; and where this has happened, the colors are now found merely dusted on the wall, as easily disturbed as the down on a butterfly's wing.

To remove a fresco from its wall and transfer it to canvas, or replace it after cleaning the wall behind, is nothing new. Professor Botti has carried this branch of the art to the greatest perfection. The cracked and blistered surfaces are covered with strips of fine muslin soaked in weak starch, crossing each other in three directions. The whole picture is fastened with some such thin adhesive mixture to a large stretched cloth, the coating is gently and gradually separated from the wall, and the whole tipped forward and laid on a table prepared to receive it. But suppose some parts to be in tempera. The moment the starched cloth was applied to these, the colors would leave the plaster forever. Here it is that the first of Professor Botti's new processes steps in. Before doing anything except to *coax* off the dust and cobwebs, he passes over the whole a liquid somewhat resembling the tempera used by the old painters. Careful experiments have led him to the discovery of a tempera which absolutely fixes the colors without changing the tones, and fixes them so perfectly that they will resist sponging with boiling water. Of course there is no risk in pasting the cloth upon this. But this application does more than fix the colors laid on in tempera. It has a magical effect in bringing out the dull, sunken tones all over the picture. The effect is like that of a coat of varnish upon an oil-picture that has dried in, and is quite as marked. It is this which has given to the restored parts of the ceiling at Assisi such a freshness and vigor as deceived the practiced eye of Mr. Ruskin. It should be added that Professor Botti is a skillful chemist, and therefore able to judge of the safety of his application, and that his opinion of its harmlessness is shared by Cavalcaselle and other experts of equal skill whose names are less familiar in this country.

The whole picture, laid flat upon the table, is slightly dampened and gently rolled and tapped with wooden mallets until it is perfectly flat. Its thickness is reduced by paring off the coarser mortar on the back, until only a few centimetres are left. With a picture of moderate size nothing would remain to be done but to fasten a stretched stout canvas to the back, raise the whole to its place when dry, and remove the front cloth. But among the restorations of Professor Botti is the fresco and tempera painting of the Last Judgment executed by Fra Bartolommeo in the chapel of the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, in Florence, and measuring fifteen square metres. About the middle of the seventeenth century it had been removed to a court-yard, wall and all, and dampness and exposure had since done their work. It was in a deplorable condition when, in 1871, it fortunately happened that the place was needed for other uses; and after consulting various experts, the head of the hospital called Botti to his aid. The tempera portions were fixed by the means already described; the blisters and raised parts were replaced at their proper level, and bronze pins were driven through them to hold them firmly down. The other operations, so far as I have described them, were successfully accomplished, and the picture lay face downward on its table, ready to be mounted on a new back. But what to make this of was a question. No canvas would be strong enough; nor wood either, unless made of an impracticable thickness and weight. Professor Botti de-

vised a very neat and excellent substitute, and a net-work of copper wire, stretched on a frame and strengthened by metal rods behind, proved admirably fitted for the purpose. The stretching-frame, rods, and net-work were well covered with several coats of oil-paint, and laid on the back of the plaster. Fine tow was worked into the meshes and incorporated with the plaster by means of a cement of quicklime, pounded brick, and a kind of cheese called by the Pisans *colla*. This was daubed on until the whole formed one mass with the old plaster. When the whole was thoroughly dry, the frame was raised up, and Botti had the satisfaction of inviting the Minister of Fine Arts, who came to inspect it, to test its solidity by striking it with his hand: it resounded like a drum. So far as one can predict, a fresco thus treated must be safe for all time. If placed upon a wall, the air will circulate behind it, and no dampness can strike through. Where the situation exposes the picture to moisture in the air, and especially to salt breezes from the sea, Professor Botti applies a final preparation to the surface, composed partly of a turpentine solution of *cera punica*, which is pure wax treated in a peculiar way to prevent its ever turning yellow, — a preparation known to the ancients and successfully revived by Botti. There were numerous varnishes already in use for this purpose, but they all gave a lustre to the surface quite out of keeping with fresco. As this encaustic of cera punica is free from this defect, and has been pronounced quite safe by the best experts, its invention must be regarded as an important benefit to the art.

Besides being government inspector of frescoes, Professor Botti has charge of the superb gallery of the Venetian school in the Accademia in Venice, where he can show most interesting results of the modern practice of cleaning oil-pictures. It is at least a dozen years since this simple and perfectly safe method was discovered by Pettenkofer, of Munich. He published details of the process, and was rewarded by the King of Bavaria with a gift of one hundred thousand francs, — and no one seems to have troubled his head about the matter since. At any rate, it has not supplanted everywhere, as it should have done, the plan of rubbing off the old varnish by hand, which too often destroys the delicate glazes which were the artist's finishing touches. The great Marriage at Cana, in the Salon Carré of the Louvre, is a melancholy proof of the mischief the old style of picture-cleaning can do. The Academy of Venice has many examples of the safe and simple method of Pettenkofer. Some of Tintoretto's Senators look as fresh as when they left the artist's studio. Some little landscapes of the Flemish school have been treated with it, and in the dark corners can now be read the name of the painter, proving that they had been hitherto attributed to the wrong hand. When Meissonier lately paid Botti a visit, he politely but distinctly declined to be convinced, until he had witnessed the operation with his own eyes. Then his enthusiasm was boundless. It is a pity it was not aroused before the scrubbing process had invaded the Louvre. The treatment is absolutely safe, even in inexperienced hands, and so simple that it is almost easier to do it than to describe it.

If the picture is dirty on the surface, it should be gently washed with water and a sponge, and wiped quite dry with a soft cloth. Then take a wad of cotton-wool in each hand, one wet with spirits of turpentine and one dry, and gently rub the surface, a bit at a time, with the wet cotton, and dry it with the other, changing the cotton as often as it gets dirty. This will remove all the dirt that is above the varnish. There is nothing new, so far. But the picture will not look renovated yet. This is the business of the Pettenkofer process, as follows. Get a box or tray made of wood, or cardboard for very small pictures, a little larger than the stretching-frame and about three inches and a half deep, with no cover. On the bottom, inside, place a layer of cotton-wool or coarse blotting-paper, half an inch thick or less, and fasten it well down with tacks or cross-strings, so that it will remain in place when the box is inverted. Lay the picture on the floor or on a table, face upwards; saturate the cotton or paper with *strong* alcohol, making it quite wet, but not so wet as to drip; and then turn the box upside down and place it over the picture. Being a little larger than the picture each way, the box will not touch it, but will rest with its edges on the table or floor. The fumes of the alcohol dissolve the varnish, penetrate through the old coats of it, and clarify the whole. After a quarter of an hour it is well to raise the box a little, and make sure that the paper or cotton does not touch the picture, and that the spirit is not dripping or running down. The box is to be replaced, and left for about an hour. When it is lifted off again, if the

surface be as soft and even and the varnish as clear as if just applied, the operation is finished. If parts are still rough or clouded, the spirits should be renewed and the box put on again for half an hour or an hour more, and then the picture may be left to dry like any newly varnished one; and may be stood up while drying, as less likely to collect dust.

Professor Botti does not have his boxes made of the full size of large pictures, but does a portion at a time with small boxes, until the whole surface has been acted upon. But the space covered by the box should be allowed to get hard before beginning on the next square; for the squares must overlap a little, and the edge of the box might stick to the surface if it were still fresh. A little gentle rubbing or dabbing with a cloth wet with turpentine (not alcohol) removes all traces of the squares.

So far as we know, this process has not been described except in Pettenkofer's original work, which has not been translated, and does not seem to be as widely known as it should be.

MUSIC.

As the merely intelligent and dry critic often fails to recognize essential beauties because of the presence of unessential imperfections, so can the enthusiast get to mistake these very imperfections for beauties. — Moritz Hauptmann.

Dilettanti think they can master at the first dash what artists have been thinking of for days, months, and years. — Robert Schumann.

In his pamphlet on Orchestral Conducting, Wagner says: "Unquestionably composers cannot be indifferent as to the manner in which their works are presented to the public, since the latter can manifestly receive a correct impression of a composition only from a good performance, whereas it is unable to recognize as such the incorrect impression produced by a bad performance." The last part of this statement is doubly true when the faults in a bad performance arise wholly from a misconception of the composer's idea, and not from any technical executive shortcoming on the part of the performers; in which case the "intelligent public" is usually too prone to charge the composer with musical platitudes which are wholly due to the æsthetic incompetence of the interpreter. Indeed, it requires an expert of no common degree of critical acumen to lay what blame there may be upon the right shoulders. That the musical critic should be such an expert would seem to be a reasonable requirement both of the composer and public. It may well be questioned whether any one but a musician can be an adequate judge of a composition, even under the most favorable conditions. Even those persons who may incline to think Berlioz's definition of music, as "the art of moving, by combinations of tones, intelligent men gifted with special and practiced organs," too narrow, cannot deny that a man is *primâ facie* the best judge of matters that come strictly within his own department of knowledge. There are men who — though foreign to the practice, and only slightly versed in the theory of music — have educated their natural gifts, by long familiarity with fine music, to a pitch that will authorize them to consider their own opinion of some value in cases where they really hear a work adequately performed. But the man who, without being a musician himself, can discriminate between a poor composition and a poor performance, is a sufficiently *rara avis* to be looked upon rather as a monstrosity than a normal human individual. We know that some "knights of the pigtail," who look upon music merely as the transubstantiation of a collection of black dots, metronome marks, and Italian abbreviations into corresponding sounds, will say, on the other hand, that a superb performance will often make a comparatively worthless composition appear of greater value than it actually is. But this is not true; it is both physically and metaphysically impossible. Nothing can come of nothing; no performer, were he thrice a Liszt and a magician to boot, can get more out of a composition than lies in it. It is monstrously untrue that the mere swelling and diminishing tones, which are exactly enough indicated by the engraved notes and expression-marks, constitute music.

They are no more music than the mechanically correct utterance of printed words and sentences is human speech. They are but the flesh, bone, and gristle of music, but no more music itself than the cerebral hemispheres are the human soul. They are, so to speak, the mere physical organs of music, that appeal to our senses, through which the essence of music appeals to our souls. Nay, we would even say that, in a certain high sense, that is the greatest and highest music which most depends upon a fine performance for its adequate realization, not the worst and lowest. If it takes a Von Bülow to show us that Liszt's Ricordanza is not wholly worthless, what a verily Titanic player would it not take to reveal to us all the heights and depths of Beethoven's Opus 106 Sonata! There is, to be sure, an indestructible something in the highest music that even a poor performance, let it twist and distort it as it may, cannot entirely mar. But let us not for a moment imagine that because we enjoy an inadequate performance of a high work more than a perfect performance of a low one, we therefore have grasped the high work in all its glorious perfection; we have caught only far-off glimpses of the wonderful thing. It is conceivable how quick and acute the intelligence must be that can, at the first or second hearing of a composition, pierce through the distorting medium of an inadequate performance, and grasp the high possibilities that actually lie in the music itself. Such critical insight is to be acquired only by long technical mental drill, added to great general æsthetic culture. A natural, intrinsic capacity is, of course, presupposed. This brings us directly to our point. If the musical critic does not possess this faculty in an eminent degree, by what right does he presume to encounter this truth-seeking world with his opinion of a new composition?

The complete musical critic, the Schumann or Berlioz, is undoubtedly a desideratum in every æsthetic community, yet what an astoundingly rare phenomenon he is! But in his absence, the straightforward, honest man of even passable æsthetic lights may do much, if he will only modestly content himself with saying what he knows, and merely suggesting what he feels. Let the critic never forget what a combination of qualities it takes to enable a man to pass judgment autocratically upon a new work; let him first test himself, before he ventures to declare this good and that bad. Upon the whole, we think that incalculably more harm may be done by misplaced blame than by misplaced praise. A new work that is damned at the outset by the "dastardly spirit of the pen" has but a gloomy future before it, whereas the composition that begins by shining with the spurious lustre of undeserved praise acquires thereby a prominence that exposes it to the scrutiny of every one. We wonder whether it ever occurred to some critics that they may often err in demanding too much of a composition It sometimes seems as if no composer to-day could give even a concert-overture to the world without being floored on the very threshold of public recognition by having Bach or Beethoven mercilessly flung at his head. What need is there of being always Titanic? In other arts we do not admit this kind of criticism, by comparison. The Parthenon casts no shadow upon our admiration for the new station of the Boston and Providence railway. Our enjoyment of Paul Veronese's Marriage at Cana is not lessened by the very palpable fact that it is not the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Michael Angelo's Adam, lying carelessly upon the hill-side, with that gigantic strength of limb, and that ineffable depth of adoration in his face just crystallizing into a gaze, looks as if he could sweep Paul Veronese and all his works out of existence with a single wave of his outstretched arm. Yet the Veronese still enjoys a comfortable immortality. But it seems at times as if the Passion-music, the Ninth Symphony, Don Giovanni, and the B-flat Trio stood like an appalling "Lasciate ogni speranzi" at the gate of modern music. This is entirely intolerable. Why should the godlike C-minor Symphony, that Olympian Lamento e Trionfo, begrudge Liszt's Tasso its chivalric brilliancy? Is Tschaikowski's Concerto any the less vigorous, because Beethoven's great E-flat stands unapproached? Let this sort of criticism stop, that the world may see more clearly what is to be seen.

The "merely intelligent and dry" critic, with the brain of a Corliss engine and the soul of a gnat, who has searched the learning of the schools to his own confusion, and would measure music with his contrapuntal foot-rule, is indeed an irritating mortal, but does comparatively little harm. Being himself merely a thinking machine, he can never speak a vital word; he can put two and two together and make a deafening cackle about having hatched four,

but beyond this he can hardly add to the stock of the world's experience. But the untutored "enthusiast," whose swelling soul spurns all earthly shackles, who, without being able to recognize so much as a cross-relation when he sees it, much less when he hears it, soars blissfully about in the realms of high art, hero-worship, and the sublime and beautiful in general, launching thunder-bolts with one hand, and showering benedictions with the other in the vaguest manner: *he* will ever remain an inexplicable astonishment to the thinking observer. When the human mind, from among its various possibilities of progress, chooses the direction of doing what it knows nothing about, be it the building of monuments or the writing of reviews, there is no telling what sublime heights of bewilderment it may not reach. To read some of these men's writings, one would think that, like Paracelsus' Homunculi, "by art they receive their life, by art they receive body, flesh, bones, and blood; by art are they born; therefore art is in them incarnate and self-existing, so that they need not learn it of any man, but all men must learn it of them; for through art they have their existence, and have grown up in it like a rose or other flower in the garden." Such men are often more narrow than the musical scholastics themselves, for, in their giddy careering in the midst of space, they are too unconscious of any landmark save their own preconceived notions to notice within what a small circle the centripetal force of their own ignorance confines their course.

Musical critics, therefore, may well beware of condemning a work at the first hearing, simply because they can make nothing of it. The very fact that we do not understand a thing ought to make us timid in criticising it; for what but the most unfruitful nonsense can come of discussing what we do not comprehend? Snap-judgment has a good many sins to answer for. At the best, we none of us know a composition as well as the composer himself, least of all at the first hearing. Virgil's Æneid is, as we all know, dry enough reading when done by the aid of a dictionary and grammar; so let us first feel reasonably at home in a composition before we allow ourselves to say much about it, certainly before we say anything against it.

— We had hardly sent to the press, a few months ago, our arguments upon the present impossibility of a good performance of any of Bach's choral works in this country, when the bringing out of the St. Matthew Passion by the Handel and Haydn Society came as a very strong demonstration on the other side of the question. Our notice of this has been too long postponed, but we are glad to acknowledge, now, how convincingly our despondent prediction has been answered. It would seem that a good performance of a Bach choral work is not so impossible as we had supposed. To be sure, the performance of the Passion on Palm Sunday cannot in general be said to have been superlative, but there were some few isolated points in it that were superb.

First and foremost in the list of good things comes Madame Rudersdorff's singing. It is safe to say that nothing finer of the sort has ever been heard here. To really *sing* the great "Erbarme Dich" bespeaks as much in the singer as to really *play* Beethoven's great *adagio* in the Sonata Opus 106 does in the pianist. As the one touches the highest point yet attained of tragic instrumental music, so is the other the highest expression of the tragic element in song. It is useless to question whether it might not have been better sung. What good thing is there that might not be improved? To say that it was *well* sung, is tantamount to saying that it was grandly, superbly done. Any performance of such music that is not very close upon perfection is simply atrocious, horrible, and utterly unbearable. Second to Madame Rudersdorff's singing alone stands Mr. William Winch's singing of the part of the Evangelist; and be it remembered that Mr. Winch's task, physically speaking, was by far the most severe of the evening. But although Bach's recitatives give the singer quite as much scope as the airs for the display of vocal training, understanding, sentiment, and dramatic power, they are sung with piano-forte accompaniment, and thus enable the singer to husband his voice more carefully than he can do when he has to compete with the greater dynamic intensity of a complex orchestral accompaniment in imitative counterpoint. Still more favorable is the fact that the whole accompaniment consists of a few simple chords, and is moreover in the hands of a single, presumably sympathetic, accompanyist; whereas the difficult and complicated accompaniments to the airs are in the hands of an orchestra, which no degree of competency on the part of its conductor can force into absolute sympathy with the singer except by much and careful rehearsing. Mr. Winch

was, in fact, far more successful in the Evangelist's recitatives than in the tenor air with chorus, "Ich will bei meinem Jesu wachen." In some points in the recitative he rose absolutely to the sublime pitch. To have done what he did that evening is to have done what no tenor has yet done in this country, and what few tenors have done so finely anywhere. Mr. John Winch did himself great credit, singing his recitative in a large, manly style, and showing much feeling and real appreciation in the air, "Gebt mir meinen Jesum wieder." Mr. Rudolphsen, although he was called upon at the shortest possible notice to sing instead of our great basso, Mr. Whitney, who was prevented by illness, succeeded in dissipating the first pang of regret for the latter's absence, which is saying a great deal. Miss Beebe sang the soprano airs in a very pure style, but without either much sentiment or, apparently, much artistic comprehension. Yet we know of no one who could have sung the very high and trying soprano music in the work as well as she. The choruses were in general exceedingly well done, but we should have adopted a quieter tempo in the final chorus.

EDUCATION.

The question, What provision has actually been made for "the liberal education of women"? is so often asked that it seems worth while to seek an answer of some definiteness and accuracy. The question adopts as an accepted and well understood term the phrase "liberal education." The answer therefore concerns itself in no way with *what* such an education should or even does consist of, but employs the term in the same general sense in which it is employed with regard to men and to colleges for men. And since a liberal education is neither a professional nor a technical one, it is not to our present purpose to review the various special schools, medical schools, schools of design, etc., to which women now have access.

The narrower inquiry, How and where may women now obtain college education? will be more practicable and more interesting.

It would be of little use, even if it were possible, to pass in review the two hundred and nine institutions reported by the National Bureau of Education as devoted to "the superior instruction of women." A mere glance at the tables shows them to be, with not more than three or four exceptions, academies or seminaries of the "private adventure" type, dependent on patronage because wholly without endowment, and ranging from the poorest to the best of schools, according to the personal force and ability of the head.

Our end will be best attained by examining carefully those institutions which may be said to mark the height of the tide at this moment. It will be found not only that they mark the tide, but that each has been strongly influenced by some one of the various currents along which the speculations of the last fifteen years about social questions have been moving. From co-education in the strict interpretation of identical work, through all the varieties of elective courses, to that application of the "separate" idea that even the college faculty shall all be women, each theory finds ardent supporters. Quite as wide, also, is the difference between these institutions in their own essential plan or life, as in the theories they have embodied in regard to the education of women.

Some of them, like Colby University (Waterville, Maine) or the University of Vermont, are foundations of the old type, maintaining an independent community life of their own. To these two, young women are admitted on equal terms with young men, but of course find their homes outside the college domain.

The University of Michigan, on the other hand, has nothing of the "dormitory system," and bears to its members much the same relation that a day school does to its pupils. It forms a part of the public-school system of the State, according to the theory — always more numerously supported out of New England than in it — that it is the

duty of the State to provide education of all grades at the public expense. That women should be admitted to the state university on equal terms with men would seem to be a logical outcome of the theory.

Oberlin College, through the shifting of centres in the development of life farther West, has long since lost its relative importance. According to the testimony of competent visitors it has materially changed its character. It no longer fairly represents co-education, but rather the working of two departments side by side. It would have no place in our list but for the fact of its having been the pioneer of the movement, and because it has presented a perfectly unique phase of college life. So far from being an independent and perhaps somewhat alien community within the town, the whole town itself was the creation of the college. They have been as intimately one as soul and body.

It is no unfair assumption in regard to all these institutions to infer that the desire to increase their number largely influenced their determination to admit women. The case stands somewhat differently with Cornell. This university was founded by private benefaction, but upon receiving the agricultural college funds it became in a sense a state institution. In 1872 a large sum was offered upon condition of the admission of women to all departments. But one answer was to be expected, and accordingly the Sage College for Women has been built and equipped. This name, it should be distinctly understood, means simply and solely a building, perhaps two, but nothing else. The authorities explicitly disavow any *special* provisions for women as to study or life. It has been no little disappointment that so large a sum (at least three hundred thousand dollars) should be buried in stone and mortar, but situated as the university grounds are, upon a lofty plateau above the town of Ithaca, some such arrangement for a home for young women was perhaps imperative. The only difference between young men and young women as to admission is that the latter must be at least eighteen years old.

Vassar College, from its age, the number of its students, and the amount of its funds (in buildings and all), must rank as the most considerable experiment yet made in the higher education of young women. Yet it is hardly a just exponent of the theory of separate colleges for women, for the reason that it is encumbered and hindered by the burden of a large preparatory department. No one, we believe, more fully admits the disadvantages of the present state of things than the authorities of Vassar. They frankly say, "We have this immense establishment on our hands, with no income to meet running expenses. Unless these great buildings can be kept full, we cannot maintain ourselves. Collegiate students we want, but failing these, we must take school-girls." Eleven years of strenuous effort have failed to free Vassar from this encumbrance. In the last catalogue there were one hundred and fifty-nine preparatory students out of a total of three hundred and eighty-four. The proportion means more than the mere numbers indicate, as to its effects upon the tone and standard of the institution. The general life of any community must be framed to meet the wants of those who will suffer most from any misfit. At Vassar the girls of fifteen and sixteen must be considered rather than the seniors of twenty-one or twenty-two. To adjust these extremes, to guard and control the younger without too much restraint and annoyance to the elder, is a problem which must absorb far too much time and care.

Three other institutions should be named, though the oldest of them has not yet graduated its first class, and the remaining two are yet in their Freshman year: —

The Boston University, as to its domestic economy, is like the University of Michigan, without the dormitory system, but otherwise is a private corporation holding trust-funds. It represents co-education fully, and it is the first instance on a large scale where the theory found a place in the original plan.

Wellesley College, at Wellesley, Massachusetts, is planned to carry the theory of separate education to the furthest limit. As it is at present organized, all instructors are to be women. Thus to double-weight the experiment would seem to be hazardous. In other respects, the plan closely resembles that of Vassar: large and costly buildings without an income from invested funds, and a large preparatory department (two hundred and thirty-five out of three hundred). "A college in education, but a family in government," is a pleasing compromise to meet the difficulty. No argument can so fully show how grave is that difficulty as the simple question, "What would be the effect upon the standing of even our oldest and best colleges, if it were announced that a large preparatory department would

be opened next year within the college grounds?"

Smith College, at Northampton, Massachusetts, is also devoted to the separate education of women. Its position in regard to Amherst makes it also practically, if not formally, the representative of one other proposition for college education, that of a hall affiliated with one of the old colleges. It has profited by the experience at Vassar. Only so much building has been done as was indispensable. The trustees have the income of half a million to devote to the college work, and they have pledged themselves to make it veritably *college* work. They have the good fortune to be able to wait, and to maintain their standard whether ten students or a hundred come to them. They have now a Freshman class of fifteen. It is intended to give to the life there the freedom which is impossible among school-girls. It would not be true to say that the young women live like young men, nor would it be right that they should. They do not live alike at home. What is expected is that the college life of young women shall bear the same relation to home life as that of young men.

Boston University, and Wellesley and Smith Colleges are, it must be admitted, as yet but promises, but they are not the less to be ranked among the *opportunities* for women. More than that, the requirements for admission to them will aid us materially in the questions as to the existing standard of liberal education for women.

So far we have spoken only of place and plan. We have now to make, if possible some estimate of the kind and quality of work, through simple comparative statements. Requirements for admission are not an absolute test of the quality of work done in a college, but they have long been accepted as a means of comparison. They are used here in the same sense and within the same limits as they would be to compare Harvard and Trinity, or Yale and Amherst.

For the convenience of using a well-known standard, we may take that known as Course I. at Harvard. It serves our purpose better than Course II., because, with the rarest exceptions, women do not choose the severer mathematical courses. It may be said in one word that Harvard requires somewhat more in general elementary subjects than any of the institutions on our list. Harvard, Michigan, Cornell, Vassar, and Wellesley require a knowledge of algebra through quadratic equations; Boston and Smith *to* quadratics only. In geometry, Michigan stands between the two courses of Harvard. Course I. requires "elementary plain geometry." The others follow thus: Wellesley and Cornell, about the same as Harvard; Boston four books, Vassar three, Smith two. For Latin and Greek we submit the following table, which presupposes, for all, the necessary study of grammar. Of Vassar it should be added that Greek is on the list as an elective with French or German.

LATIN.

	Cæsar's Commentaries.	Virgil.	Cicero.
Harvard	The Whole.	The Whole.	Ten Orations.
Michigan	Four Books.	Æneid only.	Six Orations.
Cornell	Four Books.	Six Books Æneid, Eclogues, and Georgics.	Six Orations.
Vassar	Four Books.	Two Books Æneid, Two Georg., Six Eclog.	Six Orations.
Boston	Four Books.	Six Books Æneid, Bucolics.	Seven Orations.
Wellesley	Four Books.	Four Books Æneid.	Seven Orations.
Smith	Sallust's Catiline.	Four Books Æneid.	Four Orations.

GREEK.

	Anabasis.	Iliad.		Anabasis.	Iliad.
Harvard	The Whole.	Three Books.	Boston	Four Books.	Three Books.
Michigan	Three Books.	None.	Smith	Three Books.	Two Books.
Cornell	Four Books.	Three Books.	Wellesley	No Greek.	
Vassar	No Greek.				

A complete estimate of the college work would require this comparison to be carried on through the studies of each year of the course. This is impossible for two reasons: first, that the system of electives now adopted in all colleges makes very wide differences in *kind* of study after the Freshman year; and second, that under that system individual preference and individual power and force will so largely alter the result as to make all averages fallacious. The common conclusion is no doubt correct, that, considering the work of ordinary students (not the genius nor the dullard), those colleges must stand first which unwaveringly and sincerely insist upon the largest requirements for admission.

Our readers will be no doubt as reluctant as ourselves to admit the moderateness of these demands for preparation. It must be confessed that the young women now pursuing college education are not by any means up to what we in New England have learned to call the highest. It should, however, be carefully noticed that these conclusions are only general ones, and they should be used only as general arguments. It does not prove that a woman graduating from Cornell or Smith may not have a mind of greater power than any man graduating after the most difficult and arduous study, but it does show what is now expected of young women going to college. And two things prove that it is for the present the best that can be expected. First, no one of the colleges is full, or anything like it; and second, all of them say more or less explicitly that the standard will be raised as soon and as far as possible.

There is also, in regard to numbers, or so far as numbers go, something of disappointment — a disappointment deepened perhaps by the contrast with the anticipations of fifteen or even ten years ago. In the first agitation of the question, the demand was simply, "Do justice to women; open the colleges, and you shall see them crowded." To cooler heads there were certain *a priori* arguments against the conclusion, but in the clamor of the debate they stood no chance of a hearing.

Unquestionably, when Matthew Vassar endowed the college at Poughkeepsie, in the hope of being "the instrument in the hands of Providence of founding and perpetuating an institution which shall accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplishing for young men," he believed that the largest provision that could be made for students would be none too much. The men of two generations ago would not have been more incredulous of the possibility of colleges for women than the trustees of Vassar would have been incredulous had they been told, in 1861, that at the end of fifteen years the college would still be unable to sustain itself without the aid (or the encumbrance) of a preparatory department numbering nearly forty-two per cent. of all the students within the college.

No question of like importance and interest has ever changed its ground so completely in so short a time. The "Wanted, a liberal education for women" of ten years ago becomes to-day "Wanted, young women upon whom to bestow a liberal education."

It is idle to say that if the highest standard were offered, young women would come forward. In the strong rivalries now existing between the colleges, that would have been done long ago, if it had been worth while. Michigan and Cornell and Smith would do it to-morrow if it were of any use. At Cornell, the great Sage College is ready for one hundred and forty students, but there are in all departments of the university but forty-three young women. Smith could muster but fifteen for its Freshman class. Wellesley, without Greek, found but sixty-five for college students. At Michigan, in the whole undergraduate department there are but fifty-seven, and only twenty-five of these take the classical course. At Cornell there are but ten, and in the course requiring no Greek, only twelve. (These numbers are taken from the last catalogue.) For 1875, there were, in the College of Liberal Arts of Boston University, sixteen.

We need hardly count in a review of "liberal education" those medical schools, etc., which only demand "a good English education" for admission.

Such a *résumé* may be discouraging to the enthusiasts of ten years ago, who resolutely closed their eyes to all but their own hopeful visions. That there are to-day but a hundred students where a thousand would be welcome by no means proves that the attempt for the liberal education of women is a failure. He who interprets it thus reads the story only in the light of his own disappointment, or chafes in his impatience at finding that what he deemed only a sudden leap to a higher plane is a long and toilsome upward march. Still less will he render a just verdict who, mistaking the first

stage of the movement for its last result, insists that because only the hundred come to-day, the thousand never will. The over-sanguine hope and the too-persistent doubt are alike wide of the truth.

It is almost a truism that all social progress is on parallel lines. There can be no great development in the education of women without corresponding opportunities for using it. To answer the question, "What shall we do with our girls?" at eighteen, by the reply, "Send them to college," only postpones it to return at twenty-two in the more emphatic form, "What shall these young women do?" The answer to the question can be inferred by putting another: "What would be the effect upon the colleges generally, if there were no greater number of *special* uses for college education by men than there now are for women?"

We have not space to follow out the argument, but whoever does will soon see plainly that until the future possibilities of life set the same premium upon college education for women which they now do for men, it is vain to expect that women in great numbers will have the firmness and the patience to overcome the hindrances, far greater than for men, which lie in their way.

There is another phase of the matter which merits attention. So long as the young women in college are pioneers in the work, there is a certain isolation which repels. There is a necessity, too, for a kind of mental armor against various contingencies, and though it is as likely to take the form of shyness and self-depreciation as of bravado, natures of finer grain are apt to shrink from it, unless impelled by an absorbing enthusiasm. Extreme theorists on the subject will scout the suggestion, but it is not to be lightly regarded.

The inability to meet expenses is of course a potent reason why so few women are yet in college. This is, however, only another form of the difficulty which we have stated as want of future opportunity. Whether this generation or the next will see the solution of the questions about occupation and remuneration may be doubted, but it is clearly the duty to-day of all friends of the higher education of women to unite their efforts to bring about two results. First, that we enter on no new experiments. Each theory is sufficiently on trial: let there be no further division of interests. Let it be said clearly enough and emphatically enough to reach the ear of every man or woman with a dollar to spare or to bequeath. Found no more new colleges. Choose the best, or the nearest to you, of those we now have, and help that. The second is only the closer application of the first. Spend no more in walls and roofs. Give life, the living soul, to the colleges in professors and in students. Scholarships for women in any of the colleges we have named will be filled as fast as they are founded. The expense varies from about three hundred and fifty dollars at Michigan or Boston to five hundred and fifty at Vassar. Tuition at Michigan is of course free to students from that State. The large number of state scholarships at Cornell pays for the tuition there, but they are of course limited to New York students. Tuition at Boston or Smith is remitted to all needing such help, so that the amount of help required by a student at any one of these places need not be much above half the cost of living. We place it thus low, for it is agreed by all who have had experience in the matter that better material is obtained by offering less than the whole expense. Really promising students are sure enough to obtain something from their own exertions or from friends. It is the second hundred that they need, not the first.

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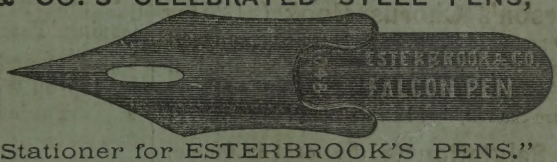

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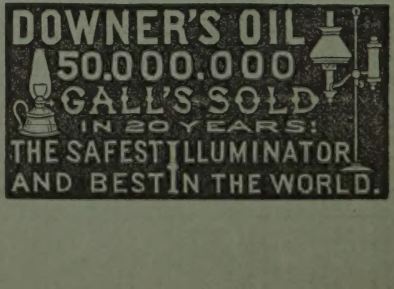

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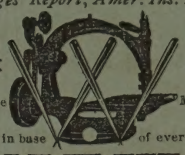
WILLCOX  & GIBBS

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ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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VOL. XXXVIII.—OCTOBER, 1876.—No. CCXXVIII.

THE BATTLES ABOUT ATLANTA.

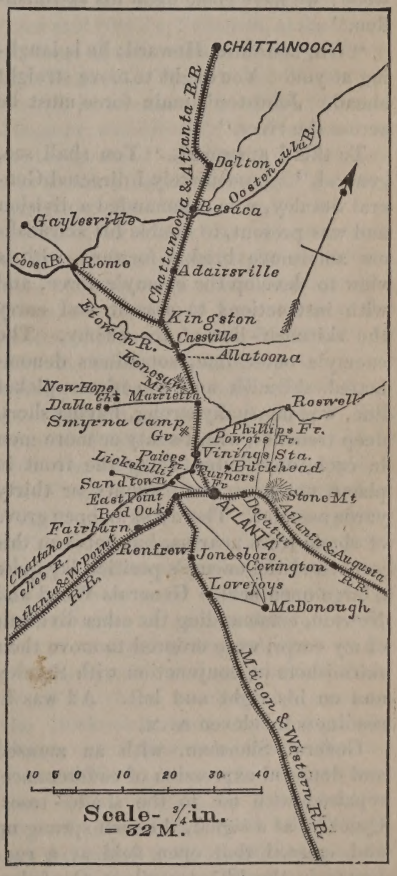
I.

I. THE AFFAIR OF SYMRNA CAMP-GROUND.

IT is difficult to answer the question often asked, "When did the battle of Atlanta begin?"

One could commence an account very properly with Sherman's spring campaign of 1864, starting with the movements about the first of May; but it is better, perhaps, to skip the battles and combats for sixty days — which include Dalton, Resaca, Adairsville, Kingston, Cassville, Dallas, New Hope Church, Pickett's Mill, Muddy Creek, Pine Top, and Kenesaw Mountain, wherein we burrowed and flanked, and flanked and burrowed in front of the retreating Johnston till he was ready to cross the Chattahoochee, six miles from Atlanta — and come at once to the several actions which more immediately resulted in driving Johnston's successor, the famous Hood, from the stronghold of Atlanta.

Pursuing the latter course we take the reader to a place called Smyrna Camp-Ground, some six or seven miles above the Atlanta crossing of the Chattahoochee. It was a bright morning, the 4th of July, one year from the close of the battle of Gettysburg, and the anniversary of Pemberton's surrender of Vicksburg.



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(Many of the participators in these battles were standing there side by side.) Generals Sherman and Thomas had encamped with their head-quarters in rear of the fourth corps, which I was at the time commanding. I had stepped over to the front of General Thomas's tent, and met himself, General Sherman, and several other officers. I was not yet sure just how we were to celebrate the day. Sherman and Thomas seemed to have been having a discussion concerning the situation of affairs. On my arrival the former, turning to me, said, "Howard, what are you waiting for? Why don't you go ahead?"

I replied, "The enemy is strongly intrenched yonder in the edge of the thick wood; we have come upon his skirmish-line."

"Oh, nonsense, Howard; he is laughing at you. You ought to move straight ahead. Johnston's main force must be across the river."

To this I answered, "You shall see, general." Immediately I directed General Stanley, who commanded a division and was present, to double his skirmishers and move briskly forward, with a view to develop the enemy's force, and with instructions to assault and carry the skirmish-line of the enemy. The enemy's outer line, sometimes denominated skirmish and sometimes picket line, was unusually strong, having short, deep trenches, with twenty or more men in each, distributed along the front in places not more than twenty or thirty yards asunder. There was an open grove of shade-trees near us, but between this grove and the enemy's position lay quite a large open field. Generals Wood and Newton, commanding the other divisions of my corps, were ordered to move their skirmishers in conjunction with Stanley and on his right and left. All was in readiness by eleven A. M.

General Sherman, with an amused and doubtful expression of countenance, repaired with me to the shade-trees. Quickly, at a signal, the men sprang up and crossed that open field at a run. Instantly the hitherto silent Confederates opened their batteries and musketry along the concealed lines, but our men were too quick, and the skirmish trenches were captured and many prisoners taken in them; first on Stanley's front, then on Newton's, and then on Wood's. Our main forces moved up and held the position gained, within short musket-range. This kind of work had been the share of the fourth corps in many an encounter during the past two months, that is, to seize the enemy's skirmish-lines, extend the rifle-pits, put the batteries under cover at night on or near the line, and then to keep blazing away, actually for the purpose of holding a strong hostile body of men in front of us, thus facilitating Sherman's flanking operations.

The cannonade in this action was perfectly furious for a time; and the worst, most exposed place on our front was our grove of shade-trees. The general said, as the shot and shell crashed through the trees, that he was satisfied; so then we speedily moved to a safer place of observation.

Those hidden trenches in our front were a kind of outpost to Johnston's main works, which covered the Atlanta bridge. Referring to the latter, General Sherman remarks in his Memoirs: "I confess I had not learned beforehand of the existence of this strong place, in the nature of a *tête-du-pont*, and had counted on striking him [Johnston] an effectual blow in the expected confusion of his crossing the Chattahoochee, a broad and deep river then to his rear." While General Thomas with the fourth, fourteenth, and twentieth corps was pushing square against these most formidable works, which had been previously constructed by a large force of slaves, General Schofield, with the army of the Ohio, was on his right, and General McPherson, with the army of the Tennessee, was still further beyond and below, opposite Turner's Ferry. Our lines were also extended in that direction for miles by the cavalry of General Stoneman. Garrard, with a division of cavalry, had been sent northward to cross the Chattahoochee at Roswell's factory. Our antagonist perceived that both his flanks were virtually turned, and though

he could still occupy his magnificent bridge-head and outworks, and make a strong fight against any direct attack, he knew this would be useless, for it would endanger his depots and lines of communication. At last he would have to leave them. My field notes of the 5th say concerning the force in *my* front: "During the night the enemy again retreated." We pressed hard upon his rear guard the next morning, and followed it as far as Vining Station and Paice's Ferry near that point. This was the place where my chief of staff, Colonel Frank T. Sherman, to his great chagrin, was captured. While reconnoitring he had passed through a gap between my corps and the next on my right, not being aware of the exposure till startled by the enemy's call upon him to surrender. It was said that for some time the rumor was current in the Confederate camp that our commander-in-chief had been captured. Colonel Sherman, a prompt, bright, hearty man, had been of great assistance to me, and I missed his aid and companionship very much during my remaining connection with the fourth corps. One is never quite reconciled to loss by a capture that could so easily have been prevented.

II. PEACHTREE CREEK: PRELIMINARIES: BATTLE.

It is a little hard to cross a broad river without bridges and with a swift current at any time, but of course very difficult with an enterprising enemy on the adverse bank. General Schofield was moved up to the neighborhood of Power's Ferry, and I followed in support, sending one division, Newton's, with Garrard's cavalry, to secure the crossing at Roswell's. The remainder of the army made demonstrations and trials of crossing at Paice's Ferry, pressed against Johnston's bridge-head, or were put in motion below the Atlanta bridge. The plan, apparently otherwise to Johnston, really was to move the left of the army over first. There was little or no trouble at Roswell's, and none where *we* were, at Power's. As soon as the upper force was well over the river, it moved southward in support of the troops who were next to cross. I sent General T. J. Wood with his division, on the 17th of the month, to sweep along the eastern bank and uncover Paice's Ferry, so that a bridge might be put across at that point. General Wood always delighted in duty, and enjoyed being trusted with anything that would try his skill or enterprise. Wood's movement was an important and a delicate one. This was owing to the rugged nature of the country, the want of roads, and the proximity of the enemy's masses to Paice's Ferry. It was satisfactorily executed, and without bringing on an engagement. McPherson now, moving from our right to the left, crossed his main force at Roswell's; Schofield, at the mouth of Soap Creek, above Power's Ferry; and Thomas, at Power's and Paice's ferries. It was on the night of the 16th that Johnston withdrew his last troops from his bridge-head to Atlanta. Therefore our forward movement began in good earnest on the 17th, and continued during the 18th and 19th. Sherman calls this march "a general right wheel" toward Atlanta. Of course, belonging to Thomas's command, I moved near the centre, that is, along the Buckhead and Atlanta road, encountering the usual cavalry opposition, road obstructions, and burning of creek bridges. The 18th of July, the day that Joe Johnston was relieved from the command of the Confederates, my column reached Buckhead. The next day, by getting an early start, we had struck the crossing of Peachtree Creek (a stream that has now become of historic importance) before seven A. M., and found some sort of works, logs and trenches, on the other side, with an enemy behind them. Wood's division touched the creek on the Buckhead road, Stanley's on the Decatur, and Newton's between the two. General Thomas now ordered me to cross this creek. Wood, by my direction, crossed, turned the small bridge-head, put the enemy to flight, and held the other bank, supported by Newton. Stanley repaired a bridge which he had partially

saved from the flames, and secured his crossing in the usual way, that is, by temporary barricades and embankments constructed a hundred yards in advance of the bridge. All these operations required severe skirmishing; but they are reckoned the preliminaries of a battle.

As there appeared to be some conflict in my orders received during the night, I visited General Thomas's head-quarters at daylight of the 20th. The general then instructed me to push one division forward on the direct Atlanta road, and to move the other two off to the left to the support of General Schofield's right flank. These instructions, which came from Sherman, now moving in person with Schofield, indicated to us his belief that Hood would give battle to his (Sherman's) left. In fact, the obstinacy of the cavalry in our front and the skirmish and outpost resistance in this quarter were of the sort to lead to such a surmise. Moreover, it would seem Hood's natural plan to assail the left with vigor in order to save his communications toward Augusta and Savannah, which were already half in McPherson's possession. I chose Newton's division for the direct road and work, and the other two, Stanley's and Wood's, for the movement to the left. After giving general instructions to General Newton, I was obliged to leave him to coöperate with Hooker's corps on his immediate right. If the exigencies of the day should require it, he was to go directly to General Thomas for more specific orders. I then accompanied the two divisions. Schofield was on a road a mile distant. As we moved in conjunction with his command, the gap was made wider. When we had reached the enemy in force in our front, there was a break in my line between Wood and Newton of at least two miles. McPherson, it will be remembered, was still further to the left, moving toward Stone Mountain.

Notice now, in brief recapitulation, the general position of Sherman's troops on the morning of the 20th of July, while moving and just before the battle. They were mostly on the south bank of Peachtree Creek, that is, for troops below the fork of that creek, and on the south bank of the south fork for troops above that point. Palmer's fourteenth corps, made up of Baird's, Davis's, and Johnson's divisions, were on the right (northwest of the town), near the Atlanta and Chattanooga railroad. Hooker's corps came next: Williams's, Geary's, and Ward's divisions in order. Then Newton's of my corps; then a gap of two miles; then Wood's and Stanley's. Schofield was next, and McPherson occupied the left, having already reached the Atlanta and Augusta railway. Our cavalry was just then on the extreme flanks, Garrard's division near McPherson, and the rest beyond the right of the general line.

I did not know till after the war that Joe Johnston, as he was familiarly called, had himself planned the attack, the account of which I am about to relate. I have said that Hood had been put into Johnston's place. It was done after Jeff Davis's well-known visit to Atlanta, and was without doubt an expression of his dissatisfaction with the constant retrograde movements of Johnston. The change took place on the 18th, two days before. Hood was well known to McPherson, Schofield, and myself, as we had been cadets with him at West Point. He always had a firm, resolute appearance, rather enjoyed a fight even while a cadet, and was not remarkable for flexibility of mind. He showed no indications of superior genius, but had an honest, manly way with him. Such recollections as these made us anticipate what occurred, that is, hard knocks often repeated as long as he had breath enough left in him to give them. General Sherman speaks of Schofield's estimate of Hood. I remember that he had mine also, but I am inclined to think that Sherman anticipated more wariness on Hood's part, and more manœuvring before battle, than the other generals did. Sherman was hardly ready for a general engagement at Peachtree Creek. Could Hood, like Johnston, have seen straight through hills, knolls, woods, and trackless wilds thickly set with underbrush, and have ascertained just how we were

situated, he would have thrown a heavy column into the wide gap between Newton and Wood and put our right into a bad box, leaving the rest well outside of the box. Of course his success would not have been sure (nothing is sure in war), for our heavy left, consisting of two armies and part of another, might have swung around, still turning on Sherman's "general wheel," and thus cut off Hood from his moiety in the Atlanta works; so that while he was fighting Thomas desperately (for Thomas never gives up, he always fights desperately, as at the almost hopeless Chickamauga), the rest of us would have been manning the captured trenches at Atlanta. His success would not have been sure, because Thomas was indomitable and Sherman clear-headed and full of expedients, but the issue would have been more problematical.

Atlanta being a city of considerable size, no one is likely to have, before visiting it, a conception of the rough character of the approaches to it. There are no plains about it. The country is rolling and thickly wooded. The undergrowth is dense, with a few openings for cultivation. The creeks cut deep and run crooked. It is just the country to bring on a rough-and-tumble fight between hostile forces, where neither commander can anticipate precisely the place or the time of the conflict.

General John Newton, an engineer officer of mark, had always a vivid knowledge of the possible and probable approaches of an enemy near him, and could not well be surprised. Notwithstanding his orders to advance toward Atlanta, he did not start from the creek till his bridges were well built, nor till Ward of Hooker's corps had come in sight with his division, to occupy a ridge on the right and close at hand. About one o'clock Newton began his movement, skirmishers in front, to the top of a ridge. Enemy's skirmishers fall back without much resistance at first, but increase their fire and stubbornness as he advances, showing the presence of a large support behind them. Newton deploys two brigades to the right and left at right angles to the road, moves the third along the road in columns of fours for support, and places a battery of four guns between his two front brigades. This formation, in the shape of the letter T, proved a most fortunate one, as we shall see. Newton's men covered their front rapidly with rough rail barricades, loose soil being thrown over them.

Hood's or Johnston's plan of attack was substantially as follows: to concentrate his strongest column opposite our right flank; to make a lively demonstration in front of Schofield, that is, against our centre (where Sherman was in person); also to keep McPherson occupied, at least with cavalry; all except the attacking force to retire gracefully and seductively till Thomas should be moving into the prepared ground south of the Peachtree Creek; then to deliver battle against Thomas with suddenness and fury.

Hood's advance extended from and beyond Newton's left far over to the right, covering one brigade of Palmer, a distance, probably, of little more than a mile. The ground near Newton and Ward was quite open. Geary's right and Williams's left, beyond Ward in lower ground, were in thickets and woods. I suspect Hood's starting was simultaneous throughout his front, though Geary and Newton appear to have been first reached. Newton's men had hardly placed their piles of rails, and were still carrying fresh supplies while their comrades were covering those in place with earth from the inside, and a new line of skirmishers pushing out from them was creeping cautiously forward, when, of a sudden, the shrill Confederate cry from a host of voices pitched on the highest key rang along the whole front; a fearful yell, not easily described, but once heard never to be forgotten! On the enemies come, in masses rather than lines. They are close upon our men before they are seen. Our skirmishers fire and fall back, coming slowly within the rail piles. Every man gets ready at once. Our ranks are thin, theirs are thick, firm, and rapid. The three minutes before battle are the most trying to

men situated as ours are, but they do not move. When all are in line and the battery ready between the brigades, Newton's words are given, repeated by his officers: "Commence firing. Fire steady and low." Instantly the furious rattle and booming begin. And fire draws fire. At first there is little apparent impression. The enemy keeps firing and advancing, with waving banners. Blake's and Kimball's brigades on the front are now hard at work. Our men are partially covered. Walker's Confederates confronting them are not. They fall rapidly; his lines begin to waver, his men hesitate and seek cover. At the same moment another Confederate division turns the flank in the big gap which I have mentioned, and starts for the bridges in Newton's rear. Bradley's brigade (Newton's reserve support) faces this new danger and pours in its fire. Newton has some eight or ten big guns in reserve, two good batteries, and what is more they are just where they are needed. Colonel Goodspeed, the artillery chief, sent them across the bridge on the main road, ready for action south of the creek. These, using canister, are leveled upon the enemy's flanking division, and as the swift Confederates advance toward the creek they are cut down like grain before the mowers. This battling is carried on under the eye of General Thomas, and probably by his immediate orders, for he is sure to be at the most threatened point at the right time. The enemy approach within one hundred yards of these guns, but no column of men can live to traverse the remaining distance. The hail and smoke increase, confusion begins in front, then a staggering, waving motion, then there is a general break for the rear, seen as the smoke is lifting; then for a time it is like the lull in a storm, firing almost ceasing on both sides. Later, one more attempt is made to turn this flank, but General Thomas has brought up an additional battery and so placed it as to break this advance more quickly than the previous one. Meanwhile Newton's right as well as his left, so great is the attacking force, is at first completely turned, causing his right brigade to change front toward the west; but quite promptly, just in the nick of time, Ward's division of the twentieth corps appears on the scene.

You have doubtless often stood on an irregular seashore where there are projecting points of land, rocks of different sizes, and inlets with abrupt banks. You have watched the incoming waters, wave following wave, breaking at the points, thrown into confusion at the rocks, and yet sweeping with inherent momentum within the inlet, to be thrown back by the inflexible banks. So shaped was General Hooker's front, and so like waves came on Hood's men, and so did they break against Newton and Geary in the outer front, while masses in ravines and intervals found inlets to surge into, till met and thrown back by Ward, Williams, and R. W. Johnson. All this chafing and surging that was not concealed by the forest and thickets and knolls, General Thomas could see from his post of observation near the creek.

Endeavoring to secure a closer cooperation, at two P. M. Ward's lines had reached the base of the ridge that Newton, as we have seen, was already fortifying. His (Ward's) skirmishers were already nearing the crest, when the same Confederate battle cry, fearful and shrill, was heard, and the enemy's regiments, with their glistening guns and restless flags, rolled out of the opposite wood, three or four hundred paces off. This time the brave skirmishers, instead of retiring and falling into their places behind the solid troops, held their ground by a brisk, rapid fire long enough for General Ward to unfold his lines and get well in motion forward. The brave Ward, fleshy and heavy as he always seemed at rest, now brightened into youthful activity. Following the impulse of a true soldier's instinct, he did not suffer his men to wait without cover, pale and sick at heart as men are apt to be at such a juncture, but put them at once into rapid motion, ascended the hill, absorbed his skirmishers as he went, and met the Confederate charge with a vigorous countercharge. An eye witness says, "So

great was the momentum of this countercharge that several regiments became commingled, the rebels in such cases exhibiting the greatest disorder and submitting to capture without debate." At some points on Ward's front the enemy gave way at once and fled. At other points all on both sides went to firing anywhere, as men do when excited, delivering irregular volleys of musketry. Ward had no artillery in action here, yet the destruction of life was very great, and his own losses, as he had no cover, were heavy. He cleared his entire front within a half hour of the commencement of the attack. Upwards of one hundred and fifty wounded, three hundred prisoners, and many battle flags fell into his hands. The enemy's dead, as usual, he could only roughly estimate.

General Geary (a Marshal Ney in size, deportment, and vigor), always on hand for a battle and sure to be in some exposed position, was this memorable afternoon on a hill quite as far advanced as Newton, making arrangements to intrench his skirmishers. He probably intended to bring hither his main lines. While thus engaged, the cry of battle, already too well known to him, was heard. Part of his line had an open field in front, but his right was in a densely wooded ravine closely set with underbrush. There was still a gap in the woods between him and Williams. Geary's division, from right to left, was made up of three brigades, commanded by Colonels Jones, Ireland, and Candy; and one battery only was at hand. They had left the bridge-head near the creek, and were fortifying a new position considerably in advance — I should say, just beginning to fortify — when the blow came.

Without skirmishers, without previous warning, in masses with a quick, springy movement, the Confederates came upon Geary up there with his skirmishers. Of these, fifty per cent. of one regiment (all doing skirmish or picket duty), the thirty-third New Jersey, were instantly placed *hors du combat*. Geary passed quickly to his main infantry and battery force, where his left and centre brigade, by quick, low, and straight firing, held in check the fierce onset; but unfortunately his right brigade and part of Ireland's were confused by the woods and turned. They changed front as soon as they could, but being too late to hold on they were forced to fall back to the bridge-head of the morning. The contest in this front was not more furious than near Newton and Ward, but it was more evenly balanced than elsewhere. The trees and thickets afterward seemed to have been bruised and broken by some terrific tornado. This part of the fight, obstinate and sanguinary, was kept up till night, when the enemy slowly, reluctantly withdrew.

We have seen that Hood's troops passed Geary's flank. It was through a ravine between Geary and Williams. They then seem to have struck Robinson's brigade of Williams's division, even while he was in motion by the flank to connect with Geary. This brigade thus placed in the worst condition faced them, and received, to start with, a severe fire, yet wonderful to tell did not give way, but stood (those of course who were not wounded or slain) and returned the fire with increase. After a time Geary's regiment that had retired was brought up to help; recovering under Robinson's protection, they were sent, doubtless by General Hooker, to this support. Williams, the division commander, wide awake at the outset, at the first signal — Hood and his men ought to be thanked for their rallying cry, doubtless alarming to recruits, but a grand signal to veterans — immediately put into position abundant artillery, arranging it on his hill so as to get an oblique fire upon the enemy in the woods, in Robinson's and Geary's front. As the assault rolled along, like an oblique wave against the beach, it touched Williams's other two brigades, Knipes's and Ruger's, and even broke a little upon Anson McCook's, of General Palmer's corps. An officer present, speaking of the battle on this front, which could not have equaled the prolonged contest at other points, says: "The awful picture of the battle as it raged at this moment, no pencil can paint or pen describe. . . .

Wounded men were borne to the rear by scores, the blood streaming from their lacerated flesh, and presenting a sight which at any other time would sicken the heart with horror."

This was Hood's first battle. It was well planned, and as well put into execution as it could be; but the steady, fearless resolve of our veteran soldiers won the day against a spirited and well-sustained attack, so that at dark our troops were masters of the bloody field. Our entire loss was not far from two thousand men, and the enemy's loss estimated, from the five hundred or six hundred dead and the several hundred prisoners left in our hands, to be in the neighborhood of five thousand. Estimates vary from five to seven of the wounded to one of the killed, but I confess they are not very reliable at such times.

The main success to Sherman was that Hood's attack, the 20th June, 1864, had failed, and Peachtree Creek was to be inscribed hereafter on our victorious banners.

III. BATTLE OF THE TWENTY-SECOND OF JULY.

There are so many elements to deal with, namely, three small armies and two columns of cavalry, making altogether eight army corps or twenty-four divisions, each constituting a major-general's command, all operating simultaneously, that it becomes difficult to give a clear account and yet condense within reasonable limits.

On the 20th, Garrard's cavalry had been relieved from its watch on our left flank, and had gone, by General Sherman's orders, to burn some bridges and destroy the track and material along the Augusta railroad as far away as Covington. Stoneman, with the remaining cavalry, had not yet replaced Garrard. He was really needed where he was, to protect our line of communications against the enemy's enterprising raiders. For it may be remembered that what we call "raiding" had become about this period of the war a very popular method of petty annoyance to opponents, certainly bothersome and irritating to generals who had nerves. Railroad tracks broken; cars thrown off in transit; small bridges burned; trees, logs, and stones cast into the way; beef-cattle caught and driven off; everything at unexpected times and places, — all these things were chargeable to raiding.

Hood had abandoned the Peachtree Creek defenses after his unsuccessful battle on the night of the 20th, and had apparently drawn everything into the works close around Atlanta. (These works were mainly the ordinary redoubts nicely arranged for heavy guns, and connected by shallow dry ditches sometimes called "curtains of intrenchment," with an abundance of obstacles in front, such as abattis, *chevaux-de-frise*, felled trees and brushwood.) We pressed up during the day on all the roads, marching in the same general order, and coming together so as to close the gap in my corps and to

crowd out that portion of the sixteenth corps (Dodge's) which was with the field-army. Schofield and McPherson, having turned gradually toward Atlanta from the east, had passed Decatur. General J. W. Sprague, with his brigade, was left at Decatur by McPherson, to replace Garrard at that point and protect the trains.

McPherson, following substantially the line of the Augusta railroad, moving in a westerly direction, encountered the enemy's observing force soon after leaving Decatur, and drove it steadily toward Atlanta. Coming upon the enemy's abandoned rifle-pits, now in plain sight of the city, he placed the fifteenth corps (Logan's) in position and brought up the seventeenth on its left. General F. P. Blair, then commanding the seventeenth, gives a detailed account of this movement: "After marching three or four miles [from Decatur] I struck the road running nearly north and south in front of Cloy's house. At this point the fourth division, Brigadier-General Gresham's, discovered the enemy posted half or three quarters of a mile west of Cloy's road [nearer Atlanta] in a strip of timber, who immediately opened with artillery upon my advance." . . . Blair deployed his lines, replied with artillery, and "drove the enemy full a mile and a quarter to a ridge of hills. At this point my right connected with Major-General Logan [fifteenth corps]."

A bald hill was on the left of this position, from which a sharp-shooter wounded Brigadier-General Gresham, who was not only an able and gallant officer in action, but excellent in council. His loss from the front at this time was much felt. Blair sent another division commander, General Leggett, an order to assault this hill. This order, for some unexplained reason, he did not get on the evening of the 20th, but "with great gallantry carried into effect" the morning of the 21st. The division moved upon the enemy's works at a double-quick, capturing forty or fifty prisoners. The position being important, the enemy attempted to regain this bald hill, but was handsomely repulsed, Gresham's division having been brought up to assist.

General Giles A. Smith, a clear-headed, self-possessed soldier, who, it will be remembered, became Assistant Postmaster-General after the war, was assigned to the division of Gresham on the latter being disabled by his wound. The ridge terminating in what, since Leggett's combat for it, has been called Leggett's Hill, formed the left of the general line. We now had every part of Sherman's force, except the cavalry, in position facing Atlanta and connected from left to right: McPherson's command including Blair, Logan, and Dodge (the latter's force mainly in reserve); Schofield's, the twenty-third corps (Cox's), and a few other troops; Thomas's, the fourth (Howard), twentieth (Hooker), and fourteenth (Palmer); the whole extending around almost a semicircle from Leggett's Hill, just south of the Atlanta and Augusta railroad, to the south of the Chattanooga and Atlanta railroad.

Now, when Garrard's cavalry was away from the left, was the opportune time for Hood. During the night of the 21st, leaving a smaller force in the works close around the city, to keep our attention and resist any attempt at assault, he moved Hardee's and his own corps, now under Stephen D. Lee, by quite a detour, probably of eight or ten miles, to the McDonough and Decatur road, and having by this means gained our unprotected left and rear, he formed lines of assault under cover of the night and the favoring forests.

Through the thick woods, and much impeded by underbrush, the Southern men worked their way forward in lines, skirmishers in front, and sprang upon General Giles A. Smith's division without warning, precisely as Stonewall Jackson had led his troops, twenty-five thousand strong, to the attack of the right of the eleventh corps at Chancellorsville. A regular battery, some field-hospital material, and some pioneers and soldiers detailed to assist them, were immediately captured, but General Smith's veterans sprang over and into the Confederate works, and quickly repelled the first

assault. By this time the enemy, from the continuous line of attack, had swept around to Smith's front so as to come up on the reverse side of the old parapet. Smith's men sprang back to their first position, and, facing them again, fought hard and drove the enemy back from this quarter. Few troops, with their flank turned in this way by an enveloping force, can ever be kept in position. General Smith and his corps commander, General Blair, were justly proud of this feat of arms, namely, repelling the enemy in two opposite directions with a line in air, gradually withdrawing with a comparatively small loss, and finally making a strong flank for Leggett at the highest point of the hill. While this struggle was going on, Dodge's command was in motion by a country road running south of west, and was thus, fortunately, well situated as an effective reserve for this sudden emergency. They were marching by the flank, so that on the enemy's approach through the wood they simply halted and faced to the left, and doubtless surprised Hardee himself by an unexpected vigorous fire well directed into his swinging flank. At the first onset McPherson was with General Sherman, not far from the famous Howard house. Hearing the sharp clangor of musketry not far off, in the direction of his rear and left flank, he mounted immediately, and followed by his aids and orderlies rode rapidly toward the sound of battle. As he neared the seventeenth corps, the noise of artillery and musketry increased so much that he sent off messengers for reënforcements to the fifteenth corps, and elsewhere with information and warning. He in person gave orders to Dodge's command, and then passed on up the road southward, the route Dodge was following. There was an interval not yet closed in his line of battle, but the woods were thick, and it was doubtless inconceivable to McPherson that his seventeenth corps flank could be so far passed by the enemy as to endanger his passage to his own troops on the front; but so it was; and he there received the fatal shot. It was probably a volley that was fired, as his horse was badly wounded at the same time, and ran back bleeding without him.

General Logan, being next in rank in the army of the Tennessee, was at once assigned by General Sherman to McPherson's command, for the battle. Besides putting his left into good practical shape, he sent Martin's brigade of the fifteenth corps to further strengthen the exposed flank. The first check by Blair, together with Dodge's successful counter-charge from his fortunate position, and then the bloody repulse along Blair's front, only opened the battle. Hardee, followed by Lee, had marched many long miles, and pressed with extreme difficulty through the thick and tangled wilderness. Hood would never give up with merely one effort. Stephen D. Lee was noted for his energy and enterprise, and Hardee was also a thorough soldier. It is not surprising to find this battle renewed again and again at different points after the enemy had successfully gained the rear of the exposed flank. There was sudden charging, rapid firing, and then a counter-charge. Ground was gained and then lost. The woods kept up a continuous roar from eleven A. M. till four P. M. The Confederate Wheeler with his cavalry had made one desperate trial for the wagons at Decatur. Our General Sprague with his infantry brigade assailed, dispersed, and drove off this cavalry, and sent the train into safety behind my position in the line.

During the afternoon, as I found that the battle continued, and as I was under orders not only to keep the force already in my front along the strong line of intrenchments busily employed, but also to hold myself in readiness to go to Logan's aid if needed, I rode over to General Sherman's position at the Howard house. He and General Schofield were there, both mounted and watching the movements of troops which were in plain sight. They were near the right of the fifteenth corps. Just before this time Hood's men had broken the line of the fifteenth corps at the place which had been weakened by the withdrawal of Martin's brigade. Lightburn's brigade, near the break, doubtless too

much stretched out, had dropped back considerably, and DeGress's four-gun battery of choice thirty-two pounders had fallen into the enemy's possession. The proudest of battery commanders, Captain DeGress, exhibiting much feeling and complaining of his loss, was standing near Sherman. Schofield had caused several cannon to be so located as to give a sweeping fire along the line of works at the interval held by the enemy, and also to bear on the approaches from Atlanta in order to keep back any more Confederates. These cannon were blazing away with a terrific roar, making volumes of smoke. Just then General Charles R. Woods (known in the army as "Susan" Woods; called Susan, in cadet fashion, probably because of his ungirl-like qualities, except perhaps his modesty of deportment, for he was the largest, tallest, stoutest officer on the ground, showing at all times a nerve unconscious of danger), was drawing out his brave division by the flank, in column of fours at right angles to the occupied line of works. He formed this line under cover of the batteries, while they were pouring solid shot and canister into the gap which he wished to regain. As soon as ready, his division moved steadily on till it had swept the lost interval clean of Confederates, regained DeGress's much coveted battery, and entrapped many prisoners.

General Schofield now suggested to General Sherman that it would be well to follow up the retreating enemy with his command, and thus interpose a corps between Hood's flanking force and Atlanta, but Sherman thought he would not risk it, and said, "Let the army of the Tennessee fight it out, this time." The *esprit de corps* was much increased by these independent successes, but my judgment would have leaned to Schofield's suggestion at this crisis, for it seemed the opportune moment to strike a decisive blow. Still, if it had failed of absolute success, it were better not to have undertaken it. Hood finally gave up his attempts and retired into his Atlanta works, carrying with him several guns and many prisoners. He issued confident bulletins, as if he had won a victory; but he really had not, though he had inflicted great injury. We had now fought ourselves into a good position to resist a sally, and were becoming familiar with this rough wilderness around the city. There was great mourning for McPherson, who had been fully trusted by his command, and much beloved by all who had come into personal contact with him.

We now spent four days in renewing supplies, putting batteries into position, and covering the troops with strong earthworks. Atlanta could be seen plainly from several points, and shells were easily landed by our rifled cannon within the city limits. It was a partial siege, but like that of Yorktown under McClellan, where a complete investment was impossible, it would be a long one to terminate while the enemy's communication remained intact. On the 24th or 25th, I was reconnoitring with General Sherman along my own front (that of the fourth corps), when he asked me, "How would you like McPherson's army to command?" I remember to have said, "I have a good corps and am satisfied, and as General Hooker is senior to me in rank he might be deeply offended." General Sherman said in substance, "General Thomas and I have considered the subject, and we think you had better be assigned." I replied again, "General, Hooker is a good commander, and I believe will be really truer to you than you think." General Sherman, with a little of his quick impatience when unexpectedly hindered by opposition, said, "Hooker has not the moral qualities that I want — not those adequate to the command; but if you don't want promotion, there are plenty who do." I answered, "General Sherman, you misunderstand me; I am grateful for your confidence and that of General Thomas, and will undertake anything." No more passed between us till the evening of the 26th, which brought to my tent a dispatch from the president, assigning me to the command of the army and department of the Tennessee, that is, to the place made vacant by the death of McPherson.

He was in the class before me at West Point. I followed him in the office of quartermaster-sergeant of cadets the third year, also of quartermaster of cadets the fourth year, and was elected to succeed him as president of the Cadets' Literary Society. Now here again, in the field, Providence made me his successor in the more responsible office. It was at that time a hard place to fill. Some of the warm friends of McPherson thought that I could not satisfactorily hold his place and keep up the confidence of the army. Some of Logan's friends were ambitious for him to succeed to the position, as they thought he had already shown the adequate ability and was not a "West Point man." Prejudice against officers from the Potomac existed to some extent. The personal gossip of mischief-makers came in here to make me a great deal of trouble at first, but the steady confidence of the parallel commanders, Thomas and Schofield, and the frank, genuine support of General Sherman, who always told objectors and fault-finders to wait and see, added to the true patriotism and observing loyalty of the command, soon gave me the footing I needed.

IV. BATTLE OF EZRA CHAPEL, NEAR ATLANTA.

The army of the Tennessee was already in motion, from our left toward the right of the general line, when at daylight on the 27th of July I joined its head of column, as it was crossing the Buckhead and Atlanta wagon-road. General Sherman, who rode with me as far as the right of Palmer's line, there indicated the wooded ridge on which he wished me to form. He hoped that I could get hold of Hood's railroad before he could so extend his intrenchments as to cover and protect it. He thought I had better run my line along the ridge, which was mostly covered thickly with trees, by continuing the usual flank march in column of fours. But as the general did not order me to preserve this formation I asked to vary from it, giving my reasons. I said to him that I anticipated another blow from Hood as I pushed my right flank into the air, and that I would like to unfold by division, that is, by army division, with a view of having each division succeeding the first protect the flank of the one ahead. Sherman said pleasantly, "I don't think Hood will trouble you now, but would rather you would deploy in your own way." General Dodge's corps took the lead. General Corse, one of his division commanders, who subsequently became distinguished for his indomitable defense of our provision depot at Allatoona Pass, was then in advance, and deployed his line on the ridge not far from Palmer's right. He got as near as possible to the enemy's line concealed in the thicket, curving his own and facing it toward Atlanta. General Fuller's division deployed, passed beyond Corse, and wheeled into line. Succeeding divisions did the same. The long march, the preliminary reconnoissance in a new place, and the difficulties of the ground in the immediate presence of the enemy consumed the day, so that General Blair's corps, following Dodge's, was barely in position at nightfall. I had the fifteenth corps (General Logan's) in reserve.

This movement was resumed at dawn of the 28th. Logan marched slowly and carefully into position, while Blair and Dodge covered their front as well as possible by rails, and by digging and scooping up of soil with the tin of broken canteens, and bayonets, and with the hands. (It will be remembered that the enemy captured pioneers and tools belonging to these troops, when Hood turned their position at the beginning of the last battle on the 22d of July.) The skirmishers in front of the fifteenth corps were resisted more and more as they advanced eastward; when the last division, General Morgan L. Smith's, was crowning a ridge in his front, General Sherman and I were together in rear of it, in the neighborhood of the line of battle. The enemy had opened a battery not far off, and what was apparently grape-shot or canister was striking and crashing through the tree-tops over our heads; occasionally there was the

explosion of a shell uncomfortably near; and the report reached me that our skirmishers could get ahead no farther. I directed that the front be covered as rapidly as possible with rails and logs. There was an open space but partially cleared of old trees and stumps, and rather a steep slope, just in rear of Logan's hill. The officers and men worked rapidly in piling up rails and logs. Batteries were brought up so as to be near at hand; reserves were carefully located, and so instructed as to be ready for any emergency. General Sherman, hardly thinking yet that a battle was near at hand, after telling me that Morgan's division of Palmer's corps had been sent by him to make a reconnoissance to Turner's Ferry, beyond my position, and would soon return as a protection to my right flank, went back to his headquarters near General Thomas's position, leaving the right to my care. Morgan L. Smith had just located a battery to engage the troublesome one to which I had referred, placed somewhere in the blind woods in his front, when the well-known piercing yell came to our ears with its continuous, tumultuous, increasing sound.

"Be ready, boys!" passed quickly along the lines as every man dropped into his place, kneeling behind his fragile protection, or lying on his stomach with his head raised and musket in hand, watching through the trees. "Take steady aim, and fire low at the word," are the orders. In three minutes after the charging cry, glimpses of the on-coming line are seen in the thickets; gleams of bright bayonets, or gun-barrels, or swords flash through to the watching eyes. Then the fire (nobody knows who began it), roar of cannon, rattle of musketry, breaking of trees, running back of a few scared men and officers — very, very few — from the right flank, which is enveloped at the first charge. Logan brightens always after the battle is really joined; he gives all orders clearly, goes back a little for stragglers and drives them with voice, horse, and drawn sabre to duty. The attack burst on the front of Generals Harrow's, Wood's, and Morgan L. Smith's divisions; and, fearing the necessity of support, I sent at once to General Blair to give us all the troops he could spare. In response, four regiments were sent. In less than twenty minutes from the first assault, Captain Gilbreth, of my staff, placed two of these regiments on the right. Lieutenant-Colonel Strong, my inspector-general, led two others, fortunately provided with breech-loading guns, to clear the same flank. Quickly they came into line, and they were quick to commence that fire that never stops till the ammunition is exhausted. Enemies were close up to the right, some on the rails already, some past them, when these fearful weapons swept this part of the field. Hood's men fell where they were; few got back thence. I had batteries put into position by my chief of artillery, a little to the rear of the right flank, that could sweep every approach and cover easily a quarter of a circle. A slight épaulement was raised in a few minutes, while the guns were already at work. A few words of my report, written while everything was fresh in recollection, bring out the method of this defense: "The position occupied was a very strong one, naturally, to resist a front attack; but I supposed that the enemy had now discovered the right, and would push in a body to hold that point before making his second assault. Therefore, in order to secure my right more substantially, twenty-six pieces of artillery were placed in position in such a way as to sweep the approaches in that direction."

The attack of Hood, or of his representative, Stephen D. Lee (a classmate of mine at West Point, — he appeared and was recognized by our men, urging on his troops), was renewed again and again during the day. It was as severe a musketry engagement as it was my fortune to see during the war. Our men, being in position, had the advantage. The slight cover of rails and logs was a great protection. They fired low, and ceased firing when the enemy was driven back, thus keeping cool and self-possessed. As I moved along the line to make a better acquaintance with my

forces, the men cheered, and their officers said all preferred to fight the battle through without being replaced by others, who were waiting at hand to give them a rest. Logan's report says Colonel W. W. Belknap brought him reënforcements of two regiments from General Blair, and Lieutenant-Colonel Phillips four regiments from General Dodge. "These troops were received at a time when I much needed them, and, under the skillful management of the officers who commanded them, acted gallantly until the battle was ended."

It was necessary to meet Hood's assaults all along my line with active firing, and having used up all the reserves that I cared to spare from Blair and Dodge for the fifteenth corps front, and finding that the enemy's assaults exhibited singular pertinacity, I feared that by continually throwing in fresh troops he might at last succeed in breaking our line, as he had done on the 22d, at one point. For these reasons I asked General Sherman to send me at least a brigade.

At first Sherman replied, "Morgan's division will be back in time, and will come in on your right flank." But Morgan, delayed by the enemy's cavalry, did not appear. Toward night I sent my brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles H. Howard, then on my staff, to represent the facts to the general. He sent me a brigade immediately. I learned, I think it was through Colonel Howard on his return from Sherman, that those men who had given way at the first onset had fled as far as Sherman's headquarters, and that an officer had headed them in the retreat, and had said to the general, "Everything is lost; the troops are missing McPherson; if you don't at once take care of that flank you will be defeated!" Sherman simply asked, "Is General Howard there?" "Yes." "Then I shall wait for his report."

It is difficult to fight any battle without suffering from at least a few stragglers and croakers. Approaching the battle line during the progress of an engagement, the nearer you come to the actual front, the cooler and steadier you find the men. This was my first trial with these troops, and I was delighted with their conduct. Our losses were in the neighborhood of six hundred. In a letter to General Sherman, dated July 29th (the next day after the battle), I reported the enemy's dead at six hundred and forty-two. Between one and two hundred more bodies were subsequently found, and two hundred prisoners taken. As it was presumed that many others were removed, as well as the wounded, our officers estimated Hood's loss in this battle at upwards of five thousand all told.

I meditated sweeping the field after the last repulse, and making a bold push for Atlanta, but the troops were tired, Morgan's division was still held back, and it was near night, so that I contented myself with the old game, namely, "strengthening the skirmishers and pushing them out." This was done as Lee drew his defeated men within the Atlanta works, and opened on our advance with his musketry and artillery reserves. Thus ended Hood's third attempt to defeat Sherman and drive him from Atlanta.

V. AN INTERIM OF SMALL COMBATS: CHANGES OF OFFICERS.

From this battle to the 26th of August the enemy stood on the defensive, and "our command," in the words of Blair, "was occupied in making approaches, digging rifle pits, and erecting batteries, being subjected day and night to a galling fire of artillery and musketry." During these operations of pressing up closer and closer to the enemy's lines, putting our batteries in place within forty or fifty yards of his, a man could not put up a hand without drawing fire. The heads of the men were protected by a large piece of timber laid upon the embankment, which the soldiers named "the top log." General Dodge was one day reconnoitring under this cover, when a ball struck his head and gave him a serious and painful wound, and he retired from the field. General S. E. G. Ransom succeeded him, a young

man, very able and very handsome, like his father, who fell in the Mexican war. Before the close of the campaign he, too, gave up his life.

General Lightburn was also disabled by a wound, and General Hazen, at my request, succeeded to his division. General Osterhaus, returning from a leave of absence, took General Charles R. Wood's division of the fifteenth corps, and General Wood passed to the third division, seventeenth corps. By lengthening the fourth and twentieth corps fronts, the fourteenth was drawn out and passed beyond me. Schofield with his command moved from the left to the right. A little trouble arose concerning seniority, during this movement. General Hooker took offense at my assignment, apparently because he was senior to me, and thought that he should have been chosen. He probably forgot that he had previously done substantially the same thing as Sherman, that is, he let a junior general command a corps while his senior was commanding a division.

General Palmer now took offense because General Schofield (really a junior, but acting senior because commanding an army under the president's assignment) was placed by General Sherman in charge of a combined movement to strike the enemy's communications. Palmer was thus put under Schofield's command. He gave up his own command and went home. General Jeff. C. Davis (now so well known to the country) succeeded to Palmer's corps.

O. O. Howard.

FABLE.

A CERTAIN bird in a certain wood,
Feeling the spring-time warm and good,
Sang to it, in melodious mood.
On other neighboring branches stood
Other birds who heard his song:
Loudly he sang, and clear and strong;
Sweetly he sang, and it stirred their gall
There should be a voice so musical.
They said to themselves, "We must stop that bird,
He 's the sweetest voice was ever heard.
That rich, deep chest-note, crystal-clear,
Is a mortifying thing to hear.
We have sharper beaks and hardier wings,
Yet we but croak: *this* fellow sings!"
So they planned and planned, and killed the bird
With the sweetest voice was ever heard.

Passing his grave one happy May,
I brought this English daisy away.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

ROME, 1875.

THE THORSDALE TELEGRAPHS.

I.

When I first arrived at Thorsdale I was nineteen, having just graduated from a Western college, with a magnificent diploma, and, if it had not been for a knowledge of telegraphing and machine sewing, would have been assisting a widowed sister of mine, keeping school, in a town in the western portion of the State. Thorsdale had then rather a typographical than a topographical existence. While Twoboysboro and Smoilersville enjoyed the distinction of capital letters in the railroad guide, Thorsdale had to be satisfied with the smallest type. Thorsdale was simply the intersecting point of two railroads, which formed an X at that point, and for buildings had a dilapidated freight depot, a few straggling houses, and a telegraph station, in which for a certain time I was an employée. Thorsdale office had a great deal to do with railroad business, and although the two roads were at daggers drawn, and were continually quarreling on the subject of time-tables and schedules, messages relating to the safety and business of the trains were always being received at and forwarded from the Thorsdale station.

It was an oppressively sultry August afternoon when I first presented myself at the office, and became acquainted with Mr. Thor, its occupant. Apparently Mr. Thor did not much heed the few words of salutation I gave him, though he rose from his work and offered me a dilapidated office stool. Somewhat tired, perhaps rather confused by his manner, which, though not uncourteous, was in the highest degree indifferent and hardly calculated to inspire self-reliance, I sat rather uncomfortably on the high chair for some minutes, wondering whether I would like a position in the Thorsdale office, and coming pretty rapidly to the conclusion that with Mr. Thor as a fellow telegraph clerk I should not relish it. I excused his not talking to me just then because he seemed quite busy with his instrument, studying at the same time a railroad time-table, which was pasted on the wall before him. Suddenly he turned towards me, and said, "Miss Brown?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"M. Brown. Is M for Miranda, Mirabel, or Madeline?"

"No, sir; my name is Mary. Yours is Mr. Thor, I presume."

"Yes, Jahn," and he spelt it out for me on the machine. "J-a-h-n — so, and not John. Are you a quick operator?"

"Not very, sir; though I have had a fair practical experience."

"So! Rather easily flustered?" he inquired, moving towards another machine, which commenced working, and over which he was now bending somewhat attentively. "Did you understand that last message?"

"No, sir," I answered, "I was not listening; I could have understood it had I chosen to."

"Then you are not curious?"

"Yes, I am," I responded, by no means relishing his interrogations.

Here there was quite a pause in the conversation, two of the machines going at once, to both of which Mr. Thor paid attention, sending back replies. Presently he said, not at all quickly, — there was even a slight drawl in his manner of speaking, — "Here, Miss Brown, Miss Mary Brown, be good enough to send this message; I will call it off for you. Ready? 'Thor to Smoil. Certain collision on or about ninety-three mile post. Keep the up-train at station, if there is time.'"

I had been rather listless so far; in fact, my mind was a thousand miles from where I was seated on the high stool, but now — upsetting the stool with a crash, my hair ribbon getting entangled somehow in one of the machines, which ribbon I tore from my head, my hair

tumbling down — I transmitted in an instant the message, a great deal faster, I think, than I ever did anything before in my life.

"Correct! Miss Brown will do for an emergency. Excuse my forgetfulness in not offering you a glass of water. The day is quite oppressive, and it is likely to storm." He poured me out a glassful of water. I took it, and looked him in the face. His countenance was imperturbable. Suddenly it flashed across my mind that it was some stupid hoax on his part, and that he was hazing a new-comer in the office. I felt enraged at this method of procedure, and instantly resented it.

"This is scandalous," I said, moving from the telegraph table. "I do not wish your glass of water. To have imposed upon me with a message of this kind is singularly out of place. It is some stupid joke. The wires were disconnected, or led to nowhere, or you have told the receiver of the message that it amounted to nothing. I have no respect for" —

"Stop, Miss Brown, and watch your instrument. I fooling you? God forbid! Keep silent, and listen."

He said this very quietly, his face not exhibiting a particle of resentment, or even surprise. There was a lapse of a minute, when off went the machine, and ticked out: "Just in time. Train stopped. Church excursion. Might have been harrowing. All right. Mamma on board. Somebody intoxicated."

"Will you have some water, now? Thorsdale water is the sweetest, coolest in the world," he said. I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself, as I turned my head aside, and gulped down the water. I was about thanking him when, seeing my confusion, he offered me his hand, and led me to a little partition on one side of the office. "Your bower," he said. I peeped into a kind of closet some six by eight, and ventured in, when he shut the door softly after me. It was the merest bin of a place, roughly put together, though there had been apparently quite a determined effort to make it look comfortable. There was a stone pitcher, a tin basin, a looking-glass, and a pretty bunch of flowers in an ale bottle. On the walls were pasted a variety of pictures, views of scenery in Norway and Sweden, taken from the illustrated papers, and occupying a whole side was a carefully drawn map of a city, with its broad streets and lanes, its public buildings and churches, with parks and fountains and boulevards; and over that again, surmounting it, was a strongly colored wood-cut, evidently taken bodily from a circus-poster, of a nondescript animal, half horse, half fish.

"You can use the brush and comb with impunity," said Mr. Thor, from the office; "they are immaculate, bought for the occasion with the company's money, and may be found in the inventory under the head of office furniture; likewise the looking-glass. I mention this simply because it will be one of your duties to keep the accounts of the office. As I did n't know exactly how tall you might be, probably the glass is hung too high or too low. You will arrange everything to suit you. The key to the closet you will find in the soap dish. It is brown soap. Thorsdale, though bountiful in soap, is undiscriminating, saponaceously, I am afraid; and I am even forced to admit that a nail-brush fitted for a lady has been beyond our powers. The key, too, is dreadfully large, though mediæval in style. I purloined lock and key from one of the depot doors, but no amount of filing the wards would get the creak from it. Oh! I must not forget to tell you that you will please give the door a kick when you want to shut it."

To relieve my feelings, I used the brush vigorously, arranged my hair, and then looked at the flowers. When I felt that there could be no excuse for my remaining longer immured, I stepped out into the office. Mr. Thor was apparently dozing over his table. His hands supported his head, his flaxen hair streaming down over his shoulders. Even in this position, his tall stature was manifest.

"So very much obliged to you, Mr. Thor, for all those kind attentions on

your part, in my boudoir. They are exceedingly grateful to me; and — and I am quite distressed — very sorry — that at the start I should have made such an absurd dunce of myself, Mr. Jahn Thor; and pray tell me about that train; is it all right, now?"

"Oh!" he said, rubbing his eyes, as if awaking from a dream. "It was a woman at the other end of the line, who gushed back. Now to think of a telegraph woman sending the word 'intoxicated' when 'drunk' would have been much better, and six letters shorter; and what does she mean by taking up my time by sending me stuff about a church train, and her blessed 'mamma,' just as if Providence was especially careful of church people and fond parents on a railroad? She skips letters when she is the least excited. If a cow is run over, she sends me news about it, in spasms. And now she wants to know who it was sent the reply to her; she recognizes a new hand at the bellows."

I felt somewhat hurt at his having taken no notice of my apology, but I meekly replied, "I trust you will excuse my rather hasty expression."

"Miss Brown, I have no doubt that we shall get on quite pleasantly together. You know that I am master here by seniority. To-morrow is Wednesday, and mostly a quiet day; some three trains are off. You will want some rest. Probably your household arrangements are not yet completed."

"Indeed they are, sir. I have secured quite a good boarding-house, and a trunk to unpack is not much."

"I shall have no use for you to-morrow, though you had better come at sundown. On Thursday you will commence work in earnest. We might as well understand one another at once, Miss Brown. The office will expect your whole time and attention; and holidays will be few and far between. Thorsdale may have its faults, but there are no barbecues, nor picnics, nor bands of hope, nor Sisters of Washington, nor woman's rights, nor *fête* days, nor festivals here. Thorsdale has no time for pleasure, but works on silently, unceasingly, toward its great destiny. After a while, I do not gainsay it, may come Thorsdale's period of relaxation, but not until the arms of Thorsdale, the seahorse, red on a white field, shall be emblazoned on the flag of this good State, and men shall give to the Thors that proud position they once assumed, a thousand years ago, in the country of the vikings. I have placed their blazon on the walls of your closet!"

I was somewhat startled at this unlooked-for vehemence on his part, and could by no means exactly understand what he meant. "Do you allude to that picture — half horse, half fish — which is tacked over some map or other, in my closet?" I asked, considerably astonished.

"Yes; I cut it out myself from a circus-poster that decorated one whole side of the depot. Of course, such an animal does not exist" —

"I should suppose not," I interrupted, unable to suppress a smile.

"Though it was once carved in wood," he went on, "and was one of the ornaments of the triumphal car in which a very bad circus band made its entry into Twoboysboro. They did not honor Thorsdale. I have an antique seal left me by my father, precisely like it. My father was only a blacksmith, but he treasured that old seal. He told me it was centuries old, and had come down to him from his grandfather. The seahorse is, then, our crest; I tattooed it on my arm when I was a boy. I can show you a rock, overlooking the lake, where I chiseled this same device deep into the stone. There it was that my poor old father used to spend sometimes whole days, waiting for me to come home, for I was absent from him many a year. He used to tell me that our lake was like his native fiord, where he was born, and where my poor mother came from. That rock is my landmark, and it is where my wharf must start from, some of these days. Thorsdale! Thorsdale!" Just here he seemed quite to ignore my presence, and was apparently talking to himself. "Dale! dale!" he continued; "that final syllable has a diminutive

sound, and is impossible when connected with the idea of anything like a city. Busy men, inclined to clip their words, would never say Thors-dale. I must drop the 'dale' and call it simply Thor." Then, turning to me, he said, "You would have no objection, Miss Brown, to calling this place Thor? The necessary abbreviation used in telegraphing has already inaugurated its use. It is always signaled Thor, and the new railroad-guide publisher has printed it so."

"Evidently," I said to myself, "Mr. Thor has some decidedly original ideas in regard to Thorsdale." So I replied to him not mockingly, but rather carelessly, "I had no idea you were lord of the manor. I shall be pleased to be the humblest of your vassals, and prithee call it Thor;" and I made a reverence.

He scanned me curiously for a moment, half smiled, and then, looking serious again, said, "I trust Miss Brown is not laughing at me? A very narrow manor is it. The office we are now in is on my ground. The depot lot I gave to the railroad company, thinking that it might be the future nucleus of some cluster of buildings. It takes so little to start a city — a mere whim, the simplest chance. Caprice can do it, a spring of running water, a clay-pit where bricks can be made; why, a child born has done this wonder. Even a fallen tree across a prairie road, blocking up the path, has induced men to loiter there, to build a shelter of boughs against a passing storm, and lo! a city has sprung up from it. Here, here," and he stamped his foot, "we have everything, all ready at hand, to make a city: a noble lake, a navigable river, fine soil, building material; and yet Thor is nothing, and I am the lord of the manor!" Here I winced a little. "If it was not for this position of telegraph clerk, I should starve, for I have no brains for true work!"

I was a good deal startled at his vehemence. Possibly, if there had been a third person present, I might have tittered or giggled in a suppressed way. I only said, rather at random, "Why not sell out one part of the property, in order to improve the other?"

He turned on me instantly, as if I had struck him. "What! Barter off the few acres left, the place where the old Thor forge stood? where my father is buried? Never! We once owned all the land from the lake to here. My father had an emigration scheme, — a noble one, and sold most of the land, for a mere song, to speculators years ago. The money he received he gave to a friend, who was to have gone to Norway, to our own village on the fiord; he was to have induced the good peasant folk to take ship, and to settle here. That agent cheated him. It killed my old father. His was a grand, big heart, and it was broken. He left me a sacred inheritance, that of following out his wishes. Well," he added with a sigh, "by this time, Miss Brown, I trust you have been made quite at home with all the mysteries of Thor. I talk this same thing to anybody who will listen to me. I dare say I am a very annoying person, and have bored you sadly."

"On the contrary," I replied, "you have interested me. There would be something noble in the idea of a man as young as you are founding a city. That map so neatly drawn in my closet is, I suppose, the plan of Thor?"

"You have noticed it? I have made ten of them, each one more elaborate than the last. It is a great enterprise, an absorbing one, requiring an immense range of thought, to plan out anything which has a bearing on the life, health, and happiness of thousands of human beings yet unborn." Here Mr. Thor again paced up and down the office, as if carried away by the thought. It was then that I saw Mr. Thor at his best. The head was large and massive, the brow broad and lofty, and the eyes flashed as if fired by some internal inspiration. "It is shadowy, vague as yet," he continued, "and rests, this plan of mine, on a very frail foundation — a poor telegraph station and a tumble-down depot. Young, you say I am? Why, I am almost thirty, and am nothing, like Thor: my forefathers at my age went forth and founded cities!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Thor," I said, per-

haps unfortunately, with that tendency a young woman has, fresh from her books, to air her slender stock of knowledge, "it strikes me, those old vikings were rather prone to" —

"I understand you," he interrupted, "they tore down rather than built up. Nations, races, have their rhythmic periods. If they sacked, ravaged, and burned down in the Old World, they are reconstructing here. But here I am driveling out an existence over this miserable machine, tapping it as would a young miss her piano keys, when heavier, more sturdy toil should be mine. Curse all such feeble work! Sometimes," and here he gave his instrument a contemptuous fillip with his finger which threatened to smash the ebony buttons, "sometimes I wish this right hand of mine might shrivel. What it wants is a sledge to wield, some mighty work to do, something to carve and whack, something that would make thews and muscles stand out in tension, till they snapped." Just here I stood aghast at his excited manner. The man was in an agony, and the expression of his face was terrible. The calm, quiet repose about him had all gone. It was not a fume or a fret, but as if some pent-up geyser of energy had suddenly burst forth; he seemed so shaken to his very heart. As I was wondering what would be the next phase of his temper, I was rather pleased that the machine before him commenced working. He seemed to be paying decided attention to the communication. Suddenly, with an explosion, he cried out, "That confounded woman at the other end of the line! She says sometimes she cannot make out my messages, and that in case anything should turn up of importance, I had better repeat it. I know her ways; anything disagreeable about these murdering railroads she always announces in this way. She wants to spare my feelings before breaking the news to me."

"It is not surprising, Mr. Thor," I ventured to remark, "that there should be some difficulty in deciphering your messages, at least in certain of your moods, when you take a delicate telegraphic instrument and convert it into an anvil, using your finger as if it was Thor's mallet."

He smiled at this, and replied, "The old blood. You know the old stories, then?"

Now his machine worked off a long message. It was an important one, evidently, as when he had written it down I heard him signal to repeat it.

"Please listen, Miss Brown. The woman at the other end is nervous and hysterical, as usual. You might as well at once be let into the secrets of these two railroads, both of which are shamefully mismanaged. Sometimes, if it were not for promptness and decision on the part of the telegraph people, passengers would be murdered in the most wholesale way, every day in the week. Be good enough to put down in pencil what comes. I will call it out for you: Smoil to Thor. Down train fifteen — no, eighteen — minutes ahead of time. Kettridge, the engineer, said to be intoxicated or insane. Retain him if possible — if — but — however" — Here something like an oath escaped Mr. Thor's lips. "Excuse me," he cried, "but the woman is so provoking." Just then the machine began again, and he continued, "Thank goodness, some one has pushed her aside, and has her instrument now, and here comes the message, straight. Write it down in ink now, Miss Brown; there will be no corrections to make." And he called out to me rapidly as follows: —

"Kettridge crazy drunk; is armed and desperate. There will be a smash. Have telegraphed all along the line to people at stations to jump the train and choke the villain. If he reaches Thor, he may stop. If so, take him yourself. O'Bryne, his fireman, just in with ankle sprained; Kettridge heaved him off the tender. Conductor new hand, and a skunk. Watch out. Get depot hands to help you. Shoot him on sight if necessary. If he gets by Thor, he will smash into the up express, which, though instructed to back, is too far this way to be saved on a single track.

"Watkins."

As I read it over, my heart was in my mouth. Mr. Thor whistled a moment, then came to me, and read the message which I had transcribed on an office blank.

"Good hand, quite legible. S-h-o-o-t him" (he spelled it out) "not quite as plain as the rest; fault of the pen, doubtless;" then he carefully blotted the paper, and put it in a drawer. Now he went slowly to a closet, and opened it. I shuddered, as I thought he might have some weapon there. He did take something carefully from a shelf; it was in a case. It was almost sunset then, and the room was getting a trifle dark. There was a slight snap, and I started to my feet, thinking it was a percussion cap. Mr. Thor was lighting a match, which flickered for a moment, and presently he applied it to a pipe.

"Please now take the instrument, and do not be too quick, or in the least bit flustered; Thor must not lose its reputation. Just say," and here he blew a steady cloud of smoke, — "You do not mind my smoke? — just say," —

"This is tantalizing, Mr. Thor," I cried, now quite beside myself. "What — what shall I say?"

"Thor to Smoil. We will do our best. THOR."

"We — we!" I exclaimed; "what can I do?"

"Why, shut yourself up in your closet, if you want to, and criticise my map there. You shake your head? I wish you would. By studying out the localities you might devise for me a place for a grand female university, or a pantheon."

"This is trifling, sir," I said, as I jumped up and walked the office in an agony of suspense. There was a large clock hung up on the wall, which now suddenly acquired the power of ticking, and its beats resounded through the room.

"Agitated you are, and a trifle nervous, Miss Brown," he said, in a rather bantering tone; then seeming to be aware of my condition he remarked, "I am a brute; I know it, but cannot help it." Here he opened his closet, and made a running inventory of its contents. "A violin, sixteen volumes of agricultural reports, a demijohn of acid solution for batteries, and a bottle of patent medicine. Wish I could pour it down Kettridge's throat; it might do his business for him. Suppose we reason this out a little. Providing he is running under a full head of steam, it will take fully fifteen minutes for him to get here. That clock is right to a half minute or so. If I had now only the absolute time of that train! We must find that out some way, — when it started on this race. Ah! here comes something from Twoboys."

With a palpitating heart I read off, "Kettridge's train just passed, tearing through; valves all open. Watch out for him. Only had time to move construction-train on siding. Have started engine after him. Look sharp. Time, six forty-five. MANDLY."

"Good!" cried Mr. Thor, "there are some data to go on. Then he may be here three minutes sooner than we expected." I looked at the clock, which now indicated some five minutes before seven.

"The intensity of sound, — as you may have been taught, Miss Brown, for I suppose your scientific acquirements are on a par with your historical information, — the intensity of sound is at times very much increased, and at other times sensibly diminished, by sudden atmospheric changes, and it looks as if we were going to have a thunder-storm. These storms mostly come from the lake shore; the lake lies this way," and he pointed to a window away from the railroad. "Now you had better go home as fast as you can — and take my umbrella — before the rain comes."

By this time I had been wound up to such a pitch of nervous excitement that I was quivering all over. Yet the idea of leaving the office was furthest from my thoughts. I do not think I could have gone to my boarding-house, had I tried to. I felt like locking myself up in my closet, and cowering there, but then, I knew that would be a dastardly act.

"It is rough for you, Miss Brown,"

said Mr. Thor, looking at the clock. "Though apparently careless about this ugly business, I am not assuming a character foreign to my nature."

I scarcely listened to what he said. The clock-face had a fearful fascination for me. I only shuddered at his indifferent talk. Just then I heard — I am certain it was before he heard it — the indistinct, far-off rumble of some train, and I shrieked out, "What in God's name are you going to do?"

"It is the train, sure enough. Track makes a loop near the lake shore, and the sound comes uninterruptedly over the water. He is a good way off yet. Now, Miss Brown, if after a while he whistles, he will stop. Crazy though he may be with rum, habit may to a certain extent control his madness. If he does whistle, then signal down brakes; there will be no trouble about it."

"But the depot hands, who might help you, where are they, sir?"

"They have gone home just an hour and five minutes ago."

"But," I asked in a whisper, "if he does not whistle, does not stop, what then?"

"Well, I suppose I shall have to climb into the water-tank, hang on the spout, — a ludicrous position, no doubt, — and drop into the tender or the train as it passes underneath me; that is, if he is going too fast for me to jump on."

"But it will kill you — must kill you. It is madness; it will be the sacrifice of another life," and I caught him by the sleeve; "you would not have one chance in a thousand. You might just as well lie across the track, hoping to stop the train. You must inevitably be crushed to atoms." Just then a plaintive screech was heard through the storm of wind which now was blowing. "He has whistled! Thank God for that!" I said, with an intense feeling of relief.

"That is three miles off, and he must now slacken his pace, whether he will or not, from the fact of there being just there a bad bit of track and an up grade. But, Miss Brown, I knew all this, and that there was likely not to be much danger about it. Kettridge, I think, will stop in — say, five minutes. It is wonderful how fast the time goes!"

"No, no!" I exclaimed; "there has been to me a whole existence in these last fifteen minutes!"

"You don't say so! Would Miss Brown be kind enough to hold my pipe?" and saying this he placed the pipe in my hand. I gazed at him as if in a dream, when he continued, "It 's quite a good bit of meerschaum. I cut the sea-horse on it. Please do not break it. I shall want a good smoke when I come back." Then I felt the tremulous motion an approaching train imparts to the ground, next I heard the rapid snorts of the exhaust steam, and then the whistle screamed, and it seemed to me that the train would whiz directly through the office the next moment.

"Just a third of a mile off; now he slows, and the train hands must have some idea of their danger, and may uncouple, or put down brakes, and so prevent his budging. So good-by, Miss Brown." And with this he leisurely walked out of the office. Now I strained my ears to their utmost, but did not dare to look out of the window. That the train had slowed somewhat, close to the office, was certain, for a volume of sulphurous gas, beaten in by the storm, drove through the windows. Still the train did not halt, but was moving on rapidly. Presently I heard something like the cry of a wild beast. Then there was a struggle on the platform. The noise approached nearer and nearer. The very office now was shaken, and the door bent inward on its catch and hinges. I sprang to the door, and with all my strength pulled at it. It opened inward. Just then a pistol was fired, and I got out of the way barely in time to escape from a man falling on me; for like a stone thrown from a sling, there lay on the floor, a pistol smoking in his hand, the body of a man all begrimed with oil and coal, while over him stood Mr. Thor, one knee on his adversary's breast, and both his hands tight gripped around the prostrate man's throat.

"Why did you not go into your clos-

et? And I dare say you have smashed my pipe. Keep quiet, you poor drunken fool, or must I choke the life out of you?" That was all I heard. Then the room was crowded with people, and next I fainted, for the first time in my life, and, as far as I can remember, in quite a resigned and satisfactory way.

II.

It was Thursday, and rather late, before I made my appearance at the office. Mr. Thor was seated at his desk, quite busily engaged, working at something. As I entered he rose quickly, bowed to me, then offered his hand, which I took and gave a hearty shake. He glanced at the clock. "I know, Mr. Thor," I said apologetically, "I am an hour and more late."

"Miss Brown's indisposition is a sufficient excuse. You are in good time. We are rather — ahem! — used to fainting; the Smoiler young person you know faints twice a week at stated intervals; on her mother's wash days, I believe. The Smoiler young lady will open her batteries presently. Take charge of the machines; I can dictate replies. I have quite a job here;" and he removed, bit by bit, something from a newspaper which he had spread on the desk, to a table in the corner of the room, and began working with the pieces.

"Well," I said to myself, smoothing out the crumpled newspaper he had left, "I don't exactly like this sort of reception. It is a kind of affectation of indifference on his part, which is a sham. I don't care. He is a brave man, and as cool a one as I ever read of; and I want to tell him so. I cannot intimate to him, however, that Mary Brown is going to be wretchedly uncomfortable here, with her heart in her mouth all the time, and that a position as a permanent telegraph operator at Thorsdale would be just the death of her. It may be a sinecure, but a few more incidents of the character of the evening before last, notwithstanding the thirty-eight dollars a month she receives, might very much weaken her mental and physical condition and — I wish I had never put my foot into the Thorsdale office." Then I thought my bin wanted looking after, and I went there, and in the glass found my face was all crimson. I noticed, I must confess with some pleasure, that there was a fresh bunch of flowers in the Bass's ale bottle. I took a brilliant crimson poppy, placed it in my hair, and then put it back again.

"You have broken my pipe," said Mr. Thor, from the office. "Smashed sea-horse all to bits; cherry stem likewise splintered."

"I am so sorry, so very sorry," I said, almost nervous enough to cry. "I had no idea I had it at all."

"If a young lady expects to lie down on a pipe which she has been merely requested to hold, and thinks that meerschaum will stand such a strain, all I have to say is that her acquaintance with the physical condition of such substances is of the most meagre and superficial character. There, I give it up." Here I saw him gather up the pieces of the pipe and put them back in his drawer. "I am going out, Miss Brown," he continued; "some business at the depot. If I am wanted, or anything important turns up, ring this bell, — the wires run across to the depot, — and I will come." He looked at me now, as I left my little room, with a kindly smile on his face, and in a moment was out of the office.

"Broke his pipe? I wish I could mend it. I wonder if he wants a tobacco-pouch. I might make him one, with his old sea-horse on it. I wonder if there is such a thing as embroidering silk to be found in Thorsdale. By the way, I must ask permission to be absent a half-hour some time to-day, so that I may thank the grocer's wife, who laid me out so nicely in the bottom of her husband's wagon, and carried me home. That accounts for the molasses on my skirts. I wonder if Mr. Thor called to see me yesterday." Then I tried to drive Mr. Thor entirely out of my mind, but though I succeeded in this, the tobacco-pouch would come back. I kept on racking my brain, until I got headachy,

when I turned over the newspaper and read the title, The Smoilersville Sentinel. I waded through the outside sheets, which were filled with grandiloquent advertisements, but noticed that embroidering silks were unheralded. Then I looked inside, and this was what I saw, in the most blustering type: —

HEROIC CONDUCT!

A NOBLE WOMAN AND A BRAVE MAN; FEARFUL ACCIDENT FRUSTRATED; MANIAC IN CHARGE OF A TRAIN.

Full Particulars! Pass round their Names! Excitement in Smoilersville! Meeting of Citizens!

I then read a wonderfully inflated account of the occurrence of Tuesday, and was horrified at seeing my name, Mary Brown, scattered about in the most lavish way, from the beginning to the end of three whole columns, — how I had clutched the drunken man's pistol, who was described as "the maniac engineer and Herculean ruffian;" how I had wrestled with him; how my "beautiful hair had streamed down my back, disheveled in the mortal strife;" and how I was now at the point of death from the wounds I had received when "battling with the Herculean engineer and maniac ruffian." I tried to see what amount of truth there was in it. If any reliance could be placed on the account, Mr. Thor had been just in time; for although the engineer had slacked the speed of the train somewhat, he was in the act of letting on a full head of steam again when Mr. Thor had grappled with him, and had mastered him. I felt immensely provoked at the very false notoriety I had acquired, especially when at the conclusion I read that the Smoilersville people had determined that "a substantial token of their esteem and regard should be presented to Miss Brown and Mr. Thor," and that subscriptions were invited, which might be left at the office of The Smoilersville Sentinel. I became so wretchedly uncomfortable over it all, that it was a relief when the instrument commenced working. It said, —

"Smoil to Thor. Heroic preserver of hundreds of lives! How can I appreciate the noble work done! Mother hopes you will join the church after this, for you are destined to a noble future, some great end and *ame*. Hearing of your *narrer* escape has put me all in a shudder. EUSEBIA."

I could not say the message was exactly an important one, and Mr. Thor was so uncertain in temper that he might scold me if I rang the bell for him. While I was hesitating, the machine started. It said, —

"Was last message received? Please do, do, do reply. E." Then there was a pause and it resumed: "Pray do not be haash [*harsh?*] with me. Let me, as a poor, confiding woman, twine a crown of laurel to place at your feet. Do not stamp on it." Here there was an hiatus, and it went on: "Watkins just in; will use the wires; need not reply now. E." Then came a rattling message: "Is Thor at station?" My answer was, "No. Brown." Now came galloping over the wires, "O. K. Glad to make Miss Brown's acquaintance. Miss Brown is a trump. Jackson Watkins takes off his hat to her. Howdy, Miss Brown. Tell Thor, mixed deputation from directors of both roads coming to Thor to-day, to wait on him; likewise our long-winded mayor. Champagne, cigars, chickens, sardines, and general spread, with niggers and ice-cream, on the twelve forty train. Tell Thor to write a speech. Miss Brown must do it, too. Big thing. Miss Brown may count on Watkins until something freezes over, say crack of doom, for short. She is pluck, and so is Thor. Whole office, down to messenger-boy and pole-raiser, send compliments, as does J. WATKINS."

I could stand it no longer, so I rang the bell loudly, more vigorously than I should, for in a moment came Mr. Thor.

"Well, what is the matter, Miss Brown?" he asked.

"Two or three messages which I have copied," and I handed him the lady's message.

He scowled fearfully. "If I am to be rung up for trash of this kind, I shall never have time to attend to my work

at the depot," he said, rather snappishly. "Is that all?"

"No, sir. Mr. Watkins sends a message; here it is."

He read it, and commenced stamping up and down the office like an infuriated mastodon. "The idiots, the dunces, the asses! That confounded Smoilersville Sentinel! Did you read the stuff?"

"I did."

"Pack of lies."

"No, not all of them. What they said about me was fearfully false."

"I beg your pardon."

"Pardon me, sir, but it was."

"You are the heroine of a dime novel. You shall receive the deputation."

Now was my chance, and I determined to make the most of it. "Mr. Thor," I said, very demurely, "I wanted to say to you, this morning, how well you behaved on Tuesday, and how much I respect an action" —

"Was that what you rung the bell for?" He looked at me crossly, but there was so much earnestness about my manner that he now took on an aggrieved mien, and said, "Miss Brown, I should hardly have thought it, from the limited acquaintance I have had with you, that you would have joined with Smoilersville in doing what, you certainly must be aware, can be nothing else than an annoyance to me."

"I will never mention the circumstance again; drop it entirely out of my mind, if you desire it," I said. "At least, I will try to," was my mental reservation.

"But, Miss Brown, though you are perhaps unaware of it, if you had not opened the door precisely when you did, he might have shot me. I saw he had an ugly knife, but I had no idea he had a revolver until I heard the explosion. I did not notice how you managed, but it seems to me you must have knocked the pistol out of his hand, or turned his arm. Of course he was no match for me; this I knew all the time. His drunkenness gave me every possible advantage. So you see, Miss Brown, *nolens volens*, you are a heroine. Here is where the ball went through the ceiling. With all these proofs of prowess, Miss Brown must certainly receive the deputation in my stead."

"Mr. Thor," I said, getting incensed now in my turn, as he seemed to be quite in earnest, "if you mix up my name in any way whatsoever with this disgusting business, or put me in a position of false notoriety, which I should despise, I will quit Thorsdale instantly."

"And pray where will you go to?" he asked, quite demurely.

"That is none of your business," I answered, tartly.

The conversation was becoming acrimonious, so I went in high dudgeon to my little room. There I pulled a rose from the bunch of flowers, and put it in my bosom. I would keep that, at least.

"Miss Mary Brown," said Mr. Thor, in a rather sing-song voice, after a pause of at least ten minutes, "I covenant and agree to do, at least for the present, that is, for the next twenty-four hours, exactly as it shall suit your august and somewhat exacting pleasure. Being justice of the peace of Thorsdale, likewise notary public and constable, I will, if you please, write it all down officially, and swear to it and sign it in my triple function." I did not answer.

"You cannot leave, you see," he continued, "without great detriment to the State; you will be wanted to give your testimony in this business."

"Is Kettridge dead?" I gasped out.

"Not quite. Of course there will have to be an official examination and consequent whitewashing, and as executive officer of Thorsdale I am quite capable of issuing a warrant for your arrest. There, what do you say to that? Look up at the left-hand corner of the map, and tell me what you read there, under the plan of a building like a gridiron."

"A prison," I said, reading it off.

"That is where you will have to languish."

"A prison!" I exclaimed, as I examined the map. "How queer! for next to it is a public garden and park. What a strange fancy, to put a prison there."

"Not at all. The locality for that prison it took me a long time to decide upon. Alas that there should be squalor and misery in every town!"

"I accept the agreement," I said, as I came out from the closet; "you are to do my bidding; that is understood. Then, firstly, you must reply to Mr. Watkins and inform him that you will be prepared to meet the deputation."

"The humiliation of being put in an omnibus, with a band of music on top!" Here he groaned aloud, and seemed inclined to be contumacious. I felt that I must get his mind away from the subject of the deputation, if but for a moment.

"What has become of Kettridge? I am so thankful you did not have to hurt him."

"Kettridge? He is at the depot, as quiet as a lamb now. Poor devil, I must have choked him very hard; he was so nearly dead that they were afraid to move him."

"Have you been nursing him?"

"Pretty rough nursing, if you call holding him down by main force, off and on for the last twenty-four hours, nursing! The doctor came here this morning from Smoilersville, and chloral and morphine have at last quieted him. How to manage the sale of alcoholic stimulants in Thor, I must confess, has at times caused me sleepless nights."

"Attention, now, if you please, Mr. Thor. You will allow me to telegraph to Mr. Watkins that you will receive the deputation, and you will let me ask him to send some one to take my place here for to-day. The lady at Smoilersville would, I have no doubt, do the work willingly."

"She shall do no such thing," he cried now, rising in a towering rage. "If you really are in earnest, I can get some one from a station below to take your place. Are you not well?" he inquired.

"Rather an inclination to a headache; I am not used to having them. They took the best care of me, however, at my house."

"If you had remained quietly at home yesterday afternoon, and not gone strolling over the country, and scaling Thor's Rock, and getting yourself chilled in the evening air, you would have been quite well to-day."

"Does the authority of the office, Mr. Thor, extend so far as to place limits on what amount of recreation I may choose to indulge in?" I said, quite angrily.

He opened his eyes very wide, but said nothing, and went to an instrument and commenced working it. "It is done," he said, "and here comes a reply, which informs us that your substitute for to-morrow will be here. In fact, Miss Brown, I could get all the young men on the line to work for you, without salary."

"Pray, Mr. Thor, do not irritate me. I will now send your message to Mr. Watkins."

"Do what you please; for I perceive I am in despotic hands."

"Will this do? 'Will be pleased to receive the deputation;' there, that is all."

"Pleased! No, I am not pleased. But who is going to write my speech for me? The long-winded mayor is sure to get off some interminable twaddle. I solemnly declare that had I foreseen what an egregious ass I shall now be forced to make of myself, I would have let the train go to perdition."

"Mr. Thor," I replied, "all positions in life have their responsibilities."

"Oh! it is all very well for you to say so," answered Mr. Thor, maliciously.

I was determined not to be annoyed at whatever he said, now, so I thought I would take another tack. "What is Thorsdale, or Thor?" I asked. "A mean, poor, wretched place, as far as man's hands have wrought it. There is an unpainted depot, and a ramshackle telegraph station, both of them pictures of decay and neglect. What might Thor be, situated as it is on the border of a glorious lake, in the midst of rich pastures, with a grand river flowing through it? Thor might be a centre of trade and commerce, a second Asgard." Mr. Thor, who had heretofore been rather an uninterested audience, at the mention of my mythical capital suddenly clapped

his hands, and was now all eyes and ears. "Chance," I continued, "may have something to do with the founding of a city. Some men may wait for a storm to fell the trees which may block the way of the passing emigrant train, but in other cases only time and tide and opportunity and perseverance all together may effect this noble end. Can you see nothing in the occurrence of the other day?" Up to this point I had hardly believed very much in what I said, and found myself inclined to listen to the echo of my own words; but when I looked at Mr. Thor, who seemed to hang on every word I uttered with breathless anxiety, I must confess I felt an unknown pleasure in seeing that I had produced some effect, and I became suddenly elated with my power, and warmed up to my subject. Now I was in dead earnest, and believed in what I said. "Mr. Thor," I continued, "you did a brave action, and such action must always bring its own reward" —

"Bad champagne, a yellow omnibus with six spavined horses, a brass band, and a subscription to be received at the office of the Sentinel," said Mr. Thor, rudely interrupting.

I felt like leaving off right there, but I would not give in. "I will suffer no such irrelevant remarks. Perhaps a hundred people owe their lives to you. Talk to the directors; show them the advantages of Thorsdale; they are bound to listen to you, and may favor your views. You have an idea — a most ambitious one, it is true — of making Thorsdale, if not a city, at least a town. You have brooded over it so long that by a not unnatural process of the mind your ideas of how to give life to Thorsdale have partaken too much of the character of a dream. Think of Thor as possible, not with triumphal arches, art galleries, or theatres, but simply as Thor with a single street, even if it be a straggling one at that. Make but a commencement, and the future of Thor may be only a question of time."

"By heavens, Miss Brown," cried Mr. Thor, coming towards me with both his hands outstretched, "you have struck the chord. A single idea, far too big for me, has lodged in this poor brain of mine until it has crowded out all the lesser methods for accomplishing it. I thank you for what you have said, from the very bottom of my heart, and I swear to you I will act on it. I will not detain you any longer; I must make the best excuses I can for your absence, though I should feel much less awkward could you stay with me. I am selfish enough to have forgotten, however, your headache. I suppose I have, as usual, been very coarse and inconsiderate, in regard to the shock you may have received on Tuesday. Men rarely appreciate those more delicate vibrations which sometimes shatter the weaker vases."

"Il ne faut pas brutaliser la machine," I said, to myself rather than to him.

"Oliver Wendell Holmes never made an apter quotation, nor one which is as little respected," replied Mr. Thor, musingly. I blushed crimson, I suppose, as I had not imagined he would understand me.

"Just one thing more, Mr. Thor." Here I hesitated and felt afraid I was going too far, but added, "I am about taking a liberty with you. I would most respectfully suggest that, when you talk to these railroad magnates, you drop all allusions to berserkers and vikings and jarls, battle-shields and sea-horses." He seemed to wince when I said this, but I continued remorselessly, "What do these men know or care about Eddas, or Gyda, or Snorro? Talk cattle, grain, lumber, and coal to them. No one knows better than you do what are the capabilities of Thorsdale, geographically and commercially considered. Speak to them about dollars and cents, and not myths and fables. To come down to the essential, if they only establish a grain depot here, that would be something."

Mr. Thor looked at me wistfully, and seemed a trifle shocked, but I had reason to suppose that my words had made some impression on him.

"So be it, in God's name," he replied in a subdued way. "It is almost time for the train now. You have not taken my hand yet, to show you have

forgiven my abruptness. The fact is, Miss Brown, when the general superintendent informed me that he had sent a young lady here, I was terribly opposed to it. All female telegraph operators embodied in my mind the peculiarities of the Smoilersville young lady."

"What fault can you find with her? If I am to stay here, I should want one of my sex to prattle with. A crochet pattern sent over the wires would be charming. But here comes a message precisely from the lady in question;" and I read off for him as follows: "Glorious deeds should be welcomed not only with the laurel crown but with outbursts of song. The Smoilersville German Silver Orpheons have offered their services, and will join the deputation. E."

"I knew it," cried Mr. Thor; "this is the last straw which breaks the camel's back. If Thor ever is built, any member of an amateur band given to abusing wind-instruments shall be driven from the place with stripes."

"Good-by, Mr. Thor," I said, and shaking hands with him I left the office.

How much of a headache I had on that important day which was fraught with hopes for Thorsdale I cannot exactly determine. I could not stay at home, but took a scramble along the rocky shores of the lake. From time to time I heard the booming of a big drum and the blare of trumpets, which, I suppose, came from the German Silver Orpheons, and not unpleasantly did it sound in the distance. That all this hubbub was in Mr. Thor's honor I felt somehow proud, and had they fired off a salvo of cannon, I should have enjoyed it. Towards evening I found myself on Thor's Rock. Just as the sun was setting, I heard a loud steam whistle, then three lusty cheers, and a most vigorous pounding of the drum, which told me of the departure of the train of festival-makers. I confess I felt sorry that it was over. Then I watched the setting sun, amid the crimson clouds, until a purple city stood out in the sky, floating in a sea of gold. As it faded out I thought of Thor the city somewhat, and of Thor the telegraph clerk more; and next I had the good, hearty cry which had been threatening to come on for the last two days. Then naturally commenced a process of self-laceration. There was no use in denying it, I cared a good deal more for Jahn Thor than I did for his impossible town. I was too sure of that, and what was more degrading, I could not help it. I felt that I had no business to remain in Thor, and that I had the best of excuses for leaving the place. A position in the office would be fraught with anxieties, and in a moment of carelessness I might be the cause of sending a whole train of cars to destruction. It was the place for a man and not for a woman. Thorsdale would have to get along without me. And Mr. Thor? Well, in time, — time does so much, — I said, I would forget all about them both. Go away I must, and the sooner the better. So ended my court-martial, and taking a last look at the lake, with a very proud and stiff gait, holding my head very high though it was splitting with a genuine headache, homeward I marched.

"Thor was here an hour ago, Miss Mary," said my hostess, "and seemed kinder disap'inted like, to find ye eout. He 's brought a killin' lovely cake, with a sugar steam-engin' atop of it, trimmed with flowers. The children has been hiving areound it like flies; likewise a bottle of wine. I do so hope you 'r' a temp'rance girl. Sakes! what a lot of men as has never draw'd a sober breath since they left Smoilersville, all a-hollering themselves red in the face. Them kind of cakes, they say, is good to keep, and this un might do for your weddin'. Cl'ar out there, you children, and let Miss Brown have some showing at her cake. It 's mighty hard to keep children's fingers from picking at the frosting."

"Please divide the cake among your little ones," I said. "I am not feeling very well. Would you oblige me very much by not letting any one disturb me? I want rest and quiet."

"Souls alive! and are you as bad as that? Kettridge must have hurt you wusser than you will allow." I felt really too wretched to make a reply, and,

mounting to my room, went to bed. I went to sleep, feeling dreadfully broken down, and dreamed that I wandered all night through gloomy thickets, picking flowers out of Bass's ale bottles, which all turned to thorns, and pricked my fingers.

III.

Next morning, I took a roundabout way to the office. There were two doors to the station, one of them close to my closet. I looked in and saw Mr. Thor, with his head supported on his hands and his tawny hair streaming down. I coughed purposely, but there was no answer. I passed in and opened the door of my little room, and uttered a cry of surprise at its altered appearance. It was decorated from top to bottom with garlands of flowers. To suspend the festoons of leaves, nails had been driven into the walls, and so smothered were the engravings with greenery that they were completely hidden. Sea-horse, however, being partly on the ceiling, still held his own. My ale bottle was gone, and was replaced by a pretty little *jardinière* filled with ferns and creepers. The map of Thor, where was it? I searched for it in vain. At last I found it, torn and crumpled and thrust ignominiously into a corner. I quickly had the map in my hand, and smoothed it out, and, in order to replace it, mounted on a cracker-box, which did duty in my boudoir as an ottoman. My lugging about this piece of furniture, I suppose, awakened Mr. Thor from his reverie.

"I 'm so glad you have come, Miss Brown." I heard him rise. "I wanted to have some person to condole with, after yesterday's asinine proceedings. I hope you are well again. That accursed band, how it must have disturbed you. I had almost a fight with Watkins; he wanted to have the whole concern stationed under your window. 'See the conquering hero [or heroine] comes,' played on a big drum and ophicleide, would have given you a brain fever. I never was so irritated in my life. I tried my best to keep them out of your room in the office, here, but could not. I suppose they have decorated it. The young man who took your place yesterday, and the Smoilersville lady undertook the business. I have not looked at it."

"Pray look in, Mr. Thor," I said, half-amused at his solemn and abashed mien. "It is indeed a perfect bower, now. How I have merited all this kind attention, I cannot divine." He stood at the door a moment, and glanced around.

"That map is strangely out of place," he said, after a pause. "Away with such nonsense! I am well over it all, now;" and here he made a step towards coming in.

"Please do not. Please, Mr. Thor. Some one threw the plan into the corner; has torn it, I am afraid. I took the trouble to hang it up again."

He stopped just then, as with outstretched arms, both of my hands holding fast to the sides of the door, I barred the entrance.

"If it stays there," he said bitterly, "it must be a constant reminder of as stupid a folly as a sane man could have been guilty of. Why keep it? Thor, with its paper streets, its mock avenues, its sham distances!"

"Pray cease, Mr. Thor. Is not this room mine, at least for the present?" Here I locked the door. "What did the railroad people determine about the place? Did they promise anything?"

"Yes," he replied, gloomily, "they have decided on a cattle-shed."

"A cattle-shed!" I exclaimed, concealing with difficulty my own chagrin and disappointment. I recovered myself quickly, however, and added, "A cattle-shed? That is something, much better than nothing. Some — some of the greatest cities of antiquity, you may remember, owed their foundation to a cattle-mart."

"Allow me to correct your history, for once. Rome's great forum, when Rome became nothing, was degraded to a cow-pen."

"It is worse than folly to draw any parallel between Rome and Thorsdale.

A cattle-shed! Why, that is just what was wanted!" Following the lead of my sanguine temperament, I went on tumultuously: "Wise, practical railroad men! A cattle-shed means drovers and butchers, men from Maine to Texas, with fat, greasy wallets. It means a hotel, a bank, a market, an exchange, a printing-office, a newspaper, a church, a Sunday-school. It means paved streets and sidewalks. It suggests a mayor, aldermen, lawyers, doctors, speculators, politicians. It means a wharf and steamboats, and timber rafts, and a light-house perched on Thor's Rock, shining of nights across the lake. It means that at last the nucleus is found, providing you only believe it as I do."

Mr. Thor seemed to stagger for a moment under my load of words, and then said, "Miss Brown, you look honest. It would be the most cruel thing in the world, if you gave utterance to anything you did not implicitly believe."

"Mr. Thor," I replied, with conviction, "though women at my age are prone to romancing, I give you my honor that I have pictured nothing which I do not believe may be accomplished, providing you will work manfully towards the end in view. Please reach me down the map," I added, unlocking the door.

"What for?"

"To locate the cattle-shed."

He quickly carried the map to his working-table, his eyes beaming with pleasure.

"Here," he said, after some pondering over it, "is an unoccupied place. We cannot decide on these things hastily. Now a cattle-shed must be on the outskirts, near an abattoir. Think of mad steers straying round and goring all the children in a populous city."

"How far is this unoccupied place from here?" and I put my finger about where the telegraph station stood.

"At least a mile and a half," he replied. "Consult the scale."

"It is impossible," I remarked in the most decided way. "The town must creep before it can jump. It ought to be right here, close to the depot."

"Out of the question. My real depot, not the one opposite here, is fully three quarters of a mile lower down the road. Just where you want the cattle-shed to be is the site of my opera-house, in the Quartier St. Germain of Thor."

"You are impracticable. Cattle arrive by rail, tired, thirsty, and jaded, and you want to drive them almost a day's journey farther on. The map of Thor must be remodeled. Who constructs the plan of a battle before the action is fought?"

He gave way slowly, though with good grace, and it ended by my taking a pencil and marking a place for the cattle-shed.

"There, that will do," he said. "It is only on paper after all, and I am sick of paper towns." And with this he pitched the map into a corner. "But tell me about yourself. Are you quite well, now?"

"Quite well, and so much obliged to you for sending the cake and wine. Has the Smoilersville paper come by the early train?"

"Yes — it — has."

"Pray give it me. I want to see myself, for once, dead and buried with all the honors."

"I tore the paper into bits, in a rage. They made me a Cicero as to eloquence; they put into my mouth a pack of stuff I never was guilty of; they — they" —

"What! anything else?" I inquired.

"Yes; a lot of absurdities, in the worst possible taste, about you."

"About me? Since you have told me thus far, you must tell me all."

"You insist, then?" he asked, very gravely.

"I certainly do. Whatever the stupid paper may have published, I am quite indifferent about."

"But I am not," he quickly added. Just then a train came in, followed by more trains; and conductors, engineers, expressmen, and brakemen came into the office. I had to be formally introduced to all of them, and as they all shook hands with me, and did it vigorously, by the time they were through my arm felt as if it had been dislocated.

At last we were quiet, and then my resolve came uppermost in my mind, and I vowed that when the clock struck eleven I would speak my mind.

"Mr. Thor," I said, as the clock ceased sounding the hour, "believe me, it is with some regret that I am forced to resign my position here. As incidents like those of the other night might repeat themselves, it must be apparent to you that it is a man who is wanted here, and not a woman. In fact, you intimated as much to me, and you were perfectly correct." I felt that I was doing what was right. I awaited his reply. Very quickly he said, —

"I have expected this, Miss Brown. Although the chances of a repetition of the accidents of Tuesday are very slight, there are other reasons which might make your stay here exceedingly distasteful to a young lady of your worth and character."

It was my turn, now, to open my eyes in astonishment. "Other reasons? I do not understand you."

"Yes," he replied, "other reasons. Jahn Thor has no right to have your name coupled with his."

"How? What do you mean?" I gasped.

"Simply this, and let me assure you how much I regret it. The foolish paper stated that I was your accepted suitor, that we were to be married" —

I would hear no more. Snatching up my hat, I burst out of the office, went home, and immured myself in my room, more wretched than I had ever been before in my life, but resolved that I would leave Thorsdale that evening. It was five o'clock when my landlady knocked at my door, handing me a telegram. One of Mr. Thor's depot hands had brought it. I tore it open. It was a message from my sister, with the address of a neighboring town on the line of our road, advising me that by seven o'clock she would be with me. I felt that it was almost providential.

"Miss Brown," said the man from the depot, "Mr. Thor says, as soon as the lady comes I am to bring her to you."

"Is there a train that leaves about nine o'clock?" I inquired.

"Yes, miss; only one, the express up train at nine forty-five."

"You will thank Mr. Thor for his politeness."

"That 's all?"

"Yes," I replied.

I now made up my mind that it should be by the nine forty-five train that I must go. I knew I could prevail on my sister to retrace her steps with me.

The good sister came on time, and I rushed down the stairs to meet her. "You see, Mary," she said, "it was our vacation. Now, I had no liking to your becoming famous all alone by yourself. It is such an exceedingly trying position, especially for a child like you, to be famous, you know, and so here I am. You are quite nervous and trembling, my little woman. What has gone amiss with you?" Thereupon, without exactly going into details, I told her something of my three days' experiences in Thorsdale. With her keen insight into my character, she understood me at once.

"Well," she said, "we had better go away at once. I am not a bit tired; are you ready for a start?"

"Yes, quite ready."

"You will go home with me. When winter fairly sets in, provided you won't help me in teaching, you might make another start. There is a night train back, I suppose?"

"Yes, the nine forty-five."

"Then it is all settled. Thorsdale! what a name for a place! It does not sound Christian-like. It is a heathen name, is it not, Mary? I must rub up my mythology."

At just half past nine, we were at the station. "I must bid him good-by," I said to myself; "I cannot leave without doing it. I might never forgive myself if I did." Taking my sister's arm, I knocked at the door of the telegraph station. It looked dull and cheerless within. A single lamp was feebly burning in the room. Mr. Thor was there, with his head buried in his hands. The door was open. My sister, peering

into the darkness, and ignorant of the locality, did not seem to like venturing in, and she loosed my hand. I felt that I must go alone, and bid Jahn Thor good-by. "Mr. Thor," I said, almost inaudibly, — yet I felt sure he heard me, — "I have come to bid you good-by, and to say God help you;" and I stretched out my ungloved hand towards him. Perhaps it was so obscure that he did not see me, as I stood in the shadow. He did, though, turn towards me suddenly. His eyes seemed to devour me, then he put his fingers to his lips, and, pointing to the telegraph instrument before him, slowly, softly, almost noiselessly, commenced working it. Did I listen? I hung on each feeble sound as if my life depended on it, and this is what it said: "Mary, do not leave me without knowing that I love you dearly." Then it ceased. Next, both my hands were clasped tight in his strong hands, and he kissed me, and then the express train thundered in.

. . . . . .

"You seem terribly agitated, child," said my darling sister, as we left Thorsdale; "and where did you get that shocking ale bottle from, with the flowers in it?"

Jahn Thor — my Jahn Thor — had given me the flowers. I had begged them of him. He had kept the train back for fully five minutes, in order that he might find the old flowers and the ale bottle in the saw-dust hill where Miss Eusebia had undoubtedly thrown them. Then I told my sister all about it, from beginning to end, and she said, kissing me, that I was "a silly child." But she cried, and we both cried, and after a while we went to sleep in each other's arms, and, though the Thorsdale road was a terribly rough one, then, I slept much more sweetly than I had done for the last two nights.

Of course I married Mr. Thor, six months afterwards.

. . . . . .

And what about Thorsdale? Thorsdale has a cattle-shed. New York and Chicago quote our market. We have now rows of houses, some of them with stone fronts. We have five churches and a synagogue, six clergymen and a rabbi, ten lawyers, eleven doctors, and seventeen dentists. We have three hotels, and — to think of it! — suburban cottages. We have had a horse-race, a robbery, a divorce, a terrible fire, and municipal peculation. Are not these the attributes of a thriving town? We have a daily paper, The Thorsdale Tripod. Mr. Thor says the name is a good one, as it supports the editor (the former reporter of The Smoilersville Sentinel) by means of its brass, brains, and blarney. That editor's principal business is, of course, to scatter cinders on the devoted heads of the Smoilersvillians. His last leading article was entitled "Delenda est Smoilersville."

I wish I was quite certain that I did not feel, myself, that spirit of rivalry which is, I am afraid, inherent. I am, however, asserting only what any one may see in the last census, which is that Thorsdale had then exactly fifty-nine souls more than Smoilersville; as to Twoboysboro, we distanced her more than three years ago. Mr. Thor, the Honorable Mr. Thor, has just returned from the Centennial Exhibition, where he acted as one of the judges. He was in Norway last year, and we expect every day our second body of honest, sturdy Scandinavian folk; the advance corps came to Thorsdale more than two years ago. We both of us cried like babies when we saw the steamboat filled with our Norwegian people come sailing from out the shadow of the lake, up to Thor's Light. I did so wish, then, that my children's grandfather had been alive.

Mr. Thor still makes carefully executed plans of Thorsdale, and I help him. It was but yesterday, when looking at the old map which once decorated my closet at the telegraph station, that I said to my husband, "Do you not think that some of those new extensions of streets might be assimilated to the original plans? I wish you would study it up; you entirely neglect the dear old map."

"Nonsense, Mary," was the reply. "Let us be practical. I notice with some

regret that Thorsdale is assuming a certain floridity of style which is ridiculously out of place. The architect who has made the plans of the Thor House estimates that monograms, a T and an H interlaced, over every window, with sea-horses rampant, will increase the cost of the front decoration some thirty-five hundred dollars. Now, though such ornaments might make people remember us, it would be the landlord of the hotel, or the guests, who eventually would have to pay for them."

"But did you not promise me a fountain, after my own designs, to be put up in Thor Place this year?" I asked.

"Before we get to fountains, we must look the fire-plug question squarely in the face. The poetical Camelot had no city gas-bills to worry over, and what did King Arthur care for paving or grading?"

"And Asgard?"

"Dear old woman, just seventeen years ago a cattle-shed knocked Asgard on the head. You made the cattle-shed possible, Mary, and I thank God for it."

GIVING UP THE WORLD.

So, from the ruins of the world alone
  Can Heaven be builded? Oh,
What other temples must be overthrown,
  Founded in sand or snow!

But, Heaven cannot be built with jeweled hands?
  Then, from my own I wring
Glitter of gold, the gifts of many lands;
  The seas their pearls I fling.

Heaven must be hung with pictures of the dead?
  The shroud must robe the saint?
Never one halo round a living head
  Did Raphael dare to paint?

Heaven must have flowers: — after the worm has crossed
  Their blush, the wind their breath?
After the utter silence of the frost
  Has made them white with death?

Heaven must have music: — but the birds that sing
  In that divinest nest
Thither must waver, wounded in the wing
  And wounded in the breast?

Heaven must be lighted — at the fallen light
  Of moon and star and sun?
Ah me, since these have made the earth too bright,
  Let the dark Will be done!

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

NEIGHBORHOODS OF JERUSALEM.

WHEREVER we come upon traces of the Knights of St. John, there a door opens for us into romance; the very name suggests valor and courtesy and charity. Every town in the East that is so fortunate as to have any memorials of them, whatever its other historic associations, obtains an additional and special fame from its connection with this heroic order. The city of Acre recalls the memory of their useless prowess in the last struggle of the Christians to retain a foothold in Palestine; the name of the Knights of Rhodes brings before every traveler, who has seen it, the picturesque city in which the armorial insignia of this order have for him a more living interest than any antiquities of the Grecian Rose; the island fortress at the gate of the Levant owes all the interest we feel in it to the Knights of Malta; and even the city of David and of the Messiah has an added lustre as the birthplace of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

From the eleventh century to the fifteenth, they are the chief figures who in that whirlwind of war contested the possession of the Levant with the Saracens and the Turks. In the forefront of every battle was seen their burnished mail, in the gloomy rear of every retreat were heard their voices of constancy and of courage; wherever there were crowns to be cracked, or wounds to be bound up, or broken hearts to be ministered to, there were the Knights of St. John, soldiers, priests, servants, laying aside the gown for the coat of mail if need be, or exchanging the cuirass for the white cross on the breast. Originally a charitable order, dwelling in the Hospital of St. John to minister to the pilgrims to Jerusalem, and composed of young soldiers of Godfrey, who took the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, they resumed their arms upon the pressure of infidel hostility, and subsequently divided the order into three classes: soldiers, priests, and servants. They speedily acquired great power and wealth; their palaces, their fortifications, their churches, are even in their ruins the admiration and wonder of our age. The purity of the order was in time somewhat sullied by luxury, but their valor never suffered the slightest eclipse; whether the field they contested was lost or won, their bravery always got new honor from it.

Nearly opposite the court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the green field of Muristan, the site of the palace, church, and hospital of the Knights of St. John. The field was, on an average, twenty-five feet above the surrounding streets, and a portion of it was known to rest upon vaults. This plot of ground was given to the Prussian government, and its agents have been making excavations there; these were going on at the time of our visit. The disclosures are of great architectural and historical interest. The entrance through a peculiar Gothic gateway leads into a court. Here the first excavations were made several years ago, and disclosed some splendid remains: the apse of the costly church, cloisters, fine windows and arches of the best Gothic style. Beyond, the diggings have brought to light some of the features of the palace and hospital; an excavation of twenty-five feet reaches down to the arches of the sub-structure, which rest upon pillars from forty to fifty feet high. This gives us some notion of the magnificent group of buildings that once occupied this square, and also of the industry of nature as an entomber, since some four centuries have sufficed her to bury these ruins so far beneath the soil, that peasants plowed over the palaces of the knights without a suspicion of what lay beneath.

In one corner of this field stands a slender minaret, marking the spot where the great Omar once said his prayers; four centuries after this, Saladin is said to have made his military head-quarters in the then deserted palace of the Knights

of St. John. There is no spot in Jerusalem where one touches more springs of romance than in this field of Muristan.

Perhaps the most interesting and doleful walk one can take near Jerusalem is that into the Valley of Kidron and through Aceldama, round to the Jaffa Gate, traversing "the whole valley of the dead bodies, and of the ashes," in the cheerful words of Jeremiah.

We picked our way through the filthy streets and on the slippery cobble-stones, — over which it seems dangerous to ride and is nearly impossible to walk, — out through St. Stephen's Gate. Near the gate, inside, we turned into an alley and climbed a heap of rubbish to see a pool, which the guide insisted upon calling Bethesda, although it is Birket Israîl. Having seen many of these pools, I did not expect much, but I was still disappointed. We saw merely a hole in the ground, which is void of all appearance of ever having been even damp. The fact is, we have come to Jerusalem too late; we ought to have been here about two thousand years ago.

The slope of the hill outside the gate is covered with the turbaned tombs of Moslems; we passed under the walls and through this cemetery into the deep valley below, crossing the bed of the brook near the tombs of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, St. James, and Zacharias. These all seem to be of Roman construction; but that called Absalom's is so firmly believed to be his that for centuries every Jew who has passed it has cast a stone at it, and these pebbles of hate partially cover it. We also added to the heap, but I do not know why, for it is nearly impossible to hate any one who has been dead so long.

The most interesting phenomenon in the valley is the Fountain of the Virgin, or the Fountain of Accused Women, as it used to be called. The Moslem tradition is that it was a test of the unfaithfulness of women; those who drank of it and were guilty, died; those who were innocent received no harm. The Virgin Mary herself, being accused, accepted this test, drank of the water, and proved her chastity. Since then the fountain has borne her name. The fountain, or well, is in the side-hill, under the rocks of Ophel, and the water springs up in an artificial cave. We descended some sixteen steps to a long chamber, arched with ancient masonry; we passed through that and descended fourteen steps more into a grotto, where we saw the water flowing in and escaping by a subterranean passage. About this fountain were lounging groups of Moslem idlers, mostly women and children. Not far off a Moslem was saying his prayers, prostrating himself before a prayer-niche. We had difficulty in making our way down the steps, so encumbered were they with women. Several of them sat upon the lowest steps in the damp cavern, gossiping, filling their water-skins, or paddling about with naked feet.

The well, like many others in Syria, is intermittent and irregular in its rising and falling; sometimes it is dry, and then suddenly it bubbles up and is full again. Some scholars think this is the Pool Bethesda of the New Testament; others think that Bethesda was Siloam, which is below this well and fed by it, and would exhibit the same irregular rising and falling. This intermittent character St. John attributed to an angel who came down and troubled the water; the Moslems, with the same superstition, say that it is caused by a dragon, who sleeps therein and checks the stream when he wakes.

On our way to the Pool of Siloam we passed the village of Siloam, which is inhabited by about a thousand Moslems, — a nest of stone huts and caves clinging to the side-hill, and exactly the gray color of its stones. The occupation of the inhabitants appears to be begging, and hunting for old copper coins, mites, and other pieces of Jewish money. These relics they pressed upon us with the utmost urgency. It was easier to satisfy the beggars than the traders, who sallied out upon us like hungry wolves from their caves. There is a great choice of disagreeable places in the East, but I cannot now think of any that I should not prefer as a residence to Siloam.

The Pool of Siloam, magnified in my

infant mind as "Siloam's shady rill," is an unattractive sink-hole of dirty water, surrounded by modern masonry. The valley here is very stony. Just below we came to Solomon's Garden, an arid spot, with patches of stone walls, struggling to be a vegetable garden, and somewhat green with lettuce and Jerusalem artichokes. I have no doubt it was quite another thing when Solomon and some of his wives used to walk here in the cool of the day, and even when Shallum, the son of Col-hozeh, set up "the wall of the Pool of Siloah by the king's garden."

We continued on, down to Joab's Well, passing on the way Isaiah's Tree, a decrepit sycamore propped up by a stone pillar, where that prophet was sawn asunder. There is no end to the cheerful associations of the valley. The Well of Joab, a hundred and twenty-five feet deep, and walled and arched with fine masonry, has a great appearance of antiquity. We plucked maiden-hair from its crevices, and read the Old Testament references. Near it is a square pool fed by its water. Some little distance below this, the waters of all these wells, pools, drains, sinks, or whatever they are, reappear, bursting up through a basin of sand and pebbles, as clear as crystal, and run brawling off down the valley under a grove of large olive-trees — a scene rural and inviting.

I suppose it would be possible to trace the whole system of underground water ways and cisterns, from Solomon's Pool, which sends its water into town by an aqueduct near the Jaffa Gate, to Hezekiah's Pool, to the cisterns under the Haram, and so out to the Virgin's Well, the Pool of Siloam, and the final gush of sweet water below. This valley drains, probably artificially as well as naturally, the whole city, for no sewers exist in the latter.

We turned back from this sparkling brook, which speedily sinks into the ground again, absorbed by the thirsty part of the valley called Tophet, and went up the Valley of Hinnom, passing under the dark and frowning ledges of Aceldama, honey-combed with tombs. In this "field of blood" a grim stone structure forms the front of a natural cave, which is the charnel-house where the dead were cast pell-mell, in the belief that the salts in the earth would speedily consume them. The path we travel is rugged, steep, and incredibly stony. The whole of this region is inexpressibly desolate, worn-out, pale, uncanny. The height above this rocky terrace, stuffed with the dead, is the Hill of Evil Counsel, where the Jews took counsel against Jesus; and to add the last touch of an harmonious picture, just above this Potter's Field stands the accursed tree upon which Judas hanged himself, raising its gaunt branches against the twilight sky, a very gallows-tree to the imagination. It has borne no fruit since Iscariot. Towards dusk, sometimes, as you stand on the wall by Zion Gate, you almost fancy you can see *him* dangling there. It is of no use to tell me that the seed that raised this tree could not have sprouted till a thousand years after Judas was crumbled into dust; one must have faith in something.

This savage gorge, for the Valley of Hinnom is little more than that in its narrowest part, has few associations that are not horrible. Here Solomon set up the images ("the groves," or the graven images), and the temples for the lascivious rites of Ashtoreth or the human sacrifices to Moloch. Here the Jews, the kings and successors of Solomon, with a few exceptions, and save an occasional spasmodic sacrifice to Jehovah when calamity made them fear him, practiced all the abominations of idolatry in use in that age. The Jews had always been more or less addicted to the worship of the god of Ammon, but Solomon first formally established it in Hinnom. Jeremiah writes of it historically, "They have built the high places of Tophet, which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire." This Moloch was as ingenious a piece of cruelty as ever tried the faith of heretics in later times, and, since it was purely a means of human sacrifice, and not a means of grace (as Inquisitorial tortures were supposed

to be), its use is conclusive proof of the savage barbarity of the people who delighted in it. Moloch was the monstrous brass image of a man with the head of an ox. It was hollow, and the interior contained a furnace by which the statue was made red-hot. Children — the offerings to the god — were then placed in its glowing arms, and drums were beaten to drown their cries. It is painful to recall these things, but the traveler should always endeavor to obtain the historical flavor of the place he visits.

Continuing our walks among the antiquities of Jerusalem, we went out of the Damascus Gate, a noble battlemented structure, through which runs the great northern highway to Samaria and Damascus. The road, however, is a mere path over ledges and through loose stones, fit only for donkeys. If Rehoboam went this way in his chariot to visit Jeroboam in Samaria, there must have existed then a better road, or else the king endured hard pounding for the sake of the dignity of his conveyance. As soon as we left the gate we encountered hills of stones and paths of the roughest description. There are several rock tombs on this side of the city, but we entered only one, that called by some the Tombs of the Kings, and by others, with more reason, the Tomb of Helena, a heathen convert to Judaism, who built this sepulchre for herself early in the first century. The tomb, excavated entirely in the solid rock, is a spacious affair, having a large court and ornamented vestibule and many chambers, extending far into the rock, and a singular net-work of narrow passages and recesses for the deposit of the dead. It had one device that is worthy of the ancient Egyptians. The entrance was closed by a heavy square stone, so hung that it would yield to pressure from without, but would swing to its place by its own weight, and fitted so closely that it could not be moved from the inside. If any thief entered the tomb and left this slab unsecured, he would be instantly caught in the trap and become a permanent occupant. Large as the tomb is, its execution is mean compared with the rock tombs of Egypt; but the exterior stone of the court, from its exposure in this damp and variable climate, appears older than Egyptian work which has been uncovered three times as long.

At the tomb we encountered a dozen students from the Latin convent, fine-looking fellows in long blue-black gowns, red caps, and red sashes. They sat upon the grass, on the brink of the excavation, stringing rosaries and singing student songs, with evident enjoyment of the hour's freedom from the school; they not only made a picturesque appearance, but they impressed us also as a Jerusalem group which was neither sinful nor dirty. Beyond this tomb we noticed a handsome modern dwelling-house; you see others on various eminences outside the city, and we noted them as the most encouraging sign of prosperity about Jerusalem.

We returned over the hill and by the city wall, passing the Cave of Jeremiah and the door in the wall that opens into the stone quarries of Solomon. These quarries underlie a considerable portion of the city, and furnished the stone for its ancient buildings. I will not impose upon you a description of them; for it would be unfair to send you into disagreeable places that I did not explore myself.

The so-called Grotto of Jeremiah is a natural cavern in the rocky hill, vast in extent, I think thirty feet high and a hundred feet long by seventy broad — as big as a church. The tradition is that Jeremiah lived here, and lamented. In front of the cave are cut stones and pieces of polished columns built into walls and seats; these fragments seem to indicate the former existence here of a Roman temple. The cave is occupied by an old dervish, who has a house in a rock near by, and uses the cavern as a cool retreat and a stable for his donkey. His rocky home is shared by his wife and family. He said that it was better to live alone, apart from the world and its snares. He however finds the reputation of Jeremiah profitable, selling admission to the cave at a franc a

head, and, judging by the women and children about him, he seemed to have family enough not to be lonely.

The sojourner in Jerusalem who does not care for antiquities can always entertain himself by a study of the pilgrims who throng the city at this season. We hear more of the pilgrimage to Mecca than of that to Jerusalem; but I think the latter is the more remarkable phenomenon of our modern life; I believe it equals the former, which is usually overrated, in numbers, and it certainly equals it in zeal and surpasses it in the variety of nationalities represented. The pilgrims of the cross increase yearly; to supply their wants, to minister to their credulity, to traffic on their faith, is the great business of the Holy City. Few, I imagine, who are not in Palestine in the spring, have any idea of the extent of this vast yearly movement of Christian people upon the Holy Land, or of the simple zeal which characterizes it. If it were in any way obstructed or hindered, we should have a repetition of the Crusades, on a vaster scale and gathered from a broader area than the wildest pilgrimage of the holy war. The driblets of travel from America and from Western Europe are as nothing in the crowds thronging to Jerusalem from Ethiopia to Siberia, from the Baltic to the Ural Mountains. Already for a year before the Easter season have they been on foot, slowly pushing their way across great steppes, through snows and over rivers, crossing deserts and traversing unfriendly countries; the old, the infirm, women as well as men, their faces set towards Jerusalem. No common curiosity moves this mass, from Ethiopia, from Egypt, from Russia, from European Turkey, from Asia Minor, from the banks of the Tagus and the Araxes; it is a true pilgrimage of faith, the one event in a life of dull monotony and sordid cares, the one ecstasy of poetry in an existence of poverty and ignorance.

We spent a morning in the Russian Hospice, which occupies the hill to the northwest of the city. It is a fine pile of buildings, the most conspicuous of which, on account of its dome, is the church, a large edifice with a showy exterior, but of no great merit or interest. We were shown some holy pictures which are set in frames encrusted with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and other precious gems, the offerings of rich devotees, and displaying their wealth rather than their taste.

The establishment has one building for the accommodation of rich pilgrims, and a larger one set apart for peasants. The hospice lodges, free of charge, all the Russian pilgrims. The exterior court was full of them. They were sunning themselves, but not inclined to lay aside their hot furs and heavy woolens. We passed into the interior, entering room after room occupied by the pilgrims, who regarded our intrusion with good-natured indifference, or frankly returned our curiosity. Some of the rooms were large, furnished with broad divans about the sides, which served for beds and lounging places, and were occupied by both sexes. The women, rosy-cheeked, light-haired, broad, honest-looking creatures, were mending their clothes; the men were snoozing on the divans, flat on their backs, presenting to the spectator the bottoms of their monstrous shoes, which had soles eight inches broad; a side of leather would be needed for a pair. In these not very savory rooms they cook, eat, and sleep. Here stood their stoves; here hung their pilgrim knapsacks; here were their kits of shoemaker's tools, for mending their foot-gear, which they had tugged thousands of miles; here were household effects that made their march appear more like an emigration than a pilgrimage; here were the staring pictures of St. George and the Dragon, and of other saints, the beads and the other relics, which they had bought in Jerusalem.

Although all these pilgrims owed allegiance to the Czar, they represented a considerable variety of races. They came from Archangel, from Tobolsk, from the banks of the Ural, from Kurland; they had found their way along the Danube, the Dnieper, the Don. I spoke with a group of men and women who had

walked over two thousand miles before they reached Odessa and took ship for Jaffa. There were among them Cossacks, wild and untidy, light-haired barbarians from the Caucasus, dark-skinned men and women from Moscow, representatives from the remotest provinces of great Russia; for the most part simple, rude, clumsy, honest boors. In an interior court we found men and women seated on the sunny flagging, busily occupied in arranging and packing the souvenirs of their visit. There was rosemary spread out to dry; there were little round cakes of blessed bread stamped with the image of the Saviour; there were branches of palm, crowns of thorns, and stalks of cane cut at the Jordan; there were tin cases of Jordan water; there were long strips of cotton cloth stamped in black with various insignia of death, to serve at home for coffin-covers; there were skull-caps in red, yellow, and white, also stamped with holy images, to be put on the heads of the dead. I could not but in mind follow these people to their distant homes, and think of the pride with which they would show these trophies of their pilgrimage; how the rude neighbors would handle with awe a stick cut on the banks of the Jordan, or eat with faith a bit of the holy bread. How sacred, in those homes of frost and snow, will not these mementos of a land of sun, of a land so sacred, become. I can see the wooden chest in the cabin where the rosemary will be treasured, keeping sweet, against the day of need, the caps and the shrouds.

These people will need to make a good many more pilgrimages, and perhaps to quit their morose land altogether, before they can fairly rank among the civilized of the earth. They were a thick-set, padded-legged, short-bodied, unintelligent lot. The faces of many of them were worn, as if storm-beaten, and some kept their eyes half closed, as if they were long used to face the sleet and blasts of winter; and I noticed that it gave their faces a very different expression from that produced by the habit the Egyptians have of drawing the eyelids close together on account of the glare of the sun.

We took donkeys one lovely morning, and rode from the Jaffa Gate around the walls on our way to the Mount of Olives. The Jerusalem donkey is a good enough donkey, but he won't go. He is ridden with a halter, and never so elegantly caparisoned as his more genteel brother in Cairo. In order to get him along at all, it needs one man to pull the halter and another to follow behind with a stick; the donkey then moves by inches, — if he is in the humor. The animal that I rode stopped at once, when he perceived that his driver was absent. No persuasions of mine, such as kicks and whacks of a heavy stick, could move him on; he would turn out of the road, put his head against the wall, and pretend to go to sleep. You would not suppose it possible for a beast to exhibit so much contempt for a man.

On the high ground outside the wall were pitched the tents of travelers, making a very pretty effect amid the olive-trees and the gray rocks. Now and then an Arab horseman came charging down the road, or a Turkish official cantered by; women, veiled, clad in white balloon robes that covered them from head to foot, flitted along in the sunshine, mere white appearances of women, to whom it was impossible to attribute any such errand as going to market; they seem always to be going to or returning from the cemetery.

Our way lay down the rough path and the winding road to the bottom of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Leaving the Garden of Gethsemane on our right, we climbed up the rugged, stony, steep path to the summit of the hill. There are a few olive-trees on the way, enough to hinder the view where the stone walls would permit us to see anything; importunate begging Moslems beset us; all along the route we encountered shabbiness and squalor. The *rural* sweetness and peace that we associate with this dear mount appear to have been worn away centuries ago. We did not expect too much, but we were not prepared for such a shabby show-place. If we could

sweep away all the filthy habitations and hideous buildings on the hill, and leave it to nature, or, indeed, convert the surface into a well-ordered garden, the spot would be one of the most attractive in the world.

We hoped that when we reached the summit we should come into an open, green, and shady place, free from the disagreeable presence of human greed and all the artificiality that interposed itself between us and the sentiment of the place. But the traveler need not expect *that* in Palestine. Everything is staked out and made a show of. Arrived at the summit, we could see little or nothing; it is crowned with the dilapidated Chapel of the Ascension. We entered a dirty court, where the custodian and his family and his animals live, and from thence were admitted to the church. In the pavement is shown the footprint of our ascending Lord, although the Ascension was made at Bethany. We paid the custodian for permission to see this manufactured scene of the Ascension. The best point of view to be had here is the old tower of the deserted convent, or the narrow passage to it on the wall, or the top of the minaret near the church. There is no place on wall or tower where one can sit; there is no place anywhere here to sit down, and in peace and quiet enjoy the magnificent prospect, and meditate on the most momentous event in human history. We snatched the view in the midst of annoyances. The most minute features of it are known to every one who reads. The portion of it I did not seem to have been long familiar with is that to the east, comprising the Jordan valley, the mountains of Moab, and the Dead Sea.

Although this mount is consecrated by the frequent presence of Christ, who so often crossed it in going to and from Bethany, and retired here to meditate and to commune with his loved followers, everything that the traveler at present encounters on its summit is out of sympathy with his memory. We escaped from the beggars and the showmen, climbed some stone walls, and in a rough field near the brow of the hill, in a position neither comfortable nor private, but the best that we found, read the chief events in the life of Christ connected with this mount, the triumphal entry, and the last scenes transacted on yonder hill. And we endeavored to make the divine man live again, who so often and so sorrowfully regarded the then shining city of Zion from this height.

To the south of the church and a little down the hill is the so-called site of the giving of the Lord's Prayer. I do not know on what authority it is thus named. A chapel is built to mark the spot, and a considerable space is inclosed before it, in which are other objects of interest, and these were shown to us by a pleasant-spoken lady, who is connected with the convent, and has faith equal to the demands of her position. We first entered a subterranean vaulted room, with twelve rough half-pillars on each side, called the room where the apostles composed the creed. We then passed into the chapel. Upon the four walls of its arcade is written, in great characters, the Lord's Prayer in *thirty-two* languages; among them the "Canadian."

In a little side chapel is the tomb of Aurelia de Bossa, Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duchesse de Bouillon, the lady whose munificence established this chapel and executed the prayer in so many tongues. Upon the side of the tomb this fact of her benevolence is announced, and the expectation is also expressed, in French, that "God will overwhelm her with blessing forever and ever for her good deed." Stretched upon the sarcophagus is a beautiful marble effigy of the princess; the figure is lovely, the face is sweet and seraphic, and it is a perfect likeness of her ladyship.

I do not speak at random. I happen to know that it is a perfect likeness, for a few minutes after I saw it, I met her in the corridor, in a semi-nunlike costume, with a heavy cross hanging by a long gold chain at her side. About her forehead was bound a barbarous frontlet composed of some two hundred gold coins, and ornaments not unlike those

worn by the ladies of the ancient Egyptians. This incongruity of costume made me hesitate whether to recognize in this dazzling vision of womanhood a priestess of Astarte or of Christ. At the farther door, Aurelia de Bossa, Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duchesse de Bouillon, stopped and blew shrilly a silver whistle which hung at her girdle, to call her straying poodle, or to summon a servant. In the rear of the chapel this lady lives in a very pretty house, and near it she was building a convent for Carmelite nuns. I cannot but regard her as the most fortunate of her sex. She enjoys not only this life, but, at the same time, all the posthumous reputation that a lovely tomb and a record of her munificence engraved thereon can give. We sometimes hear of, but we seldom see, a person, in these degenerate days, living in this world as if already in the other.

We went on over the hill to Bethany; we had climbed up by the path on which David fled from Absalom, and we were to return by the road of the Triumphal Entry. All along the ridge we enjoyed a magnificent panorama: a blue piece of the Dead Sea, the Jordan plain extending far up towards Hermon with the green ribbon of the river winding through it, and the long, even range of the Moab hills, blue in the distance. The prospect was almost Swiss in its character, but it is a mass of bare hills, with scarcely a tree except in the immediate foreground, and so naked and desolate as to make the heart ache; it would be entirely desolate but for the deep blue of the sky and an atmosphere that bathes all the great sweep of peaks and plains in color.

Bethany is a squalid hamlet clinging to the rocky hill-side, with only one redeeming feature about it — the prospect. A few wretched one-story huts of stone, and a miserable handful of Moslems, occupy this favorite home and resting-place of our Lord. Close at hand, by the roadside, cut in the rock and reached by a steep descent of twenty-six steps, is the damp and doubtful tomb of Lazarus, down into which any one may go for half a franc paid to the Moslem guardian. The house of Mary and Martha is exhibited among the big rocks and fragments of walls; upon older foundations loose walls are laid, rudely and recently patched up with cut stones in fragments, and pieces of Roman columns. The house of Simon the leper, overlooking the whole, is a mere heap of ruins. It does not matter, however, that all these dwellings are modern; this is Bethany, and when we get away from its present wretchedness we remember only that we have seen the very place that Christ loved.

We returned along the highway of the Entry slowly, pausing to identify the points of that memorable progress, up to the crest where Jerusalem broke upon the sight of the Lord, and whence the procession, coming round the curve of the hill, would have the full view of the city. He who rides that way to-day has a grand prospect. One finds Jerusalem most poetic when seen from Olivet, and Olivet most lovely when seen from the distance of the city walls.

At the foot of the descent we turned and entered the inclosure of the Garden of Gethsemane. Three stone-wall inclosures here claim to be the real garden; one is owned by the Greeks, another by the Armenians, the third by the Latins. We chose the last, as it is the largest and pleasantest; perhaps the garden, which was certainly in this vicinity, once included them all. After some delay we were admitted by a small door in the wall, and taken charge of by a Latin monk, whose young and sweet face was not out of sympathy with the place. The garden contains a few aged olive-trees, and some small plots of earth, fenced about and secured by locked gates, in which flowers grow. The guardian gave us some falling roses, and did what he could to relieve the scene of its artificial appearance; around the wall, inside, are the twelve stations of the Passion, in the usual tawdry style.

But the birds sang sweetly in the garden, the flowers of spring were blooming, and, hemmed in by the high wall, we had some moments of solemn peace, broken only by the sound of a Moslem

darabooka drum throbbing near at hand. Desecrated as this spot is, and made cheap by the petty creations of superstition, one cannot but feel the awful significance of the place, and the weight of history crowding upon him, where battles raged for a thousand years, and where the greatest victory of all was won when Christ commanded Peter to put up his sword. Near here Titus formed his columns which stormed the walls and captured the heroic city after its houses, and all this valley itself, were filled with Jewish dead; but all this is as nothing to the event of that awful night when the servants of the high-priest led away the unresisting Lord.

It is this event, and not any other, that puts an immeasurable gulf between this and all other cities, and perhaps this difference is more felt the farther one is from Jerusalem. The visitor expects too much; he is unreasonably impatient of the contrast between the mean appearance of the theatre and the great events that have been enacted on it; perhaps he is not prepared for the ignorance, the cupidity, the credulity, the audacious impostures under Christian names, on the spot where Christianity was born.

When one has exhausted the stock sights of Jerusalem, it is probably the dullest, least entertaining city of the Orient; I mean, in itself, for its pilgrims and its religious fêtes, in the spring of the year, offer always some novelties to the sight-seer; and, besides, there is a certain melancholy pleasure to be derived from roaming about outside the walls, enveloped in a historic illusion that colors and clothes the nakedness of the landscape.

The chief business of the city and the region seems to be the manufacture of religious playthings for the large children who come here. If there is any factory of relics here I did not see it. Nor do I know whether the true cross has still the power of growing, which it had in the fourth century, to renew itself under the constant demand for pieces of it. I did not go to see the place where the tree grew of which it was made; the exact spot is shown in a Greek convent about a mile and a half west of the city. The tree is said to have been planted by Abraham and Noah. This is evidently an error; it may have been planted by Adam and watered by Noah.

There is not much trade in antiquities in the city; the shops offer little to tempt the curiosity hunter. Copper coins of the Roman period abound, and are constantly turned up in the fields outside the city, most of them battered and defaced beyond recognition. Jewish mites are plenty enough, but the silver shekel would be rare if the ingenious Jews did not keep counterfeits on hand. The tourist is waited on at his hotel by a few patient and sleek sharks with cases of cheap jewelry and doubtful antiques, and if he seeks the shops of the gold and silver bazars he will find little more. I will not say that he will not now and then pick up a piece of old pottery that has made the journey from Central Asia, or chance upon a singular stone with a talismanic inscription. The hope that he may do so carries the traveler through a great many Eastern slums. The chief shops, however, are those of trinkets manufactured for the pilgrims, of olive wood, ivory, bone, camels' teeth, and all manner of nuts and seeds. There are more than fifty sorts of beads, strung for profane use or arranged for rosaries, and some of them have pathetic names, like "Job's tears." Jerusalem is entitled to be called the City of Beads.

There is considerable activity in Jewish objects that are old and rather unclean; and I think I discovered something like an attempt to make a "corner" in phylacteries, that is, in old ones, for the new are made in excess of the demand. If a person desires to carry home a phylactery to exhibit to his Sunday-school, in illustration of the religion of the Jews, he wants one that has been a long time in use. I do not suppose it possible that the education of any other person is as deficient as mine was in the matter of these ornamental aids in worship. But if there is one, this description is for him: the phylactery, common size, is a leathern box about an inch and

a half square, with two narrow straps of leather, about three feet long, sewed to the bottom corners. The box contains a parchment roll of sacred writing. When the worshiper performs his devotions in the synagogue, he binds one of the phylacteries about his left arm and the other about his head, so that the little box has something of the appearance of a leathern horn sprouting out of his forehead. Phylacteries are worn only in the synagogue, and in this respect differ from the greasy leathern talismans of the Nubians, which contain scraps from the Koran, and are never taken off. Whatever significance the phylactery once had to the Jew it seems now to have lost, since he is willing to make it an article of merchandise. Perhaps it is poverty that compels him also to sell his ancient scriptures; parchment rolls of favorite books, such as Esther, that are some centuries old, are occasionally to be bought, and new rolls, deceitfully doctored into an appearance of antiquity, are offered freely.

A few years ago the antiquarian world was put into a ferment by what was called the "Shœpira collection," a large quantity of clay pottery, — gods, votive offerings, images, jars and other vessels, — with inscriptions in unknown characters, which was said to have been dug up in the land of Moab, beyond the Jordan, and was expected to throw great light upon certain passages of Jewish history, and especially upon the religion of the heathen who occupied Palestine at the time of the conquest. The collection was sent to Berlin; some eminent German *savans* pronounced it genuine; nearly all the English scholars branded it as an impudent imposture. Two collections of the articles have been sent to Berlin, where they are stored out of sight of the public generally, and Mr. Shœpira has made a third collection, which he still retains.

Mr. Shœpira is a Hebrew antiquarian and bookseller, of somewhat eccentric manners, but an enthusiast. He makes the impression of a man who believes in his discoveries, and it is generally thought in Jerusalem that if his collection is a forgery, he himself is imposed on. The account which he gives of the places where the images and utensils were found is anything but clear or definite. We are required to believe that they have been dug up in caves at night and by stealth, and at the peril of the lives of the discoverers, and that it is not safe to visit these caves in the day-time on account of the Bedouins. The fresh-baked appearance of some of the articles is admitted, and it is said that it was necessary to roast them to prevent their crumbling when exposed to the air. Our theory in regard to these singular objects is that a few of those first shown were actually discovered, and that all the remainder have been made in imitation of them. Of the characters (or alphabet) of the inscriptions, Mr. Shœpira says he has determined twenty-three; sixteen of these are Phœnician, and the others, his critics say, are meaningless. All the objects are exceedingly rude and devoid of the slightest art; the images are many of them indecent; the jars are clumsy in shape, but the inscriptions are put on with some skill. The figures are supposed to have been votive offerings, and the jars either memorial or sepulchral urns.

The hideous collection appeared to me *sui generis*, although some of the images resemble the rudest of those called Phœnician which General di Cesnola unearthed in Cyprus. Without merit, they seem to belong to a rude age rather than to be the inartistic product of this age. That is, supposing them to be forgeries, I cannot see how these figures could be conceived by a modern man, who was capable of inventing a fraud of this sort. He would have devised something better, at least something less simple, something that would have somewhere betrayed a little modern knowledge and feeling. All the objects have the same barbarous tone, a kind of character that is distinct from their rudeness, and the same images and designs are repeated over and over again. This gives color to the theory that a few genuine pieces of Moabite pottery were found, which gave the idea for a large

manufacture of them. And yet, there are people who see these things, and visit all the holy places, and then go away and lament that there are no manufactories in Jerusalem!

Jerusalem attracts while it repels; and both it and all Palestine exercise a spell out of all proportion to the consideration they had in the ancient world. The student of the mere facts of history, especially if his studies were made in Jerusalem itself, would be at a loss to account for the place that the Holy City occupies in the thought of the modern world, and the importance attached to the history of the handful of people who made themselves a home in this rocky country. The Hebrew nation itself, during the little time it was a nation, did not play a part in Oriental affairs at all commensurate with its posthumous reputation. It was not one of the great kingdoms of antiquity, and in that theatre of war and conquest which spread from Ethiopia to the Caspian Sea, it was scarcely an appreciable force in the great drama.

The country the Hebrews occupied was small; they never conquered or occupied the whole of the Promised Land, which extended from the Mediterranean Sea to the Arabian plain, from Hamath to Sinai. Their territory in actual possession reached only from Dan to Beersheba. The coast they never subdued; the Philistines, who came from Crete and grew to be a great people in the plain, held the lower portion of Palestine on the sea, and the Phœnicians the upper. Except during a brief period in their history, the Jews were confined to the hill country. Only during the latter part of the reign of David and two thirds of that of Solomon did the Jewish kingdom take on the proportions of a great state. David extended the Israelitish power from the Gulf of Akaba to the Euphrates; Damascus paid him tribute; he occupied the cities of his old enemies, the Philistines, but the kingdom of Tyre, still in the possession of Hiram, marked the limit of Jewish sway in that direction. This period of territorial consequence was indeed brief. Before Solomon was in his grave, the conquests bequeathed to him by his father began to slip from his hand. The life of the Israelites as a united nation, as anything but discordant and warring tribes, after the death of Joshua, is all included in the reigns of David and Solomon — perhaps sixty or seventy years.

The Israelites were essentially highlanders. Some one has noticed their resemblance to the Scotch Highlanders in modes of warfare. In fighting, they aimed to occupy the heights. They descended into the plain reluctantly; they made occasional forays into the lowlands, but their hills were their strength, as the Psalmist said; and they found security among their crags and secluded glens from the agitations which shook the great empires of the Eastern world. Invasions, retreats, pursuits, the advance of devouring hosts or the flight of panic-stricken masses, for a long time passed by their ridge of country on either side, along the Mediterranean or through the land of Moab. They were out of the track of Oriental commerce as well as of war. So removed were they from participation in the stirring affairs of their era that they seem even to have escaped the omnivorous Egyptian conquerors. For a long period conquest passed them by, and it was not till their accumulation of wealth tempted the avarice of the great Asiatic powers that they were involved in the conflicts which finally destroyed them. The small kingdom of Judah, long after that of Israel had been utterly swept away, owed its continuance of life to its very defensible position. Solomon left Jerusalem a strong city, well supplied with water, and capable of sustaining a long siege, while the rugged country around it offered little comfort to a besieging army.

For a short time David made the name of Israel a power in the world, and Solomon, inheriting his reputation, added the triumphs of commerce to those of conquest. By a judicious heathen alliance with Hiram of Tyre he was able to build vessels on the Red Sea and man them with Phœnician sailors, for voyages to India and Ceylon; and he was

admitted by Hiram to a partnership in his trading adventures to the Pillars of Hercules. But these are only episodes in the Jewish career; the nation's part in Oriental history is comparatively insignificant until the days of their great calamities. How much attention its heroism and suffering attracted at that time we do not know.

Though the Israelites during their occupation of the hill-country of Palestine were not concerned in the great dynastic struggles of the Orient, they were not, however, at peace. Either the tribes were fighting among themselves or they were involved in sanguinary fights with the petty heathen chiefs about them. We get a lively picture of the habits of the time in a sentence in the second book of Samuel: "And it came to pass, after the year was expired, at the time when kings go forth to battle, that David sent Joab and his servants with him, and all Israel; and they destroyed the children of Ammon, and besieged Rabbah." It was a pretty custom. In that season when birds pair and build their nests, when the sap mounts in the trees and travelers long to go into far countries, kings felt a noble impulse in their veins to go out and fight other kings. But this primitive simplicity was mingled with shocking barbarity; David once put his captives under the saw, and there is nothing to show that the Israelites were more moved by sentiments of pity and compassion than their heathen neighbors. There was occasionally, however, a grim humor in their cruelty. When Judah captured King Adoni-bezek, in Bezek, he cut off his great toes and his thumbs. Adoni-bezek, who could appreciate a good thing, accepted the mutilation in the spirit in which it was offered, and said that he had himself served seventy kings in that fashion; "threescore and ten kings, having their thumbs and great toes cut off, gathered their meat under my table."

From the death of Joshua to the fall of Samaria, the history of the Jews is largely a history of civil war. From about seven hundred years before Christ, Palestine was essentially a satrapy of the Assyrian kings, as it was later to be come one of the small provinces of the Roman empire. At the time when Sennacherib was waiting before Jerusalem for Hezekiah to purchase his withdrawal by stripping the gold from the doors of the Temple, the foundations of a city were laid on the banks of the Tiber which was to extend its sway over the known world, to whose dominion the utmost power of Jerusalem was only a petty sovereignty, and which was destined to rival Jerusalem itself as the spiritual capital of the earth.

If we do not find in the military power or territorial consequence of the Jews an explanation of their influence in the modern world, still less do we find it in any faithfulness to a spiritual religion, the knowledge of which was their chief distinction among the tribes about them. Their lapses from the worship of Jehovah were so frequent, and of such long duration, that their returns to the worship of the true God seem little more than breaks in their practice of idolatry. And these spasmodic returns were due to calamities, and fears of worse judgments. Solomon sanctioned by national authority gross idolatries which had been long practiced. At his death, ten of the tribes seceded from the dominion of Judah and set up a kingdom in which idolatry was made and remained the state religion, until the ten tribes vanished from the theatre of history. The kingdom of Israel, in order to emphasize its separation from that of Judah, set up the worship of Jehovah in the image of a golden calf. Against this state religion of image-worship the prophets seem to have thought it in vain to protest; they contented themselves with battling against the more gross and licentious idolatries of Baal and Ashtoreth; and Israel always continued the idol-worship established by Jeroboam. The worship of Jehovah was the state religion of the little kingdom of Judah, but during the period of its existence, before the Captivity, I think that only four of its kings were not idolaters. The people were constantly falling away into the heathenish practices of their neighbors.

If neither territorial consequence nor religious steadfastness gave the Jews rank among the great nations of antiquity, they would equally fail of the consideration they now enjoy but for one thing, and that is, after all, the chief and enduring product of any nationality; we mean, of course, its literature. It is by that, that the little kingdoms of Judah and Israel hold their sway over the world. It is that which invests ancient Jerusalem with its charm and dignity. Not what the Jews did, but the songs of their poets, the warnings and lamentations of their prophets, the touching tales of their story-tellers, draw us to Jerusalem by the most powerful influences that affect the human mind. And most of this unequaled literature is the product of seasons of turbulence, passion, and insecurity. Except the Proverbs and Song of Solomon, and such pieces as the poem of Job and the story of Ruth, which seem to be the outcome of literary leisure, the Hebrew writings were all the offspring of exciting periods. David composed his Psalms — the most marvelous interpreters of every human aspiration, exaltation, want, and sorrow — with his sword in his hand; and the prophets always appear to ride upon a whirlwind. The power of Jerusalem over the world is as truly a literary one as that of Athens is one of art. That literature was unknown to the ancients, or unappreciated: otherwise contemporary history would have considered its creators of more consequence than it did.

We speak, we have been speaking, of the Jerusalem before our era, and of the interest it has independent of the great event which is, after all, its chief claim to immortal estimation. It becomes sacred ground to us because there, in Bethlehem, Christ was born; because here — not in these streets, but upon this soil — he walked and talked and taught and ministered; because upon Olivet, yonder, he often sat with his disciples, and here, somewhere, — it matters not where, — he suffered death and conquered death.

This is the scene of these transcendent events. We say it to ourselves while we stand here. We can clearly conceive it when we are at a distance. But with the actual Jerusalem of to-day before our eyes, its naked desolation, its superstition, its squalor, its vivid contrast to what we conceive should be the City of our King, we find it easier to feel that Christ was born in New England than in Judea.

Charles Dudley Warner.

OCTOBER.

THE month of carnival of all the year,
When Nature lets the wild earth go its way,
And spend whole seasons on a single day.
The spring-time holds her white and purple dear:
October, lavish, flaunts them far and near.
The summer charily her reds doth lay
Like jewels on her costliest array:
October, scornful, burns them on a bier.
The winter hoards his pearls of frost, in sign
Of kingdom: whiter pearls than winter knew,
Or empress wore, in Egypt's ancient line,
October, feasting 'neath her dome of blue,
Drinks at a single draught, slow filtered through
Sunshiny air, as in a tingling wine!

H. H.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XV.

DUBLIN, ——.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON, — I received your third kind letter yesterday morning, and have no more time to-day than will serve to inclose my answer to your second, which reached me and was replied to at Glasgow; owing to your not having given me your address, I had kept it thus long in my desk. You surely said nothing in that letter of yours that the kindest good feeling could take exception to, and therefore need hardly, I think, have been so anxious about its possible miscarriage. However, "Misery makes one acquainted with strange bedfellows," and I am afraid distrust is one of them. You will be glad, I know, to hear that I have been successful here, and perhaps amused to know that when your letter reached me yesterday I was going, *en lionne*, to a great dinner-party at Lady Morgan's. I am ashamed to say I know none of her works, and can therefore speak only of the impression she makes upon me personally, which is that of a clever, vain, lively, good-natured woman. But as this is the result of only a few hours' acquaintance, it may not be a very correct estimate. You ask me for advice about your Shakespeare work, but advice is what I have no diploma for bestowing; and such suggestions as I might venture, were I sitting by your side with Shakespeare in my hand, and which might furnish pleasant matter of converse and discussion, are hardly solid enough for transmission by post.

I have been reading The Tempest all this afternoon, with eyes constantly dim with those delightful tears which are called up alike by the sublimity and harmony of nature, and the noblest creations of genius. I cannot imagine how you should ever feel discouraged in your work; it seems to me it must be its own perpetual stimulus and reward. Is not Miranda's exclamation, "O brave new world, that has such people in it!" on the first sight of the company of villainous men who ruined her and her father, with the royal old magician's comment, "'T is new to thee!" exquisitely pathetic? I must go to my work; 't is The Gamester to-night; I wish it were over. Good-by, my dear Mrs. Jameson. Thank you for your kind letters; I value them very much, and am your affectionate

F. KEMBLE.

P. S. I am very happy here, in the society of an admirable person who is as good as she is highly gifted, — a rare union, — and who, moreover, loves me well, which adds much, in my opinion, to her other merits. I mean my friend Miss S——.

My only reminiscence connected with this dinner at Lady Morgan's is of her kind and comical zeal to show me an Irish jig, performed *secundum artem*, when she found that I had never seen her national dance. She jumped up, declaring nobody danced it as well as herself, and that I should see it immediately; and began running through the rooms, with a gauze scarf that had fallen from her shoulders fluttering and trailing after her, calling loudly for a certain young member of the vice-regal staff, who was among the guests invited to a large evening party after the dinner, to be her partner. But the gentleman had already departed (for it was late), and I might have gone to my grave unenlightened upon the subject of jigs if I had not seen one performed, to great perfection, by some gay young members of a family party, while I was staying at Worsley with my friends Lord and Lady Ellesmere, whose children and guests got up an impromptu ball on the occasion of Lady Octavia Grosvenor's birthday, in the course of which the Irish national dance was performed with great spirit, especially by Lord Mark

Kerr and Lady Blanche Egerton. It resembles a good deal the saltarello of the Italian peasants in rhythm and character; and a young Irishman, servant of some friends of mine, covered himself with glory by the manner in which he joined a party of Neapolitan tarantella dancers, merely by dint of his proficiency in his own native jig. A great many years after my first acquaintance with Lady Morgan in Dublin, she renewed our intercourse by calling on me in London, where she was spending the season, and where I was then living with my father, who had become almost entirely deaf and was suffering from a most painful complication of maladies. My relations with the lively and amusing Irish authoress consisted merely in an exchange of morning visits, during one of which, after talking to me with voluble enthusiasm of Cardinal Gonsalvi and Lord Byron, whose portraits hung in her room, and who, she assured me, were her two preëminent heroes, she plied me with a breathless series of pressing invitations to breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, evening-parties, to meet everybody in London that I did and did not know, and upon my declining all these offers of hospitable entertainment (for I had at that time withdrawn myself entirely from society, and went nowhere), she exclaimed, "But what in the world do you *do* with yourself in the evening?" "Sit with my father, or remain alone," said I. "Ah!" cried the society-loving little lady, with an exasperated Irish accent, "come out of that *sphare* of solitary self-sufficiency *ye* live in, do! Come to me!" Which objurgation certainly presented in a most ludicrous light my life of very sad seclusion, and sent us both into fits of laughter.

I have alluded to a friendship which I formed soon after my appearance on the stage with Miss E—— F——. She was the daughter of Mr. F——, for many years member for Southampton. Miss F—— and I perpetuated a close attachment already traditional between our families, her mother having been Mrs. Siddons's dearest friend. Indeed, for many years of her life, Mrs. F—— seems to me to have postponed the claims even of her husband and children upon her time and attention, to her absolute devotion to her celebrated idol. Mr. F—— was a dutiful member of the House of Commons, and I suppose his boy was at school and his girl too young to demand her mother's constant care and superintendence, at the time when she literally gave up her whole existence to Mrs. Siddons during the London season, passing her days in her society and her evenings in her dressing-room at the theatre, whenever Mrs. Siddons acted. Miss F—— and myself could not dedicate ourselves with any such absolute exclusiveness to each other. Neither of our mothers would have consented to any such absorbing arrangement, for which a certain independence of family ties would have been indispensable; but within the limits which our circumstances allowed we were as devoted to each other as my aunt Siddons and Mrs. F—— had been, and our intercourse was as full and frequent as possible. E—— F—— was not pretty, but her face was expressive of both intelligence and sensibility; her figure wanted height, but was slender and graceful; her head was too small for powerful though not for keen and sagacious intellect, or for beauty. The general impression she produced was that of well-born and well-bred refinement, and she was as eager, light, and rapid in her movements as a greyhound, of which elegant animal the whole character of her appearance constantly reminded me. Her mind, too, was of the greyhound order, one of swift perception rather than instinctive conviction or persistent pursuit of truth. Her processes of thought were vivid and clear but not deep, and the general attitude and action of her intellect had great affinity with that of her nervously rather than muscularly vigorous body. She had been educated much as young ladies generally are; she had read and reflected a good deal, had lived and traveled much abroad, and had cultivated a natural talent for music and a fine taste for art, which she inherited from her father. She was wanting in imagination, and

therefore in humor, properly so called, but she was witty and sarcastic, and an extremely lively and entertaining talker. Her sterling qualities were those of a fervently devout spirit, great uprightness and integrity of principle, and a benevolent, humane charity that was admirable in its painstaking, self-denying wisdom and activity.

Mr. F—— had a summer residence close to the picturesque town of Southampton, called Bannisters, the name of which charming place calls up the image of my friend swinging in her hammock under the fine trees of her lawn, or dexterously managing her boat on its tiny lake, and brings back delightful hours and days spent in happy intercourse with her. Mr. F—— had himself planned the house, which was as peculiar as it was comfortable and elegant. A small vestibule, full of fine casts from the antique (among others a rare original one of the glorious Neapolitan Psyche, given to his brother-in-law, Mr. William Hamilton, by the King of Naples), formed the entrance. The oval drawing-room, painted in fresco by Mr. F——, recalled by its Italian scenes their wanderings in the south of Europe. In the adjoining room were some choice pictures, among others a fine copy of one of Titian's Venuses, and in the dining-room an equally good one of his Venus and Adonis. The place of honor, however, in this room was reserved for a life-size, full-length portrait of Mrs. Siddons, which Lawrence painted for Mrs. F——, and which is now in the National Gallery, — a production so little to my taste both as picture and portrait that I used to wonder how Mrs. F—— could tolerate such a representation of her admired friend. The principal charm of Bannisters, however, was the garden and grounds, which, though of inconsiderable extent, were so skillfully and tastefully laid out that their bounds were always invisible. The lawn and shubberies were picturesquely irregular, and still retained some kindred, in their fine oaks and patches of heather, to the beautiful wild common which lay immediately beyond their precincts. A pretty piece of ornamental water was set in flowering bushes and well-contrived rockery, and in a more remote part of the grounds a little dark pond reflected wild-wood banks and fine overspreading elms and beeches. The small park had some charming clumps and single trees, and there was a twilight walk of gigantic overarching laurels, of a growth that dated back to a time of considerable antiquity, when the place had been part of an ancient monastery. Above all, I delighted in my friend E——'s favorite flower-garden, where her fine eye for color reveled in grouping the softest, gayest, and richest masses of bloom, and where in a bay of mossy turf, screened round with evergreens, the ancient vision of love and immortality, the antique Cupid and Psyche, watched over the fragrant, flowery domain.

Sweet Bannisters! to me forever a refuge of consolation and sympathy in seasons of trial and sorrow, of unfailing kindly welcome and devoted constant affection; haven of pleasant rest and calm repose whenever I resorted to it! How sad was my last visit to that once lovely and beloved place, now passed into the hands of strangers, deserted, divided, desecrated, where it was painful even to call up the image of her whose home it once was! The last time I saw Bannisters the grounds were parceled out and let for grazing inclosures to various Southampton townspeople. The house was turned into a boys' boarding-school, and, as I hurried away, the shouts and acclamations of a roaring game of cricket came to me from the inclosure that had been E—— F——'s flower-garden; but though I was crying bitter tears the lads seemed very happy; the fashion of this world passeth away.

Before leaving Dublin for Liverpool, I had the pleasure of visiting my friend Miss S—— in her home, where I returned several times, and was always welcomed with cordial kindness. My last visit there took place during the Crimean war. My friend Mrs. T—— had become a widow, and her second son, now General T——, was with his regiment in the very front of the danger, and also surrounded by the first deadly

outbreak of the cholera, which swooped with such fatal fury upon our troops at the opening of the campaign. I can never forget the pathetic earnestness and solemnity of the prayers read aloud by that poor mother for the safety of our army, nor the accent with which she implored God's protection upon those exposed to such imminent peril in the noble discharge of their duty. That son was preserved to that mother, having manfully done his part in the face of the twofold death that threatened him.

There was a slight circumstance attending Mrs. T——'s household devotions that charmed me greatly, and that I have never seen repeated anywhere else where I have assisted at family prayers. The servants, as they left the hall, bowed and courtesied to their mistress, who returned their salutation with a fine, old-fashioned courtesy, full of a sweet, kindly grace, that was delightful. This act of civility to her dependents was to me a perfect expression of Mrs. T——'s real antique toryism, as well as of her warm-hearted, motherly kindness of nature.

Ardgillan Castle (I think by courtesy, for it was eminently peaceful in character, in spite of the turret inhabited by my dear "moping owl," H——) was finely situated on an eminence from which the sea, with the picturesque fishing village of Skerries stretching into it on one side, and the Morne Mountains fading in purple distance beyond its blue waters on the other, formed a beautiful prospect. A pine wood on one side of the grounds led down to the foot of the grassy hill upon which the house stood, and to a charming wilderness called the Dell: a sylvan recess behind the rocky margin of the sea, from which it was completely sheltered, whose hollow depth, carpeted with grass and curtained with various growth of trees, was the especial domain of my dear H——. A crystal spring of water rose in this "bosky dell" and answered with its tiny tinkle the muffled voice of the ocean breaking on the shore beyond. The place was perfectly lovely, and here we sat together and devised, as the old word was, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things above heaven, and things below earth, and things quite beyond ourselves, till we were well-nigh beside ourselves; and it was not the fault of my metaphysical friend, but of my utter inability to keep pace with her mental processes, if our argument did not include every point of that which Milton has assigned to the forlorn disputants of his infernal regions. My departure from Dublin ended these happy hours of companionship, and I exchanged that academe and my beloved Plato in petticoats for my playhouse work at Liverpool. The following letter was in answer to one Mrs. Jameson wrote me upon the subject of a lady whom she had recommended to my mother as a governess for my sister, who was now in her sixteenth year.

LIVERPOOL, *August* 16, 1830.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON, — Were it not that I have a great opinion both of your kindness and reasonableness, I should feel rather uncomfortable at the period which has elapsed since I ought to have written to you; but I am very sorry not to have been able sooner to reply to your last kind letter. I shall begin by answering that which interested me most in it, which you will easily believe was what regarded my dear A—— and the person into whose hands she is about to be committed. In proportion to the value of the gem is the dread one feels of the flaws and injuries it may receive in the process of cutting and polishing; and this of course not in this case alone, but that of every child who still is parent to the man (or woman). My mother said in one of her letters, "I have engaged a lady to be A——'s governess." Of course the *have* must make the expression of regret or anxiety undesirable, since both are unavailing. I hope it is the lady you spoke of in your letter to me, for I like very much the description you give of her, and in answer to the doubt you express as to whether *I* could be pleased with a person wanting in superficial brilliancy and refinement of intellect, I can reply unequivocally *yes*. I could be well pleased with such a per-

son for my own companion, if the absence of such qualities were atoned for by sound judgment and sterling principle; and I am certain that such a person is best calculated to undertake the task which she is to perform in our house with good effect. The defect of our home education is that from the mental tendencies of all of us, no less than from our whole mode of life, the more imaginative and refined intellectual qualities are fostered in us in preference to our reasoning powers. We have all excitable natures, and, whether in head or heart, that is a disadvantage. The unrestrained indulgence of feeling is as injurious to moral strength as the undue excess of fancy is to mental vigor. I think young people would always be the better for the influence of persons of strong sense, rather than strong sensibility, who, by fortifying their reason, correct any tendency to that morbid excitability which is so dangerous to happiness or usefulness.

I do not, of course, mean that one can eradicate any element of the original character; that I believe to be impossible; nor is direct opposition to natural tendencies of much use, for that is really cultivating qualities by resistance; but by encouraging other faculties, and by putting aside all that has a tendency to weaken and enervate, the mind will assume a robust and healthy tone, and the real feelings will acquire strength by being under reasonable control and by the suppression of factitious ones. A——'s education in point of accomplishments and general cultivation of taste and intellect is already fairly advanced; and the lady who is, I hope, now to be her companion and directress will be none the worse for wanting the merely ornamental branches of culture, provided she holds them at their due value, and neither *under* nor *over* estimates them because she is without them. I hope she is gentle and attractive in her manners, for it is essential that one should like as well as respect one's teachers, and should these qualities be added to the character you give of her, I am sure I should like her for a governess very much myself. You see by the room this subject has occupied in my letter how much it fills in my mind; human souls, minds, and bodies are precious and wonderful things, and to fit the whole creature for its proper aim here and hereafter, a solemn and arduous work.

Now to other matters. You reproach me very justly for my stupid oversight; I forgot to tell you which name appeared to me best for your book; the fact is, I flew off into ecstasies about the work itself, and gave you, I believe, a tirade about The Tempest instead of the opinion you asked. I agree with you that there is much in the name of a work; it is almost as desirable that a book should be well called as that it should be well written; a promising title-page is like an agreeable face, an inducement to further acquaintance, and an earnest of future pleasure. For myself, I prefer "Characters of Shakespeare's Women;" it is shorter, and I think will look better than the other in print.

I have been spending a few happy days, previous to my departure from Ireland, in a charming place and in the companionship of a person I love dearly. All my powers of enjoyment have been constantly occupied, and I have had a breathing-time of rest and real pleasure before I recommence my work. Such seasons are like angels' visits, but I suppose one ought to rejoice that they are allowed us at all, rather than complain of their brevity and infrequency. I am getting weary of wandering, and long to be once more settled at home. I hope, although you have left Bruton Street, you have not abandoned London altogether; I am looking forward with much pleasure to seeing you again.

What say you to this French revolution? Have not they made good use of their time, that in so few years from their last bloody national convulsion men's minds should so have advanced and expanded in France as to enable the people to overturn the government and change the whole course of public affairs with such comparative moderation and small loss of life? Is it not strange to think of a Bourbon taking

refuge in America, — the descendant of St. Louis seeking shelter in a land where there is neither nobility nor antiquity, neither existing aristocracy nor traditions of ancient feudal or chivalric times? I think I had rather have gone to China. I was still in Dublin when the news of the recent events in France reached us, and I never witnessed anything so like tipsiness as Lady Morgan's delight at it. I believe she wished herself a Frenchwoman with all her heart, and she declared she would go over as soon as ever her next work, which is in the hands of the publisher, was out. Were I a man, I should have been well pleased to have been in France some weeks ago; the rising of the nation against oppression and abuse, and the creating of a new and better state of things without any outbreak of popular excess, must have been a fine thing to see. But as a woman, incapable of mixing personally in such scenes, I would rather have the report of them at a distance than witness them as a mere inactive spectator; for though the loss of life has been comparatively small, considering the great end that has been achieved, it must be horrible to see bloodshed, even that of a single individual. I believe I am a great coward. Could my presence in Paris by any possibility have been necessary, woman as I am, I would have gone there without hesitation; but I prefer hearing of "bloody noses and cracked crowns," to seeing them. I shall not close this to-night but wait till to-morrow, to tell you how my first appearance here goes off.

Tuesday, August 17th.

We had a very fine house indeed last night, and everything went off remarkably well. I had every reason to be satisfied with the audience, who, though proverbially a cold one, were exceedingly enthusiastic in their applause, which, I suppose, is the best indication that they were satisfied with me. Good-by, my dear Mrs. Jameson; believe me yours ever truly, F. A. K.

The intention of engaging a governess for my sister was not carried out, and she was taken to Paris and placed under the charge of Mrs. Foster, wife of the chaplain to the British embassy, under whose care she pursued her general education, while with the tuition of the celebrated Bordogni, the first singing-master of the day, she cultivated her fine voice and developed her musical genius.

The French revolution of 1830, which placed Louis Philippe of Orleans on the throne, and sent Charles the Tenth to end his days in an obscure corner of Germany, was the first of four revolutions which I have lived to witness; and since then I have often thought of a lady who during the next political catastrophe, by which Louis Philippe was shaken out of his seat, showing Mrs. Grote the conveniences of a charming apartment in a central part of Paris, said, "Voici mon salon, voici ma salle à manger, et voyez comme c'est commode! De cette fenêtre je vois mes révolutions." The younger Bourbon of the Orleans branch had learned part of the lesson of government (of which even the most intelligent of that race seem destined never to learn the whole) in democratic America and democratic Switzerland. Perhaps it was in these two essentially *bourgeois* countries that he learned the only virtues that distinguished him as the *Roi Bourgeois, par excellence.* My rejoicing over the moderation of the Parisian populace of 1830 was premature, and the inference I hastily drew of their progress in humanity and civilization has had a mournful comment in the events of the commune of 1870. They were, after all, the same Parisians as those of 1792, and all the intervening years between those two national agonies seem to have done nothing towards the real enlightenment or improvement of that unfortunate people, who, after the dreadful days when the fair, wicked city, like a scorpion ringed around with fire turned to sting itself to death, were dancing, singing, and making merry, and rushing in crowds to see all their once cherished watchwords turned into the cynical caricature of Rabagas; who, incorrigible in their levity, *s'amusaient encore bien* round the charred and blackened skeleton of the palace of their

kings and the pillarless pedestal of their great emperor's glory, under the roofless rafters of the Palais Royal, the eyeless sockets of the windows of the Louvre, and the broken walls of their noble Hôtel de Ville; while on these shameful monuments of their fury the amazed and afflicted stranger read, as if written with the finger of their own self-scorn, their sickening legend of "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité."

HEATON PARK, *September* 18, 1830.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON, — Were it not that I should be ashamed to look you in the face when we meet, which I hope will now be soon, I should be much tempted to defer thanking you for your last kind letter until that period, for I am at this moment in the bustle of three departures. My mother arrived in Manchester this morning, whence my aunt Dall starts to-night for Buckinghamshire, and my father to-morrow morning at seven o'clock for London, and at eight my mother and myself start for Liverpool. I am most anxious to be there for the opening of the railroad, which takes place on Wednesday. I act in Manchester on Friday, and after that we shall spend some days with Lord and Lady W—— at their seat near there; and then I return to London to begin my winter campaign, when I hope to see you less oppressed with anxiety and vexation than you were when we parted there. And now, what shall I say to you? My life for the last three weeks has been so hurried and busy that, while I have matter for many long letters, I have hardly time for condensation; you know what Madame de Sévigné says, "Si javais eu plus de temps, je t'aurais écrit moins longuement." I have been sight-seeing and acting for the last month, and the first occupation is really the more exhausting of the two. I will give you a *carte*, and when we meet you shall call upon me for a detail of any or all of its contents.

I have seen the fine, picturesque old town of Chester; I have seen Liverpool, its docks, its cemetery, its railway, on which I was flown away with by a steam-engine, at the rate of five-and-thirty miles an hour; I have seen Manchester, power-looms, spinning-jennies, cotton factories, etc.; I have stayed at the pleasant modern mansion of Heaton; I have visited Hopwood Hall, built in the reign of Edward the First, and still retaining its carved old oaken chimneys and paneled chambers and latticed windows, and intricate ups and downs of internal architecture, to present use apparently as purposeless and inconvenient as if one was living in a cat's-cradle. I have seen a rush-bearing with its classical morris dance, executed in honor of some antique observance by the country-folk of Lancashire, with whom this commemoration, but no knowledge of its original significance, remains. I have seen Birmingham, its button-making, pin-making, plating, stamping, etc.; I have seen Aston Hall, an old house two miles from the town, and two hundred from everything in it, where Charles the First slept after the battle of Edge Hill, and whose fine old staircase still retains the marks of Cromwell's cannon, — which house, moreover, possesses an oaken gallery one hundred and odd feet long, hung with old portraits, one of the most delightful apartments imaginable. How I did sin in envy, and long for that nice room to walk up and down and dream and poetize in; but as I know of no earthly way of compassing this desirable acquisition but offering myself in exchange for it to its present possessor (who might not think well of the bargain), *il n'y faut plus penser*. Moreover, as the grapes are sour, I conclude that upon the whole it might not be an advantageous one for me. I am at this moment writing in a drawing-room full of people, at Heaton (Lord W——'s place), taking up my pen to talk to you and laying it down to talk to others. I must now, however, close my double and divided conversation, because I have not brains enough to play at two games at once. I am ever yours, very sincerely, F. A. K.

While we were acting at Liverpool, an experimental trip was proposed upon the line of railway which was being

constructed between Liverpool and Manchester, the first mesh of that amazing iron net which now covers the whole surface of England and all the civilized portions of the earth. The Liverpool merchants, whose far-sighted self-interest prompted them to wise liberality, had accepted the risk of George Stephenson's magnificent experiment, which the committee of inquiry of the House of Commons had rejected for the government. These men, of less intellectual culture than the Parliament members, had the adventurous imagination proper to great speculators, which is the poetry of the counting-house and wharf, and were better able to receive the enthusiastic infection of the great projector's sanguine hope than the Westminster committee. They were exultant and triumphant at the near completion of the work, though, of course, not without some misgivings as to the eventual success of the stupendous enterprise. My father knew several of the gentlemen most deeply interested in the undertaking, and Stephenson having proposed a trial trip as far as the fifteen-mile viaduct, they, with infinite kindness, invited him and permitted me to accompany them; allowing me, moreover, the place which I felt to be one of supreme honor, by the side of Stephenson. All that wonderful history, as much more interesting than a romance as truth is stranger than fiction, which Mr. Smiles's biography of the projector has given in so attractive a form to the world, I then heard from his own lips. He was a rather stern-featured man, with a dark and deeply-marked countenance; his speech was strongly inflected with his native Northumbrian accent, but the fascination of that story told by himself, while his tame dragon flew panting along his iron pathway with us, passed the first reading of the Arabian Nights, the incidents of which it almost seemed to recall. He was wonderfully condescending and kind in answering all the questions of my eager ignorance, and I listened to him with eyes brimful of warm tears of sympathy and enthusiasm, as he told me of all his alternations of hope and fear, of his many trials and disappointments, related with fine scorn how the "Parliament men" had badgered and baffled him with their book-knowledge, and how, when at last they thought they had smothered the irrepressible prophecy of his genius in the quaking depths of Chatmoss, he had exclaimed, "Did ye ever see a boat float on water? I will make my road float upon Chatmoss!" The well-read Parliament men (some of whom, perhaps, wished for no railways near their parks and pleasure-grounds) could not believe the miracle, but the shrewd Liverpool merchants, helped to their faith by a great vision of immense gain, did; and so the railroad was made, and I took this memorable ride by the side of its maker, and would not have exchanged the honor and pleasure of it for one of the shares in the speculation.

LIVERPOOL, *August 26th.*

MY DEAR H——: A common sheet of paper is enough for love, but a foolscap extra can alone contain a railroad and my ecstasies. There was once a man, who was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who was a common coal-digger; this man had an immense constructiveness, which displayed itself in pulling his watch to pieces and putting it together again; in making a pair of shoes when he happened to be some days without occupation; finally — here there is a great gap in my story — it brought him in the capacity of an engineer before a committee of the House of Commons, with his head full of plans for constructing a railroad from Liverpool to Manchester. It so happened that to the quickest and most powerful perceptions and conceptions, to the most indefatigable industry and perseverance, and the most accurate knowledge of the phenomena of nature as they affect his peculiar labors, this man joined an utter want of the "gift of the gab;" he could no more explain to others what he meant to do and how he meant to do it, than he could fly; and therefore the members of the House of Commons, after saying, "There is rock to be excavated to a depth of more than sixty feet, there are

embankments to be made nearly to the same height, there is a swamp of five miles in length to be traversed, in which if you drop an iron rod it sinks and disappears: how will you do all this?" and receiving no answer but a broad Northumbrian "I can't tell you how I 'll do it, but I can tell you I *will* do it," dismissed Stephenson as a visionary. Having prevailed upon a company of Liverpool gentlemen to be less incredulous, and having raised funds for his great undertaking, in December of 1826 the first spade was struck into the ground. And now I will give you an account of my yesterday's excursion. A party of sixteen persons was ushered into a large court-yard, where, under cover, stood several carriages of a peculiar construction, one of which was prepared for our reception. It was a long-bodied vehicle with seats placed across it, back to back; the one we were in had six of these benches, and was a sort of uncovered *char à banc*. The wheels were placed upon two iron bands, which formed the road, and to which they are fitted, being so constructed as to slide along without any danger of hitching or becoming displaced, on the same principle as a thing sliding on a concave groove. The carriage was set in motion by a mere push, and, having received this impetus, rolled with us down an inclined plane into a tunnel, which forms the entrance to the railroad. This tunnel is four hundred yards long (I believe), and will be lighted by gas. At the end of it we emerged from darkness, and, the ground becoming level, we stopped. There is another tunnel parallel with this, only much wider and longer, for it extends from the place which we had now reached, and where the steam carriages start, and which is quite out of Liverpool, the whole way under the town, to the docks. This tunnel is for wagons and other heavy carriages; and as the engines which are to draw the trains along the railroad do not enter these tunnels, there is a large building at this entrance which is to be inhabited by steam-engines of a stationary turn of mind, and different constitution from the traveling ones, which are to propel the trains through the tunnels to the terminus in the town, without going out of their houses themselves. The length of the tunnel parallel to the one we passed through is (I believe) two thousand two hundred yards. I wonder if you are understanding one word I am saying all this while! We were introduced to the little engine which was to drag us along the rails. She (for they make these curious little fire-horses all mares) consisted of a boiler, a stove, a small platform, a bench, and behind the bench a barrel containing enough water to prevent her being thirsty for fifteen miles, — the whole machine not bigger than a common fire-engine. She goes upon two wheels, which are her feet, and are moved by bright steel legs called pistons; these are propelled by steam, and in proportion as more steam is applied to the upper extremities (the hip-joints, I suppose) of these pistons, the faster they move the wheels; and when it is desirable to diminish the speed, the steam, which unless suffered to escape would burst the boiler, evaporates through a safety-valve into the air. The reins, bit, and bridle of this wonderful beast is a small steel handle, which applies or withdraws the steam from its legs or pistons, so that a child might manage it. The coals, which are its oats, were under the bench, and there was a small glass tube affixed to the boiler, with water in it, which indicates by its fullness or emptiness when the creature wants water, which is immediately conveyed to it from its reservoirs. There is a chimney to the stove, but as they burn coke there is none of the dreadful black smoke which accompanies the progress of a steam-vessel. This snorting little animal, which I felt rather inclined to pat, was then harnessed to our carriage, and, Mr. Stephenson having taken me on the bench of the engine with him, we started at about ten miles an hour. The steam-horse being ill adapted for going up and down hill, the road was kept at a certain level, and appeared sometimes to sink below the surface of the earth and sometimes to rise above it. Almost at starting it was cut

through the solid rock, which formed a wall on either side of it, about sixty feet high. You can't imagine how strange it seemed to be journeying on thus, without any visible cause of progress other than the magical machine, with its flying white breath and rhythmical, unvarying pace, between these rocky walls, which are already clothed with moss and ferns and grasses; and when I reflected that these great masses of stone had been cut asunder to allow our passage thus far below the surface of the earth, I felt as if no fairy tale was ever half so wonderful as what I saw. Bridges were thrown from side to side across the top of these cliffs, and the people looking down upon us from them seemed like pygmies standing in the sky. I must be more concise, though, or I shall want room. We were to go only fifteen miles, that distance being sufficient to show the speed of the engine, and to take us to the most beautiful and wonderful object on the road. After proceeding through this rocky defile, we presently found ourselves raised upon embankments ten or twelve feet high; we then came to a moss, or swamp, of considerable extent, on which no human foot could tread without sinking, and yet it bore the road which bore us. This had been the great stumbling-block in the minds of the committee of the House of Commons; but Mr. Stephenson has succeeded in overcoming it. A foundation of hurdles, or, as he called it, basket-work, was thrown over the morass, and the interstices were filled with moss and other elastic matter. Upon this the clay and soil were laid down, and the road *does* float, for we passed over it at the rate of five-and-twenty miles an hour, and saw the stagnant swamp water trembling on the surface of the soil on either side of us. I hope you understand me. The embankment had gradually been rising higher and higher, and in one place, where the soil was not settled enough to form banks, Stephenson had constructed artificial ones of wood-work, over which the mounds of earth were heaped, for he said that though the wood-work would rot, before it did so the banks of earth which covered it would have been sufficiently consolidated to support the road.

We had now come fifteen miles, and stopped where the road traversed a wide and deep valley. Stephenson made me alight and led me down to the bottom of this ravine, over which, in order to keep his road level, he has thrown a magnificent viaduct of nine arches, the middle one of which is seventy feet high, through which we saw the whole of this beautiful little valley. It was lovely and wonderful beyond all words. He here told me many curious things respecting this ravine: how he believed the Mersey had once rolled through it; how the soil had proved so unfavorable for the foundation of his bridge that it was built upon piles, which had been driven into the earth to an enormous depth; how while digging for a foundation he had come to a tree bedded in the earth fourteen feet below the surface of the ground; how tides are caused, and how another flood might be caused; all of which I have remembered and noted down at much greater length than I can enter upon it here. He explained to me the whole construction of the steam-engine, and said he could soon make a famous engineer of me, which, considering the wonderful things he *has* achieved, I dare not say is impossible. His way of explaining himself is peculiar, but very striking, and I understood, without difficulty, all that he said to me. We then rejoined the rest of the party, and the engine having received its supply of water, the carriage was placed behind it, for it cannot turn, and was set off at its utmost speed, thirty-five miles an hour, swifter than a bird flies (for they tried the experiment with a snipe). You cannot conceive what that sensation of cutting the air was; the motion is as smooth as possible, too. I could either have read or written; and as it was, I stood up, and with my bonnet off "drank the air before me." The wind, which was strong, or perhaps the force of our own thrusting against it, absolutely weighed my eyelids down. [I remember a similar experience to this, the first time I attempted to go behind the sheet of the cataract of Niagara; the

wind coming from beneath the waterfall met me with such direct force that it literally bore down my eyelids, and I had to put off the attempt of penetrating behind the curtain of foam till another day, when that peculiar accident was less directly hostile to me in its conditions.] When I closed my eyes this sensation of flying was quite delightful, and strange beyond description; yet, strange as it was, I had a perfect sense of security, and not the slightest fear. At one time, to exhibit the power of the engine, having met another steam-carriage which was unsupplied with water, Mr. Stephenson caused it to be fastened in front of ours; moreover, a wagon laden with timber was also chained to us, and thus propelling the idle steam-engine, and dragging the loaded wagon which was beside it, and our own carriage full of people behind, this brave little she-dragon of ours flew on. Farther on she met three carts, which, being fastened in front of her, she pushed on before her without the slightest delay or difficulty; when I add that this pretty little creature can run with equal facility either backwards or forwards, I believe I have given you an account of all her capacities.

Now for a word or two about the master of all these marvels, with whom I am most horribly in love. He is a man of from fifty to fifty-five years of age; his face is fine, though careworn, and bears an expression of deep thoughtfulness; his mode of explaining his ideas is peculiar and very original, striking, and forcible; and although his accent indicates strongly his north-country birth, his language has not the slightest touch of vulgarity or coarseness. He has certainly turned my head.

Four years have sufficed to bring this great undertaking to an end. The railroad will be opened upon the 15th of next month. The Duke of Wellington is coming down to be present on the occasion, and, I suppose, what with the thousands of spectators and the novelty of the spectacle, there will never have been a scene of more striking interest. The whole cost of the work (including the engines and carriages) will have been eight hundred and thirty thousand pounds; and it is already worth double that sum. The directors have kindly offered us three places for the opening, which is a great favor, for people are bidding almost anything for a place, I understand; but I fear we shall be obliged to decline them, as my father is most anxious to take Henry over to Heidelberg before our season of work in London begins, which will take place on the first of October. I think there is every probability of our having a very prosperous season. London will be particularly gay this winter, and the king and queen, it is said, are fond of dramatic entertainments, so that I hope we shall get on well. You will be glad to hear that our houses here have been very fine, and that to-night, Friday, which was my benefit, the theatre was crowded in every corner. We do not play here any more, but on Monday we open at Manchester. You will, I know, be happy to hear that, by way of answer to the letter I told you I had written my mother, I received a very delightful one from my dear little sister, the first I have had from her since I left London. She is a little jewel, and it will be a sin if she is marred in the cutting and polishing, or if she is set in tawdry French pinchbeck, instead of fine, strong, sterling gold. I am sorry to say that the lady Mrs. Jameson recommended as her governess has not been thought sufficiently accomplished to undertake the charge. I regret this the more, as in a letter I have just received from Mrs. Jameson she speaks with more detail of this lady's qualifications, which seem to me peculiarly adapted to have a good effect upon such a mind and character as A——'s.

I wish I had been with your girls at their ball, and come back from it and found you holding communion with the skies. My dearest H——, sublime and sweet and holy as are the feelings with which I look up to the star-paved heavens, or to the glorious summer sun, or listen to the music of the great waves, I do not for an instant mistake the adoration of the almighty power mani-

fested in these works of God, for religion. You tell me to beware of mixing up emotional or imaginative excitement with my devotion. And I think I can truly answer that I do not do so. I told you that the cathedral service was not prayer to me; nor do I ever confound a mere emotional or imaginative enthusiasm, even when excited by the highest of all objects of contemplation, with the daily and hourly endeavor after righteousness — the humble trust, resignation, obedience, and thankfulness, which I believe constitute the vital part of religious faith. I humbly hope I keep the sacred ground of my religion clear from whatever does not belong to the spirit of its practice. As long as I can remember, I have endeavored to guard against mistaking emotion for religion, and have even sometimes been apprehensive lest the admiration I felt for certain passages in the Psalms and the Hebrew prophets should make me forget the more solemn and sacred purposes of the book of life, and the glad tidings of our salvation. And though, when I look up as you did at the worlds with which our midnight sky is studded, I feel inclined to break out, "The heavens declare the glory of God," or, when I stand upon the shore, can hardly refrain from crying aloud, "The sea is his, and he made it," I do not in these moments of sublime emotion forget that he is the God to whom all hearts be open; who, from the moment I rise until I lie down to rest, witnesses my every thought and feeling; to whom I look for support against the evil of my own nature and the temptations which he allots me, who bestows every blessing and inspires every good impulse, who will strengthen me for every duty and trial: my father, in whom I live and move and have my being. I do not fear that my imagination will become over-excited with thoughts such as these, but I often regret most bitterly that my heart is not more deeply touched by them. Your definition of the love of God seemed almost like a reproach to my conscience. How miserably our practice halts behind our knowledge of good, even when tried at the bar of our own lenient judgment, and by our imperfect standard of right; how poorly does our life answer to our profession! I should speak in the singular, for I am only uttering my own self-condemnation. But as the excellence we adore surpasses our comprehension, so does the mercy, and in that lies our only trust and confidence.

I fear Miss W—— either has not received my letter or does not mean to answer it, for I have received no reply, and I dare not try again. Up to a certain point I am impudent enough, but not beyond that. Why do you threaten me with dancing to me? Have I lately given you cause to think I deserve to have such a punishment hung *in terrorem* over me? Besides, threatening me is injudicious, for it rouses a spirit of resistance in me not easy to break down. I assure you *o* [in allusion to my mispronunciation of that vowel] is really greatly improved. I take much pains with it, as also with my deportment; they will, I hope, no longer annoy you when next we meet. You must not call Mrs. J—— my friend, for I do not. I like her much, and I see a great deal to esteem and admire in her, but I do not *yet* call her my friend. You are my friend, and Mrs. Harry Siddons is my friend, and you are the only persons I call by that name. The Diary of an Ennuyée is very clever, but there are things in it which I do not think any friend of mine would have written. I have read Paul Clifford, according to your desire, and like it very much; it is written with a good purpose, and very powerfully. You asked me if I believed such selfishness as Brandon's to be natural, and I said yes, not having read the book, but merely from your report of him; and, having read the book, I say so still. The character does not appear to me overcharged, though it did remind me occasionally of Sir Giles Overreach. In spite of having cried much over it, I am glad I read it, and I think it is a book calculated to do good. I have been reading Ségur's account of the French expedition to Russia, and am amazed and horrified at the fearful squandering of human life which it records. How

that wretched man was ever called great (except in the sense of monstrous), whose whole ambitious hopes, fears, wishes, centred in his own miserable self, and who to that meanest of idols sacrificed such hecatombs of human lives, is inconceivable. It appears to me so horrible that I have more than once been tempted to shut the book. The admirers of Napoleon must "deify" strength more than you accuse me of doing, for to see such powers of mind put forth only to such pernicious purpose is to recognize in their possessor nothing but the scourge of the earth and the exterminator of his kind. Louisa is wrong to think me prettier than Sir Thomas Lawrence's print, for to her I cannot possibly be so; but you are just as wrong not to think so, for to you I ought to be prettier than any picture that could be made of me, or else what 's the use of your being so fond of me? or of my being ever your affectionate F. A. K.

Frances Anne Kemble.

INCANTATION.

When the leaves, by thousands thinned,
A thousand times have whirled in the wind,
And the moon, with hollow cheek,
Staring from her hollow height,
Consolation seems to seek
From the dim, reëchoing night;
And the fog-streaks dead and white
Lie like ghosts of lost delight
O'er highest earth and lowest sky;
Then, Autumn, work thy witchery!

Strew the ground with poppy-seeds,
And let my bed be hung with weeds,
Growing gaunt and rank and tall,
Drooping o'er me like a pall.
Send thy stealthy, white-eyed mist,
Across my brow to turn and twist
Fold on fold, and leave me blind
To all save visions in the mind.
Then, in the depths of rain-fed streams
I shall slumber, and in dreams
Slide through some long glen that burns
With a crust of blood-red ferns
And brown-withered wings of brake
Like a burning lava-lake.
Then, urged to fearful, faster flow
By the awful gasp, "Hahk! hahk!" of the crow,
Shall pass by many a haunted rood
Of the nutty, odorous wood,
Or, where the hemlocks lean and loom,
Shall fill my heart with bitter gloom;
Till, lured by light, reflected cloud,
I burst aloft my watery shroud,

And upward through the ether sail
Far above the shrill wind's wail,
But, falling thence, my soul involve
With the dust dead flowers dissolve;
And, gliding out at last to sea,
Lulled to a long tranquillity,
The perfect poise of seasons keep
With the tides that rest at neap.

So must be fulfilled the rite
That giveth me the dead year's might;
And at dawn I shall arise
A spirit, though with human eyes,
A human form and human face,
And where'er I go or stay,
There the summer's perished grace
Shall be with me, night and day.

G. P. Lathrop.

GEORGE SAND.

The most important as well as perhaps the tritest thing to say about the distinguished writer whose death has just recalled every one's attention to her is that she was undoubtedly a woman of great genius. This will be conceded to her not only by those who find esoteric truth in the various solutions she offered to those problems which seemed to her of universal interest because they were fashionable during part of her lifetime among a certain set of her friends, but also by her sternest judges, who feel a chilly distrust of her warm eloquence. All will agree in giving her high praise for her mastery in the art of novel writing. She had an almost inexhaustible invention of stories, and while at times there was a certain monotony about the *dramatis personæ*, yet any defect there might have been in this respect was well concealed by the unfailing charm of her style. This is always pellucid, flowing evenly, no matter what is the subject taken up, making impressive her descriptions of nature, — so often the reader's bugbear, — and making even her most artificial people seem almost lifelike. Its graceful simplicity, free from the appearance of effort, rising at times to eloquence and to declamation of a certain rhetorical worth, seems an accidental quality, — like a fine voice or a graceful figure, — attracts the reader, and tends to make him overlook deep-lying faults. There is something delusive in the ease with which she wrote; hardly any subject she chose for discussion seems beyond her powers, and she always had so much to say and said it so well, that it is easy to see how the reader who took up her novels, asking only for amusement, yielded to the charm of her eloquence and found himself an enthusiastic supporter of her crusades against the marriage-laws, the possession of property on the part of the rich, or whatever institution of society she saw good to attack. Moreover, it is not easy to form an opinion of so fertile a writer as George Sand, which shall give her credit for all that is admirable in her work, while at the same time fitting reservation is made for her faults; but the occasion of her

death naturally calls for fresh attempts to revise and compare the successive impressions made by her different books, and to come to what may be more nearly a final decision.

Lucile Aurore Dupin was the great-granddaughter of Maréchal de Saxe. Her father — Maurice Dupin — was an army-officer of the first empire. In George Sand's Histoire de ma Vie are given many of his letters to his mother, which, as well as those to his wife, show without much reserve what a careless, attractive, pleasure-loving, affectionate scapegrace he was. George Sand's mother was a woman whose early youth had been "livrée par la force des choses à des hasards effrayants." When young Dupin met her she was the mistress of a rich general, whom she left for her penniless young lover, who afterwards, in the face of much opposition on the part of his mother, married her one month before the birth of their famous daughter, which event took place July 5, 1804. In 1808 George Sand's father was killed by an accident, and she was left to the care of her mother and grandmother. Of all this part of her life the early volumes of her memoirs give full description, and from them we get clear light upon the conflicting methods of education pursued by her two guardians. Her mother, although warmly devoted to her child, was far from being a woman of judgment, and the grandmother seems to have carried, beneath a very polished exterior, a freedom from some prejudices which are of service in bringing up children to be honorable citizens. The grandmother had been Maurice's confidante in all his dissipations, and her own morality was not of the most rigid sort; but she was very particular about her granddaughter's manners. After running wild in the country, George Sand was sent to Paris to the convent of the English Augustines, where she had at one time an accession of religious fervor, which was soon succeeded by a short-lived dramatic enthusiasm. Soon after she left this school her grandmother died, and George Sand was left to the sole charge of her mother, whose peculiarities became only too clear to her now more experienced eyes, and, finding this new life almost unendurable, she readily consented to marry M. Casimir Dudevant. The wedding took place in 1822. She bore her husband two children: Maurice, a writer of some fame, which he has inherited rather than earned, and Solange, who married Clésinger, the sculptor.

George Sand's married life was not happy, and it was not many years before she made a bold stroke for freedom in obtaining permission to spend half the year in Paris with her children, away from her husband. Before long the separation was made complete by law, a decision which prevented this eminent writer from becoming a fellow-countrywoman of our own; for she had decided, if the award of the court had been different, to fly to America. In Paris she cast about for some time to find an honest livelihood. She painted miniatures and microscopic figures on cigar-cases with some success, but finally, in conjunction with one of her young friends, Jules Sandeau, she wrote a novel, Rose et Blanche, and soon commenced another for herself under the pseudonym by which she is generally known. Her first novels, Indiana, and Valentine, were loud outcries against marriage. Some of her admirers, with what is perhaps an excess of casuistry, claim for these stories that they are of great moral worth, that they attack only the faults of the peculiar marriage system of the French, and that to those who examine them from a sufficiently high ground they will appear full of lofty and delightful instruction. The objection to them is, however, a serious one, and it applies with great force to many of her novels; it is not the constant tendency of the author to sing the praises of forbidden fruit, and to gloat over indecency with unwearying pruriency, but rather the constant sophistical arguments going to show that whatever people want is right. The lesson of life, of experience and observation, that right is not a matter of desires, of whims and fancies and idle yearnings, but of duty defined by judgment

and the conscience, is neglected. The lesson of George Sand's novels is the exact opposite of this axiom, which is generally upheld in theory, however violated in practice. Before condemning her by general statements like this, it is, however, only fair to weigh the value of her asseverations in favor of the excellence of her work. Let us take the first novel, Indiana. The heroine, whose Christian name gives the book its title, is a creole who has married the aged, hot-tempered, rheumatic old soldier, Colonel Delmare, whose main pleasures in life are brutality to his inferiors and censoriousness towards his wife. The friend of the family is Sir Ralph Brown, a young Englishman who had suffered from the spleen at the early age of fifteen, who otherwise, however, enjoys good health. We are told that he has a sort of impediment in his speech, not a physical one, but a moral one, whereas in fact his tongue runs as smoothly as that of the most eloquent of the dramatis personæ. Raymon de Ramière falls in love with Indiana, and Indiana with him. Sir Ralph, her cousin, takes the part of a faithful watch-dog, guards their rendezvous, and stands between Indiana and her jealous husband. When she flies from Colonel Delmare, who is left to die on the island of Bourbon, to join Raymon, who unknown to her has meanwhile married in Paris, Sir Ralph meets her and proposes that they return to that remote island and commit suicide together by leaping into a favorite waterfall. After some high-toned conversation, in which he confesses his love to her, they leap, but by some unexplained circumstances — Sir Ralph thinks a blue-eyed angel interfered — they survive and live happily together. There is not space to give the full particulars of the intrigue between Raymon and Indiana: this is no place to point out the scenes that mar even this picture of society, and it is impossible through so incomplete a sketch to give any adequate notion of the grotesque unreality of much of the book. The last scene in particular, the one at the waterfall, would seem incredible in its assumption of tragedy, if we did not remember that Victor Hugo is still considered a genius akin to Michael Angelo by a critic so much admired as Mr. Pater. Errors of this sort disappeared as George Sand grew older, and she acquired the power of painting life instead of unlikely melodramatic scenes; but they are of too slight importance to need much mention in comparison with the jugglery which makes the reader feel as if he were reading, not a decent but possibly a moral book, because he condemns the man who is trying to lead Indiana astray, while approving the man who tried to keep her faithful to her husband, not with wholly unselfish motives, however. The *roué*, Raymon, is drawn with enthusiasm, and is well represented in his usual cold selfishness, while the man of honor, Sir Ralph, who is so fond of sacrificing himself, tries to cut his throat with a hunting knife, out of despair, when he hears that Indiana has been injured by a hunting accident, and he — something of a physician — is called to aid her. That certainly is not *sang froid britannique*. His awkwardness of speech is represented by his remaining silent most of the time, but whenever he opens his mouth he outdoes his hereditary enemies on their own ground. As for Indiana herself, she is a weak, uneducated creature, who treats her husband with petty cruelty, learns nothing from Sir Ralph's generosity, and meets her lover much more than halfway. It is flattery to call that ready victim a suffering wife, and injustice to try to attract sympathy for a woman impatient to fling herself away. But she is intended to represent a loving, persecuted creature, driven by irresistible force to misconduct. In fact, however, she withstands her lover only when she is justly jealous of her chambermaid, though fortunately for external morality he ceases to care for her before she has wholly compromised herself, and finally, when her husband is dead, she takes up with Sir Ralph.

In Valentine we have a young peasant who has received a desultory education in Paris, and falls in love with a young woman of noble birth, who returns his

love. She marries, however, a gentleman who cares only for her money and leaves her free to carry on her love-affair with the twenty-year-old peasant boy, who could give lessons to the whole band of contemporary English authors in the art of making romantic speeches. As is too frequently the case, the coarseness of much of the book, the gloating over wickedness, is the first thing that strikes the reader; but, bad as this is, much worse is the snarl of ingratitude and brutality into which the lover ties himself, although he is represented as a noble creature because in his passion he would like to destroy society. The fact that he wants something he cannot have ennobles him in the eyes of George Sand, and, assuming that society should be constituted for the purpose of yielding to exceptional individuals, she shows how far from that it is in its present condition. If these novels contained nothing but vicious sentimentality and false reasoning, they might well be left to the natural disdain the reader would feel for them; but, in fact, what is poisonous is hidden beneath good drawing of character and impassioned eloquence, so that the reader is led to sympathize with all sorts of uncommendable things of which he cannot really approve, for with George Sand all judgments seem to be nothing but prejudices, and desires seem to take the place of the moral laws.

It would be impossible to take up in the present article every one of George Sand's many novels in detail, but it is advisable to mention one other book, in which she gives full expression to some wild notions about the world. The one in question is Lélia. As Julian Schmidt says, this is not really a novel, but rather a series of rhapsodies put into the mouths of half a dozen different people. These rhapsodies discuss with considerable fervor the relations of men to women, and are full of declamation against the necessity of doing what one does not want to do. At times George Sand seems to have drunk at the same spring with Walt Whitman when he is wildest in his rapturous cries; for time, space, and elementary truths all roll in confusion throughout these pages. One does not wonder at Châteaubriand's statement that George Sand's talent has its root in corruption, for it was her constant effort to prove that this corruption was the best thing about herself and her novels. She was doubtless aware of her many talents; she knew herself to be an affectionate mother, a warm friend, a kind acquaintance, and, imagining herself to be a consistent person, she endeavored to prove to a deaf world that her morbid curiosity and noisy discontent were equally reputable manifestations of her genius, whereas they simply expressed her shame. That she should have had influence is not surprising; there are always enough people in the world who mistake fluency of speech for eloquence, and boldness of design for wise reform, and there is never any lack of weak people who are delighted to find the secret longings of their hearts printed in black and white before them, and called a new religion or a new philosophy. Lélia, in the novel of that name, just before her sudden death from cold, in her conversation with the solemn jail-bird, Trenmor, said that for ten thousand years she had cried to the infinite: Truth, truth! and that for ten thousand years the infinite had answered: Desire, desire! And it is not truth, but desire, which marks all the pages of George Sand's earlier novels, and stains so much of her better work.

It was her own weakness that created her sympathy for weak people; and it is an open secret that she was continually bringing herself and her belongings into her books. Stenio in Lélia was intended to represent Alfred de Musset, whose *liaison* with her was of great importance in the lives of both. In Lucrezia Floriani, again, she portrays Chopin in Prince Karol de Roswald, who certainly in his essential purity stands in marked contrast with the sensual, easy-going heroine of depraved life, who tries to dignify her position by letting herself be wearied to death by a jealous lover. The lack of reserve in these novels is something amazing, and what seems to have puzzled George Sand more than anything is that

any one should regard them as disgraceful. Since, however, the world at large is readier to see the faults of any man or woman than is the man or woman in question, this trouble has been less marked among this author's readers.

These attempts at justification, on George Sand's part, of the errors of her principles and the vagaries of her life were succeeded by great enthusiasm for remodeling society by means of socialism. Socialism was in the air about thirty years ago, and stronger heads than hers were turned giddy by the hope of making over the human race by starting once more from agricultural pursuits. She was much under the influence of certain prominent socialists, who probably smiled with joy when they saw their theories forming the plots of novels and their wisest remarks put into the mouths of peasants of genius. In Le Péché de M. Antoine we have a rustic carpenter of the most enlightened sort, who would have made an admirable preacher in a community; and in Le Meunier d'Angibault we have again the son of a workman, who refuses to marry a rich woman on account of her wealth, but who finally relents, "not," as he tells his bride, "to be happy in the *égoïsme à deux* which is called love, but to suffer together, to pray together, to seek together what we two poor birds lost in the storm can do, day by day, to avert this curse which disperses our race, and to gather under our wing some fugitive crushed like ourselves by terror and distress." In Le Péché de M. Antoine the socialistic problem is relegated into the same unreached future as the married life of the heroes and heroines of most novels, for the young man and young woman of the tale are left enormous wealth by a marquis with socialistic ideas, for founding a community in the future, and with their marriage the story ends. Certainly this seems like very unfair treatment of socialism, but on the other hand nothing could be finer than the lad's previous attempt to convert his father, a wealthy manufacturer, to establish a phalanstery. But these criticisms do not do full justice to these stories, even if they indicate certain faults that are very prominent in them. In Lucrezia Floriani, distasteful as the book is, the character of the prince is analyzed with great skill and without sacrificing those inconsistencies which are to be found in life rather than in books. In Le Péché de M. Antoine, moreover, besides the rather florid tendency towards socialism, and the declamation it inspires, there are many proofs of keen observation and careful reflection, which explain a good part of the admiration we feel for George Sand. What she saw she could put down clearly, and her eyes were very sharp. Take the following example; it is a description of Madame Cardonnet, the wife of the manufacturer mentioned above; she is decidedly one of the minor characters: "She presented the strange anachronism of a woman of our time, capable of reasoning and feeling, who by her own unconscious effort had retrograded to the position of one of those women of antiquity who gloried in proclaiming the inferiority of their sex. What was strange and sad in this was that she did not do it knowingly, and that she did so, as she told herself, for the sake of peace. But peace she did not have. The more she immolated herself, the more her master tired of her. Nothing so rapidly destroys and effaces the intelligence as blind submission. Madame Cardonnet was an example of this. Her brain had withered in slavery, and her husband, not understanding that this was the result of his own despotism, had come to despise her in his heart. Some years earlier Cardonnet had been terribly jealous of her, and his wife, though now far from young, still trembled at the idea of his suspecting her of a light thought. She had formed the habit of neither hearing nor seeing, so that she could say with truth when any man was mentioned, 'I did not look at him; I don't know what he said; I paid no attention to him.'" Sometimes her husband "would notice that she had been crying, and would become tender in his way and say, 'What is the matter? Are you bored? Should you like a cashmere shawl? . . . No! Then it 's those frozen camelias! I 'll

send to Paris for some hardier ones.' And in fact he never neglected to satisfy, at any expense, his wife's innocent tastes. . . . 'There is no doubt,' Madame Cardonnet used to say, 'that my husband loves me and that he is always thinking of me. Of what do I complain, and why am I always sad?' "

George Sand is much surer of her ground in pointing out the harm that is so often a consequence of family life, than she is in recommending substitutes for and advocating various modifications of the marriage relations. She saw about her bullying husbands and cringing wives, consequently marriage was an unholy thing; she saw poor people about her in suffering, therefore no one should be obliged to work; but when she is building up her theories she leaves far behind her the petty foundation of fact, and the further she gets from that the less marked is her talent, the more stilted her whole manner of writing, the dimmer the impression she makes. After all, music is not the only art in which it is dangerous to try to express too much; the novelist runs the risk of failure when he tries to write a story to teach some special truth or theory. The tract is the simplest example of what is produced by too much interest in some specific end, and the more this end is insisted on the greater becomes the likeness, in a literary point of view, to the tract. Now this is George Sand's most frequent fault, that she writes tracts instead of stories, although in almost every one there is some valuable and delightful material. It is hard to believe that the woman who wrote Lélia could have drawn such a character as Jeanne in the novel of that name, or as Gilberte in Le Péché de M. Antoine. But her success in this direction only shows how great was her error in attempting subjects outside of her own observation, and certainly this limitation would exclude first of all her attempts at portraying herself, as well as her reforms of society. It was not her own depravity alone that poisoned her novels; it was also her habit — which Heine says was pointed out to him by Alfred de Musset — of filling her mind at others' fountains and rendering their views charming by her own eloquence. Her rhetorical skill led her to the habit of announcing and sustaining all sorts of views, which it would be as vain to try to disprove as to show the fallacies in the philosophy of a drinking-song, — her illusions all the while appearing to her as revelations of the higher law. She was not alone in this; she did not appear in French literature unheralded or unaccompanied, for since 1830 the general course of the best French writers had been towards the popular discussion of all sorts of matters which are not to be decided by the literary sense alone. What the writer of fiction rightly tries to do is to win admiration for his work, and what has been confounded with this just aim is the endeavor to identify admiration of the work with admiration of the subject treated. Everything has been regarded from the literary point of view alone, and the consequence has been a great confusion in the minds of the public, which has led to indiscreet indifference to the ethical value of the literature, an error as great as if those who like the music of Mozart's great opera should think that Don Juan was a hero to be imitated in every part of his private life. If it is not in the province of literature to teach morality, it also does not belong to it to teach immorality; but it is only the first division of this sentence which is denied by critics who plume themselves on their liberality. George Sand held herself above the first law, but was indifferent to the second in much of her work, and it is pleasant to turn from contemplating such perversion of her powers to observing their fairer because more artistic employment in writing stories without a definite object.

It was her disappointment at the turn affairs took after 1848, and her aversion to the ensuing political condition, that confirmed her in portraying the simple beauties of rustic life in those charming stories by which she is most favorably known. There is a fine poetry in these which shows how far George Sand wandered in her early work from the field where she would have done best. Jeanne

is the first of these innocent novels, and it would be hard to find in contemporary fiction a figure of greater poetic worth. She is not an artificial creature, like the furbelowed shepherdesses of romance, but a very living creature, whose superstitions, candor, and high-mindedness combine to make her adorable. In La petite Fadette, François le Champi, and La Mare au Diable, there is the same art and the same attractive result. To be sure it may be, and indeed it has been, objected that in some of them, as in La petite Fadette, there is a slight exaggeration in the way in which the sensibility of the young peasants is represented; but this barely, if at all, exceeds the limit which the uncritical reader would willingly set. As there are probably in the whole of France very few country girls like Jeanne, so it is with most of the other characters of this series of novels; but granting that this is so, the greater is the amount of praise due George Sand for adding so much that is fine to the qualities which bear the mark of truth, and for writing stories in which all the technical skill and the knowledge of the scenes and life described are put to such innocent use. George Sand did not devise out of her own head this return to simple country life, for Balzac had already set the fashion; but her intimacy with it, and her recollections of the scenes where her own childhood was passed, gave her writings that poetical truth and beauty which none of her contemporaries have equaled, and which is far more fascinating than the monotonous, half-social, half-intellectual uneasiness of so many of her other stories, written under the direct influence of Balzac, or inspired by great awe of the grandeur of Parisian life.

It is worth while to pause and consider the merits of this part of her literary work, if only on account of its influence in France. But, in addition, it is to be noted that from that time, although deserting the somewhat narrow field of country life pure and simple, George Sand enriched her stories by continually showing her love of nature, and by writing novels complete in design and construction, free from all attempts at theorizing and preaching, the place which these had occupied being now given to fascinating description of scenery or the unaffected portrayal of life-like people.

Her later novels are somewhat more complex than the simple rustic stories mentioned above, and in their variety give a fairer notion of the nature of her genius. Mauprat, Le Marquis de Villemer, Monsieur Sylvestre, La Ville Noire, are perhaps the best known, and they are deservedly well known. In these novels she chooses some story which is not improbable, and tells it with the greatest facility, regarding much more the artistic smoothness of the tale than the secondary impression it is to make on the mind of the reader. Her skill and fertility are equally wonderful, although there are pages where the men and women talk too much like angels, or like George Sand. These novels are for the most part placid, and in their even flow resemble stories told to contented listeners, rather than books written with intent to prove this or that, or with any serious design. This is not surprising, for this singular woman had fought the battle of life in strange company, she had drunk in inspiration at many springs, and it was only when no longer young that she perceived what should be the novelist's real aim, — the reader's entertainment, with instruction of only the vaguest sort. Her later work shows more clearly her skill, her poetical power, her sympathy with her fellow-creatures, while her early novels are marred by the exposition she makes of the unsoundness of her principles, which led her into the grossest errors. Few writers have been able to tell stories better, and few have told worse stories than many of hers. Questioning everything, she decided always by what seemed pleasant to herself, so that all her fine words, redolent as they are with half the spirit that makes eloquence, are more conclusive as proving her unsound nature than as guides for her fellow-creatures. Her intelligence was keen in matters where she was not interested by her

own feelings or by personal sympathy with others, but it was often blinded by prejudice. When she was writing her best she showed great skill in portraying passion. This was also her favorite subject when she was writing her worst; and that worst was very bad. It is claimed for her that she wrote in defense of an ideal, but this ideal was too often the exaltation of weakness and the glorification of discontented selfishness. The admiration her genius commands only deepens our disapproval of her too frequent misuse of this great gift. It would be unfair were we led by her prominence to hold her responsible for all the errors of her writings, many of which she only held in common with a number of her contemporaries; but for our own sakes we have certainly the right to regret them. It is hard to conjecture what she may have left behind her, for her pen was never idle, but it would be interesting to have had her final, candid opinion of her experience, her judgment of the whole matter. Her restless curiosity and hunger after forbidden fruit had led her to try almost everything that life can afford to those who dispense with principles and prejudices; she left little untasted in her long life, except, perhaps, the sweetness of self-denial. One cannot help wondering what was her final verdict concerning the worth of it all.

Thomas Sergeant Perry.

THE SONGS OF THE TROUBADOURS.

PASSING by the names of Gui d' Visel, who bore a part in some rather spirited *tensons*, or poetical dialogues, yet extant, but whose other poems are deficient in tenderness and grace; of Gaucelm Faidit, of whom the record says that "he went about the world for twenty years without making either himself or his songs acceptable;" of Peire Roger and Peirol, we come to those of the two Arnauts, Arnaut Daniel and Arnaut de Maroill, or Marveil. To Arnaut Daniel was awarded, within a century after his death, distinguished praise by both Dante and Petrarch. Dante describes, in the twenty-sixth canto of the Purgatorio, a meeting with him in the shades; and Petrarch, speaking of him and Arnaut de Maroill, calls the latter "the less famous Arnaut." Judging by those of their remains which we possess, the distinction seems a very strange one. The verses of Arnaut Daniel are chiefly remarkable for an extraordinary ingenuity and complexity in the arrangement of their rhymes, for verbal conceits which are necessarily untranslatable, and for the first introduction into the Romance rhythm of a sort of verbal echo, which was afterwards much more skillfully managed by Raimon de Miraval. But the modest beauties of Arnaut de Maroill's verse are at least of a universal and enduring kind. This is his story: "Arnaut de Maruelh was of the bishopric of Peiragore, of a castel [that is, a castle domain] named Maruelh, a clerk, and lowly born. And because *he could not live on his letters* [a difficulty not confined to Provence and the twelfth century], he traveled about the world, and he knew how to *find*, and was very skillful. And his stars led him to the court of the Countess of Burlas, a daughter of the celebrated Count Raymond,[1] and wife of that Viscount of Beziers who was surnamed Taillefer. This Arnaut sang well and was a good reader of romance. He was handsome, too, and the countess distinguished him greatly. So he became enamored of her and made songs about her, but dared not communicate

[1] This was Raymond V. of Toulouse.

them to her, wherefore he said that others had made them. But love compelled him, as he says in one song: —

'The frank bearing which I cannot forget,' etc.

This was the song in which he discovered his love. And the countess did not repulse him, but heard his prayer and encouraged him, for she put him in armor and gave him the honor of singing and *finding* for her. So he was a man esteemed at court. Then made he many good songs by which we judge that he had great sorrow and great joy.

"You have heard how Arnaut came to love the Countess of Burlas, the daughter of the brave Count Raymond, and mother of that Viscount de Beziers whom the French slew when they took Carcassonne.[1] The viscountess was called de Burlas, because she was born in the castle of Burlas. She liked Arnaut well, and King Alphonse (of Castile), who also had designs upon her, perceived her kindness for the troubadour. And the king was extremely jealous; . . . so he accused her concerning Arnaut, and *said so much and made her say so much* that she gave Arnaut his dismissal, and forbade him to come into her presence any more, or to sing of her. When Arnaut received his *congé*, he was sorrowful above all sorrow, and went away from her and her court like a man in despair. He went to William of Montpellier, who was his friend and seignior, and stayed with him a great while; and there he plained and wept, and made that song which says: —

'Mot eran dous miei cossir.'"

We know the date of the Viscount de Beziers' marriage to Adelaide de Burlas (1171), and from this we infer the principal dates of Arnaut's history. He was certainly the contemporary of William of Cahestaing, and may well have heard from his own lips the later songs of Bernard of Ventadour, the best of which are hardly sweeter than this of Arnaut's: —

Softly sighs the April air,
Ere the coming of the May ;[2]
Of the tranquil night aware,
Murmur nightingale and jay ;
Then, when dewy dawn doth rise,
Every bird in his own tongue
Wakes his mate with happy cries ;
All their joy abroad is flung.

Gladness, lo, is everywhere
When the first leaf sees the day ;
And shall I alone despair,
Turning from sweet love away ?
Something to my heart replies,
Thou too wast for rapture strung ;
Wherefore else the dreams that rise
Round thee when the year is young ?

One, than Helen yet more fair,
Loveliest blossom of the May,
Rose-tints hath and sunny hair,
And a gracious mien and gay ;
Heart that scorneth all disguise,
Lips where pearls of truth are hung, —
God, who gives all sovereignties,
Knows her like was never sung.

Though she lead through long despair,
I would never say her nay,
If one kiss — reward how rare ! —
Each new trial might repay.
Swift returns I 'd then devise,
Many labors, but not long.
Following so fair a prize
I could nevermore go wrong.

There is a very long poem of Arnaut's in simple consecutive rhymes, in which the praises of the fair countess are prettily if somewhat monotonously chanted, and the palm is awarded her over a long list of heroines, whose names, however incongruous, betray some acquaintance with literature on our troubadour's part. Rodocesta and Bibles, Blanchefleur and Semiramis, Thisbe, Leda, and Helen, Antigone, Ismene, and Iseult. And here is that final and fruitless plaint quoted by Arnaut's biographer: —

Sweet my musings used to be,[3]
Without shadow of distress,
Till the queen of loveliness,
Lowly, mild, yet frank as day,
Bade me put her love away,
Love so deeply wrought in me.
And because I answered not,
Nay, nor e'en her mercy sought,
All the joy of life is gone,
For it lived in her alone.

Oh, my lady, hearken thee !
For thy wondrous tenderness,
Nor my faltering cry repress ;

[1] In 1209, at the beginning of the Albigenses war This Viscount de Beziers was the chivalric Raymond Roger, the young and far braver nephew of Raymond VI. of Toulouse. He was not, however, killed at the siege, but languished three months in prison, at the end of which time the execrable Simon de Montfort gave orders that he should "die of dysentery," and he was accordingly poisoned.

[2] "Bel m'es quan lo vens m'alena." (Raymond, vol. iii., p. 208.)

[3] "Mot eran dous miei cossir." (Parnasse Occitanien, p. 17.)

Bid thy faithful servant stay ;
Deign to keep my love, I pray ;
Let me not my rival see !
That which never cost thee aught
Were to me with rapture fraught.
Who would grudge the sick man's moan
When his pain is all his own ?

Thou art wise as thou art fair,
And thy voice is ever kind ;
Thou for all dost welcome find,
With a courtesy so bright
Praise of all it doth invite.
Hope and comforting, kind care
In thy smile are born and live
Wheresoe'er thou dost arrive.
Not my love doth canonize
But the truth and thine own price.

Unto one thus everywhere
In the praise of men enshrined,
What 's my tribute unrefined ?
And yet, lady of delight,
True it is, however trite.
He shall sway the balance fair
Who a single grain doth give,
Be the poise right sensitive.
So might one poor word suffice
To enhance thy dignities.

It would be an interesting if not edifying study in the manners of the time, to consider minutely the long story of Raimon de Miraval's adventures. One of his early biographers remarks with charming simplicity that he "loved a great many ladies, some of whom treated him well, and others ill. Some deceived him, and to these he rendered like for like; but he never deceived honest and loyal ladies." It is also true that he was a favorite with famous and gallant princes, such as Peter II. of Aragon and Raymond Roger, before mentioned, the heroic defender of the Albigenses; and that these princes vied with one another in heaping upon the troubadour presents of rich robes and steeds and accoutrements of war; whereby the beggarly cavalier who had inherited only the fourth part of a small estate was enabled to make a splendid appearance in the world. Nevertheless, although personally brave, he seems not to have been a man of generous nature, and the songs which he has left, though graceful sometimes and very remarkable for their technical ingenuity, show few traces of genuine feeling. Raimon de Miraval's first mistress was the notorious Loba de Penautier, the wife of a wealthy lord of Carbarés, of whom — that is, of Loba — we shall hear more in connection with Peire Vidal. The fervor and sincerity of the relations of these two may be guessed from the fact that Loba, who was besieged by numerous lovers, made a feint of encouraging Raimon, because she wished to conceal her real passion for the Count de Foix, also honorably memorable for the part he bore in the religious wars. "For," observes the historian, with the same incredible *naïveté* as before, "a lady was considered lost who openly accepted a powerful baron as her lover." Raimon seems to have continued his formal homage for some little time after he perfectly understood the state of the case between Loba and de Foix. But at last he wearied of the game, as our readers would certainly weary, were we to attempt giving them anything like a circumstantial account, or even a complete list, of the poet's numerous *affaires*. We pass directly from his first "attachment" to his last, the object of which was also a lady of Carbarés, apparently a younger sister-in-law of Loba, one who herself made some unusual advances to the troubadour. The sport of these two experienced lovers was interrupted in 1208 by the opening of the crusade against the Albigenses, that cruelest of religious wars, in which the early Provençal poetry virtually received its death-blow. Raimon de Miraval was shut up with the Count of Toulouse in the capital of the latter, while Beziers and Carcassonne fell before the onslaught of Simon de Montfort. Thence, when Peter II. of Aragon had come to their assistance, he addressed to the Spanish prince some animated verses, foretelling that, if successful, he would make his name as terrible to the French as it had hitherto been to the Saracens. But Peter fell in the battle of Muret, on the 12th of September, 1213, and Raimon followed the flight into Aragon of the counts of Toulouse and Foix, and there died not long after in a monastery at Lerida. We have attempted in the paraphrase which follows to give some idea of the mechanical complexity of Raimon's versification, and of the verbal or syllabic

echo, spoken of before, which Arnaut Daniel had introduced.

Fair summer-time doth me delight,
And song of birds delights no less:
Meadows delight in their green dress,
Delight the trees in verdure bright.
And far, far more delights thy graciousness,
Lady, and I to do thy will delight.
Yet be not this delight my final boon,
Or I of my desire shall perish soon!
For that desire, most exquisite
Of all desires, I live in stress,
Desire of thy rich comeliness.
Oh, come, and my desire requite!
Though doubling that desire by each caress,
Is my desire not single in thy sight?
Let me not, then, desiring, sink undone.
To love's high joys, desire be rather prone!
No alien joy will I invite,
But joy in thee to all excess;
Joy in thy grace, nor e'en confess
Whatso might do my joy despite.
So deep the joy, my lady, no distress
That joy shall master; for thy beauty's light
Such joy hath shed for each day it hath shone,
Joyless I cannot be while I live on.

This is enough. We have just managed to hint at the labored quaintness of the verse. But that peculiarity of rhythm which we have called an echo should have, and very likely did have, a name of its own. There is a hackneyed yet unspoiled strain of melody in the death scene in Lucia, of which the effect upon the ear is almost precisely similar to this in the Provençal.

It would be unfair to the reader to transcribe otherwise than literally the manuscript biography of the absurdest of men and troubadours, Peire Vidal. Thus it runs: "Peire Vidal was of Toulouse, the son of a tanner. He was the best singer in the world, and a good *finder;* and he was the most foolish man in the world, because he thought everything tiresome except verse. . . . He said much evil of others, and made some verses for which a cavalier de San Gili had his tongue cut, because he proclaimed himself the accepted lover of San Gili's wife. But Oc del Baux treated the wound and cured him. So when he was healed, he went away beyond the sea and brought thence a Greek woman whom he had married in Cyprus. And she gave him to understand that she was the granddaughter of the Emperor of Constantinople, and that through her he ought by rights to have the empire. Wherefore he put all his substance into a navy, because he intended to go and conquer the empire; and he assumed the imperial arms and had himself called emperor and his wife empress. He courted all the fine ladies he saw, and besought them for their love, and talked Oc to them, for he deemed himself a universal lover, and that any one would die for him. And he always had fine horses and armor and an imperial chair (or throne), and thought he was the best knight in the world and the most loved of ladies. Peire Vidal, as I have said, courted all fine ladies; . . . and among others he courted my lady Adelaide, the wife of Barral, the lord of Marseilles . . . and Barral knew it well; . . . So there came a day when Peire Vidal knew that Barral was away and the lady alone in her chamber, and he went in and found her sleeping, and kneeled down and kissed her lips. Feeling the kiss and thinking that it was Lord Barral, she started up, smiling, then looked and saw that it was that fool of a Peire Vidal (*e vi lo fol de Peire Vidal*), and began to make a great outcry. Her women rushed in, crying, 'What is this?' And Peire Vidal fled. Then the lady sent for Lord Barral, and loudly complained of Peire for kissing her, and wept, and prayed that he might be punished. Then Lord Barral, like a brave man, made light of the thing, and reproved his wife for her distress. . . . But Peire Vidal was frightened, and took ship for Genoa, where he remained until he went over-seas with King Richard. . . . He remained a long time in foreign parts, not daring to return to Provence until Lord Barral, who was well-disposed toward him, as you have heard, prayed his wife to pardon the kiss and make him (Peire) a present of it. So Barral sent Peire his wife's good wishes and ordered him to return. And back he came with the greatest rejoicing to Marseilles, and was well received by everybody, and everything was forgiven him, wherefore Peire made the famous song, —

'Pos tornat soi en Proensa.'

. . . [Afterwards] he fell in love with Loba de Penautier, and with Madame

Stephania, of Sardinia, and with Lady Raimbauda de Biolh. Loba was of Carbarés, and out of compliment to her Peire Vidal had himself called Wolf, and wore a wolf on his arms. And he caused himself to be hunted in the mountains of Carbarés with dogs and mastiffs and leverets, as wolves are hunted, and he wore a wolf-skin to give himself the appearance of a wolf. And the shepherds with their dogs hunted him and abused him so, that he was carried for dead to the inn of Loba de Penautier. As soon as she knew that it was Peire Vidal, she began to scoff at him for his folly, and her husband likewise, and they received him with great merriment. But her husband had him taken and conveyed to a retired place, and did the best he could with him and kept him till he was well."

Happily the craze of Peire appears chiefly in his actions, and many of his verses are unusually sane and elegant. We give the song mentioned above as addressed to Adelaide on his return to Marseilles. The grace and good-nature of the original sufficed, no doubt, to atone for its undeniably saucy and perfunctory air. It is also interesting from the allusion in the sixth verse — which is the fifth in Raynouard's text — to the fancied return of King Arthur, either in the person of Cœur de Lion himself, in whose train Peire went to the Holy Land, or, more probably, in that of his presumptive heir, Arthur of Brittany, the victim of John.

Now into Provence returning,[1]
Well I know my call to sing
To my lady some sweet thing,
Full of gratitude and yearning.
Such the tribute still whereby
Every singer, nobly taught,
Favor of his queen hath bought,
Ever loving learnedly;
Like the rest, then, why not I?

Sinless, and yet pardon earning
By the penitence I bring,
Grace from grievance gathering,
Yea, and hope from anger burning!
Bliss in tears I can descry,
Sweet from bitter I have brought,
Courage in despair have sought,
Gained, in losing, mightily,
And in rout met victory!

[1] "Pos tornatz sui en Proensa." (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 321.)

Fearless, then, my fate concerning,
In my choice unwavering,
If, at last, I see upspring
Honor in the place of scorning,
All true lovers far and nigh
Shall take comfort from the thought
Of the miracle I wrought,
Drawing fire from snow, and aye
Sweetest draught the salt wave by!

I can hail her very spurning,
Bow to her abandoning,
Though her mien my heart should wring,
Well her sovereign right discerning
Me to give, or sell, or buy!
That man's wisdom, sure, is naught
Who would bid me loathe my lot.
Pain she gives is, verily,
But a kind of ecstasy!

Blame not, then, my hope's adjourning.
Have the Britons not their king,
Arthur, for whose tarrying
Long the land did sit in mourning?
Nor can any me deny
The one prize for which I fought,
The one kiss that once I caught.
Yea, the theft of days gone by
She hath made a charity!

Once more, in the case of Raimbaut de Vaqueiras, we are fain to throw aside all attempt at critical examination and selection, and simply quote the text of the early biographer. The reader will please compare the manner of telling the tale of the mantle with the similar incident of the sword and circlet in the story of Pelleas and Etard or Etarre, so solemnly and touchingly rehearsed by Tennyson in the eighth idyl of the complete edition. It will furnish him once for all with a measure of the strange difference in native moral sense between the races who cultivated the troubadour and the trouver poetry.

"Raimbaut de Vaqueiras was the son of a poor cavalier of Provence, of the Castle of Vaqueiras. And Raimbaut became a jongleur and was a long while with the Prince of Orange, William of Baux. He was skilled in singing and in making couplets and *sirventes*, and the Prince of Orange did him great honor and favors for it, and made him to be generally known and praised. Yet Raimbaut left him (the Prince of Orange) and went to the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat, and was long established at his court also. And he grew in wit and wisdom and soldierly accomplishments, and became enamored of the marquis's

sister, my lady Beatrice, the wife of Henry of Carret, and found many good songs about her, and it was thought that she was favorably disposed toward him. Now you have heard who Raimbaut was, and how he came to honor, and by whom. So, as I said, when the marquis had knighted him, he fixed his affections on my lady Beatrice, who was also the sister of my lady Adelaide de Salutz. He loved and desired her greatly, taking care that no one should suspect it, and he enhanced her reputation very much, and gained for her many friends, both men and women. And she received him flatteringly, but he was dying of apprehension because he dared not openly ask her love nor confess that he had set his heart upon her. But as a man distraught, he told her that he loved a very distinguished lady, and knew her very intimately, but dared not speak, nor betray his feeling, nor ask her for her love, because of her high consideration. And he prayed her in God's name to advise him whether he should speak out the wish of his heart, or perish in silent devotion. That gentle lady, my lady Beatrice, when she heard this, and knew the admiration of Raimbaut, having plainly perceived before that he was dying of love for her, was touched by his passion and his piety. And she said, 'Raimbaut, it is well known that every faithful friend loves a gentle lady in such wise that he fears to betray his love. But sooner than die I would counsel him to speak and pray her to take him for a servitor and friend. For if she is wise and courteous she will not despise him. So this is the advice which I give you. Ask her to receive you for her cavalier. For you are such an one that any lady in the universe might so take you, as Adelaide, the Countess of Salutz holds Peire Vidal; and the Countess of Burlas, Arnaut de Maroill; and my lady Mary, Gaucelm Faidit; and the Lady of Marseilles, Folquet.' . . . When Lord Raimbaut heard the comfortable advice which she gave, . . . he told her that she was herself the lady whom he loved, and concerning whom he had asked advice. And my lady Beatrice told him that it was well done, . . . and that she would accept him for her cavalier. Lord Raimbaut did then exalt her fame to the utmost of his ability, and it was then he made the song which begins, —

'Era m' requier sa costum e son us.'

"Now it came to pass that the lady lay down and fell asleep beside him, and the marquis, her husband, who loved her well, found them so, and was wroth. But, like a wise man, he forbore to touch them, only he took his own mantle and covered them with it, and took that of Raimbaut and went his way. And when Raimbaut arose he knew well what had happened, and he took the mantle of the marquis and sought him straightway, and kneeled before him and prayed for mercy. And the marquis perceived that Raimbaut knew how he had been discovered, and he recalled all the pleasure which Raimbaut had given him in divers places. And because Raimbaut had said softly, in order that he might not be understood to be bespeaking pardon, *that he would forgive the marquis for putting on his robe*, those who overheard thought that all this was because the marquis had taken Raimbaut's mantle. And the marquis forgave him and made answer that he would wear his mantle no more. And only they two understood it. After that it came to pass that the marquis went with his forces into Roumania, and with great help from the church conquered the kingdom of Thessalonica. And there Lord Raimbaut distinguished himself by the feats which he performed, and there he was rewarded with great lands and revenues, and there he died. And concerning the deeds of his liege lord he made a song which has been transmitted by Peire Vidal, which begins

'Cant ai heu dig del Marquis.'"

It was in 1204 that Raimbaut embarked from Venice for the East, his master, Montferrat, having been chosen leader of the expedition of that year in place of Thibaut of Champagne, who had died just as all things were made ready for departure two years before. This was the famous expedition which digressed to Constantinople, and expended its consecrated energies in the

capture of that city and the subjugation of the Greek empire. The Marquis of Montferrat received the kingdom of Thessalonica as his share in the spoils of this victory, and thence he overran nearly the whole of Greece. Raimbaut was constantly with him and won abundant laurels, but underneath all the excitement and splendor of this adventurous life he seems to have carried a heart haunted by homesick longings and melancholy presentiments, which were soon to be justified. He fell in battle in the same year with his master, 1207, possibly upon the same field. The song in which he is said to have celebrated the fame of Montferrat is invariably ascribed in the collections to Peire Vidal. There is also an extremely interesting piece, transcribed at length by Fauriel, a sort of impetuous declaration of independence of the tyranny of love, the text of which is not in Raynouard's collection, nor in any other accessible to ourselves. We give a few verses out of the song first cited in the Life just quoted, and the whole of one of Raimbaut's latest pieces, a really noble and affecting lament composed in Roumania: —

Now Love, who will have sighs, desires, and tears,[1]
Demands his wonted tribute, even of me.
And I, who have received the gift to see
The loveliest lady of all mortal years,
Obey. She is my surety sincere,
Love will be glorious gain, and never loss;
Great are my hope and courage, even because
I seek the one best treasure of our sphere.

For since my lady hath not any peers,
Matchless in all the past my love must be;
Thisbe loved Pyramus less utterly.
Hers am I, and my vow she kindly hears;
Yea, and thus lifted o'er all others here,
And very rich, and versed in honor's laws,
She for the worthy keeps her sweet applause,
While the base know her lofty and austere.

Wherefore not Percival, when to loud cheers
The red knight's arms in Arthur's court bore he,
Received his honors more exultantly
Than I, nor ever keener death-pang tears
The breast of Tantalus than I should bear
Did she her bounty stint, from whatso cause,
Who is earth's clearest, without any flaws,
And keen of wit, and innocent of fear.

Of the lay which follows, it may be remembered that Mistral quotes the first verse to illustrate the tender sorrows of his friend Aubanel. Owing to the length of the piece, and the difficulty of dividing it, I have for once abandoned the attempt to keep the same rhyme in the corresponding lines of each stanza, but otherwise the form of the original is preserved. I have not been able to establish the identity of the "English lord" — evidently a man of note, though not the king — to whom the poem seems to have been addressed, in reply, perhaps, to some friendly challenge.

Nor winter-tide, nor Easter-tide,[2]
Nor cloudless air, nor oak-wood fair,
Gladden me more; for joy seems care,
And heavy all was once my pride;
And leisure hours are weary while
Now hope no more doth on me smile.
And I, who sprang to gallantry
And love like fishes in the sea,
Now both of these are from me gone,
Live like an exile, sad and lone.
All other life to me is death,
All other joy discourageth.

The flower of love is fallen away,
And the sweet fruit; the grass and grain,
I sang full many a pleasant strain
Thereof, and honor found that way.
But love, that lifted me o'er all,
Ay, love itself hath wrought my fall.
And but that I would scorn to show
A coward face before my woe,
I'd put my life out like a flame,
And quench my deeds and blot my name;
So deepeneth in my memory
Despair that one day brought to me.

But Honor's voice commands me thus:
"Thou shalt not, in thy mood forlorn,
Thy foes fulfill with gleeful scorn,
Of thine old praise oblivious."
Nor will I. Blows I yet can deal,
And wear a merry mask with skill,
Before a Greek or Latin horde,
While he who girt me with my sword,
My marquis, doth the pagan fight.
For since this world first saw the light,
Never hath God such conflict thrown
On any race as on our own.

Resplendent arms and warriors bold,
And battle given, and joust arrayed,
Engine and siege and flashing blade,
And toppling walls, or new, or old,
As in a dream, I hear, I see;
For what save love availeth me?
Yea, I myself, in harness brave,
Ride forth to strike, to fell, to save,
And laurel still, and treasure, win,
But never more that joy within;
The world is but a desert-shore,
And my songs comfort me no more.

Not Alexander in his pride,
Nor Charlemagne, nor Ludovic,

[1] "Era m' requier sa costum e son us." (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 258.)

[2] "No ni agrad ivers ni pascors." (Parnasse Occitanien, p. 8.)

Held court like ours. Not Emeric,
Nor Roland, with his warriors tried,
E'er won so great a victory
O'er half so rich a realm as we.
Laws have we given, and they 're obeyed,
And kings and dukes and emperors made,
And decked our castles for delight,
In Mussulman or Arab sight,
And cleared each way, and oped each gate,
From Brindes to St. George's Strait.

Yet what to me, brave English lord,
Are spoils like these and glory worth,
Who sought no other boon on earth
Save to adore and be adored ?
Deem not my splendid heritage
A single sorrow can assuage.
The more increaseth here my pelf
The more I mourn and scorn myself.
My fair and gracious cavalier [1]
Is wroth with me, is far from here;
A wound like mine no healing hath,
But ever-growing pain and wrath.

Yet thou, sweet seigneur, warrior high,
Great both in arms and courtesy,
Thou dost a little comfort give,
Tempting me yet awhile to live.

We twain will make Damascus cower,
Jerusalem restore to power,
And wrest the sacred Syrian land
From pagan Turks' relentless hand.

Shame on us, laggard pilgrims all,
Save those who nobly fight and fall!
Shame on our courts, and court we strife!
For death availeth more than life!

In this lament of Raimbaut de Vaqueiras we seem to hear the trumpet contending with the lute, and in the clang of its abrupt close the harsher strain prevails. It was ominous of the change which was immediately to pass upon Provençal song, the rapid but not inglorious decline of which was already decreed. The domestic crusade of the Roman church against the heretics of Albigeois was formally inaugurated in 1208, one year after the death, in the Orient, of Raimbaut and his master, Boniface of Montferrat. We are rather used to regard that infamous war — the strange horrors by which it was attended, and the appalling desolation of some of earth's most delightful regions which it entailed — from a merely theological point of view. In reality it was a conflict involving a great variety of social and political interests, and in its lingering catastrophe many hopes perished which were wholly of this world. It was, in fact, or it became, a match between the great feudal nobles and the clergy, between the princes of the province and the fast growing central power of France, always highly orthodox and in strict alliance with the court of Rome. It was hardly more than incidentally and symbolically the resistance of darkness to light, priestly tyranny to the progress of free thought, regnant superstition to simple faith. The struggle lasted for about a generation, and our indignant sympathies are with the conquered side; less, however, because that side had a monopoly of piety, than because it was, broadly speaking, the side of chivalry, culture, and common sense. We are glad to find that our troubadours, almost to a man, espoused the nobler and worse-fated cause, but we can see that, from the nature of their avocations and their personal relations with the great Provençal nobles, it could hardly have been otherwise.

One of them, indeed, Folquet of Marseilles, whom the chagrin of disappointed love had early driven into the cloister, and who had been made Bishop of Toulouse while yet a comparatively young man, won an immortality of dishonor by the ingenious atrocity with which he persecuted the heretics and their defenders; and one other, Perdigon, a man of considerable gifts but of the basest origin, turned traitor to his seignior and his first patron, Raymond of Toulouse, and accompanied the embassy which went to Rome under the leadership of William of Baux to demand the intervention of the Pope on behalf of sound, old-fashioned doctrine. In his own person Perdigon was sufficiently punished. His new master tired of him, his apostasy to the cause of the south made him execrated among his countrymen, he fell into abject poverty, and with difficulty found even a monastery to afford him an asylum in his last days. With these exceptions the poets of Occitania were true to the cause of their country's independence, both spiritual and political, and lifted up impassioned appeals against her subjugation.

[1] Raimbaut called Beatrice his "Bel Cavalier," because he once surprised her practicing a sword exercise all by herself

Some of their greatest names are most associated with this unquiet latter time. This is true of him whom the ancient authorities generally agree in pronouncing the first of Provençal poets, Guiraut de Bornelh, or Borneil.[1] "There was never a better troubadour," are the words of his biographer, "either among those who went before or those who came after him, and the manner of his life was on this wise: all winter he studied in the school,[2] and all summer he journeyed from court to court, accompanied by two jongleurs who performed his songs. He no longer desired to marry, but whatever he gained he gave to his poor relatives, or to the church of the town where he was born." There is something tantalizing in the brevity of this notice, more particularly because it conveys the idea of an unwonted seriousness and nobility in the poet's character. And it is certain that Guiraut de Bornelh was the true maker and master of the *chanson*, and that his love-poems, though occasionally obscure, have an emotional depth and an equality of power surpassing those even of Bernard of Ventadour. When, in his later years, he swept the lyre with a sterner hand, and bewailed his country's misfortunes and the decadence of her chivalric glories, there was dignity in his grief, and even grandeur. The date of his death is disputed, but it could not well have occurred later than 1230, and even then he must have been very old.

The first half of the thirteenth century is also the epoch of Peire Cardenal. If Bernard of Ventadour was the sweetest minstrel among the troubadours, and Guiraut de Bornelh their loftiest poet, Peire Cardenal was indisputably the subtlest and most intellectual spirit among them all; his day was not an auspicious one for the conceits and amenities of love, but his moral appeals and laments are full of wrathful eloquence, and he searches the dark places of human destiny, the origin of evil, the mystery of free will, with a desperate intrepidity almost equal to that of Omar Khayam. "Who," he cries, in the beginning of one of his pieces, "desires to hear a sirvente woven of grief, embroidered with anger? I have spun it already, and I can make its warp and woof." [3] And there is another in which he rehearses the bold defense which he will make when he finds himself arraigned before the judgment-bar of God. This does not come properly within our scope, and we shall therefore return to our first theme, and close these fragmentary and, as many may well think, arbitrary illustrations with three specimens of a peculiar order of love song, the *aubado*, or morning counterpart of the serenade. Despite the superficial and apparently regular resemblance of sentiment and circumstance between the three, they are as wide apart in time as possible, and their dates embrace nearly the whole illustrious period of Occitanian song. That of the first cannot be precisely fixed, but it is apparently very early, and the nameless author was undoubtedly a woman. The second, which we incline to regard as the most perfect flower of Provençal poesy, was written by Guiraut de Bornelh in his prime. The third is by the last of the noteworthy troubadours, Bertrand of Alamanon. The fanciful song of Magali, in Mirèio, is also an aubado, thoroughly modern and highly artificial. If the reader will take the trouble to compare it with the "simple and sensuous" lay which follows, he will fully realize all the likeness and the unlikeness existing between the reproduction and the reality.

Under the hawthorns of an orchard-lawn,[4]
She laid her head her lover's breast upon,
Silent, until the guard should cry the dawn.
Ah God! Ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

[1] Dante, however, in the Purgatorio, expresses no little indignation with those who insist on ranking Guiraut above his own favorite, Arnaut Daniel. But Dante's literary judgments were apt to be biased.

[2] This confirms Fauriel's idea that there were institutions where the troubadour poetry was formally taught. Fauriel even thinks that there must have been such before the days of William of Poitiers, but of this there does not seem to be sufficient evidence.

[3] "Qui vobra sirventes auzir?" (Raynouard, Lexique Roman, vol. i., p. 446.)

[4] "Dans un vergier en fuelha d'albespi." (Bartsch, Chrestomathie Provençale, p. 98.)

I would the night might never have passed by!
So wouldst thou not have left me, at the cry
Of yonder sentry to the whitening sky.
Ah God! Ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

One kiss more, sweetheart, ere the melodies
Of early birds from all the fields arise!
One more, without a thought of jealous eyes!
Ah God! Ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

And yet one more under the garden wall,
For now the birds begin their festival,
And the day wakens at the sentry's call.
Ah God! Ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

'T is o'er! He 's gone. Oh mine in life and death!
But the sweet breeze that backward wandereth,
I quaff it, as it were my darling's breath.
Ah God! Ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

Fair was the lady, and her fame was wide,
And many knights for her dear favor sighed;
But leal the heart out of whose depths she cried,
Ah God! Ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

Here, at least, there is absolute artlessness, a kind of divine abandonment. The next is a world away from this, in its conscious and restrained fervor; separated from it as from a childish Eden, by the flaming sword of perfectly equipped chivalry.

All glorious king who dost illuminate [1]
All ways of men, upon thy grace I wait,
Praying thy shelter for my spirit's queen,
Whom all the darkling hours I have not seen,
And now the dawn is near.

Sleepest or wakest, lady of my vows?
Oh, sleep no more, but lift thy quiet brows,
For now the Orient's most lovely star
Grows large and bright, welcoming from afar
The dawn that now is near.

Oh, sleep no more, but gracious audience give,
What time with the awakening birds I strive,
Who seek the day amid the leafage dark.
To me, to me, not to that other, hark,
For now the dawn is near.

Undo aloft, most fair, thy window bars,
And look upon the heaven and its stars,
And to my steadfast watchfulness incline,
And doubt me not, lest long regret be thine,
For now the dawn is near.

Aye since we parted in the eve agone,
Slept have I none, but kneeled and prayed alone,
Unto the Son of Mary in the sky,
To make thee mine until we both shall die;
And now the dawn is near.

From thy balcony, lady, yesternight,
Didst thou me to this vigil not invite?
And was it, then, the suit, the song, to spurn
Of one who would have died thy smile to earn?
And now the dawn is near.

Not so, not so! O heart fulfilled with bliss,
What care I for the morns to follow this!
For now the sweetest soul of mother born
Folds her arms round me till I laugh to scorn
That other I did fear!

And this is the last:—

A merry and a noble knight [2]
Unto the queen of his delight
Sang once a song like this I write.

"Oh sweet, my soul, what comes," he said,
"When day dawns and the night is fled?
Ah ha!
I hear the sentry's call afar;
Up and away!
Behold, the day
Comes following the day-star!

"Oh sweet, my soul, I would," said he,
"That never dawn or day might be:
So were we blest eternally!
At least if thou wilt have it so,
I am thy friend where'er I go.
Ah ha!
I hear the sentry's call afar;
Up and away!
Behold, the day
Comes following the day-star!

"Oh sweet, my soul, whate'er they say,
There is no grief like ours to-day,
When friend from friend is rent away.
Alas, I know too well," said he,
"How brief one happy night may be.
Ah ha!
I hear the sentry's call afar;
Up and away!
Behold, the day
Comes following the day-star!

"Oh sweet, my soul, yield me belief:
Afar from thee my course were brief;
Slain were I, by my love and grief!
I go, but I shall come again;
Life without thee were void and vain.
Ah ha!
I hear the sentry's call afar;
Up and away!
Behold, the day
Comes following the day-star!

"Oh sweet, my soul, my way I take,
Thine still, although the morning break;
Forget me not, for God's dear sake.
My heart of hearts goes not with me,
It stays forever more with thee.
Ah ha!
I hear the sentry's call afar;
Up and away!
Behold, the day
Comes following the day-star!"

In point of feeling these lines are not to be compared with the others. In their sweet but lagging rhythm there is a strange mingling of languor and levity. They are, in fact, already a reminiscence, the tenuous echo of a music passed by.

Harriet W. Preston.

[1] "Reis glorios, nerais lunes e clardatz." (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 313.)

[2] "On cavalier si jazia." (Raynouard, vol. v., p. 73.)

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XI.

NEWMAN, on his return to Paris, had not resumed the study of French conversation with M. Nioche; he found that he had too many other uses for his time. M. Nioche, however, came to see him very promptly, having learned his whereabouts by a mysterious process to which his patron never obtained the key. The shrunken little capitalist repeated his visit more than once. He seemed oppressed by a humiliating sense of having been overpaid, and wished, apparently, to redeem his debt by the offer of grammatical and statistical information in small installments. He wore the same decently melancholy aspect as a few months before; a few months more or less of brushing could make little difference in the antique lustre of his coat and hat. But the poor old man's spirit was a trifle more threadbare; it seemed to have received some hard rubs during the summer. Newman inquired with interest about Mademoiselle Noémie; and M. Nioche, at first, for answer, simply looked at him in lachrymose silence.

"Don't ask me, sir," he said at last. "I sit and watch her, but I can do nothing."

"Do you mean that she misconducts herself?"

"I don't know, I am sure. I can't follow her. I don't understand her. She has something in her head; I don't know what she is trying to do. She is too deep for me."

"Does she continue to go to the Louvre? Has she made any of those copies for me?"

"She goes to the Louvre, but I see nothing of the copies. She has something on her easel; I suppose it is one of the pictures you ordered. Such a magnificent order ought to give her fairy-fingers. But she is not in earnest. I can't say anything to her; I am afraid of her. One evening, last summer, when I took her to walk in the Champs Élysées, she said some things to me that frightened me."

"What were they?"

"Excuse an unhappy father from telling you," said M. Nioche, unfolding his calico pocket-handkerchief.

Newman promised himself to pay Mademoiselle Noémie another visit at the Louvre. He was curious about the progress of his copies, but it must be added that he was still more curious about the progress of the young lady herself. He went one afternoon to the great museum, and wandered through several of the rooms in fruitless quest of her. He was bending his steps to the long hall of the Italian masters, when suddenly he found himself face to face with Valentin de Bellegarde. The young Frenchman greeted him with ardor, and assured him that he was a godsend. He himself was in the worst of humors, and he wanted some one to contradict.

"In a bad humor among all these beautiful things?" said Newman. "I thought you were so fond of pictures, especially the old black ones. There are two or three here that ought to keep you in spirits."

"Oh, to-day," answered Valentin, "I am not in a mood for pictures, and the more beautiful they are the less I like them. Their great, staring eyes and their fixed positions irritate me. I feel as if I were at some big, dull party, in a room full of people I don't wish to speak to. What should I care for their beauty? It's a bore, and, worse still, it's a reproach. I have a great many *ennuis;* I feel vicious."

"If the Louvre has so little comfort for you, why in the world did you come here?" Newman asked.

"That is one of my ennuis. I came to meet my cousin, — a dreadful English cousin, a member of my mother's family, — who is in Paris for a week for her husband, and who wishes me to point

out the 'principal beauties.' Imagine a woman who wears a green crape bonnet in December and has straps sticking out of the ankles of her interminable boots! My mother begged I would do something to oblige them. I have undertaken to play *valet de place* this afternoon. They were to have met me here at two o'clock, and I have been waiting for them twenty minutes. Why does n't she arrive? She has at least a pair of feet to carry her. I don't know whether to be furious at their playing me false, or delighted to have escaped them."

"I think in your place I would be furious," said Newman, "because they may arrive yet, and then your fury will still be of use to you. Whereas if you were delighted and they were afterwards to turn up, you might not know what to do with your delight."

"You give me excellent advice, and I already feel better. I will be furious; I will let them go to the deuce and I myself will go with you — unless by chance you too have a rendezvous."

"It is not exactly a rendezvous," said Newman. "But I have in fact come to see a person, not a picture."

"A woman, presumably?"

"A young lady."

"Well," said Valentin, "I hope for you with all my heart that she is not clothed in green tulle and that her feet are not too much out of focus."

"I don't know much about her feet, but she has very pretty hands."

Valentin gave a sigh. "And on that assurance I must part with you?"

"I am not certain of finding my young lady," said Newman, "and I am not quite prepared to lose your company on the chance. It does not strike me as particularly desirable to introduce you to her, and yet I should rather like to have your opinion of her."

"Is she pretty?"

"I guess you will think so."

Bellegarde passed his arm into that of his companion. "Conduct me to her on the instant! I should be ashamed to make a pretty woman wait for my verdict."

Newman suffered himself to be gently propelled in the direction in which he had been walking, but his step was not rapid. He was turning something over in his mind. The two men passed into the long gallery of the Italian masters, and Newman, after having scanned for a moment its brilliant vista, turned aside into the smaller apartment devoted to the same school, on the left. It contained very few persons, but at the farther end of it sat Mademoiselle Nioche, before her easel. She was not at work; her palette and brushes had been laid down beside her, her hands were folded in her lap, and she was leaning back in her chair and looking intently at two ladies on the other side of the hall, who, with their backs turned to her, had stopped before one of the pictures. These ladies were apparently persons of high fashion; they were dressed with great splendor, and their long silken trains and furbelows were spread over the polished floor. It was at their dresses Mademoiselle Noémie was looking, though what she was thinking of I am unable to say. I hazard the supposition that she was saying to herself that to be able to drag such a train over a polished floor was a felicity worth any price. Her reflections, at any rate, were disturbed by the advent of Newman and his companion. She glanced at them quickly, and then, coloring a little, rose and stood before her easel.

"I came here on purpose to see you," said Newman in his bad French, offering to shake hands. And then, like a good American, he introduced Valentin formally: "Allow me to make you acquainted with the Comte Valentin de Bellegarde."

Valentin made a bow which must have seemed to Mademoiselle Noémie quite in harmony with the impressiveness of his title, but the graceful brevity of her own response made no concession to underbred surprise. She turned to Newman, putting up her hands to her hair and smoothing its delicately-felt roughness. Then, rapidly, she turned the canvas that was on her easel over upon its face. "You have not forgotten me?" she asked.

"I shall never forget you," said Newman. "You may be sure of that."

"Oh," said the young girl, "there are a great many different ways of remembering a person." And she looked straight at Valentin de Bellegarde, who was looking at her as a gentleman may when a "verdict" is expected of him.

"Have you painted anything for me?" said Newman. "Have you been industrious?"

"No, I have done nothing." And, taking up her palette, she began to mix her colors at hazard.

"But your father tells me you have come here constantly."

"I have nowhere else to go! Here, all summer, it was cool, at least."

"Being here, then," said Newman, "you might have tried something."

"I told you before," she answered, softly, "that I don't know how to paint."

"But you have something charming on your easel, now," said Valentin, "if you would only let me see it."

She spread out her two hands, with the fingers expanded, over the back of the canvas — those hands which Newman had called pretty, and which, in spite of several paint-stains, Valentin could now admire. "My painting is not charming," she said.

"It is the only thing about you that is not, then, mademoiselle," quoth Valentin, gallantly.

She took up her little canvas and silently passed it to him. He looked at it, and in a moment she said, "I am sure you are a judge."

"Yes," he answered, "I am."

"You know, then, that that is very bad."

"*Mon Dieu*," said Valentin, shrugging his shoulders, "let us distinguish."

"You know that I ought not to attempt to paint," the young girl continued.

"Frankly, then, mademoiselle, I think you ought not."

She began to look at the dresses of the two splendid ladies again — a point on which, having risked one conjecture, I think I may risk another. While she was looking at the ladies she was seeing Valentin de Bellegarde. He, at all events, was seeing her. He put down the roughly-besmeared canvas and addressed a little click with his tongue, accompanied by an elevation of the eyebrows, to Newman.

"Where have you been all these months?" asked Mademoiselle Noémie of our hero. "You took those great journeys, you amused yourself well?"

"Oh, yes," said Newman, "I amused myself well enough."

"I am very glad," said Mademoiselle Noémie with extreme gentleness; and she began to dabble in her colors again. She was singularly pretty, with the look of serious sympathy that she threw into her face.

Valentin took advantage of her downcast eyes to telegraph again to his companion. He renewed his mysterious physiognomical play, making at the same time a rapid tremulous movement in the air with his fingers. He was evidently finding Mademoiselle Noémie extremely interesting; the blue devils had departed, leaving the field clear.

"Tell me something about your travels," murmured the young girl.

"Oh, I went to Switzerland, — to Geneva and Zermatt and Zürich and all those places, you know; and down to Venice, and all through Germany, and down the Rhine, and into Holland and Belgium — the regular round. How do you say that, in French — the regular round?" Newman asked of Valentin.

Mademoiselle Nioche fixed her eyes an instant on Bellegarde, and then with a little smile, "I don't understand monsieur," she said, "when he says so much at once. Would you be so good as to translate?"

"I would rather talk to you out of my own head," Valentin declared.

"No," said Newman, gravely, still in his bad French, "you must not talk to Mademoiselle Nioche, because you say discouraging things. You ought to tell her to work, to persevere."

"And we French, mademoiselle," said Valentin, "are accused of being false flatterers!"

"I don't want any flattery, I want only the truth. But I know the truth."

"All I say is that I suspect there are some things that you can do better than paint," said Valentin.

"I know the truth, — I know the truth," Mademoiselle Noémie repeated. And, dipping a brush into a clot of red paint, she drew a great horizontal daub across her unfinished picture.

"What is that?" asked Newman.

Without answering, she drew another long crimson daub, in a vertical direction, down the middle of her canvas, and so, in a moment, completed the rough indication of a cross. "It is the sign of the truth," she said at last.

The two men looked at each other, and Valentin indulged in another flash of physiognomical eloquence. "You have spoiled your picture," said Newman.

"I know that very well. It was the only thing to do with it. I had sat looking at it all day without touching it. I had begun to hate it. It seemed to me something was going to happen."

"I like it better that way than as it was before," said Valentin. "Now it is more interesting. It tells a story. Is it for sale, mademoiselle?"

"Everything I have is for sale," said Mademoiselle Noémie.

"How much is this thing?"

"Ten thousand francs," said the young girl, without a smile.

"Everything that Mademoiselle Nioche may do at present is mine in advance," said Newman. "It makes part of an order I gave her some months ago. So you can't have this."

"Monsieur will lose nothing by it," said the young girl, looking at Valentin. And she began to put up her utensils.

"I shall have gained a charming memory," said Valentin. "You are going away? your day is over?"

"My father is coming to fetch me," said Mademoiselle Noémie.

She had hardly spoken when, through the door behind her, which opens on one of the great white stone staircases of the Louvre, M. Nioche made his appearance. He came in with his usual even, patient shuffle, and he made a low salute to the two gentlemen who were standing before his daughter's easel. Newman shook his hand with muscular friendliness, and Valentin returned his greeting with extreme deference. While the old man stood waiting for Noémie to make a parcel of her implements, he let his mild, oblique gaze hover toward Bellegarde, who was watching Mademoiselle Noémie put on her bonnet and mantle. Valentin was at no pains to disguise his scrutiny. He looked at a pretty girl as he would have listened to a piece of music. Attention, in each case, was simple good manners. M. Nioche at last took his daughter's paint-box in one hand and the bedaubed canvas, after giving it a solemn, puzzled stare, in the other, and led the way to the door. Mademoiselle Noémie made the young men the salute of a duchess, and followed her father.

"Well," said Newman, "what do you think of her?"

"She is very remarkable. *Diable, diable, diable!*" repeated M. de Bellegarde, reflectively; "she is very remarkable."

"I am afraid she is a sad little adventuress," said Newman.

"Not a little one — a great one. She has the material." And Valentin began to walk away slowly, looking vaguely at the pictures on the walls, with a thoughtful illumination in his eye. Nothing could have appealed to his imagination more than the possible adventures of a young lady endowed with the "material" of Mademoiselle Nioche. "She is very interesting," he went on. "She is a beautiful type."

"A beautiful type? What the deuce do you mean?" asked Newman.

"I mean from the artistic point of view. She is an artist, outside of her painting, which obviously is execrable."

"But she is not beautiful. I don't even think her very pretty."

"She is quite pretty enough for her purposes, and it is a face and figure on which everything tells. If she were prettier she would be less intelligent, and her intelligence is half of her charm."

"In what way," asked Newman, who

was much amused at his companion's immediate philosophization of Mademoiselle Nioche, "does her intelligence strike you as so remarkable?"

"She has taken the measure of life, and she has determined to *be* something, to succeed at any cost. Her painting, of course, is a mere trick to gain time. She is waiting for her chance; she wishes to launch herself, and to do it well. She knows her Paris. She is one of fifty thousand, so far as the mere ambition goes; but I am very sure that in the way of resolution and capacity she is a rarity. And in one gift — perfect heartlessness — I will warrant she is unsurpassed. She has not as much heart as will go on the point of a needle. That is an immense virtue. Yes, she is one of the celebrities of the future."

"Heaven help us!" said Newman, "how far the artistic point of view may take a man! But in this case I must request that you don't let it take you too far. You have learned a wonderful deal about Mademoiselle Noémie in a quarter of an hour. Let that suffice; don't follow up your researches."

"My dear fellow," cried Bellegarde with warmth, "I hope I have too good manners to intrude."

"You are not intruding. The girl is nothing to me. In fact, I rather dislike her. But I like her poor old father, and for his sake I beg you to abstain from any attempt to verify your theories."

"For the sake of that seedy old gentleman who came to fetch her?" demanded Valentin, stopping short. And on Newman's assenting, "Ah no, ah no," he went on with a smile. "You are quite wrong, my dear fellow; you need n't mind him."

"I verily believe that you are accusing the poor gentleman of being capable of rejoicing in his daughter's dishonor."

"*Voyons*," said Valentin; "who is he? what is he?"

"He is what he looks like: as poor as a rat, but very high-toned."

"Exactly. I noticed him perfectly; be sure I do him justice. He has had losses, *des malheurs*, as we say. He is very low-spirited, and his daughter is too much for him. He is the pink of responsibility, and he has sixty years of honesty on his back. All this I perfectly appreciate. But I know my fellowmen and my fellow-Parisians, and I will make a bargain with you." Newman gave ear to his bargain and he went on. "He would rather his daughter were a good girl than a bad one, but if the worst comes to the worst, the old man will not do what Virginius did. Success justifies everything. If Mademoiselle Noémie makes a figure, her papa will feel — well, we will call it relieved. And she will make a figure. The old gentleman's future is assured."

"I don't know what Virginius did, but M. Nioche will shoot Miss Noémie," said Newman. "After that, I suppose his future will be assured in some snug prison."

"I am not a cynic; I am simply an observer," Valentin rejoined. "Mademoiselle Noémie interests me; she is extremely remarkable. If there is a good reason, in honor or decency, for dismissing her from my thoughts forever, I am perfectly willing to do it. Your estimate of the papa's sensibilities is a good reason until it is invalidated. I promise you not to look at the young girl again until you tell me that you have changed your mind about the papa. When he has given distinct proof of being a philosopher, you will raise your interdict. Do you agree to that?"

"Do you mean to bribe him?"

"Oh, you admit, then, that he is bribable? No, he would ask too much, and it would not be exactly fair. I mean simply to wait. You will continue, I suppose, to see this interesting couple, and you will give me the news yourself."

"Well," said Newman, "if the old man turns out a humbug, you may do what you please. I wash my hands of the matter. For the girl herself, you may be at rest. I don't know what harm she may do to me, but I certainly can't hurt her. It seems to me," said Newman, "that you are very well matched. You are both hard cases, and M. Nioche and I, I believe, are the only virtuous men to be found in Paris."

Soon after this M. de Bellegarde, in punishment for his levity, received a stern poke in the back from a pointed instrument. Turning quickly round he found the weapon to be a parasol wielded by a lady in a green gauze bonnet. Valentin's English cousins had been drifting about unpiloted, and evidently deemed that they had a grievance. Newman left him to their mercies, but with a boundless faith in his power to plead his cause.

XII.

Three days after his introduction to the family of Madame de Cintré, Newman, coming in toward evening, found upon his table the card of the Marquis de Bellegarde. On the following day he received a note informing him that the Marquise de Bellegarde would be grateful for the honor of his company at dinner. He went, of course, though he had to break another engagement to do it. He was ushered into the room in which Madame de Bellegarde had received him before, and here he found his venerable hostess, surrounded by her entire family. The room was lighted only by the crackling fire, which illumined the very small pink slippers of a lady who, seated in a low chair, was stretching out her toes before it. This lady was the younger Madame de Bellegarde. Madame de Cintré was seated at the other end of the room, holding a little girl against her knee, the child of her brother Urbain, to whom she was apparently relating a wonderful story. Valentin was sitting on a puff, close to his sister-in-law, into whose ear he was certainly distilling the finest nonsense. The marquis was stationed before the fire, with his head erect and his hands behind him, in an attitude of formal expectancy.

Old Madame de Bellegarde stood up to give Newman her greeting, and there was that in the way she did so which seemed to measure narrowly the extent of her condescension. "We are all alone, you see; we have asked no one else," she said, austerely.

"I am very glad you did n't; this is much more sociable," said Newman. "Good evening, sir," and he offered his hand to the marquis.

M. de Bellegarde was affable, but in spite of his dignity he was restless. He began to pace up and down the room, he looked out of the long windows, he took up books and laid them down again. Young Madame de Bellegarde gave Newman her hand without moving and without looking at him.

"You may think that is coldness," explained Valentin; "but it is not, it is warmth. It shows she is treating you as an intimate. Now she detests me, and yet she is always looking at me."

"No wonder I detest you if I am always looking at you!" cried the lady. "If Mr. Newman does not like my way of shaking hands, I will do it again."

But this charming privilege was lost upon our hero, who was already making his way across the room to Madame de Cintré. She looked at him as she shook hands, but she went on with the story she was telling her little niece. She had only two or three phrases to add, but they were apparently of great moment. She deepened her voice, smiling as she did so, and the little girl gazed at her with round eyes.

"But in the end the young prince married the beautiful Florabella," said Madame de Cintré, "and carried her off to live with him in the land of the Pink Sky. There she was so happy that she forgot all her troubles, and went out to drive every day of her life in an ivory coach drawn by five hundred white mice. Poor Florabella," she explained to Newman, "had suffered terribly."

"She had had nothing to eat for six months," said little Blanche.

"Yes, but when the six months were over, she had a plum-cake as big as that ottoman," said Madame de Cintré. "That quite set her up again."

"What a checkered career!" said Newman. "Are you very fond of children?" He was certain that she was, but he wished to make her say it.

"I like to talk with them," she answered; "we can talk with them so

much more seriously than with grown persons. That is great nonsense that I have been telling Blanche, but it is a great deal more serious than most of what we say in society."

"I wish you would talk to me, then, as if I were Blanche's age," said Newman, laughing. "Were you happy at your ball, the other night?"

"Ecstatically!"

"Now you are talking the nonsense that we talk in society," said Newman. "I don't believe that."

"It was my own fault if I was not happy. The ball was very pretty, and every one very amiable."

"It was on your conscience," said Newman, "that you had annoyed your mother and your brother."

Madame de Cintré looked at him a moment without answering. "That is true," she cried at last. "I had undertaken more than I could carry out. I have very little courage; I am not a heroine." She said this with a certain soft emphasis; but then, changing her tone, "I could never have gone through the sufferings of the beautiful Florabella," she added, "not even for her prospective rewards."

Dinner was announced, and Newman betook himself to the side of old Madame de Bellegarde. The dining-room, at the end of a cold corridor, was vast and sombre; the dinner was simple and delicately excellent. Newman wondered whether Madame de Cintré had had something to do with ordering the repast, and greatly hoped she had. Once seated at table, with the various members of the ancient house of Bellegarde around him, he asked himself the meaning of his position. Was the old lady responding to his advances? Did the fact that he was a solitary guest augment his credit or diminish it? Were they ashamed to show him to other people, or did they wish to give him a sign of sudden adoption into their last reserve of favor? Newman was on his guard; he was watchful and conjectural; and yet at the same time he was vaguely indifferent. Whether they gave him a long rope or a short one he was there now, and Madame de Cintré was opposite to him. She had a tall candlestick on each side of her; she would sit there for the next hour, and that was enough. The dinner was extremely solemn and measured; he wondered whether this was always the state of things in "old families." Madame de Bellegarde held her head very high, and fixed her eyes, which looked peculiarly sharp in her little, finely-wrinkled white face, very intently upon the table-service. The marquis appeared to have decided that the fine arts offered a safe subject of conversation, as not leading to startling personal revelations. Every now and then, having learned from Newman that he had been through the museums of Europe, he uttered some polished aphorism upon the flesh-tints of Rubens and the good taste of Sansovino. His manners seemed to indicate a fine nervous dread that something disagreeable might happen if the atmosphere were not purified by allusions of a thoroughly superior cast. "What under the sun is the man afraid of?" Newman asked himself. "Does he think I am going to offer to swap jack-knives with him?" It was useless to shut his eyes to the fact that the marquis was profoundly disagreeable to him. He had never been a man of strong personal aversions; his nerves had not been at the mercy of the mystical qualities of his neighbors. But here was a man toward whom he was irresistibly in opposition; a man of forms and phrases and postures; a man full of possible impertinences and treacheries. M. de Bellegarde made him feel as if he were standing bare-footed on a marble floor; and yet, to gain his desire, Newman felt perfectly able to stand. He wondered what Madame de Cintré thought of his being accepted, if accepted it was. There was no judging from her face, which expressed simply the desire to be gracious in a manner which should require as little explicit recognition as possible. Young Madame de Bellegarde had always the same manners: she was always preoccupied, distracted, listening to everything and hearing nothing, looking at her dress, her rings, her

finger-nails, seeming rather bored, and yet puzzling you to decide what was her ideal of social diversion. Newman was enlightened on this point later. Even Valentin did not quite seem master of his wits; his vivacity was fitful and forced, yet Newman observed that in the lapses of his talk he appeared excited. His eyes had an intenser spark than usual. The effect of all this was that Newman, for the first time in his life, was not himself; that he measured his movements, and counted his words, and resolved that if the occasion demanded that he should appear to have swallowed a ramrod, he would meet the emergency.

After dinner M. de Bellegarde proposed to his guest that they should go into the smoking-room, and he led the way toward a small, somewhat musty apartment, the walls of which were ornamented with old hangings of stamped leather and trophies of rusty arms. Newman refused a cigar, but he established himself upon one of the divans, while the marquis puffed his own weed before the fire-place, and Valentin sat looking through the light fumes of a cigarette from one to the other.

"I can't keep quiet any longer," said Valentin, at last. "I must tell you the news and congratulate you. My brother seems unable to come to the point; he revolves around his announcement like the priest around the altar. You are accepted as a candidate for the hand of our sister."

"Valentin, be a little proper!" murmured the marquis, with a look of the most delicate irritation contracting the bridge of his high nose.

"There has been a family council," the young man continued; "my mother and Urbain have put their heads together, and even my testimony has not been altogether excluded. My mother and the marquis sat at a table covered with green cloth; my sister-in-law and I were on a bench against the wall. It was like a committee at the Corps Législatif. We were called up, one after the other, to testify. We spoke of you very handsomely. Madame de Bellegarde said that if she had not been told who you were, she would have taken you for a duke — an American duke, the Duke of California. I said that I could warrant you grateful for the smallest favors — modest, humble, unassuming. I was sure that you would know your own place, always, and never give us occasion to remind you of certain differences. After all, you could n't help it if you were not a duke. There were none in your country; but if there had been, it was certain that, smart and active as you are, you would have got the pick of the titles. At this point I was ordered to sit down, but I think I made an impression in your favor."

M. de Bellegarde looked at his brother with dangerous coldness, and gave a smile as thin as the edge of a knife. Then he removed a spark of cigar-ash from the sleeve of his coat; he fixed his eyes for a while on the cornice of the room, and at last he inserted one of his white hands into the breast of his waistcoat. "I must apologize to you for the deplorable levity of my brother," he said, "and I must notify you that this is probably not the last time that his want of tact will cause you serious embarrassment."

"No, I confess I have no tact," said Valentin. "Is your embarrassment really painful, Newman? The marquis will put you right again; his own touch is deliciously delicate."

"Valentin, I am sorry to say," the marquis continued, "has never possessed the tone, the manner, that belong to a young man in his position. It has been a great affliction to his mother, who is very fond of the old traditions. But you must remember that he speaks for no one but himself."

"Oh, I don't mind him, sir," said Newman, good-humoredly. "I know what he amounts to."

"In the good old times," said Valentin, "marquises and counts used to have their appointed fools and jesters, to crack jokes for them. Nowadays we see a great, strapping democrat keeping a count about him to play the fool. It 's a good situation, but I certainly am very degenerate."

M. de Bellegarde fixed his eyes for some time on the floor. "My mother informed me," he said presently, "of the announcement that you made to her the other evening."

"That I wanted to marry your sister?" said Newman.

"That you wished to arrange a marriage," said the marquis, slowly, "with my sister, the Comtesse de Cintré. The proposal was serious, and required, on my mother's part, a great deal of reflection. She naturally took me into her counsels, and I gave my most zealous attention to the subject. There was a great deal to be considered; more than you appear to imagine. We have viewed the question on all its faces, we have weighed one thing against another. Our conclusion has been that we favor your suit. My mother has desired me to inform you of our decision. She will have the honor of saying a few words to you on the subject, herself. Meanwhile, by us, the heads of the family, you are accepted."

Newman got up and came nearer to the marquis. "You will do nothing to hinder me, and all you can to help me, eh?"

"I will recommend my sister to marry you."

Newman passed his hand over his face, and pressed it for a moment upon his eyes. This promise had a great sound, and yet the pleasure he took in it was embittered by his having to stand there so and receive his passport from M. de Bellegarde. The idea of having this gentleman mixed up with his wooing and wedding was more and more disagreeable to him. But Newman had resolved to go through the mill, as he imaged it, and he would not cry out at the first turn of the wheel. He was silent a while, and then he said, with a certain dryness which Valentin told him afterwards had a very grand air, "I am much obliged to you."

"I take note of the promise," said Valentin, "I register the vow."

M. de Bellegarde began to gaze at the cornice again; he apparently had something more to say. "I must do my mother the justice," he resumed, "I must do myself the justice, to say that our decision was not easy. Such an arrangement was not what we had expected. The idea that my sister should marry a gentleman — ah — *dans les affaires* was something of a novelty."

"So I told you, you know," said Valentin raising his finger at Newman.

"The novelty has not quite worn away, I confess," the marquis went on; "perhaps it never will, entirely. But possibly that is not altogether to be regretted," and he gave his thin smile again. "It may be that the time has come when we should make some concession to novelty. There had been no novelties in our house for a great many years. I made the observation to my mother, and she did me the honor to admit that it was worthy of attention."

"My dear brother," interrupted Valentin, "is not your memory just here leading you the least bit astray? Our mother is, I may say, distinguished for her small respect for abstract reasoning. Are you very sure that she replied to your striking proposition in the gracious manner you describe? You know how terribly incisive she is sometimes. Did n't she, rather, do you the honor to say, 'A fiddlestick for your phrases! There are better reasons than that'?"

"Other reasons were discussed," said the marquis, without looking at Valentin, but with an audible tremor in his voice; "some of them possibly were better. We are conservative, Mr. Newman, but we are not also bigots. We judged the matter liberally. We have no doubt that everything will be comfortable."

Newman had stood listening to these remarks with his arms folded and his eyes fastened upon M. de Bellegarde. "Comfortable?" he said, with a sort of grim flatness of intonation. "Why should n't we be comfortable? If you are not, it will be your own fault; I have everything to make *me* so."

"My brother means that with the lapse of time you may get used to the change" — and Valentin paused, to light another cigarette.

"What change?" asked Newman in the same tone.

"Urbain," said Valentin, very gravely, "I am afraid that Mr. Newman does not quite realize the change. We ought to insist upon that."

"My brother goes too far," said M. de Bellegarde. "It is his fatal want of tact again. It is my mother's wish, and mine, that no such allusions should be made. Pray never make them yourself. We prefer to assume that the person accepted as the possible husband of my sister is one of ourselves, and that he should have no explanations to make. With a little discretion on both sides, everything, I think, will be easy. That is exactly what I wished to say — that we quite understand what we have undertaken, and that you may depend upon our adhering to our resolution."

Valentin shook his hands in the air and then buried his face in them. "I have less tact than I might have, no doubt; but oh, my brother, if you knew what you yourself were saying!" And he went off into a long laugh.

M. de Bellegarde's face flushed a little, but he held his head higher, as if to repudiate this concession to vulgar perturbability. "I am sure you understand me," he said to Newman.

"Oh, no, I don't understand you at all," said Newman. "But you need n't mind that. I don't care. In fact, I think I had better not understand you. I might not like it. That would n't suit me at all, you know. I want to marry your sister, that 's all; to do it as quickly as possible, and to find fault with nothing. I don't care how I do it. I am not marrying you, you know, sir. I have got my leave, and that is all I want."

"You had better receive the last word from my mother," said the marquis.

"Very good; I will go and get it," said Newman; and he prepared to return to the drawing-room.

M. de Bellegarde made a motion for him to pass first, and when Newman had gone out he shut himself into the room with Valentin. Newman had been a trifle bewildered by the audacious irony of the younger brother, and he had not needed its aid to point the moral of M. de Bellegarde's transcendent patronage. He had wit enough to appreciate the farce of that civility which consists in calling your attention to the impertinences it spares you. But he had felt warmly the delicate sympathy with himself that underlay Valentin's fraternal irreverence, and he was most unwilling that his friend should pay a tax upon it. He paused a moment in the corridor, after he had gone a few steps, expecting to hear the resonance of M. de Bellegarde's displeasure; but he detected only a perfect stillness. The stillness itself seemed a trifle portentous, but he reflected that he had no right to stand listening, and he made his way back to the *salon*. In his absence several persons had come in. They were scattered about the room in groups, two or three of them having passed into a small boudoir, next to the drawing-room, which had now been lighted and opened. Old Madame de Bellegarde was in her place by the fire, talking to a very old gentleman in a wig and a profuse white neckcloth, of the fashion of 1820. Madame de Cintré was bending a listening head to the historic confidences of an old lady who was presumably the wife of the old gentleman in the neckcloth, an old lady in a red satin dress and an ermine cape, who wore across her forehead a band with a topaz set in it. Young Madame de Bellegarde, when Newman came in, left some people among whom she was sitting, and took the place that she had occupied before dinner. Then she gave a little push to the puff that stood near her, and by a glance at Newman seemed to indicate that she had placed it in position for him. He went and took possession of it; the marquis's wife amused and puzzled him.

"I know your secret," she said, in her bad but charming English; "you need make no mystery of it. You wish to marry my sister-in-law. *C'est un beau choix.* A man like you ought to marry a tall, thin woman. You must know that I have spoken in your favor; you owe me a famous taper!"

"You have spoken to Madame de Cintré?" said Newman.

"Oh, no, not that. You may think it strange, but my sister-in-law and I are not so intimate as that. No; I spoke to my husband and my mother-in-law; I said I was sure we could do what we chose with you."

"I am much obliged to you," said Newman, laughing; "but you can't."

"I know that very well; I did n't believe a word of it. But I wanted you to come into the house; I thought we should be friends."

"I am very sure," said Newman.

"Don't be too sure. If you like Madame de Cintré so much, perhaps you will not like me. We are as different as blue and pink. But you and I have something in common. I have come into this family by marriage; you want to come into it in the same way."

"Oh, no, I don't!" interrupted Newman. "I only want to take Madame de Cintré out of it."

"Well, to cast your nets you have to go into the water. Our positions are alike; we shall be able to compare notes. What do you think of my husband? It 's a strange question, is n't it? But I shall ask you some stranger ones yet."

"Perhaps a stranger one will be easier to answer," said Newman. "You might try me."

"Oh, you get off very well; the old Comte de la Rochefidèle, yonder, could n't do it better. I told them that if we only gave you a chance you would be a perfect *talon rouge*. I know something about men. Besides, you and I belong to the same camp. I am a ferocious democrat. By birth I am *vieille roche;* a good little bit of the history of France is the history of my family. Oh, you never heard of us, of course! *Ce que c'est que la gloire!* We are much better than the Bellegardes, at any rate. But I don't care a pin for my pedigree; I want to belong to my time. I 'm a revolutionist, a radical, a child of the age! I am sure I go beyond you. I like clever people, wherever they come from, and I take my amusement wherever I find it. I don't pout at the empire; here all the world pouts at the empire. Of course I have to mind what I say; but I expect to take my revenge with you." Madame de Bellegarde discoursed for some time longer in this sympathetic strain, with an eager abundance which seemed to indicate that her opportunities for revealing her esoteric philosophy were indeed rare. She hoped that Newman would never be afraid of her, whatever he might be of the others, for, really, she went very far indeed. "Strong people" — *les gens forts* — were in her opinion equal, all the world over. Newman listened to her with an attention at once beguiled and irritated. He wondered what the deuce she, too, was driving at, with her hope that he would not be afraid of her and her protestations of equality. In so far as he could understand her, she was wrong; a silly, rattling woman was certainly not the equal of a sensible man, preoccupied with an ambitious passion. Madame de Bellegarde stopped suddenly, and looked at him sharply, shaking her fan. "I see you don't believe me," she said, "you are too much on your guard. You will not form an alliance, offensive or defensive? You are very wrong; I could help you."

Newman answered that he was very grateful and that he would certainly ask for help; she should see. "But first of all," he said, "I must help myself." And he went to join Madame de Cintré.

"I have been telling Madame de la Rochefidèle that you are an American," she said, as he came up. "It interests her greatly. Her father went over with the French troops to help you in your battles in the last century, and she has always, in consequence, wanted greatly to see an American. But she has never succeeded till to-night. You are the first — to her knowledge — that she has ever looked at."

Madame de la Rochefidèle had an aged, cadaverous face, with a falling of the lower jaw which prevented her from bringing her lips together, and reduced her conversation to a series of impressive but inarticulate gutturals. She raised an antique eye-glass, elaborately mount-

ed in chased silver, and looked at Newman from head to foot. Then she said something to which he listened deferentially, but which he completely failed to understand.

"Madame de la Rochefidèle says that she is convinced that she must have seen Americans without knowing it," Madame de Cintré explained. Newman thought it probable she had seen a great many things without knowing it; and the old lady, again addressing herself to utterance, declared — as interpreted by Madame de Cintré — that she wished she had known it.

At this moment the old gentleman who had been talking to the elder Madame de Bellegarde drew near, leading the marquise on his arm. His wife pointed out Newman to him, apparently explaining his remarkable origin. M. de la Rochefidèle, whose old age was rosy and rotund, spoke very neatly and clearly; almost as prettily, Newman thought, as M. Nioche. When he had been enlightened, he turned to Newman with an inimitable elderly grace.

"Monsieur is by no means the first American that I have seen," he said. "Almost the first person I ever saw — to notice him — was an American."

"Ah?" said Newman, sympathetically.

"The great Dr. Franklin," said M. de la Rochefidèle. "Of course I was very young. He was received very well in our *monde*."

"Not better than Mr. Newman," said Madame de Bellegarde. "I beg he will offer me his arm into the other room. I could have offered no higher privilege to Dr. Franklin."

Newman, complying with Madame de Bellegarde's request, perceived that her two sons had returned to the drawing-room. He scanned their faces an instant for traces of the scene that had followed his separation from them, but the marquis seemed neither more nor less frigidly grand than usual, and Valentin was kissing ladies' hands with at least his habitual air of self-abandonment to the act. Madame de Bellegarde gave a glance at her eldest son, and by the time she had crossed the threshold of the boudoir he was at her side. The room was now empty and offered a sufficient degree of privacy. The old lady disengaged herself from Newman's arm and rested her hand on the arm of the marquis; and in this position she stood a moment, holding her head high and biting her small under-lip. I am afraid the picture was lost upon Newman, but Madame de Bellegarde was, in fact, at this moment a striking image of the dignity which — even in the case of a little, time-shrunken old lady — may reside in the habit of unquestioned authority and the absoluteness of a social theory favorable to yourself.

"My son has spoken to you as I desired," she said, "and you understand that we shall not interfere. The rest will lie with yourself."

"M. de Bellegarde told me several things I did n't understand," said Newman, "but I made out that. You will leave me an open field. I am much obliged."

"I wish to add a word that my son probably did not feel at liberty to say," the marquise rejoined. "I must say it for my own peace of mind. We are stretching a point; we are doing you a great favor."

"Oh, your son said it very well; did n't you?" said Newman.

"Not so well as my mother," declared the marquis.

"I can only repeat — I am much obliged."

"It is proper I should tell you," Madame de Bellegarde went on, "that I am very proud, and that I hold my head very high. I may be wrong, but I am too old to change. At least I know it, and I don't pretend to anything else. Don't flatter yourself that my daughter is not proud. She is proud, in her own way — a somewhat different way from mine. You will have to make your terms with that. Even Valentin is proud, if you touch the right spot — or the wrong one. Urbain is proud; that you see for yourself. Sometimes I think he is a little too much so; but I would n't change him. He is the best of my chil-

dren; he cleaves to his old mother. But I have said enough to show you that we are all proud together. It is well that you should know the sort of people you have come among."

"Well," said Newman, "I can only say, in return, that I am *not* proud; I shan't mind you! But you speak as if you intended to be very disagreeable."

"I shall not enjoy having my daughter marry you, and I shall not pretend to enjoy it. If you don't mind that, so much the better."

"If you stick to your own side of the contract we shall not quarrel; that is all I ask of you," said Newman. "Keep your hands off, and give me an open field. I am very much in earnest, and there is not the slightest danger of my getting discouraged or backing out. You will have me constantly before your eyes; if you don't like it, I am sorry for you. I will do for your daughter, if she will accept me, everything that a man can do for a woman. I am happy to tell you that, as a promise — a pledge. I consider that on your side you make me an equal pledge. You will not back out, eh?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'backing out,'" said the marquise. "It suggests a movement of which I think no Bellegarde has ever been guilty."

"Our word is our word," said Urbain. "We have given it."

"Well, now," said Newman, "I am very glad you are so proud. It makes me believe that you will keep it."

The marquise was silent a moment, and then, suddenly, "I shall always be polite to you, Mr. Newman," she declared, "but, decidedly, I shall never like you."

"Don't be too sure," said Newman, laughing.

"I am so sure that I will ask you to take me back to my arm-chair, without the least fear of having my sentiments modified by the service you render me." And Madame de Bellegarde took his arm, and returned to the salon and to her customary place.

M. le Comte de la Rochefidèle and his wife were preparing to take their leave, and Madame de Cintré's interview with the mumbling old lady was at an end. She stood looking about her, asking herself, apparently, to whom she should next speak, when Newman came up to her.

"Your mother has given me leave — very solemnly — to come here often," he said. "I mean to come often."

"I shall be glad to see you," she answered, simply. And then, in a moment, "You probably think it very strange that there should be such a solemnity — as you say — about your coming."

"Well, yes; I do, rather."

"Do you remember what my brother Valentin said, the first time you came to see me — that we were a strange, strange family?"

"It was not the first time I came, but the second," said Newman.

"Very true. Valentin annoyed me at the time; but now I know you better, I may tell you he was right. If you come often, you will see!" and Madame de Cintré turned away.

Newman watched her a while, talking with other people, and then he took his leave. He shook hands last with Valentin de Bellegarde, who came out with him to the top of the staircase. "Well, you have got your permit," said Valentin. "I hope you liked the process."

"I like your sister, more than ever. But don't worry your brother any more for my sake," Newman added. "I don't mind him. I am afraid he came down on you in the smoking-room, after I went out."

"When my brother comes down on me," said Valentin, "he falls hard. I have a certain way of receiving him. I must say," he continued, "that they came up to the mark much sooner than I expected. I don't understand it; they must have had to turn the screw pretty tight. It 's a tribute to your millions."

"Well, it 's the most precious one they have ever received," said Newman.

He was turning away when Valentin stopped him, looking at him with a brilliant, softly-cynical glance. "I should

like to know whether, within a few days, you have seen your venerable friend, M. Nioche."

"He was yesterday at my rooms," Newman answered.

"What did he tell you?"

"Nothing particular."

"You did n't see the muzzle of a pistol sticking out of his pocket?"

"What are you driving at?" Newman demanded. "I thought he seemed rather cheerful, for him."

Valentin broke into a laugh. "I am delighted to hear it! I win my bet. Mademoiselle Noémie has thrown her cap over the mill, as we say. She has left the paternal domicile. She is launched! And M. Nioche is rather cheerful — *for him!* Don't brandish your tomahawk at that rate; I have not seen her nor communicated with her since that day at the Louvre. Andromeda has found another Perseus than I. My information is exact; on such matters it always is. I suppose that now you will raise your protest."

"My protest be hanged!" murmured Newman, disgustedly.

But his tone found no echo in that in which Valentin, with his hand on the door, to return to his mother's apartment, exclaimed, "But I shall see her now! She is very remarkable — she is very remarkable!"

Henry James, Jr.

OLIVER TWIST.

In August, 1836, Richard Bentley, the London publisher, read the fifth number of The Pickwick Papers, — the number in which Sam Weller was first introduced, — and immediately conceived the idea of starting a new monthly magazine, of which Dickens was to be the editor, and for which Dickens was to supply a serial story. On the 22d of the same month he succeeded in inducing Dickens to sign an agreement to undertake the editorship of the proposed magazine, and to write the story. A short time afterwards he further succeeded in tempting Dickens into an agreement to furnish him two more serial stories, the first of which was to be written at a specified early date; "the expressed remuneration in each case," says John Forster, the friend and biographer of Dickens, "being certainly quite inadequate to the claims of any writer of marked popularity." The magazine, Bentley's Miscellany, was started on the first of January, 1837; and in the February number Dickens began to narrate for it The Adventures of Oliver Twist.

The impression derived from Forster's biography of Dickens is that the latter was "self-sold into bondage" by his agreement with Bentley; that there was something wrong in holding him to the strict terms of the compact. The plain fact is that Bentley, as a business man, was singularly astute in his early judgment of the capacities of Dickens's genius. He was far ahead of all the literary critics of the time in foreseeing the enormous popularity of the man who, in the fifth number of Pickwick, had simply brought into his somewhat disconnected story the character of Sam Weller, and had introduced him merely as a bootblack in a country inn, and as a racy commentator on the peculiarities of certain shoes and boots he cleaned. Chapman and Hall were paying the author, at this period, only fifteen guineas a number for Pickwick, though they were willing, some time before it was concluded, to offer nearly ten times as much for each number of Nickleby. Bentley was therefore in the position of a capitalist who drives a good bargain with the discoverer of an undeveloped gold mine, or with the inventor of an unrec-

ognized labor-doing machine. He palpably speculated on the possibilities of Dickens's genius, which he first clearly discerned, and not on its actual products at the time his contracts with him were made. In all business arrangements, not literary, the compact between the parties is considered binding in equity as well as law; but in his compact with Bentley, Dickens, as soon as the conditions were changed, assumed a hysterical tone of complaint and objurgation. It was his good fortune, only a very few months after his engagements with Bentley were signed, to become the most popular author of his time. All publishers were ravenous to engage him at any price. In our opinion he should have practiced an austere economy, — written for Bentley what he had engaged to write for him before he had become not only famous but "the rage," — and then, in the books he afterwards wrote, should have made as severe bargains with "the trade" as Bentley had made with him. As a merchant of his literary wares, Dickens was, after his engagement with Bentley was broken, a most relentless man of business, exacting from publishers a full share of the profits of his works. If booksellers drink their wine out of the skulls of authors, Dickens was ever anxious that the wine quaffed from *his* skull should be the thinnest of all varieties of *vin ordinaire*. No seller of Lake Shore or Michigan Central complains that the buyer, a few months after the sale, reaps a profit of ten or twenty per cent., owing to a sudden change in the rate charged by those corporations for freight and passengers; but Dickens seems to have had a vague notion that a legal contract was not absolutely binding on him, when events which he had not foreseen proved that the other party to the contract was making a great deal of money while he was making comparatively little. In January, 1839, while chafing under the conditions of his agreement with Bentley, he wrote a letter to him, inclosed in one to John Forster, proposing to break the compact. "I know," wrote Dickens to Forster, "you will endeavor to persuade me from sending it. Go it *must*. It is no fiction to say that I *cannot* write this tale [Barnaby Rudge]. The immense profits which Oliver has realized to its publisher, and is still realizing; the paltry, wretched, miserable sum it brought to me; the recollection of this, and the consciousness that I have the slavery and the drudgery of another work on the same journeyman-terms; the consciousness that my books are enriching everybody connected with them but myself, and that I, with such a popularity as I have acquired, am struggling in old toils, and wasting my energies in the very height and freshness of my fame, and the best part of my life, to fill the pockets of others, while for those who are nearest and dearest to me I can realize little more than a genteel subsistence: all this puts me out of heart and spirits. And I cannot — cannot and will not — under such circumstances, that keep me down with an iron hand, distress myself by beginning this tale [Barnaby Rudge] until I have had time to breathe; and until the intervention of summer, and some cheerful days in the country, shall have restored me to a more genial and composed state of feeling. . . . I do most solemnly declare that morally, before God and man, I hold myself released from such hard bargains as these, after I have done so much for those who drove them. The net that has been wound about me so chafes me, so exasperates and irritates my mind, that to break it at whatever cost — *that* I should care nothing for — is my constant impulse." Bentley seems to have behaved with a magnanimity uncommon in publishers. He consented to the rupture of the agreement, released Dickens from his contract to write another tale, and made over to him in June, 1840, "the copyright of Oliver Twist, and such printed stock as remained of the edition then on hand," for the sum of £2250. It is plain that he might have made double or treble this amount by insisting on his legal claims. Dickens's irritation in spect to the original agreement b out as early as the fourteenth of the book itself. Mr. Brownl

Oliver if he should not like to be a book-writer. After a little consideration, Oliver replied that he thought it would be a much better thing to be a book-seller. Mr. Brownlow laughed, and said, "Don't be afraid! We won't make an author of you, while there's an honest trade to be learnt, or brick-making to turn to."

Oliver Twist was the first of Dickens's romances which was subjected to the revision of his dear friend and biographer, John Forster, an accomplished man of letters, recently deceased. Forster read and suggested corrections to everything which Dickens afterwards wrote, and the text of Oliver Twist may be supposed to have specially engaged his critical sagacity, as it was the first story on which it was exercised. Yet the text of Oliver Twist is left in a slovenly condition, discreditable to both author and reviser. The reader needs to go no further than the opening paragraph to understand what we mean. The frequent use of the colon for the comma in the punctuation of the narrative is particularly exasperating.

The plot of Oliver Twist is both improbable and melodramatic. It turns on the attempt of Monks, the regular scowling, mysterious, and stereotyped villain of the melodrama, to murder Oliver, his illegitimate younger brother, through the process of having him converted into a thief by Fagin, it being understood that a path will thus be opened for him to the gallows. Iago's statement of his motives for hating Othello may be, in Coleridge's phrase, "the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity;" but Monks is no Iago. A low, sneaking, and essentially cowardly rascal, he could hardly, on any reasonable view of his character, have devoted so much time, which might have been spent in profligacy, in hunting down the son of his mother's rival, especially as the will in that son's favor had been destroyed. An uneasy sense, therefore, that Oliver had been swindled out of his own by a crime with his hereditary hate, the only tion of Monks in conspiring with treacherous rogue as Fagin for the purpose of demoralizing his brother and eventually getting him hanged or transported. Such a character is possible, but it is not, for the purposes of romance, artistically probable. Yet few readers lose any interest in The Adventures of Oliver Twist through their perception of the clumsiness and improbability of the plot; for in this romance Dickens exhibited not merely his humor, but his command over the sources of pity and terror.

The pathos of the earlier chapters is brought out all the more effectively by its constant association with humor. There is something in the forlorn position of the boy, starved, beaten, helpless, and seemingly hopeless, which beseechingly appeals to the hearts of mothers; and by obtaining possession, thus early in his career, of the hearts of mothers, Dickens secured an audience among the real rulers of families, and permanently domesticated himself at thousands of firesides. His own sufferings as a boy gave him an intimate acquaintance with the feelings of childhood and youth, of boyhood and girlhood; and by idealizing these in forms of character which had a plaintive reality to the mind, he gave to all his romances one element, at least, of constant interest. In little Oliver he availed himself of the usual privilege of dramatists and novelists, that of taking an exceptionally good character and placing him in exceptionally bad circumstances. Indeed, it requires much faith to believe that so delicately constituted a boy as Oliver could physically survive the beadle's thick stick and thin gruel; much more, perhaps, that he should preserve his refinement of feeling, his piety, and his keen sense of right, amid his vulgarizing and brutalizing surroundings; but the sympathies of the reader are so strongly addressed that he sees little incongruity in making the drudge of a workhouse, and the companion of thieves, talk and act like the good boys in "do-me-good" Sunday-school books. The pathos of the situation is indeed irresistible. When Oliver resists his tormentors, it is not because he has been outrageously beaten, but because the

memory of his dead mother has been insulted; and when alone, after the conflict, he falls upon his knees on the floor, hides his face in his hands, and sheds "such tears as, God send for the credit of our nature, few so young may ever have cause to pour out before him." After he has resolved to run away he looks out into the cold, dark night, and "the stars seem, to the boy's eyes, farther from the earth than he had ever seen them before;" a flash of imagination which reveals the full piteousness and desolation of his condition. He has one friend to leave, poor little consumptive Dick, his companion in misery; "they had been beaten, and starved, and shut up together, many and many a time;" and Oliver tells him, with an affectation of hope and cheer, that he shall see him again, well and happy. "I hope so," replied the child. "After I am dead, but not before. I know the doctor must be right, Oliver, because I dream so much of heaven and angels, and kind faces, *which I never see when I am awake.* Kiss me," said the child, climbing up the low gate, and flinging his little arms around Oliver's neck. "Good-by, dear! God bless you!" Such pathos may be called mawkish, but it is a mawkishness which has power to open hearts that are shut, and melt hearts that are hard.

Among the criminal population of the book, two persons stand prominently forth: Fagin, the Jew, and Bill Sikes. Fagin's soul is as yellow and shriveled as his face; he is wicked to the very core of his being; he so much delights in crime that he establishes a sort of academy to teach boys the rudiments of vice and villainy; he gloats and chuckles over the debasement of their bodies and the damnation of their souls; and he is connected with humanity only by the craven fear which makes him start and tremble even in his ecstasies of avarice and malignity. He belongs to the progeny of the devil by direct descent. Sikes, in speculating on his genealogical tree, bluntly tells him, "There never was another man with such a face as yours, unless it was your father, and I suppose he is singeing his grizzled red beard by this time, unless you came straight from the old 'un without any father at all betwixt you; which I should n't wonder at, a bit."

When this creature is at last caught and caged, Dickens passes into that part of his nature which, however reluctantly, we must call his soul, and, with a shudder which still does not obscure his vision, observes and records what occurs therein. The chapter entitled The Jew's Last Night Alive is a masterpiece of pyschology, as terrible as it is truthful. The condition and operations of the criminal mind under mortal fear are watched with a vigilant, unshrinking eye, and stated with minute exactness. The ghastly, deadening torpor of the Jew's general mental mood; the feeble wanderings of his brain from one slight object to another, as he instinctively seeks relief from the thought of the doom he knows to be impending; his imbecile attempts to fasten his attention on insignificant appearances in order to keep out of view the dumb, horrible reality gnawing at his heart; and his bursts of agony when he discovers that no abasement of cowardice can save him from the death he so much dreads: all these mental facts are brought before the imagination with such vivid clearness that we seem to be witnesses of the internal states of this foul soul, which, having been damned into the world, now sees no escape from being damned out of it. Bill Sikes is a criminal of another kind, but equally well portrayed. A thoroughly hardened ruffian of the sturdy English type, with a sullen ferocity which penetrates his whole nature and allies him to his true brethren, the beasts of prey, there is no room in his breast for conscience, or pity, or physical fear; his attendant and moral shadow, the dog, has a character seemingly caught from that of his master; or perhaps we should say that Sikes the dog appears to have been arrested in that process of evolution which, when allowed free course, resulted in the production of Sikes the man. The account of the murder of Nancy is one of the

most harrowing scenes in romance; and there is great power displayed in the description of Sikes's flight afterwards, with the phantom of his victim pursuing him, the "widely-staring eyes, so lustreless and glassy," meeting his at every turn. Dickens, when writing these scenes, realized them so intensely that they may be said to have taken possession of him. When he read the account of the murder of Nancy to his wife, she became so affected that he describes her as being "in an unspeakable state."

There are, in Mr. Fagin's seminary for the education of youth in theft and burglary, two promising pupils, Mr. John Dawkins (the Artful Dodger) and Master Charley Bates, who contribute much to the comedy of the book. Forster tell us that, on the evening when Dickens was writing the last chapter of the story, he and Talfourd were present at Dickens's house. "How well," he adds, "I remember that evening! and our talk of what should be the fate of Charley Bates, on behalf of whom (as indeed for the Dodger, too) Talfourd had pleaded as earnestly in mitigation of judgment as ever at the bar for any client he had most respected." Although Charley Bates is ever laughing, the Dodger is by far the funnier person of the two. The comical dignity with which he wears the honors of his profession, the lofty view he takes of it as a means of livelihood, his perfect content with the position in society it gives him, and the inimitable swagger and assurance which mark his general deportment, have lifted him to a high humorous rank among the numerous astonishing juvenile scapegraces that Dickens has drawn. When arrested as a pickpocket, and put in the dock for examination, he requests to know "what he was placed in that 'ere disgraceful sitivation for;" points to the magistrates, and asks the jailer to communicate to him "the names of them two files as was on the bench;" complains that his attorney is "a-breakfasting this morning with the Wice-President of the House of Commons;" and, when asked if he has any question to put to the witness against him, loftily replies that he "would n't abase himself by descending to hold no conversation with him." After he is committed, he turns to the magistrates and exclaims, "Ah! it's no use your looking frightened; I won't show you no mercy, not a ha'porth of it. *You 'll* pay for this, my fine fellers. I would n't be you for something!" And as he goes off, he threatens to make a parliamentary business of it. The impudent little rascal so wins upon the humorous sympathies of the reader that many others besides Talfourd have felt like speaking a mitigating word for him to the bench.

The scenes in which Mr. Bumble, the beadle, appears, are full both of humor and of pathos, — the humor coming from the pomposity with which he executes the "duties" of his high office, and the pathos from the sufferings of his victims. Mr. Bumble is the impersonation of the abuses of the English parochial system in the management of the poor: a sycophant to those above him, a tyrant to those below him, mean, stupid, greedy, hypocritical, cowardly, and unfeeling; big in body as becomes his station, small in soul as becomes the doing of its business, and endowed with a colossal conceit, which serves him in the place of conscience and gives him supreme self-satisfaction and self-approval in his daily performance of acts of cruelty and injustice. But he is made by Dickens as ridiculous as he is heartless. When the half-starved Oliver rises against his tormentors, those who have beaten the boy almost to death refer the sudden exhibition of his spirit to madness. On Mrs. Sowerby's communicating this theory to Mr. Bumble, he, after a few moments of deep meditation, replies, "It 's not Madness, ma'am; it 's Meat." When a jury brings in a verdict that one of his paupers died of exposure to the cold and want of the common necessaries of life, he is naturally indignant. "'Juries,' said Mr. Bumble, grasping his cane tightly, as was his wont when working into a passion, 'juries is ineddicated, vulgar, groveling wretches.'" He tells Mrs. Mann, who conducts a farm for

the raising of pauper children, that he "inwented" the idea of naming the foundlings of the workhouse in alphabetical order. "The last," he says, "was a S, — Swubble, I named him. This was a T, — Twist, I named *him*. The next one as comes will be Unwin, and the next Vilkins. I have got names ready-made to the end of the alphabet, and all the way through it again, when we come to Z." "Why, you are quite a literary character, sir!" said the admiring Mrs. Mann. "Well, well," replied the beadle, "perhaps I may be. Perhaps I may be, Mrs. Mann." When, towards the end of the book, his knavery is on the point of exposure, he cringes to the party assembled at Mr. Brownlow's with a hypocritical sycophancy that is deliciously absurd and awkward. "Do my hi's deceive me!" he exclaims, "or is that little Oliver? . . . Can't I be supposed to feel — *I* as brought him up porochially — when I see him a-setting here among ladies and gentlemen of the very affablest description? I always loved that boy as if he'd been my — my — my own grandfather! . . . Master Oliver, my dear, you remember the blessed gentleman in the white waistcoat? Ah! he went to heaven last week, in a oak coffin with plated handles, Oliver." Mr. Bumble is not a father, but if it had pleased Dickens to give him a son, nobody could have filled that position more appropriately than the charity boy of the novel, Noah Claypole, the most consummate of all actual or possible sneaks.

Dickens, in his preface to Oliver Twist, replies with some heat to those "refined and delicate people" who had objected to his introduction of such creatures as Fagin and Sikes and Nancy into the book, as equally offensive to good morals and good taste. After justifying his selection of such persons for romantic treatment, he bluntly tells his censors that he has no respect for their opinion, does not covet their approval, and does not write for their amusement. "I venture," he adds, "to say this without reserve; for I am not aware of any writer in our language, having a respect for himself or held in any respect by his posterity, who has ever descended to the taste of this fastidious class." Certainly the reading of Oliver Twist can corrupt nobody. The representation of criminals is vivid and true, but what is wicked is not associated with what is alluring, and the moral tone and purpose are often inartistically obvious. The morality of the novel is not only sound, but the moral taste of the writer, his fine sense of what is becoming, prevents him from putting into the mouths of his criminal characters language which would be appropriate to them; language which Fielding and Smollett would not have hesitated to use, but which the manners of our day have banished from contemporary books. That he should have portrayed such characters in their hideous reality, and still should have denied to them their favorite outlets of expression in ribaldry and blasphemy, proves both his skill in characterization and his instinctive perception of the verbal proprieties demanded by modern taste. Dickens, however, was never on more perilous ground than in this novel; and that he escaped certain dangers inherent in its design is evident from the failure of a host of imitators, whom his success stimulated, to make their romances of rascality either morally or artistically justifiable.

Edwin P. Whipple.

A LIBRARIAN'S WORK.

I AM very frequently asked what in the world a librarian can find to do with his time, or am perhaps congratulated on my connection with Harvard College Library, on the ground that "being virtually a sinecure office (!) it must leave so much leisure for private study and work of a literary sort." Those who put such questions, or offer such congratulations, are naturally astonished when told that the library affords enough work to employ all my own time, as well as that of twenty assistants; and astonishment is apt to rise to bewilderment when it is added that seventeen of these assistants are occupied chiefly with "cataloguing;" for generally, I find, a library catalogue is assumed to be a thing that is somehow "made" at a single stroke, as Aladdin's palace was built, at intervals of ten or a dozen years, or whenever a "new catalogue" is thought to be needed. "How often do you make a catalogue?" or "When will your catalogue be completed?" are questions revealing such transcendent misapprehension of the case that little but further mystification can be got from the mere answer, "We are always making a catalogue, and it will never be finished." The "doctrine of special creations" does not work any better in the bibliographical than in the zoölogical world. A catalogue, in the modern sense of the word, is not something that is "made" all at once, to last until the time has come for it to be superseded by a new edition, but it is something that "grows," by slow increments, and supersedes itself only through gradual evolution from a lower degree of fullness and definiteness into a higher one. It is perhaps worth while to give some general explanation of this process of catalogue-making, thus answering once for all the question as to what may be a librarian's work. There is no better way to begin than to describe, in the case of our own library, the career of a book from the time of its delivery by the express-man to the time when it is ready for public use.

New American books, whether bought or presented, generally come along in driblets, two or three at a time, throughout the year; large boxes of pamphlets, newspapers, broadsides, trade-catalogues, and all manner of woful rubbish (the refuse of private libraries and households) are sent in from time to time; and books from Europe arrive every few weeks in lots of from fifty to three or four hundred. It is in the case of foreign books that our process is most thoroughly systematized, and here let us take our illustrative example.

When a box containing three or four hundred foreign books has been unpacked, the volumes are placed, backs uppermost, on large tables, and are then looked over by the principal assistant, with two or three subordinates, to ascertain if the books at hand correspond with those charged in the invoice. As the titles are read from the invoice, the volumes are hunted out and arranged side by side in the order in which their titles are read, while the entry on the invoice is checked in the margin with a pencil. These pencil-checks are afterwards copied into the margins of the book in which our lists of foreign orders are registered, so that we may always be able to determine, by a reference to this book, whether any particular work has been received or not. This order-book, with its marginal checks, is the only immediate specific register of accessions kept by us, as our peculiar system entails considerable delay in bringing up the "accessions catalogue."

After this preliminary examination and registry, the books are ready to be looked over by the "assistant librarian," who must first decide to what "fund" each book entered on the invoice must be charged. The university never buys books with its general funds, but uses for this purpose the income of a dozen

or more small funds, given, bequeathed, or subscribed expressly for the purchase of books. Sometimes the donors of such funds allow us to get whatever books we like with the money, but more often they show an inclination to favor the growth of departments in which they feel a personal interest. Thus the munificent bequest of the late Mr. Charles Sumner is appropriated to the purchase of works on politics and the fine arts, while Dr. Walker's bequest provides more especially for theology and philosophy, and the estate of Professor Farrar still guards the interests of mathematics and physics. Under such circumstances, it is of course necessary to keep a separate account with each fund, and the data for such an account are provided by charging every new book as it arrives. On the margin of the invoice the names of the different funds are written in pencil against the entries, while the assistants separate the books into groups according to the funds to which they are charged. Five or six more assistants now arriving on the scene, the work of "collating" begins.[1]

Properly speaking, to "collate" is to compare two things with each other, in order to estimate or judge the one by a reference to the other taken as a standard. In our library usage, the word has very nearly this sense when duplicate copies of the same work are collated, to see whether they coincide page for page. But as we currently use the word, to collate a book is simply to examine it carefully from beginning to end, to see whether every page is in its proper place and properly numbered, whether any maps or plates are missing or misplaced, whether the back is correctly lettered, or whether any leaves are so badly torn or defaced as to need replacing. In English cloth-bound books this scrutiny involves the cutting of the leaves, — a tedious job which in half-bound books from the Continent is seldom required. *En revanche*, however, the collating of an English book hardly ever brings to light any serious defect, while in the make-up of French and German books the grossest blunders are only too common. Figures are unaccountably skipped in numbering the pages; plates are either omitted or are so bunglingly numbered that it is hard to discover whether the quota is complete or not; title-pages are inserted in the wrong places; sheets are wrongly folded, bringing the succession of pages into dire confusion; sometimes two or three sheets are left out, and sometimes where a work in ten volumes is bound in five, you will find that the first of these contains two duplicate copies of Vol. I., while for any signs of a Vol. II. you may seek in vain. In all bungling of this kind, the Germans are worse than the French; but both are bad enough when contrasted with the English, either of the Old World or of the New. This work of collating is in general of lower grade than the work of cataloguing, and can be entrusted to the less experienced or less accomplished assistants; but to some extent it is shared by all, and where difficulties arise, or where some book with Arabic or Sanskrit numbering turns up, an appeal to headquarters becomes necessary. When a book has been collated, the date of its reception and the name of the fund to which it has been charged are written in pencil on the back of the title-page, and at the bottom of the title-page, to the left of the imprint, is written some modification of the letter C, C′, C̣, C^{v}, etc., which is equivalent to the signature of the assistant who has done the collating and is responsible for its accuracy.

After this is all over, the books, still remaining grouped according to their "funds," are ready to have the "seals" put in. The seal is the label of ownership, bearing the seal of the university and the name of the fund or other source from which the book has been procured, and is pasted on the inside of the front cover. Above it, in the left corner, is pasted a little blank corner-piece, on which is to be marked in pencil the number of the alcove and shelf where the book is to be placed, or "set up."

[1] We have lately found it convenient to make the collating precede the assignment of funds, but the change is so trivial that I have not thought it worth while to alter the text.

To set up a book on a shelf is no doubt a very simple matter, yet it involves something more than the mere placing of the volume on the shelf. Each alcove in the library has a "shelf-catalogue," or list of all the books in the alcove, arranged by shelves. Such a catalogue is indispensable in determining whether each shelf has its proper complement of volumes, and whether, at the end of the year, all the books are in their proper places. When the book is duly entered on this shelf-catalogue, and has its corner-piece marked, it is at last ready to be "catalogued." After our lot of three or four hundred books have been treated in this way, they are delivered to the principal assistant, who parcels them out among various subordinate assistants, for cataloguing.

Here we enter upon a very wide subject, and one that is not altogether easy to expound to the uninitiated. A brief historical note is needed, to begin with. In 1830 Harvard University published a printed catalogue (in two volumes, octavo) of all the works contained in its library at that date. In 1833 a supplement was published, containing all the accessions since 1830, and these made a moderate-sized volume. Here is the essential vice of printed catalogues. Where the number of books is fixed once for all, — as in the case of a private library, the owner of which has just died, and which is to be sold at auction, — nothing is easier than to make a perfect catalogue, whether of authors or of subjects. It is very different when your library is continually growing. By the time your printed catalogue is completed and published, it is already somewhat antiquated. Several hundred books have come in which are not comprised in it, and among these new books is very likely to be the one you wish to consult, concerning which the printed catalogue can give you no information. If you publish an annual supplement, as the Library of Congress does, then your catalogue will become desperately cumbrous within five or six years. When you are in a hurry to consult a book, it is very disheartening to have to look through half a dozen alphabets, besides depending after all on the ready memory of some library official as to the books which have come in since the last supplement was published. This inconvenience is so great that printed catalogues have gone into discredit in all the principal libraries of Europe. Catalogues are indeed printed, from time to time, by way of publishing the treasures of the library, and as bibliographical helps to other institutions; but for the use of those who daily consult the library, manuscript titles have quite superseded the printed catalogue. In European libraries this is done in what seems to us a rather crude way. Their catalogues are enormous brown paper blank-books or scrap-books, on the leaves of which are pasted thin paper slips bearing the titles of the books in the library. Large spaces are left for the insertion of subsequent titles in their alphabetical order; and as a result of this method, the admirable catalogue of the library of the British Museum fills more than a thousand elephant folios! An athletic man, who has served his time at base-ball and rowing, may think little of lifting these gigantic tomes, but for a lady who wishes to look up some subject one would think it desirable to employ a pair of oxen and a windlass. All the libraries of Western Europe which I have visited seem to have taken their cue from the British Museum. But in this country we have hit upon a less ponderous method. To accomplish this end of keeping our titles in their proper alphabetical order, we write them on separate cards, of stiff paper, and arrange these cards in little drawers, in such a way that any one, by opening the drawer and tilting the cards therein, can easily find the title for which he is seeking. Our new catalogue is a marvel of practical convenience in this respect. At each end the row of stiff cards is supported by beveled blocks, in such a way that some title lies always open to view; and by simply tilting the cards with the forefinger, any given title is quickly found, without raising the card from its place in the drawer.

In September, 1833, our library began its second supplement, consisting of *two* alphabetical manuscript catalogues. *Volumes* received after that date were catalogued upon stiff cards arranged in drawers, while *pamphlets* were catalogued, after the European fashion, on slips of paper pasted into great folio scrap-books. This distinction between pamphlets and volumes was a most unhappy one. To a librarian the only practical difference between these two kinds of book is that the latter can generally be made to stand on a shelf, while the former generally tumbles down when unsupported. This physical fact makes it necessary to keep pamphlets in files by themselves until it is thought worth while to bind them. But for the purposes of cataloguing it makes no difference whether a book consists of twenty pages between paper covers or of five hundred pages bound in full calf. If you wish to find M. Léon de Rosny's Aperçu général des langues sémitiques, you do not care, and very likely do not know, whether it is a "pamphlet" of fifty pages or a "volume" of three hundred, and you naturally grumble at a system which sends you to a second alphabet in order to maintain a purely arbitrary and useless distinction. In practice this double catalogue was found to be so inconvenient that in 1850, after the pamphlet titles had come to fill eight cumbrous volumes, it was abandoned, and henceforth pamphlets, as well as maps and engravings, were placed on the same alphabet with bound volumes.

Before long, however, it began to be felt necessary to reform this whole cumbrous system. To ascertain whether a given work was contained in the library, one had now to consult four different alphabets, — the old printed catalogue, the first or printed supplement, the second or card supplement, and the eight ugly folios of pamphlet titles. These later supplements, moreover, being accessible only to the librarian and his assistants, were of no use to the general public, who, for the 135,000 titles added since 1833, were obliged to get their information from some of the officials. To remedy this state of things, a new card catalogue, freely accessible to the public, and destined to embrace in a single alphabet all the titles in the library without distinction, was begun in 1861 by my predecessor, Prof. Ezra Abbot. This catalogue was not intended to supersede the private card supplement begun in 1833, which for many reasons it is found desirable to keep up. But for the use of the public it will, when finished, supersede everything else and become the sole authoritative catalogue of the library. Since 1861 all new accessions have been put into this catalogue, while the work of adding to it the older titles has gone on with varying speed: in 1869 it came nearly to a stand-still, but was resumed in 1874, and is now proceeding with great rapidity. About fifty thousand titles of volumes, and as many more of pamphlets, still remain to be added before this new catalogue can become the index to all the treasures of the library.[1]

Another great undertaking was begun simultaneously in 1861. The object of an alphabetical catalogue like those above described is "to enable a person to determine readily whether any particular work belongs to the library, and, if it does, where it is placed." If you are in search of Lloyd's Lectures on the Wave-Theory of Light, you will look in the alphabetical catalogue under "LLOYD, Humphrey." Now this alphabetical arrangement is the only one practicable in a public library, because it is the only one on which all catalogues can be made to agree, and it is the only one sufficiently simple to be generally understood. For the purpose here required, of finding a particular work, an arrangement according to subject-matter would be entirely chimerical. Nothing short of omniscience could ever be sure of finding a given title amid such a heterogeneous multitude. Every man who can read knows the order of the alphabet, but not one in a thousand can be expected to master all the points that determine the arrangement of a cata-

[1] About seven thousand of these old titles were added during the year ending in July, 1876.

logue of subjects, — as, for example, why one of three kindred treatises should be classed under the rubric of Philosophy, another under Natural Religion, and a third under Dogmatic Theology.[1] But while it would thus be impracticable to place our final reliance on any other arrangement than an alphabetical one, it by no means follows that a subsidiary subject-catalogue is not extremely useful. He who knows that he wants Lloyd's book on the undulatory theory is somewhat more learned in the literature of optics than the majority of those who consult libraries. For one who knows as much as this, there are twenty who know only that they want to get some book about the undulatory theory. Now a subject-catalogue is preëminently useful in instructing such people in the literature of the subject they are studying. They have only to open a drawer that is labeled "Optics," and run along the cards until they come to a division marked "Optics — *Wave-Theory*," and there they will find perhaps a dozen or fifty titles of books, pamphlets, review articles, and memoirs of learned societies, all bearing on their subject, and enabling them to look it up with a minimum of bibliographical trouble. Such a classified catalogue immeasurably increases the usefulness of a library to the general public. At the same time, the skillful classification of books presents so many difficulties and requires so much scientific and literary training that it adds greatly to the labor of catalogue-making. For this reason great libraries rarely attempt to make subject-catalogues. At every library which I visited in England, France, Germany, and Italy, I received the same answer: "We do not keep any subject-catalogue, for we shrink from so formidable an undertaking." With a boldness justified by the result, however, Professor Abbot began such a catalogue of the Harvard library in 1861, and carried out the work with the success that might have been expected from his prodigious knowledge and consummate ingenuity.

[1] See the excellent remarks of Professor Jevons, in his Principles of Science, ii. 401.

It is sometimes urged that, in deference to the feebleness of human memory, an ideal library should have yet a third catalogue, arranged alphabetically, not according to authors, but according to titles. This is to accommodate the man who knows that he wants Lectures on the Wave-Theory of Light, but has forgotten the author's name. In an "ideal" library this might perhaps be well. But in a real library, subject to the ordinary laws of nature, it is to be remembered that any serious addition to the amount of catalogue-room or to the labor of the librarian and assistants is an expense which can be justified only by the prospect of very decided advantages. In most cases, the subject-catalogue answers the purposes of those who remember the title of a work but have forgotten the author. In the very heterogeneous classes of Drama and Fiction, where this is not so likely to be the case, the exigency is provided for in Professor Abbot's system by a full set of cross-references from titles to authors.

From this account it will be seen that any new book received to-day by our library must be entered on three catalogues, — first on the card supplement which continues the old printed catalogue, secondly on the new all-comprehensive alphabet of authors, thirdly on the classified index of subjects. In our technical slang the first of these catalogues is known under the collective name of "the long cards," the second as "the red cards," the third as "the blue cards," — names referring to the shape of the cards and to certain peculiarities of the lines with which they are ruled. When our lot of three or four hundred books is portioned out among half a dozen assistants to be catalogued, the first thing in order is to write the "long cards." Each book must have at least one long card; but most books need more than one, and some books need a great many. Suppose you have to catalogue Mr. Stuart-Glennie's newly-published Pilgrim Memories. This is an exceedingly easy book for the cataloguer, but it requires two cards, be-

cause of the author's compound name. The book must be entered under "Stuart-Glennie," because that is the form in which the name appears on the title-page, and which the author is therefore supposed to prefer. It is very important, however, that a reference should be made from "Glennie" to "Stuart-Glennie," else some one, remembering only the last half of the name, would look in vain for "Glennie," and conclude that the book was not in the library. Suppose, again, that your book is Jevons on Money and the Mechanism of Exchange. This belongs to the International Scientific Series, and therefore needs to be entered under "Jevons," and again on the general card which bears the superscription "International Scientific Series." Without such a general entry, books are liable to be ordered and bought under one heading when they are already in the library and catalogued under the other heading. The risk of such a mishap is small in the case of the new and well-known series just mentioned, but it is considerable in the case of the different series of British State Papers, or the Scelta di Curiosità Italiane; and of course one rule must be followed for all such cases. Suppose, again, that your book is Grimm's Deutsches Woerterbuch, begun by the illustrious Grimm, but continued by several other hands. Here you must obviously have a distinct entry for each collaborator, and each of these entries requires a card.

In writing the long card, the first great point is to ascertain every jot and tittle of the author's name; and, as a general rule, title-pages are very poor helps toward settling this distressing question. For instance, you see from the title-pages of Money and Pilgrim Memories that the authors are "*W.* Stanley Jevons," and "John *S.* Stuart-Glennie;" but your duty as an accurate cataloguer is not fulfilled until you have ascertained what names the *W.* and *S.* stand for in these cases. In the alphabetical catalogue of a great library, it is a matter of the first practical importance that every name should be given with the utmost completeness that the most extreme pedantry could suggest. No one who has not had experience in these matters can duly realize that the number of published books is so enormous as to occasion serious difficulty in keeping apart the titles of works by authors of the same name. "Stanley Jevons" and "Stuart-Glennie" are very uncommon combinations of names; yet the occurrence of two or three different authors in an alphabetical catalogue, bearing this uncommon combination of names, would not be at all surprising. Indeed — to say nothing of the immense number of accidental coincidences — I think we may lay it down as a large comprehensive sort of rule, that any man who has published a volume or pamphlet is sure to have relatives of the same name who have published volumes or pamphlets. Such a fact may have some value to people like Mr. Galton, who are interested in the subject of hereditary talent, and who have besides a keen eye for statistics. I have never tabulated the statistics of this matter, and am stating only a general impression, gathered from miscellaneous experience, when I say that the occurrence of almost any name in a list of authors affords a considerable probability of its re-occurrence, associated with some fact of blood-relationship. One would not be likely to realize this fact in collecting a large private library, because private libraries, however large, are apt to contain only the classical works of quite exceptional men and the less important works which happen to be specially interesting or useful to the owner. But in a public library the treasures and the rubbish of the literary world are alike hoarded; and the works of exceptional men whom everybody remembers are lumped in with the works of all their less distinguished cousins and great-uncles, whose names the world of readers has forgotten.

A librarian has the opportunity for observing many curious facts of this sort, but he will seldom have leisure to speculate about them. For while a great library is an excellent place for study

and reflection, for everybody except the librarian, his position is rather a tantalizing one. In the midst of the great ocean of books, it is "water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

To make up for the extreme vagueness with which authors customarily designate themselves on their title-pages is the work of the assistants who write the long cards, and it is apt to be a very tedious and troublesome undertaking. Biographical and bibliographical dictionaries, the catalogues of our own and other libraries, university-catalogues, army-lists, clerical directories, genealogies of the British peerage, almanacs, "conversations-lexicons," literary histories, and volumes of memoirs, — all these aids have to be consulted, and too often are consulted in vain, or give conflicting testimony which serves to raise the most curious and perplexing questions. To the outside world such anxious minuteness seems useless pedantry; but any skeptic who should serve six months in a library would become convinced that without it an alphabetical catalogue would soon prove unmanageable. "Imagine the heading 'SMITH, J.,' in such a catalogue!" says Professor Abbot. Where a name is very common, we are fain to add whatever distinctive epithet we can lay hold of; as in the case of six entries of "WILSON, William," which are differenced by the addition of "Scotch Covenanter," "poet, of London," "M. A., of Musselburgh," "of Poughkeepsie," "Vicar of Walthamstow," "Pres. of the Warrington Nat. Hist. Soc."

New difficulties arise when the title-page leaves it doubtful whether the name upon it is that of the author, or that of an editor or compiler. The names of editors and translators are often omitted and must be sought in bibliographical dictionaries. Dedicatory epistles, biographical sketches, or introductory notices are often prefixed, signed with exasperating initials, for a clew to which you may perhaps spend an hour or two in fruitless inquiry. In accurate cataloguing, all such adjuncts to a book must be noticed, and often require distinct reference-cards. Curious difficulties are sometimes presented by the phenomena of compound or complex authorship, as in works like the Bollandist Acta Sanctorum, conducted by a group of men, some of whom are removed by death, while their places are supplied by new collaborators. Some other immense work, like Migne's Patrologiæ Cursus Completus, will give rise to nice questions owing to the indefiniteness with which its various parts are demarcated from each other. Many German books, on the other hand, are troublesome from the excessive explicitness with which they are divided, with subtitles and sub-sub-titles innumerable, in accordance with some subtle principle not always to be detected at the first glance. The proper mode of entry for reports of legal cases and trials, periodicals, and publications of learned societies, governments, and boards of commissioners, is sure to call for more or less technical skill and practical discrimination. Anonymous and pseudonymous works are very common, and even the best bibliographical dictionaries cannot keep pace with the issue of them. Where we can find, by hook or by crook, the real name of the author of a pseudonymous work, it is entered under the real name, with a cross-reference from the pseudonym. Otherwise it is entered provisionally under the fictitious name, as, for example, "VERITAS, *pseudon.*" Anonymous works are entered under the first word of the title, neglecting particles; and the head-line is left blank, so that if the author is ever discovered, his name may be inserted there, inclosed within brackets. In former times it was customary for the cataloguer to enter such works under what he deemed to be the most important word of the title, or the word most likely to be remembered; but in practice this rule has been found to cause great confusion, since people are by no means sure to agree as to the most important word. To some it may seem absurd to enter an anonymous Treatise on the Best Method of preparing Adhesive Mucilage under the word "Treatise" rather than under "Mucilage;"

but it should be remembered that he who consults an alphabetical catalogue is supposed to know the title for which he is looking; and, in our own library at least, any one who remembers only the subject of the work he is seeking can always refer to the catalogue of subjects.

To treat more extensively of such points as these, in which none but cataloguers are likely to feel a strong interest, would not be consistent with the purpose of this article. For those who wonder what a librarian can find to do with his time, enough hints have been given to show that the task of "just cataloguing a book" is not, perhaps, quite so simple as they may have supposed. These hints have nevertheless been chosen with reference to the easier portions of a librarian's work, for a description of the more intricate problems of cataloguing could hardly fail to be both tedious and unintelligible to the uninitiated reader. Enough has been said to show that a cataloguer's work requires at the outset considerable judgment and discrimination, and a great deal of slow, plodding research. The facts which we take such pains to ascertain may seem petty when contrasted with the dazzling facts which are elicited by scientific researches. But in reality the grandest scientific truths are reached only after the minute scrutiny of facts which often seem very trivial. And though the little details which encumber a librarian's mind do not minister to grand or striking generalizations, though their destiny is in the main an obscure one, yet if they were not duly taken care of, the usefulness of libraries as aids to high culture and profound investigation would be fatally impaired. To the student's unaided faculties a great library is simply a trackless wilderness; the catalogue of such a library is itself a kind of wilderness, albeit much more readily penetrated and explored; but unless a book be entered with extreme accuracy and fullness on the catalogue, it is practically lost to the investigator who needs it, and might almost as well not be in the library at all.

In the task of entering a book properly on the alphabetical catalogue, the needful researches are for the most part made by the assistants; but the questionable points are so numerous, and so unlike each other, that none of them can be considered as finally settled until approved at head-quarters. After the proper entry has been decided on, the work of transcribing the title is comparatively simple in most cases. The general rule is to copy the whole of the title with strict accuracy, in its own language and without translation, including even abbreviations and mistakes or oddities in spelling. Mottoes and other really superfluous matters on the title-page are usually omitted, the omission being scrupulously indicated by points. As regards the use of capital letters, title-pages do not afford any consistent guidance, being usually printed in capitals throughout. Our own practice is to follow in capitalizing the usage of the language in which the title is written; but many libraries adopt the much simpler rule of rejecting capitals altogether except in the case of proper names, and this I believe to be practically the better because the easier method,[1] though the result may not seem quite so elegant. After the transcription of the entire title, the number of volumes, or other divisions of the book, is set down; and next in order follows the "imprint," or designation of the place and date of publication. Finally, the size of the book (whether folio, or quarto, octavo, etc.) is designated, after an examination of the "signature marks;" the number of pages (if less than one hundred or more than six hundred) is stated;[2] plates, wood-cuts, maps, plans, diagrams, photographs, etc., are counted and described in general terms. Any peculiarities relating not to the edition, but to the particular copy catalogued, are added be-

[1] Since this article was written, I have adopted the simpler rule, applying the French system of capitalization to all languages, with the sole concession to our English prejudices of capitalizing proper adjectives in English titles. Much time is thereby saved, and much utterly useless vexation avoided.

[2] In order to point out books of exceptionally large or small size. I believe it would be better to state the number of pages in every case

low in a note; such as the fact that the book is one of fifty copies on large paper, or has the author's autograph on the fly-leaf. In many cases it is found desirable to add a list of the contents of the work; and if it be a book of miscellaneous essays, each essay often has an additional entry on a card of its own.[1]

These details make up the sum of what is entered on the body of the long card; but in addition to all this, the left-hand margin contains the date of reception of the book, the fund to which it is charged, or the name of the donor, and the all-important "shelf-mark," which shows where the book is to be found; while on the right-hand margin is written a concise description of the appearance of the book (*i. e.*, "5 vol., green cloth"), and a note of its price. When all this is finished, the book is regarded as catalogued, and is sent, with its card in it, to the principal assistant for revision. From the principal assistant it is passed on to me, and it is the business of both of us to see that all the details of the work have been done correctly. A pencil-note on the margin of the card shows the class and sub-class to which the book is to be assigned in the catalogue of subjects; and then the card is separated from the book. The book goes on to its shelf, to be used by the public; the card goes back to some one of the assistants, to be "indexed." In our library-slang, "indexing" means the writing of the "red" and "blue" cards which answer to the "long" card; in other words, the entry of the title [2] on the new alphabetical and subject catalogues begun in 1861. For the most part this is merely a matter of accurate transcription, requiring no research. When these "red" and "blue" cards have been submitted to a special assistant for proof-reading, they are returned to me, and after due inspection are ready to be distributed into their catalogues. But for the original "long card" one further preliminary is required before it can be put into its catalogue.

Besides the various catalogues above described, our library keeps a "record-book" or catalogue of accessions arranged according to dates of reception. This accessions-catalogue was begun October 1, 1827, and records an accession for that year of *one volume*, price ten shillings and sixpence! In 1828, according to this record, the library received twenty-one volumes, of which eighteen were gifts, while three were bought at a total cost of $14.50! But either these were exceptionally unfruitful years, or — what is more likely — the record was not carefully kept, for the ordinary rate of increase in those days was by no means so small as this, though small enough when compared with the present rate. The accessions-catalogue has grown until it now fills twenty-one large folio volumes. The entries in it are made with considerable fullness by transcription from the long cards. Usually a month's accessions are entered at once, and when this has been done the long card is ready to take its place in the catalogue.

In this account of the career of a book, from its reception to the time when it is duly entered on all the catalogues, we find some explanation of the way in which a librarian employs his time. For while the work of cataloguing is done almost entirely by assistants, yet unless every detail of it passes under the librarian's eye, there is no adequate security for systematic unity in the results. The librarian must not indeed spend his time in proof-reading or in verifying authors' names; it is essential that there should be some assistants who can be depended upon for absolute accuracy in such matters. Nevertheless, the complexity of the questions involved requires that appeal should often be made to him, and that he should always review the work for the correctness of which he is ultimately responsible. As for the designation of the proper entry on the subject-catalogue, the cases are rare in which this can be entrusted to any assistant.

[1] Where the essays are by different authors, a separate entry for each is of course always necessary, though this is not always made on the long cards.

[2] The marginal portions of the long card are not transcribed in indexing.

To classify the subject-matter of a book is not always in itself easy, even when the reference is only to general principles of classification; but a subject-catalogue, when once in existence, affords a vast mass of precedents which, while they may lighten the problem to one who has mastered the theory on which the catalogue is constructed, at the same time make it the more unmanageable to any one who has not done so. To assign to any title its proper position, you must not merely know what the book is about, but you must understand the reasons, philosophical and practical, which have determined the place to which such titles have already been assigned. It is a case in which no mere mechanical following of tradition is of any avail. No general rules can be laid down which a corps of assistants can follow; for in general each case presents new features of its own, so that to follow any rule securely would require a mental training almost as great as that needed for making the rule. Hence when different people work independently at a classified catalogue, they are sure to get into a muddle.

Suppose, for example, you have to classify a book on the constitution of Massachusetts. I put such books under the heading "LAW — *Mass.* — Const.," but another person would prefer "LAW — *Const.* — Mass.," a third would rank them under "LAW — *U. S.* — Const. § Mass.," a fourth under "LAW — *U. S.* (Separate States), § Mass. — *Const.*," a fifth under "LAW — *Const.* § U. S. — *Mass.*," and so on, through all the permutations and combinations of which these terms are susceptible. Yet each of these arrangements would bring the title into a different part of the catalogue, so that it would be quite impossible to discover, by simple inspection, what the library contained on the subject of constitutional law in Massachusetts; and to this extent the catalogue would become useless. Many such defects are now to be found in our subject-catalogue, greatly to the impairment of its usefulness; and they prove conclusively that the work of classifying must always be left to a single superintendent who knows well the idiosyncrasies of the catalogue. This work consumes no little time. The titles of books are by no means a safe index to their subject-matter. To treat one properly you must first peer into its contents; and then, no matter how excellent your memory, you will often have to run to the catalogue for precedents.

As a rule, comparatively few cards are written by the librarian or the principal assistant. Only the most difficult books, which no one else can catalogue, are brought to the superintendent's desk. Under this class come old manuscripts, early printed books without title-pages, books with Greek titles, and books in Slavonic, or Oriental, or barbarous languages. Early printed books require special and varying kinds of treatment, and need to be carefully described with the aid of such dictionaries as those of Hain, Panzer, and Graesse. One such book may afford work for a whole day. An old manuscript is likely to give even more trouble. There is nothing especially difficult in Greek titles, save for the fact that our assistants are all women, who for the most part know little or nothing of the language.[1] In general these assistants are acquainted with French, and with practice can make their way through titles in Latin and German. There are some who can deal with any Romanic or Teutonic language, though more or less advice is usually needed for this. But all languages east of the Roman-German boundary require the eye of a practiced linguist. To decipher a title, or part of a preface, in a strange language, it is necessary that one should understand the character in which it is printed, and should be able to consult some dictionary either of the language in question or of some closely related dialect. One day I had to catalogue a book of Croatian ballads, and, not finding any Croatian dictionary in the library, set up a cross-fire on it with the help of a Servian and a Slovenian dictionary.

[1] We have since, I am glad to say, found an exception to this rule, and Greek titles are now disposed of in regular course.

This served the purpose admirably, for where a cognate word did not happen to occur in the one language it was pretty sure to turn up in the other. Sometimes — in the case, say, of a hundred Finnish pamphlets — the labor is greater than it is worth while to undertake; or somebody may give us a volume in Chinese or Tamil, which is practically undecipherable. In such cases we consider discretion the better part of valor, and under the heading "FINNISH" or "CHINESE" write "One hundred Finnish pamphlets," or "A Chinese book," trusting to the future for better information. Sometimes a polyglot visitor from Asia happens in, and is kind enough to settle a dozen such knotty questions at once.

Another part of a librarian's work is the ordering of new books, and this is something which cannot be done carelessly. Once a year a council of professors, after learning the amount of money that can be expended during the year, decides upon the amounts that may be severally appropriated to the various departments of literature. Long lists of desiderata are then prepared by different professors, and handed in to the library. Besides this a considerable sum is placed under the control of the librarian, for miscellaneous purchases, and any one who wishes a book bought at any time is expected to leave a written request for it at my desk. As often as we get materials for a list of two or three hundred titles, the list is given, before it is sent off, to one of our most trustworthy assistants, to be compared with the various catalogues as well as with the record of outstanding orders. To ascertain whether a particular work is in the library, or on its way thither, may seem to be a very simple matter; but it requires careful and intelligent research, and on such a point no one's opinion is worth a groat, who is not versed in all the dark and crooked ways of cataloguing. The fact that a card-title is not to be found in the catalogue proves nothing of itself, for very likely the card may be "out" in the hands of some assistant. Nothing is more common than for a professor to order some well-known work in his own department of study which has been in the library for several years, and so long as the art of cataloguing is as complicated as it now is, such misunderstandings cannot be altogether avoided. Very often this is due to the variety of ways in which one and the same book may be described, and cannot be ascribed to any special cumbrousness or complexity of our system. All this necessitates a thorough scrutiny of every title that is ordered, for to waste the library's money in buying duplicates is a blunder of the first magnitude. Yet in spite of the utmost vigilance, it is seldom that a case of two or three hundred books arrives which does not contain two or three duplicates. One per cent. is perhaps not an extravagant allowance to make for human perversity, in any of the affairs of life in which the ideal standard is that of complete intelligence and efficiency.

The danger of buying a duplicate because a card-title does not happen to be in its place is one illustration of the practical inconvenience of card-catalogues. The experience of the past fifty years has shown that on the whole such catalogues are far better than the old ones which they have superseded; but they have their short-comings, nevertheless, and here we have incidentally hit upon one of them. Besides this, a card-catalogue, even when constructed with all the ingenuity that is displayed in our own, is very much harder to consult than a catalogue that is printed in a volume. On a printed page you can glance at twenty titles at once, whereas in a drawer of cards you must plod through the titles one by one. Moreover, a card-catalogue occupies an enormous space. Professor Abbot's twin catalogue of authors and subjects, begun fourteen years ago, is already fifty-one feet in length, and contains three hundred and thirty-six drawers! During the past six weeks some four thousand cards have been added to it. What will its dimensions be a century hence, when our books will probably have begun to be numbered by millions instead

of thousands? Gore Hall is to-day too small to contain our books: will it then be large enough to hold the catalogue? Suppose, again, that our library were to be burned; it is disheartening to think of the quantity of bibliographical work that would in such an event be forever obliterated. For we should remember that while a catalogue like ours is primarily useful in enabling persons to consult our books, it would still be of great value, as a bibliographical aid to other libraries, even if all our own books were to be destroyed.[1] This part of its function, moreover, it cannot properly fulfill even now, so long as it can be consulted only in Gore Hall. Our subject-catalogue, if printed to-day, would afford a noble conspectus of the literature of many great departments of human knowledge, and would have no small value to many special inquirers. Much of this usefulness is lost so long as it remains in manuscript, confined to a single locality.

For such reasons as these, I believe that the card-system is but a temporary or transitional expedient, upon which we cannot always continue to rely exclusively. By the time Professor Abbot's great catalogue is finished (*i. e.*, brought up to date) and thoroughly revised, it will be on all accounts desirable to print it. The huge mass of cards up to that date will then be superseded, and might be destroyed without detriment to any one. But the card-catalogue, kept up in accordance with the present system, would continue as a supplement to the printed catalogue. The cumbrousness of consulting a number of alphabets would be reduced to a minimum, for there would be only two to consult: the printed catalogue and its card-supplement. Then, instead of issuing numberless printed supplements, there might be published, at stated intervals (say of ten years), a new edition of the main catalogue, with all the added titles inserted in their proper places. On this plan there would never be more than two alphabets to consult; and of these the more voluminous one would be contained in easily manageable printed volumes, while the smaller supplement only would remain in card-form.

It is an obvious objection that the frequent printing of new editions of the catalogue, according to this plan, would be attended with enormous expense. This objection would at first sight seem to be removed if we were to adopt Professor Jewett's suggestion, and stereotype each title on a separate plate. Let there be a separate stereotype-plate for each card, so that in every new edition new plates may be inserted for the added titles; and then the ruinous expense of fresh composition for every new edition would seem to be avoided. It is to be feared, however, that this show of having solved the difficulty is illusory. For to keep such a quantity of printer's metal lying idle year after year would of itself entail great trouble and expense. The plates would take up a great deal of room and would need to be kept in a fireproof building; and the interest lost each year on the value of the metal would by and by amount to a formidable sum. It is perhaps doubtful whether, in the long run, anything would be saved by this cumbrous method. Possibly — unless some future heliographic invention should turn to our profit — the least-expensive way, after all, may be to print at long intervals, without stereotyping, and to depend throughout the intervals on card-supplements. But this question, like many others suggested by the formidable modern growth of literature, is easier to ask than to answer.

In this hasty sketch many points connected with a librarian's work remain unmentioned. But in a brief article like this, one cannot expect to give a complete account of a subject embracing so many details. As it is, I hope I have not wearied the reader in the attempt to show what a librarian finds to do with his time.

John Fiske.

[1] Thus I often find valuable information in the printed catalogue of the Bodleian Library, and wish that the splendid catalogue of the million books in the British Museum were as readily accessible.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FAIR.

IV.

Public education holds the next place to machinery among the evidences of American progress. A detailed investigation and report of this department belongs to specialists, but a visit to the little state cells in the southern gallery of the Main Building is instructive and amusing even to an idler. A few patent facts abide by me after a careless and cursory survey, such as the absence of representation from the Southern States, — below Virginia there is not a name, though this will not surprise anybody who has some acquaintance with the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida; likewise the pretention of Massachusetts, which takes three times the space of any other State, with by no means thrice as much to show; also the intelligence and ambition of the West, — Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana. In these and some other States there is an immense advance within twenty years in the number of pupils, teachers, and school-houses, in the length of the school term, and in the salaries, as shown by statistical charts; the census-tables must be consulted, however, before conclusions can be drawn as to the improvement indicated by these figures. Much attention seems to be paid to natural history, to judge by cases of birds, insects, shells, minerals, and herbariums, all carefully classified; and these were particularly good in the above-mentioned Western States. There is a fine set of plates or photographs for astronomical study, where the sun is shown in every stage of sickness, including a horrible scorbutic bleeding at the edges while in eclipse; and the "groups of sun-spots in full activity" look like demoniac crustacea tearing each other. I wish as much could be said for the prospects of drawing. In many places it has been admitted as part of the public-school system only within a few years and after a struggle which still goes on, the parents often objecting on the ground of inutility and loss of time. The truth is that unless a better method of teaching be introduced, it *does* lose time. The condition of drawing is deplorable everywhere except in Massachusetts, where the work of the Boston Industrial School's free evening classes is the best, and in the city of New York at the Cooper Institute. These specimens are not remarkable, but they are respectable, and if they truly represent the average accomplishment of the pupils, they are all that can be asked. Next come some crayon-studies from casts, in the Ohio department, but as far as we could learn they are only from the Cincinnati School of Design, and therefore the work of art-students exclusively. This is not the place to discuss whether drawing be desirable as a part of public education; where it has been adopted, we may infer that it is judged to be so; but most people will agree that nothing can be gained by its being ill-taught. It is evident that the greater portion of the examples are copied from flat surfaces, and that there are extremely few drawn from nature; there are cases full of water-color flowers, exact in every detail, but as much like real ones as the flowers on chintz or tin-lacquer. There are other cases filled by small landscapes done with lead-pencil and stump on paper having ready-tinted skies, like the worst style of title-page vignette, — and designs of fanciful impossibilities fit only for cheap valentines. The execution is worthy of the conception. Now the pupils are not to blame for this, nor the teachers either, if they know no better, but somebody ought to make it his business to tell both parties how bad it is. The pity of it lies in the grace and sentiment expended on many of these wretched productions, the accuracy with which the flowers are copied, the ingenuity and taste shown in the adaptation of simple given forms, like a bell, a star, a square, a scalloped

line, into designs for wall-paper, oil-cloth, etc. There is unmistakably great natural facility and capacity for development in this direction, and it is most desirable that those of them whose talent and inclination point to these vocations should not have their earliest instruction of a sort to put them on the wrong track or extinguish every spark of artistic discernment. As to others, for whom the chief result would be cultivation of the perceptive powers, it is equally important that they should be taught to see right and not wrong.

Indiana sends some very pretty, delicate black lace and embroidery on white muslin from the high schools at Fort Wayne, a little entangled in pattern, like the work of those unused to combining the elements of decoration, but promising well; however, the conditions for establishing lace-making as a branch of industry are wanting in this country, and at the West more than anywhere else; and long may it be so. Among the designs for pottery from the same place there are a few good ones for cups and saucers, simple, effective, and agreeable, having the true idea of decorative treatment. They were not startling, but sound, and equally removed from the affectation and exaggeration of much English work of the same order, and the dead imitation of nature which is the weak side of ours, an extreme instance of which is to be seen in the graceful and elegant wood-carving from Cincinnati in the Women's Pavilion, and also in the tile and china painting from the same place.

Pennsylvania education occupies a separate pavilion near the Art Annex, and outdoes the Massachusetts exhibit; but Pennsylvania is well entitled to the lion's share in show and space, considering what her share has been of the toil and cost of the Exhibition. Her public-school system has always stood high, and is here fully illustrated; the central compartment of the building is chiefly appropriated to a fine collection of scientific apparatuses. The surrounding alcoves represent for the most part the colleges of the State, which are too numerous, as is known to everybody interested in American universities. The alcoves of the Sunday-School Union offer a curious subject for examination and reflection; the tendency of their teaching, as far as it bears on secular information, which to a certain degree it frequently must, especially on history and science, is to contradict what the pupils are learning six days of the week. A melancholy though meritorious cause, "school ornamentation" as it is called by its advocates, is illustrated by a poor little muddy fountain, some sickly plants, a couple or so of paltry plaster-casts, and a good many poor engravings, lithographs, etc., though fortunately Rogers's groups are there also, and a very few fine old plates by Woollett and French engravers, as well as some good popular ones, such as Landseer's. The drawings and etchings from the Philadelphia School of Design and Girard College were very fair, but not original, and almost without exception copied from the flat.

One consequence of the bad method in drawing is the absence of handsome maps, although there are plenty of very creditable ones. Among the best is a large and careful one of Maine, exhibiting its principal resources, — lumber and fisheries, — by Masters Fogg and Frost, of Lewiston, Maine, whose names suggest the notion that the genii of the State have turned themselves into imps and gone to school. In the compartment of the same State there are a score or more of little slates hooked in a frame, every one inscribed, "Of making of books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh," as if a whole class of small souls had grown desperate simultaneously. Funny things may be seen by peeping into the copy-books, but to repeat them would be telling tales out of school. Ohio gives proof of praiseworthy energy and enterprise in all that relates to mental and artistic improvement. Our native inventiveness is shown in the educational department by many contrivances for keeping order and saving room, among which is the simple, efficient device of photographing blackboard-work, which otherwise could not

be exhibited, on cards the usual size of a stereoscopic view. A survey of this field makes one realize with peculiar force the many-sided intelligence of our people, their versatility, their intellectual ambition, their strong æsthetic propensities. From one point of view their position is pathetic, for they are as sheep wanting a shepherd. No doubt in time worthy ones will be found; meanwhile the danger to the flock is in believing that they can dispense with them.

It is somewhat depressing to descend from these higher regions to the floor of the Main Building, and begin a round of indigenous shops and factories. I have noticed that people grow cross in the Main Building more easily than in other parts of the Exhibition; the want of homogeneousness in the array at once distracts and fatigues the attention. Perhaps this general fact, and the sensitiveness of patriotism, may account for a degree of irritability which a prolonged examination of our national industries produced in me. If there was not actually more vulgarity than in the British department, it was more annoying. The furnished rooms look like the bridal chambers of our hotels or the saloons of our great river steamboats: there are huge mirrors in hideous frames; elaborate chimney-pieces over closed fire-places where no cheerful glow can ever brighten the hearth; handsome, heavy, tasteless carpets and curtains. A few are not so bad; among others, a library and dining-room by Moore and Campion, of Philadelphia; but the chairs and sofas looked stiff and hard. The fault of our furniture is that it is not comfortable, though almost always too fine for use. We do best in what appertains to summer use; the bamboo, willow, and wickerware, which the Delaware Cane and Wakefield (Massachusetts) Rattan companies, notably the latter, have carried to such a point of prettiness and convenience, could hardly be excelled for uniting comfort and coolness; a room furnished entirely with them, with India matting and muslin curtains, would have been a refreshing sight during the month of July. Henkel, of Philadelphia, has a very pretty set of bed-room furniture for a country-house, in what he calls "style of 1776," made of a maple-tree from Independence Square supposed to have been over two hundred years old; there could not be many sets equally venerable, but the same articles in maple of younger growth would replace very happily the so-called cottage furniture, which has gone out of favor. There is a display of furniture all made of looking-glass, by a New York house, of course, which might have been useful to the Inquisition for subjects who could not be quelled by the rack. Our mirrors are entirely inferior to the French, for ornamental purposes. It would be worth while to try to fathom the source of the vulgarity which spoils so many of our productions. Why are our terra-cotta garden-figures so ugly and common-looking, even when they reproduce the Diana of the Louvre, the Apollo Belvedere, or the vase of the Villa Albani? The specimens in the Italian department are coarse, about as bad as possible for Italy, in fact; but how superior to ours! Compare, too, Rogers's groups, the talent and spirit of which are undisputed, with Eugène Blot's *figurines* in the French department. The latter have the advantage of being in clay, not plaster, and of being modeled by the artist's hand, instead of being turned out wholesale from a mold; but the difference lies deeper: the French groups represent every phase of the shore-life of Norman fisher-folk, and every type of the class; these people are not handsomer, more intelligent, nor more interesting objects than American soldiers, village divines, country doctors, and Mr. Rogers's other subjects, and they are simply occupied about their homely calling, with none of the sentiment and pathos of Mr. Rogers's "situations;" yet M. Blot's works have a stamp of distinction which, apart from any question of talent, raises them far above our countryman's pleasing compositions. No one who has seen a French burying-ground will be over-severe on our own bad taste in the *memento mori* line, yet did any foreign international exposition ever present such a funereal

show as the necropolis in the Main Building, with its mortuary columns and vases and inconsolable females, its monument with the names of a dead wife and child, its shiny pillar and urn, ready for immediate use, and sold to a Western senator?

The question whether we are, or are to become, a musical nation seems to meet a favorable answer in the number of manufacturers who send their pianofortes, melodeons, and organs from all the principal cities of the Union, from the valley of the Ohio and green hills of Vermont. Some of the pianos, the Chickering and Steinway certainly, take rank with the best foreign ones, and I know by experience that Erard, Pleyel, and Broadwood do not stand our climate so well as the former. The finest American piano I ever heard was one of Chickering's, last winter, in New York. It was so powerful, sweet, brilliant, yet full-toned and even, that its mere sound was delightful, like the notes of a beautiful human voice, independent of the performer or what he played. There was great satisfaction in knowing it to be a native American instrument, and not merely naturalized, like Steinway's and so many others.

The ferocious, unrelenting heat of July caused the saddest falling off in the dressing of the ladies at the Exhibition. What we suffered, which was much aggravated by our clothes, suggested to men and women all sorts of vain hopes for a real dress-reform, something which should approximate to the Chinese fashion, in both shape and material: it was trying to behold the coolness of those barbarians in their light, loose attire. Nevertheless it is hard that the ordinary dressing of American women, who come next to the French in that accomplishment, should be traduced by Madame Demorest's paper patterns, with horrible wax-figures bedizened like scarecrows to show her perfect work. The remarkable improvement in our dress-goods brings good dressing within the reach of every class of our countrywomen, without laying them open to the reproach of extravagance, which they have incurred from revolutionary times until this day. The cotton prints are as pretty as possible, neat, fresh, elegant, and of endless variety. They look just as they ought to do. The Lowell and Fall River manufactures are the best, where all are good; they are really as pretty as French linens, and incredibly cheap. There are also very nice alpacas from the Manchester mills. Some brocaded pieces in Quaker colors are as handsome as Irish poplins, to the sight. Of course in all textile fabrics the final test is touch, which cannot be applied here, but they look soft and rich. The silks are not so beautiful, relatively, as the prints, but are in very good taste as to both color and pattern; of those I noticed the best came from Mr. Stearns, of New York, and the Passaic Mills, Paterson, New Jersey. Our woolen goods, blanket shawls, and rough cloth stuffs for men's winter wear are also very nice-looking, though generically uninteresting to a *dilettante*.

In going through the department of home-manufacture I was constantly struck by the better provision made for the million than for the few, and with this observation came the distressing doubt whether with all our aptitude and versatility we should ever attain to the more splendid and refined branches of luxury and taste, the fruits of which few only covet and fewer still can command. Some objects of domestic use may be either necessaries or luxuries according to their beauty and costliness, and the position of these in our manufactures confirms my fears. For instance, our wall-papers are not pretty and our carpets are mostly hideous, but they improve in inverse ratio to the price; the cheapest are the prettiest; it does not imply that the classes that can afford only an ingrain carpet have truer taste than those that buy velvet ones, but that more thought and talent are given to designing the former than the latter. The only remedy for this which occurs to me at present is, that those who purchase the more expensive kinds should refuse to pay for vulgarity and ugliness. By furnishing bedrooms, halls, stair-ways,

with pretty, cheap, home-made carpets, enough would be saved to buy in India one for the drawing-room or the library.

Though much of the American exhibition is exceedingly good, that alone which struck me as thoroughly complete and perfect was the section of the signal-service, coast-survey, military engineers, and exploring expeditions, in the United States Government Building. These are so fully and explicitly illustrated, so systematically and simply arranged, that with a little attention the most complex contrivances become intelligible to the least scientific comprehension. The models of light-houses and break-waters, and of the submarine excavations at Hellgate, would be delightful playthings if they were not most interesting demonstrations. There are more of these reduced copies in the naval department than in any other, but they are larger and less enticing. Among them, however, is a most beautiful miniature reproduction of a French line-of-battle ship, the Dante, built in 1600, a three-decker, carrying seventy-four guns. The uniforms of our army and navy are worn by a set of life-size manikins, of such absurd figure and physiognomy that some wag must surely have had a hand in constructing them.

The Government Building gives the most realizing sense of the immense size and resources of the country, which seems to unroll before us as we advance, revealing unsuspected wealth in the familiar fields around our daily paths, until we penetrate those marvelous mid-regions where everything is as strange as the landscape of another planet. There is a section devoted to native arborology, where the little streets are lined with tree-trunks, above which, like mural decorations, are assorted the pressed leaves and blossoms of each species. Pomology makes a magnificent display, reassuring after the frequent fears and predictions that our apples were gradually failing. Then follow enormous pumpkins and squashes, as at a state fair. Our fisheries are represented in every form and branch, from the admirable and beautiful collection of fac-similes of our native fish sent by the Smithsonian Institution, to

> "The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of Cape Ann"

in miniature, with all their implements and appliances; and those who look for the first time on a lobster-pot or a basket eel-pot will find new subjects of surprise. The hunter's life is not forgotten, with the paraphernalia of the chase and its cunning traps and springs. Akin to this is the department of the American Indians, containing a full collection of weapons, costumes, and handiwork, baskets and bead-work and rude embroidery on cloth and buckskin. An effigy of Red Cloud in full warrior's panoply makes a centre for this zone of wild life. With the tragic fate of General Custer and his brave troops so fresh in mind, not many of us are inclined to sentimentalize over the Indian just now; yet there is matter for melancholy and remorse too in the position of things. The contrast between this enormous exhibition of what we have achieved since our forefathers came from the other hemisphere, our rapid prosperity, and our incalculable future, with the fate of the true children and masters of the soil, cries shame upon us. It is false to say that the wrong is not of our day and doing, that it is too late to mend and useless to bemoan it; the wrong is repeated every day, and its correction is a problem with which those to whom it is set as a lesson do not concern themselves. The futility of some of the proposed solutions may be seen in the show-cases of the Indian schools: drawings of the same grade as were made on birch-bark two hundred years ago, and a patch-work quilt which is about as poor a sample of needle-work as one can see, the performance of nine Modoc girls after two years' tuition. One is glad to turn away from the miserable and helpless pathos of the sight to the more distant tribes of the north-western coast, with whom we have neither wars nor treaties. I do not know whether ethnology has detected any relationship between them and their Mongolian neighbors of the steppes, but they seem to differ distinctively in many re-

spects from the red men of our plains. They live not in tents or wigwams but in small, square, wooden houses, whose fronts are daubed with the most grotesque and barbarous devices, among which a lidless, browless eye recurs with disquieting frequency. The entrance is in the centre, through an opening in a projecting post rudely carved into a series of hideous monsters one on top of the other, painted in crude colors; some of these figures have a distant, deformed resemblance to man, others to the lower animals; one of these was a monster unlike anything on earth or in the water under the earth, on the head of which sat a monster like a seal, on which again sat a monster like a man in a peaked hat. This was a simple one, for there were others in which birds alternated with beasts surmounted by human prodigies, ten deep, the mankind having huge noses projecting like pump-handles. But the real mystery begins when we get among the remains of the mound-builders, and of the cave-cities so far more wonderful than the lake-villages of Europe. The stone utensils are like those of most early communities; the little leering and mowing stone images are as ugly and malign as Chinese joshes and other Eastern idols; but the pottery presents some riddles: on several fragments there is the Doric fret, archaic in its proportions, but variously treated, evidently a familiar decoration. There are also small jars with human heads and bodies uncouthly indicated, showing the anthropologic tendency which has of late been the subject of speculation as found in the ancient Greek vases, and of which instances are given in M. Schliemann's book on the antiquities of Troy. Among the old Mexican earthenware are horrible little half-formed faces not bigger than a gold-eagle piece, recalling, nevertheless, the perfectly executed little Japanese masks, which look as if intended for a Liliputian carnival. No doubt the day will come, as it has come for Egypt and Nineveh, when scholarship will disclose the secrets of these civilizations, but at present they are locked very close.

On reaching the end of the building, we confront a large window whose panes are beautiful photographs, on glass, of our wild, far Western scenery. There are the tremendous heights, depths, flats, and contortions of Colorado and Arizona; the plains, ravines, ridges, and peaks amid which nature has indulged in so many Titanic freaks that the phenomena of all lands seem to meet together there. The geological specimens, besides the riches they disclose, give one glimpses into a realm of unfathomed metallic and mineral beauty; there are amethystine and amber-colored masses of quartz-like formation; fragments of coral red; blocks of translucent sapphire-like rock. The geological outlines are formidable, redoubtable, in their fantastic forms; there are horrible crags which look like fossil fungi or groups of petrified penguins of gigantic size. As we examine the photographs and plans in relief which give the natural features of these scarcely-explored tracts, we become conscious of a semi-mythical character which belongs to them, and a sort of preternatural influence which breathes from them. They explain some of the singularity and excess of Joaquin Miller's poetry, which bears their impress, as by Buckle's theory the mind of man always corresponds in one way or another to the nature amid which he is born. There is wonderful beauty too, as in the lakes of Santa Maria and San Cristoval, and their lovely setting of woodland, hill, and vale; but beauty is overpowered by more stupendous forces, which make it a relief to return to the machines and maps to see what man can do.

There is a grand series of charts showing the vegetable conditions and resources of the country, the proportion of forest and arable land, of sugar and textile crops, and the price of farm labor. A very curious and sinister study is offered by a table which hangs beside those of the United States census, showing by means of colored parallelograms the positive and relative degrees of homicide and suicide in different parts of the country. In the eastern portion suicide ap-

pears to be six times as frequent as murder. (I had no means of measuring but by the eye, so that these statements are only approximate, but they are not very far wrong, I think.) In the western there is a rather larger proportion of the latter, and about two thirds less of the former. The South presents a broad field of homicide, nearly twice as large as that of all the rest of the country, with a very narrow strip of self-destruction. In New York and New Jersey suicide is as about three to one of murder; in Pennsylvania about two to one; in Delaware and Maryland just the reverse of these, murder exceeding suicide by one third and one half. Homicide in the District of Columbia is appalling, compared with its population; there appears to be little disposition to *felo de se*. In Virginia the suicide is about a quarter of the homicide; in West Virginia the two crimes are nearly equal, suicide preponderating slightly. In the Carolinas murder is to suicide as three to one; in Florida the number of both is much larger in proportion to the population, but the excess of homicide over suicide remains as three to one. In Texas the area of murder is something awful, unless one can pitch one's mood to the key of De Quincey's famous essay; it is ten times as great as suicide. In Nevada the proportion of the latter is about one fifth of the former. In California there is a vast amount of both, suicide preponderating; can it be because of the homesick Chinese? With regard to murder, the distribution is not difficult to understand, but it seems impossible to get at any general laws respecting suicide. The proportion of female suicides (indicated by a delicate pink tint) varies very much in the different States, but generally falls far short of the male suicides. In Delaware, the District, and Oregon there are no female suicides; in Minnesota and North Carolina the number nearly equals that of the other sex; in South Carolina it is considerably in excess; in Florida it is very small. There is a ghastly fascination in these statistics and the speculations which they suggest. As I was making my notes from the chart, I heard two men behind me commenting: "Humph! going to add one more to the list." *Which* list they charitably refrained from specifying. Presently came a party of girls, whose curiosity about my occupation quickly transferred itself to the chart: "My! look at Texas!" "Yes, they believe in killing in Texas," replied one of the others, in a tone of complacency which made me desire to know which State set her age down in its census. The manners and opinions of the visitors to the Exhibition furnish a good deal of interest in themselves. The occupants of rolling-chairs are unmistakably the objects of a slight scorn to those on foot, akin to the superciliousness of early risers. And, notwithstanding hundreds of daily instances to the contrary, the pedestrians are evidently persuaded that everybody in a chair is the victim of some strange maiming or malady, about which they cannot conceal their curiosity. The interest taken in any purchase by the by-standers is so intense as to be painful to the purchaser; a ring forms immediately round the latter and the vendor, which increases momentarily until the transaction is over, all hanging speechless on the dialogue between the two; when this is carried on in a foreign language the audience looks discomfited and displeased, as if balked of its rights. A lady acquaintance told me that just as her purchase was concluded and the article replaced in the case, so that it became indistinguishable among its fellows, a stranger of her own sex arrived on the scene, and, seeing that it was too late, dogged her until they reached a secluded spot in one of the less frequented departments; then she accosted her in a low voice: "You bought something just now." "Yes." "What was it?" But this inquisitiveness is generally sympathetic. I witnessed the sale of an India shawl, at which the buyer was anxious to see it folded and tried on. A couple of good-natured young Englishmen, evidently novices in playing shopmen, were helplessly pulling it hither and thither, when a very nice-looking middle-aged woman with an ardent gaze stepped from the circle, took

it from their hands, gave it in a trice the proper twist, and then turning about deftly threw it over her own shoulders and stood there on exhibition until everybody concerned or not concerned was satisfied. That sort of readiness to oblige is a characteristic of our country-folk, but both abroad and at home it renders us liable to be imposed upon by foreigners, which is to be observed at the Exhibition in the conduct of the attendants. A friend who has been at more than one of the European exhibitions recognized in several of the departments men whom he had seen at Paris or Vienna, where they had been civility itself; under the influence of our good-humored democracy they have become extremely impertinent. The same change has taken place in the manners of many of them since the opening of our Exhibition, notably in those of the waiters at the restaurants; but if spoken to in the right tone they come to heel at once, except the Germans, who are apt to be ill-trained curs everywhere. On the other hand, the misconduct of one's own country-people has a more pungent power of annoyance than that of any other, and it was almost intolerable to see them handling articles the most easily broken or soiled, with a total disregard of the placards, where one would suppose to the commonest consideration placards would be superfluous. I wish I could have felt certain that the person who rapped and shook every article in the Chinese annex was not a fellow-countryman: unfortunately there could be no doubt of the nationality of a pair, male and female, like the first sinners, who having broken down the protecting rope were spreading themselves in their dusty clothes on the Gobelin sofas in the French department. There is certainly something like possession by devils in the uncontrollable desire to point with one's cane, against which we are so stringently adjured in the picture galleries; it seems to be an instinct of our fallen nature, which we should do well to defeat by leaving the provoking weapon at the check counter, bore as it is to go eighteen hundred and eighty feet to reclaim it.

I looked everywhere wistfully for signs and tokens from the Southern States, and strove to resist the depression begotten by the absence of so many old names. But one by one the names came into sight, with specimens of minerals, cereals, textiles, and rare, exquisite feathers and shells. Mississippi had a fine array of the first three, including some very fine wool, called cashmere, besides the collection of woods of which her beautiful little log-house is built. The Shelby Iron Company, of Alabama, holds its own beside the great Pennsylvania works, and South Carolina sends samples of the phosphorite beds on which her future prosperity may rest. North Carolina appears with credit in several departments, as those will be glad to know who remember General Ransom's moving and spirited appeal in the Senate last winter: I observed particularly a fine botanical collection for medical purposes. Georgia does no justice to her special delicacies in the Southern Restaurant; it is a cool, clean, roomy resort, where large vases of fresh flowers on the principal tables cheer the eye blinded by the glare of the asphalt, and civil negroes come to wait on one instead of saucy Frenchmen or boorish Teutons; but the bill of fare offers none of the famous Southern dishes, and vindicates its sectional character only by the poor quality of the milk, whose blue must be intended for local color, since it is excellent everywhere else in the grounds. Florida has in the Agricultural Building a pretty stock of curiosities, familiar to the thousands who have been to St. Augustine or the St. John's River: alligators' teeth, shining sea-beans, fans of brilliant-feathered birds, and other mementos of those woods and shores where the meeting of the tropic and temperate zones, the lingering traces of a civilization and a barbarism both extinct, bestow so strange a charm on the life and landscape. West Virginia has a fine state building, distinct from Old Virginia, containing her entire exhibition, principally, of course, natural products; among the manufactures is the wood paper-hanging, a beautiful substi-

tute for leather or panels on library, hall, or dining-room walls.

The state buildings as a rule do not add to the beauty of the grounds, although some few of them are very pretty and original. But the idea was good. The visitors' books, in which only the names of people from the State whose roof gives them shelter are registered, will become valuable statistical records at the end of the Exhibition. Several of the buildings — those of West Virginia, Kansas, Colorado, Arkansas, Missouri, and Maryland — contain either complete or partial exhibitions, the application for room in the Main Building probably not having been made in time. Of these little edifices the Western are for the most part far the prettiest, most suggestive and picturesque. Arkansas has hers arranged with extreme good taste as well as intelligence. Kansas and Colorado occupy a large rotunda in common, the theatrical appearance of which is altogether astounding for the first moment; but I think nobody can refuse hearty admiration to the ingenuity and fancifulness of the decorations. The most prominent feature is a mountain of rockwork covered with coniferous trees, mosses, and lichens, down which trickles a stream; it might be mistaken for a cliff of Ararat, since here Noah's ark seems to have discharged its freight. There are eagles, doves, owls, opossums, hedgehogs, rabbits on their hind legs, squirrels, goats, bears, panthers, deer, and so on, all a good deal occupied in preying upon each other, or being preyed upon. The water falls into a pool full of fish, where a tortoise sits all day upon a stone; around we must fancy the plains, for there are its wild denizens, — snakes, prairie-dogs, buffaloes. "Six hundred animals, and all stuffed by one woman," said a fair neighbor, breathlessly. "Wall, — don' b'lieve *that!*" said her fair companion after due deliberation. Disbelief in their own sex is much stronger in some women than in any man. Mrs. Maxwell, huntress and taxidermist, who not only stuffed, but also shot these animals, stands before her own zoölogical show, selling her own photograph; so she cannot object to a passing mention. She is a straight-featured, trim-built little figure-head, about middle height, rather tanned and weather-beaten. She was born in Pennsylvania, and more than half a life passed in Kansas has not taken away her sharp midland twang, so much stronger and shriller than the Yankee, nor taught her the mellow tones of the West; but it has given her the Western glance, that clear and steady eye which neither seeks nor shuns yours, and the ready reply, brief, prompt, to the point. "Do you go out into the wilds for your game?" asked a by-stander who shared my own vague notions that in the Territories one might bag one's bear or stag out of window. "No, they come right into town to be shot," was the instantaneous answer, given with perfect good-humor. Her small rifle, "presented by her friends," hangs hard by. There is always a crowd here.

Michigan's pavilion has an unprepossessing gingerbread-work exterior, but is one of the handsomest within; the reading-room is paneled entirely with native woods, alternating below the wainscot with marble; one end is taken up by a particularly good square projecting window directly facing the chimney-place, over which is a large glass reflecting the window and view: the whole arrangement is worthy of an English country-house. Iowa greets each as he enters with "Welcome to Iowa," inscribed in large letters in the hall, which was a happy thought. The pleasant impression, however, is damped by a melancholy spectacle in the sitting-room: two huge wreaths, each composed of seven hundred and fifty flowers made of human hair, the result of eight months' constant labor, as a label tells us. It is a depressing performance, such as belongs fitly only to solitary confinement for life. Tennessee spreads a big tent for her children, containing a deal table, a stove (it was in August, so I presumed the latter was for future use), and a placard to say that she exhibits in the Main Building, — which she does handsomely. Maryland has a large, rather

bare mansion, in the principal apartment of which, a sort of hall, is a good demonstration of her fisheries and oyster-gardens; the walls are hung with historical portraits, which lend the place a certain air and an interest which none of the other state buildings possess. Connecticut set out bravely, but has broken down half-way. Her interior is very pretty, lined with wood and ceiled with beams and rafters; a little railed gallery runs around below the casement-windows underneath the roof, for there is no second story to the main room. The house looks like a Swiss *châlet* or a hunting-lodge; there is a fine, lofty, wooden mantel-piece with two shelves, on which stand old brass and crockery; there are handsome brass fire-irons, dogs, and fender; a spinning-wheel stands in the chimney-corner, an old clock opposite, old arms and relics adorn the walls, and there is some old furniture. Somebody, with an exquisite connection of ideas, has graced the chimney with a string of wooden nutmegs made from the Charter Oak. So far, so good; but conspicuous among these venerable objects are a modern melodeon and two glittering plated monuments of great size, one a filter, the other an ice-pitcher, which are the first and last things one sees. The New York building, with considerable external pretension, is on the whole in the worst taste within, and also the most cheaply and trashily got up. I heard a New Yorker say, uncontradicted by anybody, that it is a disgrace.

In order to pay every respect to my country, I ordered dinner for once at the Great American Restaurant, notwithstanding my prejudices and forebodings, and the grudge every one must bear it for having transformed a beautiful grove of old cedars into the semblance of a camp-meeting, with booths and benches; I have never dined anywhere else at the Exhibition, since. I found the piazza cooler and cleaner, the view more pleasing, the food better and cheaper, the arrangements altogether more comfortable, than at any of the other places, and the friends whom I have taken there agree with me; the bill of fare gives you capital American cooking instead of poor German or French. Reënforced by this meal I went to the shoe and leather exhibition, which has a building to itself. It is a very full exhibition, doubtless a very fine one, yet I found it impossible to take a deep interest or pleasure in leather and prunella. There are large screens, English and Russian, covered with skins of the finest texture and colors, which raised visions of superb libraries; and the Russian show-case, with boots and slippers of barbaric splendor, brass-heeled, turned up in a peak at the toe, gilded, scalloped, and betasseled with the brightest hues, had its attractions. But while my brain was thronged like the great fair of Nijni-Novgorod by caftans and furred pelisses, my eye was arrested by the cases of Messrs. How & Co., Haverhill, Massachusetts. Of course I had expected to see every sort of useful shoe from the numberless benches of Lynn, but I did not expect to see in the Massachusetts department the prettiest, daintiest, and best-shaped shoes. They were all of leather or kid, but as delicate and elegant as satin. None others, not even the far-famed Philadelphia boots and shoes, compared with them; nearly all the rest were either common and ugly to deformity in shape, or fit to be worn only by ballet-dancers or circus-riders.

Of the Agricultural Building much has been and more might be said, for it is a most interesting and instructive department, and in many quarters a highly ornamental one. But I will say one thing only: where are the American bees? Not many years ago a row of straw or glass hives was a pretty and poetic feature in every kitchen garden; of late I have looked for them in vain in my own neighborhood. I may have overlooked them in the Agricultural Building: I certainly saw bees from many lands, but none of our own.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The life of Dr. Macleod[1] is one of the most interesting and affecting biographies of a year singularly prolific in important memoirs. It is written by his brother, the Rev. Donald Macleod, and beautifully written; with great tenderness, and at the same time a most dignified restraint of eulogy. Dr. Macleod's reputation as a Scottish churchman, a genial and agreeable author, and one of the few really great and persuasive preachers of the age, has been extensive for a generation. The present volumes abundantly explain his power. It seems to have been largely the result of temperament, — of a cordial and splendid combination of qualities, animal, mental, affectional, and spiritual, which is at once intensely human and especially Scotch. We meet with kindred natures constantly in the annals of the Celtic race in Scotland: in scores of old-time heroes, in Burns, in John Brown, in Walter Scott, in the hearty, haughty, but ever vigorous and delightful men of the Noctes Ambrosianæ. And we can no more explain why this warm and wealthy temperament should flower so profusely upon those bleak fells, than why the dreariest deserts and the most uncouth shrubs in the world should yield the delicate and gorgeous cactus flower. Given that "principle within" which seems almost to be a Scotchman's birthright, tending always to restrain license and subdue self-will, and religious faith finds in these natures a peculiarly favorable soil. The very ardor of their vitality, their keen realization and enjoyment of the present life, make it inconceivable to them that life should be extinguished. Their fond love for home and kindred and natural beauty, all the faces and the places that are seen, overflows into the spaces of the unseen, and furnishes these also with objects of affection. The world and the flesh are to them so palpable and powerful, that a struggle with these forces becomes heroic, and allures to imitation by the magnetism which belongs to all perilous and doubtful conflict. Dr. Macleod's religious life seems not so much a definite consecration, as a progressive and finally triumphant victory of the soul over the senses.

He was born in 1812, at Campbelltown in the Highlands, and bred up in the "plain living and high thinking" of a Scotch manse. At the age of twelve he was sent to Morven, to an uncle who was also a minister, to learn Gaelic and fit himself to be a Highland clergyman, the lot for which he was destined by his father. After two years passed amid the picturesque scenes and yet more picturesque character of that classic region, years which his memory glorified ever afterwards, he entered the University of Glasgow, where he took a four years' course of arts, going thence at the age of nineteen to study theology at Edinburgh. Dr. Chalmers, who was then professor there, and against whom young Macleod was so soon to be ranged in opposition, had sufficient respect for his character and ability to recommend him to Mr. Preston of Moreby, as a suitable tutor to accompany his young son for a year's study in Weimar. Indeed, Macleod's intimate associations in college were invariably with the best minds and those destined to future distinction; yet he was not himself a remarkable scholar, and seems to have been valued for the warmth of his affection and his delightful and abundant wit more than for his mental activity. John Shairp, now principal of Saint Andrews, writes of him in those days: "It did not need any such bonds of early association to make a young man take at once to Norman. To see him, hear him, converse with him, was enough. He was overflowing with generous, ardent, contagious impulse. Brimful of imagination, sympathy, buoyancy, humor, drollery, and affectionateness, I never knew any one who contained in himself so large and varied an armful of the humanities. Himself a very child of Nature, he touched Nature and human life at every point. There was nothing human that was without interest for him, nothing great or noble to which his heart did not leap up instinctively. In those days, what Hazlitt says of Coleridge was true of him, 'He talked on forever, and you wished to hear him talk forever.' Since that day I have met and known intimately a good many men more or less remarkable

[1] *Memoirs of Norman Macleod, D. D.* By the Rev. Donald Macleod. Two vols. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1876.

and original. Some of them were stronger on this side, some on that, than Norman; but not one of all contained in himself such a variety of gifts and qualities, such elasticity, such boundless fertility of pure nature, apart from all he got from books and culture. On his intellectual side, imagination and humor were his strongest qualities, both of them working on a base of strong common sense and knowledge of human nature. On the moral side, sympathy, intense sympathy with all humanity, was the most manifest, with a fine aspiration that hated the mean and selfish and went out to whatever things were most worthy of a man's love. Deep affection to family and friends, affection that could not bear coldness or stiff reserve, but longed to love and be loved; and if there was in it a touch of the old Highland clannishness, one did not like it the less for that." In after years Dr. Macleod used often bitterly to lament that he had not better improved his early opportunities for study; but it may be doubted whether a deeper knowledge of books would better have fitted him for the great work which he was to do upon the hearts of men.

It is easy to see how fascinating to a nature like this, at the age of twenty-four, must have been the brilliant society of Weimar at a time when the after-glow of Goethe's genius yet illuminated the sky, within one year only after Thackeray's eyes "beheld the master in dear little Weimar town." Here, besides imbibing the congenial lesson of the uses of art and luxury, Norman encountered at the hands, or perhaps the eyes, of the beautiful and famous Melanie von S—— his first sentimental experience; light and visionary as the attachment was, it seems to have withheld him for many years from marriage, which he would naturally have sought early, and "awakened," says his biographer, "a world of æsthetic feelings which long afterward breathed like a subtle essence through the common atmosphere of his life. When working against vice and poverty in his parish in Ayrshire, during the heats of the Disruption controversy, amid prosaic cares as well as in the enjoyment of poetry, art, and song, Melanie haunted him as the sweet embodiment of happy memories, the spirit of gracefulness and culture. Yet, despite all these subtle allurements, the religious faith of the young Scotchman remained unshaken by the rampant rationalism of the German capital, and he returned to his theological studies at Edinburgh and his installment in the little parish of Loudoun, with deepened convictions and a hardly sobered enthusiasm for a preacher's calling."

To follow in detail the story of his noble, cheerful, arduous ministry among the weavers of Loudoun and Dalkeith, and the struggling, suffering poor of the immense Barony parish at Glasgow, would be impossible in a brief notice. It should be read by all who care for the records of sincere and self-devoted lives, in his brother's graphic narrative, illustrated by copious extracts from his own self-searching, but certainly never morbid journals, and from those full and cheery letters, bristling with anecdote and droll caricature, which must have been so precious to his friends. In 1843, when he was thirty-one years of age, came the famous controversy which ended in the disruption of the ancient kirk of Scotland, and young Macleod, like his father, remained loyal to the old establishment. His heart was wrung by the separation from his early and beloved teacher, Chalmers, and some of the greater revolutionists, and he strove hard for a spirit of gentleness and tolerance toward all. But there was something essentially repugnant to his high and free spirit in what he could not help regarding as the cheap and somewhat ostentatious martyrdom of many of Chalmers's followers; and all his life long the things he had hardest work not to hate virulently were the crabbed and Pharisaic asceticism, the Sabbatarianism, teetotalism, and all the other exaggerated and unlovely *isms* which found so ready an asylum in the dissenting kirk.

In 1845, he visited Canada and Nova Scotia on a sort of mission tour among the scattered members of the old kirk living in exile there, and this is how he found his way to the hearts of the expatriated Highlanders. "While walking the upper deck" (of a steamer bound to Toronto) "I heard a number of voices joining in a Gaelic chorus. I went down and found a dozen Highlanders. After they had finished, the following conversation took place, I speaking in high English: 'Pray what language is that?' 'Gaelic, sir.' 'Where is that spoken?' 'In the Highlands of Scotland.' 'Is it a language?' 'It 's the only true *langidge!* English is no langidge at all, at all!' 'It must be banished. It is savage.' 'It 's no you or any other will banish it.' 'Pray let me hear you speak a sentence of it. Address a question to me.' 'Co as a thanaig thu?' (Where do you come from?)

'Thanaig mis as an Eilean Sgianach.' (I come from the Isle of Skye.) 'Oh, fheudail! Se Gael tha am!' (Oh goodness, he's a Highlander!) These men had never been in Scotland. They were all Glengarry men and were of course delighted to meet me."

Within a year after his return from this North American tour, Dr. Macleod engaged with enthusiasm in the formation of the Evangelical Alliance, and was sent by that earnest but short-lived organization on another mission tour in Prussian Poland and Silesia. Every year now added to his influence, increasing both his labors and his fame. In 1854, while taking his autumnal rest at Crathie, he was summoned to Balmoral to preach before the queen and Prince Albert, and received the appointment of one of her Majesty's chaplains. But it was the formal and naturally formidable visit of condolence which he paid to the queen and her children after the death of the Prince Consort in 1860, which seems to have been the true commencement of an almost intimate acquaintance with the various members of the royal family, which continued through the remaining years of his life and was characterized on both sides by the utmost dignity, simplicity, and sincerity. The letter which the queen in her turn wrote after the death of Dr. Macleod to his brother (the author of his memoir), despite its third-personal clumsiness, and a certain feebleness of expression, is full of heartfelt sorrow.

In 1860, Dr. Macleod assumed the editorship of Good Words, and added to his arduous parochial labors the conduct of an immense correspondence and the preparation of frequent contributions, which soon made his name familiar beyond the broad circle of his personal influence. The Old Lieutenant, The Highland Parish, Peeps at the Far East, and the charming story of the Starling, were all reprinted from the pages of Good Words. He allowed his waning life to become yearly more closely crowded, under the confessed pressure of the solemn admonition, "Work while the day lasts, for the night cometh." But amid the hurry of its outward activities, the hidden life was steadily deepening and broadening. Whatever in his earlier phraseology might have seemed to savor of cant fell away from his fervent speech as the husks fall from ripened grain. More and more he identified himself with that class of English thinkers, at once so serious and so generous, whose labor of love it has been to try to reconcile the old dispensation and the new, — with Kingsley, Thomas Hughes, Dean Stanley, Arthur Helps, and the friend of his own boyhood, Principal Shairp. He did not fear to face the real issues of the day. "They are squabbling," he cried sadly in his last year, "about the United Presbyterian, Free Church, or Established, when the world is asking whether Christ is risen from the dead." For himself he seems never to have doubted that resurrection nor its power, but to have believed that Christ had indeed become the first fruits of the great and dear multitude who sleep. Yet his charity embraced even those who had never believed or who had ceased to believe it. He pleaded for the spirits in the prison of Hades before a congregation trained in the straitest sect of the old Calvinism. When they sent him to India to examine the workings of the evangelical mission system, his ready sympathy showed him so clearly the Oriental point of view that he began at once to doubt the validity and efficacy of the old missionary methods. "Was it necessary," he asked, in the last public speech he ever made, when he resigned the presidency or convenership of the India mission, "was it necessary to give those minute and abstract statements of doctrine to Orientals, whose habits of mind and spiritual affinities might lay better hold on other aspects of divine truth, and who might mold a theology for themselves, not less Christian, but which would be Indian, and not English or Scotch? The block of ice, clear and cold, the beautiful product of our Northern climes, will at the slightest touch freeze the warm lips of the Hindoo. Why insist that he must take that or nothing?" And in the last entry in his journal made only a few days later, June 3, 1872, after recording his sixtieth birthday, his mind recurs to another aspect of the same strenuous question. "Where is the germ of the church of the future? In what church? In what creed? In what forms of government? It may come from India, as the first came from the East. But all our old forms are effete as old oaks, although young ones may grow out of them. Neither Calvinism nor Presbyterianism, nor Thirty-nine Articles, nor High Churchism, nor Low Churchism, nor any existing organization, can be the church of the future. May God give us patience to wait!"

Men who have labored, and especially who have felt as much as Dr. Macleod, are

old at sixty, and he had long felt himself to be so. The trip to India had developed the dormant seeds of disease, and he was beginning to suffer greatly. "I have not felt well for fourteen years," is his pathetic afterthought, when the physicians have finally induced him to give up everything and take complete rest. But the order came too late. He had once said that he never felt like praying to be delivered from sudden death, but only that he might be ready for it. And so when the end came stealthily, in sleep, before the friends had dispersed who had gathered to celebrate his birthday, those whose grief was keenest looked upon it as an answer to his prayer, and found nothing awful or unnatural in the abrupt setting of that beauteous orb, whose shining had been ever more and clearer until the supreme moment when it was hidden from human ken.

—It is very desirable that the problems presented by the science of political economy should be widely discussed in this country, and that some at least of the discussions should be had on a plane suited to the comprehension of those who have not made a study of the science; of ordinary people, in short, including those whose time is chiefly occupied with daily toil in our workshops, but who have votes to throw when the days of election recur, and who are accordingly powerful agents in determining the course of legislation, state and national. If the phrase, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," possesses some degree of truth, it is chiefly applicable to matters of this sort. We are accordingly glad to see the volume [1] in which Mr. Gladden has collected a series of sermons (from the hint in his preface we take them to be such) preached at his church in Springfield to a congregation, many of whom, he tells us, "were mechanics and operatives who could not be familiar with all the current treatises on social science, and who therefore were not offended by instruction of a somewhat elementary character." He says further, "I think I know my audience pretty well. The greater part of my life has been spent among working people, in working with them or working for them. I count among them some of my most valued friends; I know their ways of living and of thinking; and I have tried to make these discussions intelligible and helpful to them." The various chapters of the book betray modesty and earnestness on the part of the writer; there is nothing very profound in them, but their views are sound, and it appears to have been his aim to regard the topics successively considered from the point of observation likely to be taken by his hearers, and to carry these along with him while he unfolded popular fallacies likely to deceive them and to cause mischievous results. There is a strong religious flavor in the book; Mr. Gladden is fond of resorting to citations from the Bible, and he introduces many happy illustrations from that sacred source. Thus, in his first chapter, on The Duty and Discipline of Work, he points out that the same commandment which prescribes rest on the seventh day positively enjoins labor on the other days of the week: "Six days shalt thou labor." This mode of reasoning is well known to be effective, at least in this part of the country, among our native-born population, to whom the language of the Bible has been familiar from their earliest years. No better service can be done than by pointing out the advantages of industry, sobriety, and frugality, and by inducing the laboring classes to seek the improvement of their condition by such means rather than by agitations, strikes, and the doubtful expedients of the trades unions. Mr. Gladden does not omit giving a chapter on The Duties of Employers, and closes with a picture of The Future of Labor, in which he deprecates all visionary schemes that partake of an agrarian or communistic character, a great national loan-agency, or kindred delusions, but expresses himself hopefully with regard to the principle of coöperation, to be brought into use by slow degrees.

— A more ponderous volume, in which some of the same problems are discussed, is that of Professor Walker,[2] all of whose claims to recognition by the public we do not give, confining ourselves to the mention that he inherited from his father, the late Amasa Walker, of North Brookfield, the taste for the special studies which have given him reputation in his work as superintendent of the ninth census of the United States, and as professor of political economy and history in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. Professor Walker's discussions of the topics he has selected are more elaborate and profound than those

[1] *Working People and their Employers.* By Washington Gladden. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1876.

[2] *The Wages Question: a Treatise on Wages and the Wages Class.* By Francis A. Walker. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1876.

of Mr. Gladden; but it is noteworthy that he manifests the same willingness to consider them fairly from the point of view of the greater number interested in them, that is, of the wages class, to use the designation he employs. Political economy is nothing without definitions. Professor Walker begins by setting forth that all the questions of political economy may both conveniently and appropriately be grouped under four titles: the production, the distribution, the exchange, and the consumption of wealth. Wealth is exchanged when the producer and the consumer are different persons; and this whether different persons have united in the production of it or not. On the other hand, wealth must be distributed when different persons having separate legal interests unite in production; and this whether the product is to be exchanged or not. The author considers that this distinction between exchange and distribution, although not important in the general theory of political economy, has an immediate application to the problem of wages, which is a question in the distribution of wealth; and while in treating of the production of wealth it is necessary to carefully distinguish industrial *functions*, which has been done with success and completeness by the systematic writers, Professor Walker maintains that in treating of the distribution of wealth we need rather to distinguish industrial *classes*, recognizing industrial functions only as they serve to characterize such classes. It does not follow that because labor and capital perform parts which can be clearly distinguished in production, they will receive separate shares in the distribution of the product. That will depend on whether these functions are or are not united in the same persons. Accordingly he is not satisfied with the classification which has heretofore been made by the systematic writers, resulting from carrying forward into the questions of distribution their analysis of the processes of production. Such an analysis naturally recognizes five classes of laborers: First, the class who work for themselves, by themselves, either on their own land (the "peasant proprietor" of Europe and the American "farmer") or in mechanical trades. Second, the tenant occupier of land, like the cottar of Ireland or the ryot of India, who receives the whole produce, subject only to the deduction of rent for the natural powers of the soil. Third, the class of persons working for hire, such as domestic servants, soldiers, and clergymen, who are paid out of the revenue of their employers, and are not employed with any reference to the profits of production. Fourth, the class of persons working for hire, whether in agriculture, in trade, or in mechanical pursuits, who are paid out of the product of their industry, and are employed with reference to the profits of production. And fifth, the employers themselves, in so far as they personally conduct and control business operations, their remuneration being styled the "wages of supervision and management." To this generalization, so far as it relates to the discussion of the problem of wages, Professor Walker objects, pointing out that only the third and fourth classes do in fact receive a remuneration for their services distinct from that which is received for the use of capital, being the only classes which receive "wages" in the ordinary meaning of that word; and that the fourth and fifth classes combine persons having interests as strongly opposed as human interests could well become. In his twelfth chapter he continues the process of elimination, insisting that the wages class includes only those who are employed. The employers, the whole class of peasant proprietors or independent farmers, master workmen purchasing their own materials, as well as the cottars and ryots, forming the vast majority of the human race, are thus excluded. Next he counts out all those who, though employed, are employed on shares. It is of the essence of wages that they are stipulated in amount. He also excludes, although with an expression of doubt with regard to receiving general assent for the proposition, those persons who are supported out of the revenues of those who employ them; giving to such persons the name of "the salary or stipend class," of which he mentions the domestic servant, as perhaps furnishing the best illustration, and cites Adam Smith's remark that "a man grows rich by employing a multitude of manufacturers; he grows poor by maintaining a multitude of menial servants." Unless the reason for employing others is found in the expectation of a profit to the employer out of the production in which the laborer is to be engaged, he does not find in such employment the true sign of the wages class; justifying the broad statement, "No profits, no wages." The wages class proper, therefore, according to Professor Walker's definition, includes all persons who are employed in production with a view to the profit of their

employers, and are paid at stipulated rates. Even with these limitations, he says, of the eighty millions of English-speaking people, probably three fourths, certainly two thirds, subsisting on wages, come within the definition, and furnish material enough for a volume.

The province of his work thus defined and limited, the principal doctrine which Professor Walker sets himself to refute is the proposition that there exists a certain wages-fund, irrespective of the numbers and industrial quality of the laboring classes, constituting the sole source from which wages can at any time be drawn. Taking the proposition in the terms in which it has heretofore been enunciated, we think it will generally be admitted that our author has been successful in his attack upon it; and with it falls the corollary that the average amount of wages to be received by each laborer is precisely determined by the ratio existing between this wages-fund and the number of laborers, or, as it is sometimes described, between capital and population. Professor Walker adduces a variety of illustrations to prove that wages are in fact paid, not out of capital, but out of profits. He admits, however, that frequently, if not in most cases, they must be *advanced*, wholly or in part, out of capital; and in this admission, perhaps, his opponents may find a large concession to the basis of their position.

Professor Walker also combats the doctrines that competition is so far perfect that the laborer as producer always realizes the highest wages which the employer can afford to pay, or else, as consumer, is recompensed in the lower price of commodities for any injury he may chance to suffer as producer; and that in the organization of modern industrial society, the laborer and the capitalist are together sufficient for production, the actual employer of labor being regarded as the capitalist, or as the stipendiary agent of the capitalist. In the enforcement of his arguments he lays great stress on the necessity of insuring the mobility of the laborers, and gives due prominence to the position of the *entrepreneur*, standing between the capitalist and the laborer, making his terms with each, and directing the courses and methods of industry with almost unquestioned authority. Incapable employers live at the expense of the laboring class. Nothing costs the working classes so dearly in the long run as the bad or merely commonplace conduct of business.

Our space will not permit us, nor if this were otherwise would we willingly assume the task, to follow in detail Professor Walker's course of reasoning under the definition he has laid down, in support of the propositions to which he attaches importance. His style is well adapted to his subject; it is lucid, sometimes diffuse, but this is recognized as a fault on the right side in a treatise on political economy. His points are illustrated by a wealth of information of varied range, the collection of which gives proof of strong powers of observation. He does not scorn the occasional use of a pertinent anecdote, as the subjoined extract, which carries us back to the year 1645, will show: —

"This notion of a see-saw between wages and profits is well hit off in a story which Governor Winthrop tells: 'I may upon this occasion report a passage between one of Rowley and his servant. The master, being forced to sell a pair of oxen to pay his servant his wages, told his servant he could keep him no longer, not knowing how to pay him the next year. The servant answered him that he would serve him for more of his cattle. But how shall I do (saith the master) when all my cattle are gone? The servant replied, You shall then serve me, and so you may have your cattle again!' Surely, if a man becomes an employer in industry only because he is a capitalist, the servant in this story was not more of a wag than a political economist." (Pages 240, 241.)

Professor Walker of course has his chapter upon coöperation, which he defines as "union in production, upon equal terms; democracy introduced into labor." The chapter is well written, and fairly explains the principles upon which the doctrine of coöperation is based, and admits their excellence in theory. He points out three advantages which would result from the system if fairly established, in addition to those which the wages class generally contemplate: First, it would by the very terms of the system obviate strikes; second, the workman would be stimulated to greater industry and greater carefulness; and third, he would be incited to frugality. But the distinction which our author has everywhere insisted upon between the capitalist and the entrepreneur, and the importance which he attaches to the function of the latter, as standing between the capitalist and the laborer, make him little sanguine of the success of the scheme of coöp-

eration in productive industry. A manager would be essential to the successful conduct of the business; this manager would be found with difficulty, and it would be hard for the workmen to see large amounts taken out of the product of the labor for his remuneration. Our author finds the more hopeful path of progress for the immediate future in the reduction of profits and consequent enhancement of wages, through increasing intelligence, sobriety, and frugality on the part of the wages class, securing them a prompt, easy, and certain resort to the best market. He adds that there are of course some departments of industry where the services of the entrepreneur can be more easily dispensed with than in others, and that in these coöperation under good auspices may achieve no doubtful success; and he finds some words of encouragement for the plan of partial cooperation, by which the employer admits his workmen to a participation to a certain extent in the profits of the business, while retaining the full responsibility of its conduct.

Professor Walker proceeds to show, however, that the objections to productive cooperation do not apply with the same force to distributive coöperation, or the supplying to the wages class of the necessaries of life through agencies established by themselves. Although the principle is by no means unknown in this country, and has been acted upon to a considerable extent, the "union stores" in our cities and towns have not generally assumed the position of importance which similar establishments enjoy in London, where they receive the support of almost all well-to-do people, who find a decided advantage in dealing with them. The principles upon which their success rests are simple, and are well explained by Professor Walker.

Not purporting to be a complete treatise upon political economy, but a discussion of only a part of that large subject, the book abridges considerably the proportions of the particular topic selected. We have no complaint to make of this; the science can be perfected only by a thorough analysis of its component parts. It is, however, apparent that the present necessity of these separate discussions goes far to discourage the study of political economy by ordinary people, and leads to frequent impatient expressions of the opinion that there is really no such thing. It certainly seems as if each new book that appears, while it may add somewhat to our resources, failed to complete anything. We can only hope that we are by degrees coming nearer to the perfection of the science, when the whole of its principles may be set forth in a text-book no bigger than a school arithmetic.

— Señor Guerra, Baron de Sant' Anna, Portuguese Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, has done us good service by the publication, in English, of his Notes on Portugal.[1] Secluded as that little kingdom is from the usual routes of pleasure travel, and debarred by our tariff from commercial intercourse with us, less is known here of Portugal than perhaps of any other nation of equal importance in Europe. We are too apt to confuse her history with that of Spain, from whose western flank her narrow territory has been sliced; and our knowledge of her literature, is confined pretty much to the dissertations of Bouterwek, Sismondi, Schlegel, and the like.

Portugal ought to be better known. Her history is most interesting and instructive. Her modern career in the pathway of freedom has been more glorious and inspiring than that of any other European nation. She is to-day as free as England. With an elective house of deputies, having absolute control over the public purse; a peerage which, though hereditary, descends only upon abundant evidence of good character and capacity on the part of the claimant; with a responsible ministry, an independent judiciary, trial by jury, and religious toleration, Portugal has approached, within the last forty years, very near to the republican model.

The condensed information given us by Baron de Sant' Anna concerning his interesting country is, of course, entirely trustworthy, and his high position in Portuguese councils has enabled him to gather a mass of important data and statistics which have an especial value for students. Beginning with an *aperçu* of Portuguese history, the author gives us, in a brief, sententious method, chapters on the language and literature of Portugal; its social life, industries, educational institutions, its army and navy, its frame of government; with descriptions of its famous vineyards and its wide-scattered colonies, and discussions of many other topics illustrative of the present condition of the country. It seems to us that the work must take rank as an almost indispensable handbook on Portugal, and that the author has

[1] *Notes on Portugal.* By E. A. G. Philadelphia: Philadelphia Catholic Publishing Company. 1876.

set an excellent example to other foreign ministers, who would in telling us about their own countries promote good feeling and a wider fraternity on the part of ours.

— The success of this series of books, which give readers of English the gist of the classics, seems to be established, to judge from the fact that a number of new authors are about to be added to the list which already seemed complete. The first of these, which is the volume about Livy's history,[1] is now published. The work is well done, and will be found of service not only by the reader anxious to renew his knowledge of half-forgotten lore, and by that vague person, the general reader, who, we may suppose for the occasion, has neglected the study of the ancient tongues, but also, possibly, by the young student of Latin, who by reading this book would get a notion that Livy's history was full of something beside subjunctives and elusive dates. This synopsis is interesting and complete; moreover, the editor has added some original matter of his own, treating of Livy's position as a historian, and of the relative value of different parts of his work. In short, though necessarily hardly more than superficial from the nature of the requirements, the tone of the book is still scholarly. No one will find it out of place in his library.

— Mr. Scudder's novel[2] will be apt to have a double effect on readers of it. Opening spiritedly, with a promise of picturesqueness and an agreeable strain of humor that raise considerable expectations, it does not eventually fulfill its prospect. Mr. Scudder has hardly, we think, made the most of his opportunity for amusing or romantic incident, offered by the close juxtaposition of the houses of the court in which his persons dwell; and a more serious obstacle to the interest of his story is the want of a sufficiently deep-seated individuality in the characters. Some of them, as Paul Le Clear, Dr. Chocker, and Mr. Manlius, are marked out with decided emphasis; but the peculiarities touched are chiefly on the surface, and these three people are subordinates in the plot. The chief actors are vaguely outlined, and neither repel nor attract us. It is an interesting speculation how far this may be due to Mr. Scudder's practice in a department of writing where he has become widely known, that of fiction for children; for this sort of writing probably develops the fancy more than the formative imagination. But there are two excellent tendencies in the present novel. One is that of the dry humor shown, for example, in the author's amusing treatment of the four German musicians; the other, which is more important, is his reliance on simple sentiment as an element of interest. Mr. Scudder's success as a novelist probably depends on his development of these traits and on his learning to penetrate into character rather more boldly than he has here done.

EDUCATION.

To men and women who are striving to solve the problems of popular education, who feel the weight of the mighty interests at stake, and to whom the inevitable friction and the conflict of detail seem at times hopelessly perplexing, the recent study of The Free-School System of the United States, by Mr. Francis Adams, secretary of the National League for Promoting Elementary Education in England, must come as a positive refreshment.

Working each at his own scrap of the great web, and now and again conscious that the pattern we are to follow was drawn for quite other days and other threads, and seeing how some of the best of our work fades almost before our hands leave it, not a few among us will hear with gratitude this cheering voice from beyond the sea. It speaks in sympathy and charity those words of approval and of warning which every man who has ever held a responsible

[1] *Livy.* By the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M. A., author of Etoniana, The Public Schools, etc. Ancient Classics for English Readers: Supplemental Series. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1876.

[2] *The Dwellers in Five-Sisters Court.* By H. E. Scudder. New York: Published by Hurd and Houghton; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1876.

position longs for, in the strong desire that some cool head and clear eye, quick to see merit, not blind to defects or failures, but yet, like one's self, knowing all the difficulties, might closely survey the work and give an impartial judgment.

We think no such exhaustive review of our school-records has ever been made before. The authorities cited are from every part of the country, and one cannot fail to read between the lines that the citations show only a small part of the material used. The testimony for and against has been so carefully selected and so justly balanced that we doubt if personal observation of the schools could have added to the fairness of the statement. Certainly the same comprehensive view of the matter could not have been obtained by personal inspection, short of a life-time spent in it. And surely, we on this side have no reason to ask for more, since the verdict has been rendered upon our own showing. Our superintendents and boards of education have told their own story to their own best advantage. Mr. Adams's attempt to make clear to the English mind the principles and working of our system has furnished us with the best *résumé* of our work that we have ever had.

We regret that want of space forbids us to quote from the chapters on Government, Cost, Grading, and Course of Study. We note only that wherever there is occasion to compare our system with the English, whether in scope or in result, Mr. Adams unhesitatingly pronounces for ours. His conclusions differ most widely from those of the writer in the Quarterly Review last spring, who had apparently set himself the task of finding how much of truth of detail is compatible with the largest amount of untruth and unfairness in general conclusions. We ought to be grateful to Mr. Adams for his searching exposure of its fallacies. Passing over much both of interest and of profit, we confine ourselves to the remarks on two or three of the questions now most discussed among us.

The opinion recently expressed by a high authority here, as to the effect of a too general employment of women as teachers, has been the subject of varied comments, some of them not a little absurd. Mr. Adams confirms this opinion, both from his experience in England and from his study of the facts here. At the same time, he is an unprejudiced observer, as may be seen from the following: "The extensive employment of women as teachers in America has been due partly to natural causes, but more to the conviction, which experience has confirmed, that women are better qualified for elementary teaching than men." "The deficiency of training is much less observable than in other countries, on account of the great natural aptitude of Americans, and especially of American women, for the work of teaching." Nevertheless, he is compelled to observe "how brief the school-life of female teachers is, and how great a difficulty it entails upon the American system. . . . At present it is estimated that teachers in the States do not continue in service on the average more than three years."

Of the direct effect of the short term of service for women upon the permanency and stability of the teacher's profession, he says, "The large preponderance of female teachers in the States will always render the occupation of the teacher more or less a temporary one. As a matter quite of course, women do not look to teaching as a life-long career. In England, scarcely one in twenty of the female teachers reaches her tenth year of service. Of the female teachers trained at Bishop's Stortford it has been ascertained that the average school-life was under five years. The proportion of female teachers in America is ten times greater than in England. Female teachers may have other advantages over males, and in the United States are generally conceded to have, but the length of their school-life is not one of them."

Of our methods of examining teachers, there are one or two pertinent sentences which we commend to superintendents and school committees: "The regulations respecting the examinations of teachers appear to be responsible, to some extent, for the frequent changes which occur, and which form a special blot upon the American system. . . . To one who intends to follow the profession of teaching for life, an annual examination must be insufferable." "The fact that the examiners are not in all cases[1] teachers causes a good deal of friction at times." "Teachers are even too apt to believe that the leading object of the examination is to give the examiners a chance of showing off their own attainments."

His praise of our teachers is frequent and emphatic. "The general testimony as to the worth of American teachers is very high. Energy and enthusiasm are their predominant characteristics." "The cities

[1] Mr. Adams might have said "so seldom."

and large towns possess a class of teachers not to be surpassed in the world." "In America the school-master is a civil officer, and his profession is attended by the highest honor and respect. In England he has long been a church-official of the lower grade." So far the advantage is on our side, but he adds, "The teachers of America and England have one bond of fellowship — they have been equally badly paid."

Of the "religious difficulty" Mr. Adams speaks with the determination and vigor of a man himself engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. Threatening as it looks, and demanding as it may, for the sake of greater good, the surrender of something very precious to New England hearts, it is not, at any rate, involved with so many vested rights and social traditions as in England. The question, though vital, is however simple. He says: "In fact, if it were not for the Roman Catholics, a chapter on the religious difficulty in the States might be as brief as the famous chapter on snakes in Iceland. . . . Not that the difficulty is wholly Irish or Roman Catholic; but it would be a long time before any overt manifestation appeared, were it not for the numbers and energy of the Irish faction."

No doubt Mr. Adams would be thankful if it could be met as squarely in England as he believes it might be here. "If it be true, as it probably is, that the Roman Catholic hierarchy . . . would not be content with anything short of the division of the school fund, the last thing they would rejoice to see would be the expulsion of the Bible from the schools. It would deprive them of their present undoubted grievance. The *locus standi* from which they demand a division of the school fund would be gone, immediately the Protestant custom of Bible reading were surrendered."

It is doubtful if there is at present here so strong a party in favor of "purely secular schools" as might be inferred from his words. But if ever the contest narrows itself to an alternative, one cannot question that he has truly and hopefully prophesied the result: "Either the present basis of the common school must be abandoned and the parochial school substituted for it, or the teaching in it must be purely secular. Of these alternatives, there can be little doubt that the overwhelming majority of Americans would prefer the latter. . . . The conversion of the Roman Catholics to the common school as a national institution is more likely than the conversion of Americans to a denominational system. But it does appear probable that the common school will in time be made purely secular. Large numbers of schools are wholly secular already. The idea that the secular school is godless or infidel does not exist outside the Roman Catholic communion. . . . The fact that these secular schools do exist, and find favor with the American people, is noteworthy, especially when it is remembered that religious feeling is much more general and has taken a far stronger hold on the masses than in this country."

Compulsory education appears to Mr. Adams to be a growing necessity for us. "Compulsion is the greatest want under which the American system labors." Yet he does full justice to the good accomplished by our truant laws, wherever they are faithfully executed. "Greater stringency is required in England in the application of compulsion, since in the chief American cities (New York, perhaps, excepted) they are doing as well without compulsion as we are with it." But he finds in these laws, as in the various attempts at indirect compulsion, a fatal want. Outside a few large cities "there is no one whose special business and duty it is to see that a law is enforced." The law in Michigan, for instance, "depends for its results upon the action of amateur detectives. Amateurs do not readily come forward to undertake offices of this kind." School officers in Michigan are required to take action upon written notice from any tax-payer of a violation of the law. But every attempt, Mr. Adams says, at indirect compulsion, even with the coöperation of employers, has shown "that there is a class of parents who cannot be reached except by direct compulsion. The experience of England and the United States on this subject points to exactly the same conclusion."

Mr. Adams finds also that this idea is gaining upon our people. "The wedge of despotism," and "opposed to the genius of American institutions," have been oft-repeated phrases. "But the Americans are the last people in the world to be frightened by phrases." "So strong is the determination to have efficient schools, that Americans have to a large extent overcome their natural repugnance to compulsory school-laws." "The demand for this reform has daily grown more emphatic." "Its universal adoption throughout the States is now, as in England, only a question of time."

We ourselves, while gladly recognizing

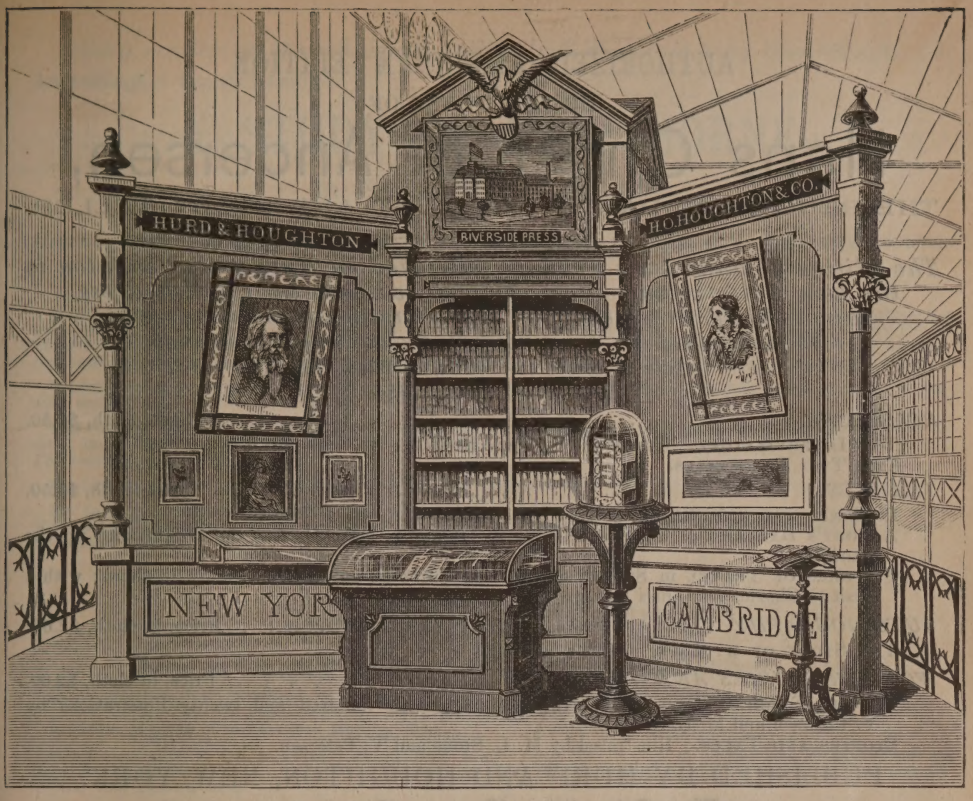
this growing conviction among our people, have somewhat sadly felt that this change of sentiment marks very strongly the time at which "the New England spirit" is ceasing to be the predominant one. What would the parents of the New England of forty years ago have thought of the suggestion that they needed to be compelled to send their children to school? But the day has come when in order to follow the *spirit* of their teaching, in order to be as loyal as they to truth and to freedom, we must heartily adopt methods utterly alien to the *letter* of their precepts.

To return to Mr. Adams. We do not remember to have seen anywhere more clearly set forth the need for a general and uniform action in this matter. One community or one State cannot move alone, for the children whom we most wish to reach will be at once removed by their ignorant and short-sighted parents to places where their labor can be employed without the interruption or hindrance of school. Mr. Adams meets this by the suggestion, which is obviously the only useful one, that we should supplement local powers by state (not federal) authority. His views upon this point are, with perhaps one exception, the most remarkable in the book. For almost all foreign observers are sure to lament the want of centralization in our system, to emphasize the need of a national organization, and to deprecate the absence of federal authority in the matter.

Mr. Adams has been too sympathetic a student of our institutions and has too truly divined their spirit to make this mistake. He sees that "the advocates of a federal law under which large powers would be vested in the National Bureau of Education are at present in a hopeless minority." But he believes "that of late years a disposition has been manifested to increase the powers of state superintendents and state boards of education; and in the view of Englishmen this is a movement in the right direction. The principle of local government should be supplemented by adequate power in the executive of the State to meet those cases in which, from public apathy or other causes, the local authorities fail to perform their duties." But for such purposes and such only would he invoke a central authority. The plea of uniformity, which is beguiling so many of our people, has no charms for him. "It is certainly better that each district should be able to fix its own standard of education than that the State should have power to prescribe a low standard for the whole country. The results of the exercise of such a power are manifest in England to-day."

"That which impresses us most in regard to America is the grasp which the schools have upon the sympathy and intelligence of the people," says Mr Adams, in another place. "The wide-spread popular regard which constitutes the propelling power appears to be chiefly due to two features: government by the people, and ownership by the people. . . . For no reason is the principle of local government more dearly prized than because of the control which it gives the people over the schools." "The most conspicuous feature of the American school system is its representative character. . . . The doctrine of the sovereignty of the people is carried to its furthest limits in the schools of the country. . . . The school laws are in harmony with the sympathies of the people; . . . the interposition of the government to insure provisions for education is unnecessary. . . . The simple principle of the American school laws is that the people can be trusted to attend to their own business." "In the United States they have actually that which Mr. Forster promised to give England by the act of 1870, but which at present we are far from the realization of, 'an education of the people's children, by the people's officers chosen in their local assemblies.'" Significant words these, all, to be remembered when next the friends of common schools have to defend them from disparagement and slight.

For the future, Mr. Adams has no misgiving, but the largest hope: "If the work to be done is mighty, there is a mighty energy at the head of the system, as those who love America best are glad to know." "Every movement is forward. In the ultimate accomplishment of the destiny of the republic, the usefulness and success of its education-system, and its influence as a first measure in the development of national power and prosperity, are unlimited."



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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. XXXVIII.—NOVEMBER, 1876.—No. CCXXIX.

THE ASCENT OF TAKHOMA.

WHEN Vancouver, in 1792, penetrated the Straits of Fuca and explored the unknown waters of the Mediterranean of the Pacific, wherever he sailed, from the Gulf of Georgia to the farthest inlet of Puget Sound, he beheld the lofty, snow-clad barrier range of the Cascades stretching north and south and bounding the eastern horizon. Towering at twice the altitude of all others, at intervals of a hundred miles there loomed up above the range three majestic, snowy peaks that

> "Like giants stand
> To sentinel enchanted land."

In the matter-of-fact spirit of a British sailor of his time, he named these sublime monuments of nature in honor of three lords of the English admiralty, Hood, Rainier, and Baker. Of these Rainier is the central, situated about half-way between the Columbia River and the line of British Columbia, and is by far the loftiest and largest. Its altitude is 14,444 feet, while Hood is 11,025 feet, and Baker is 10,810 feet high. The others, too, are single cones, while Rainier, or Takhoma,[1] is an immense mountain-mass with three distinct peaks, an eastern, a northern, and a southern; the two last extending out and up from the main central dome, from the summit of which they stand over a mile distant, while they are nearly two miles apart from each other.

Takhoma overlooks Puget Sound from Olympia to Victoria, one hundred and sixty miles. Its snow-clad dome is visible from Portland on the Willamette, one hundred and twenty miles south, and from the table-land of Walla Walla, one hundred and fifty miles east. A region two hundred and fifty miles across, including nearly all of Washington Territory, part of Oregon, and part of Idaho, is commanded in one field of vision by this colossus among mountains.

Takhoma had never been ascended. It was a virgin peak. The superstitious fears and traditions of the Indians, as well as the dangers of the ascent, had prevented their attempting to reach the summit, and the failure of a gallant and energetic officer, whose courage and hardihood were abundantly shown during the rebellion, had in general estimation proved it insurmountable.

For two years I had resolved to ascend Takhoma, but both seasons the dense smoke overspreading the whole country had prevented the attempt. Mr. Philomon Beecher Van Trump, humorous,

[1] Tak-ho'ma or Ta-ho'ma among the Yakimas, Klickitats, Puyallups, Nisquallys, and allied tribes of Indians, is the generic term for mountain, used precisely as we use the word "mount," as Takhoma Wynatchie, or Mount Wynatchie. But they all designate Rainier simply as Takhoma, or The Mountain, just as the mountain men used to call it the "Old He."

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generous, whole-souled, with endurance and experience withal, for he had roughed it in the mines, and a poetic appreciation of the picturesque and the sublime, was equally eager to scale the summit. Mr. Edward T. Coleman, an English gentleman of Victoria, a landscape artist and an Alpine tourist, whose reputed experience in Switzerland had raised a high opinion of his ability above the snow-line, completed the party.

Olympia, the capital of Washington Territory, is a beautiful, maple-embowered town of some two thousand inhabitants, situated at the southernmost extremity of Puget Sound, and west of Takhoma, distant in an air line seventy-five miles. The intervening country is covered with dense fir forests, almost impenetrable to the midday sun, and obstructed with fallen trees, upturned roots and stumps, and a perfect jungle of undergrowth, through which the most energetic traveler can accomplish but eight or nine miles a day. It was advisable to gain the nearest possible point by some trail, before plunging into the unbroken forest. The Nisqually River, which rises on the southern and western slopes of Takhoma, and empties into the sound a few miles north of Olympia, offered the most direct and natural approach. Ten years before, moreover, a few enterprising settlers had blazed out a trail across the Cascade Range, which followed the Nisqually nearly up to its source, thence deflected south to the Cowlitz River, and pursued this stream in a northeastern course to the summit of the range, thus turning the great mountain by a wide circuit. The best-informed mountain men represented the approaches on the south and southeast as by far the most favorable. The Nisqually-Cowlitz trail, then, seemed much the best, for the Nisqually, heading in the south and southwest slopes, and the Cowlitz, in the southeastern, afforded two lines of approach, by either of which the distance to the mountain, after leaving the trail, could not exceed thirty miles.

One August afternoon, Van Trump and I drove out to Yelm Prairie, thirty miles east of Olympia, and on the Nisqually River. We dashed rapidly on over a smooth, hard, level road, traversing wide reaches of prairie, passing under open groves of oaks and firs, and plunging through masses of black, dense forest in ever-changing variety. The moon had risen as we emerged upon Yelm Prairie; Takhoma, bathed in cold, white, spectral light from summit to base, appeared startlingly near and distinct. Our admiration was not so noisy as usual. Perhaps a little of dread mingled with it. In another hour we drove nearly across the plain and turned into a lane which conducted us up a beautiful rising plateau, crowned with a noble grove of oaks and overlooking the whole prairie. A comfortable, roomy house with a wide porch nestled among the trees, and its hospitable owner, Mr. James Longmire, appeared at the door and bade us enter.

The next morning we applied to Mr. Longmire for a guide, and for his advice as to our proposed trip. He was one of the few who marked out the Nisqually-Cowlitz trail years ago. He had explored the mountains about Takhoma as thoroughly, perhaps, as any other white man. One of the earliest settlers, quiet, self-reliant, sensible, and kindly, a better counselor than he could not have been found. The trail, he said, had not been traveled for four years, and was entirely illegible to eyes not well versed in woodcraft, and it would be folly for any one to attempt to follow it who was not thoroughly acquainted with the country. He could not leave his harvest, and moreover in three weeks he was to cross the mountains for a drove of cattle. His wife, too, quietly discouraged his going. She described his appearance on his return from previous mountain trips, looking as haggard and thin as though he had just risen from a sick-bed. She threw out effective little sketches of toil, discomfort, and hardship incident to mountain travel, and dwelt upon the hard fare. The bountiful country breakfast heaped before us, the rich cream, fresh butter and eggs, snowy, melting biscuits, and broiled chicken, with rich, white gravy, heightened the effect of her words.

But at length, when it appeared that no one else who knew the trail could be found, Mr. Longmire yielded to our persuasions, and consented to conduct us as far as the trail led, and to procure an Indian guide before leaving us to our own resources. As soon as we returned home we went with Mr. Coleman to his room to see a few indispensable equipments he had provided, in order that we might procure similar ones. The floor was literally covered with his traps, and he exhibited them one by one, expatiating upon their various uses. There was his ground-sheet, a large gum blanket equally serviceable to Mr. Coleman as a tent in camp and a bath-tub at the hotel. There was a strong rope to which we were all to be tied when climbing the snow-fields, so that if one fell into a chasm the others could hold him up. The "creepers" were a clumsy, heavy arrangement of iron spikes made to fasten on the foot with chains and straps, in order to prevent slipping on the ice. He had an ice-axe for cutting steps, a spirit-lamp for making tea on the mountains, green goggles for snow-blindness, deer's fat for the face, Alpine staffs, needles and thread, twine, tacks, screws, screw-driver, gimlet, file, several medical prescriptions, two boards for pressing flowers, sketching materials, and in fact every article that Mr. Coleman in his extensive reading had found used or recommended by travelers. Every one of these he regarded as indispensable. The Alpine staff was, he declared, most important of all, a great assistance in traveling through the woods as well as on the ice; and he illustrated on his hands and knees how to cross a crevasse in the ice on two staffs. This interview naturally brought to mind the characteristic incident related of Packwood, the mountain man who, as hunter and prospecter, had explored the deepest recesses of the Cascades. He had been engaged to guide a railroad surveying party across the mountains, and just as the party was about to start he approached the chief and demanded an advance to enable him to buy his outfit for the trip. "How much do you want?" asked the chief, rather anxiously, lest Packwood should overdraw his prospective wages. "Well, about two dollars and a half," was the reply; and at the camp-fire that evening, being asked if he had bought his outfit, Packwood, thrusting his hand into his pocket, drew forth and exhibited with perfect seriousness and complacency his entire outfit, — a jack-knife and a plug of tobacco.

Half a dozen carriages rattled gayly out of Olympia in the cool of the morning, filled with a laughing, singing, frolicking bevy of young ladies and gentlemen. They were the Takhoma party starting on their adventurous trip, with a chosen escort accompanying them to their first camp. They rested several hours at Longmire's during the heat of the day, and the drive was then continued seven miles farther, to the Lacamas, an irregular-shaped prairie two miles in length by half a mile in breadth. Here live two of Mr. Longmire's sons. Their farms form the last settlement, and at the gate of Mr. Elkane Longmire's house the road ends. A wooded knoll overlooking the prairie, with a spring of water at its foot, was selected as the camp-ground. Some of the party stretched a large sail between the trees as a tent, others watered and fed the horses, and others busied themselves with the supper. Two eager sportsmen started after grouse, while their more practical companions bought half a dozen chickens, and had them soon dressed and sputtering over the fire. The shades of night were falling as the party sat down on the ground and partook of a repast fit for the Olympians, and with a relish sharpened by the long journey and a whole day's fast.

Early in the morning Mr. Longmire arrived in camp with two mules and a pack-horse, and our mountain outfit was rapidly made up into suitable bales and packed upon the horse and one of the mules, the other mule being reserved for Longmire's own riding. We assembled around the breakfast with spirits as gay and appetites as sharp as ever. Then, with many good-bys and much waving of handkerchiefs, the party broke up. Four

roughly clad pedestrians moved off in single file, leading their pack animals, and looking back at every step to catch the last glimpse of the bright garments and fluttering cambrics, while the carriages drove rapidly down the road and disappeared in the dark, sullen forest.

We stepped off briskly, following a dim trail in an easterly course, and crossing the little prairie entered the timber. After winding over hilly ground for about three miles, we descended into the Nisqually bottom and forded a fine brook at the foot of the hill. For the next ten miles our route lay across the bottom, and along the bank of the river, passing around logs, following old, dry beds of the river and its lateral sloughs, ankle-deep in loose sand, and forcing our way through dense jungles of vine-maple. The trail was scarcely visible, and much obstructed by fallen trees and underbrush, and its difficulties were aggravated by the bewildering tracks of Indians who had lately wandered about the bottom in search of berries or rushes. We repeatedly missed the trail, and lost hours in retracing our steps and searching for the right course. The weather was hot and sultry, and rendered more oppressive by the dense foliage; myriads of gnats and mosquitoes tormented us and drove our poor animals almost frantic; and our thirst, aggravated by the severe and unaccustomed toil, seemed quenchless. At length we reached the ford of the Nisqually. Directly opposite, a perpendicular bluff of sand and gravel in alternate strata rose to the height of two hundred and fifty feet, its base washed by the river and its top crowned with firs. The stream was a hundred yards wide, waist-deep, and very rapid. Its waters were icy cold, and of a milk-white hue. This color is the characteristic of glacial rivers. The impalpable powder of thousands of tons of solid rocks, ground up beneath the vast weight and resistless though imperceptible flow of huge glaciers, remains in solution in these streams, and colors them milk-white to the sea. Leading the animals down the bank and over a wide, dry bar of cobble-stones, we stood at the brink of the swift, turbulent river, and prepared to essay its passage. Coleman mounted behind Van Trump on the little saddle-mule, his long legs dangling nearly to the ground, one hand grasping his Alpine staff, the other the neck-rope of the pack-mule, which Longmire bestrode. Longmire led in turn the pack-horse, behind whose bulky load was perched the other member of the party. The cavalcade, linked together in this order, had but just entered the stream when Coleman dropped the neck-rope he was holding. The mule, bewildered by the rush and roar of the waters, turned directly down-stream, and in another instant our two pack-animals, with their riders, would have been swept away in the furious rapids, had not Longmire with great presence of mind turned their erratic course in the right direction and safely brought them to the opposite shore. Following the bottom along the river for some distance, we climbed up the end of the bluff already mentioned, by a steep zigzag trail, and skirted along its brink for a mile. Far below us on the right rushed the Nisqually. On the left the bluff fell off in a steep hill-side thickly clothed with woods and underbrush, and at its foot plowed the Owhap, a large stream emptying into the Nisqually just below our ford. Another mile through the woods brought us out upon the Mishell Prairie, a beautiful, oval meadow of a hundred acres, embowered in the tall, dense fir forest, with a grove of lofty, branching oaks at its farther extremity, and covered with green grass and bright flowers. It takes its name from the Mishell River, which empties into the Nisqually a mile above the prairie.

We had marched sixteen miles. The packs were gladly thrown off beneath a lofty fir; the animals were staked out to graze. A spring in the edge of the woods afforded water, and while Mr. Coleman busied himself with his pipe, his flask, his note-book, his sketch-book, and his pouch of multifarious odds and ends, the other members of the party performed the duties incident to camp-life: made the fire, brought water, spread the blankets, and prepared supper. The

flags attached to our Alpine staffs waved gayly overhead, and the sight of their bright folds fluttering in the breeze deepened the fixed resolve to plant them on Takhoma's hoary head, and made failure seem impossible. Mr. Coleman announced the altitude of Mishell Prairie as eight hundred feet by the barometer. By an unlucky fall the thermometer was broken.

The march was resumed early next morning. As we passed the lofty oaks at the end of the little prairie, "On that tree," said Longmire, pointing out one of the noblest, "Maxon's company hanged two Indians in the war of '56. Ski-hi and his band, after many depredations upon the settlements, were encamped on the Mishell, a mile distant, in fancied security, when Maxon and his men surprised them and cut off every soul except the two prisoners whom they hanged here."

For eight miles the trail led through thick woods, and then, after crossing a wide "burn," past a number of deserted Indian wigwams, where another trail from the Nisqually plains joined ours, it descended a gradual slope, traversed a swampy thicket and another mile of heavy timber, and debouched on the Mishell River. This is a fine, rapid, sparkling stream, knee-deep and forty feet wide, rippling and dashing over a gravelly bed with clear, cold, transparent water. The purity of the clear water, so unlike the yeasty Nisqually, proves that the Mishell is no glacial river. Rising in an outlying range to the northwest of Takhoma, it flows in a southwest course to its confluence with the Nisqually near our previous night's camp. We unsaddled for the noon-rest. Van Trump went up the stream, fishing; Longmire crossed to look out the trail ahead, and Coleman made tea *solitaire*.

An hour passed, and Longmire returned. "The trail is blind," said he, "and we have no time to lose." Just then Van Trump returned; and the little train was soon in readiness to resume the tramp. Longmire rode his mule across the stream, telling us to drive the pack-animals after him and follow by a convenient log near by. As the mule attempted to climb a low place in the opposite bank, which offered an apparently easy exit from the river, his hind legs sank in a quicksand, he sat down quickly, if not gracefully, and, not fancying that posture, threw himself clear under water. His dripping rider rose to his feet, flung the bridle-rein over his arm, and, springing up the bank at a more practicable point, strode along the trail with as little delay and as perfect unconcern as though an involuntary ducking was of no more moment than climbing over a log.

The trail *was* blind. Longmire scented it through thickets of salal, fern, and underbrush, stumbling over roots, vines, and hollows hidden in the rank vegetation, now climbing huge trunks that the animals could barely scramble over, and now laboriously working his way around some fallen giant and traveling two hundred yards in order to gain a dozen yards on the course. The packs, continually jammed against trees and shaken loose by this rough traveling, required frequent repacking — no small task. At the very top of a high, steep hill, up which we had laboriously zigzagged shortly after crossing the Mishell, the little pack-horse, unable to sustain the weight of the pack, which had shifted all to one side, fell and rolled over and over to the bottom. Bringing up the goods and chattels one by one on our own shoulders to the top of the hill, we replaced the load and started again. The course was in a southerly direction, over high rolling ground of good clay soil, heavily timbered, with marshy swales at intervals, to the Nisqually River again, a distance of twelve miles. We encamped on a narrow flat between the high hill just descended and the wide and noisy river, near an old ruined log-hut, the former residence of a once famed Indian medicine man, who, after the laudable custom of his race, had expiated with his life his failure to cure a patient.

Early next morning we continued our laborious march along the right bank of the Nisqually. Towards noon we left the river, and after thridding in an east-

erly course a perfect labyrinth of fallen timber for six miles, and forcing our way with much difficulty through the tangled jungle of an extensive vine-maple swamp, at length crossed Silver Creek and gladly threw off the packs for an hour's rest.

A short distance after crossing Silver Creek the trail emerged upon more open ground, and for the first time the Nisqually Valley lay spread out in view before us. On the left stretched a wall of steep, rocky mountains, standing parallel to the course of the river and extending far eastward, growing higher and steeper and more rugged as it receded from view. At the very extremity of this range Takhoma loomed aloft, its dome high above all others and its flanks extending far down into the valley, and all covered, dome and flanks, with snow of dazzling white, in striking contrast with the black basaltic mountains about it. Startlingly near it looked to our eyes, accustomed to the restricted views and gloom of the forest.

After our noon rest we continued our journey up the valley, twisting in and out among the numerous trunks of trees that encumbered the ground, and after several hours of tedious trudging struck our third camp on Copper Creek, the twin brother to Silver Creek, just at dusk. We were thoroughly tired, having made twenty miles in thirteen hours of hard traveling.

Starting at daylight next morning, we walked two miles over rough ground much broken by ravines, and then descended into the bed of the Nisqually at the mouth of Goat Creek, another fine stream which empties here. We continued our course along the river bed, stumbling over rocky bars and forcing our way through dense thickets of willow, for some distance, then ascended the steep bank, went around a high hill over four miles of execrable trail, and descended to the river again, only two miles above Goat Creek. At this point the Takhoma branch or North Fork joins the Nisqually. This stream rises on the west side of Takhoma, is nearly as large as the main river, and like it shows its glacial origin by its milk-white water and by its icy cold, terribly swift and furious torrent. Crossing the Takhoma branch, here thirty yards wide, we kept up the main river, crossing and recrossing the stream frequently, and toiling over rocky bars for four miles, a distance which consumed five hours, owing to the difficulties of the way. We then left the Nisqually, turning to the right and traveling in a southerly course, and followed up the bed of a swampy creek for half a mile, then crossed a level tract much obstructed with fallen timber, then ascended a burnt ridge, and followed it for two miles to a small, marshy prairie in a wide canyon or defile closed in by rugged mountains on either side, and camped beside a little rivulet on the east side of the prairie. This was Bear Prairie, the altitude of which by the barometer was 2630 feet. The canyon formed a low pass between the Nisqually and Cowlitz rivers, and the little rivulet near which we camped flowed into the latter stream. The whole region had been swept by fire: thousands of giant trunks stood blackened and lifeless, the picture of desolation.

As we were reclining on the ground around the camp-fire, enjoying the calm and beatific repose which comes to the toil-worn mountaineer after his hearty supper, one of these huge trunks, after several warning creaks, came toppling and falling directly over our camp. All rushed to one side or another to avoid the impending crash. As one member of the party, hastily catching up in one hand a frying-pan laden with tin plates and cups, and in the other the camp kettle half full of boiling water, was scrambling away, his foot tripped in a blackberry vine and he fell outstretched at full length, the much-prized utensils scattering far and wide, while the falling tree came thundering down in the rear, doing no other damage, however, than burying a pair of blankets.

The following day Longmire and the writer went down the canyon to its junction with the Cowlitz River, in search of a band of Indians who usually made their head-quarters at this point, and among whom Longmire hoped to find some hunter familiar with the mountains

who might guide us to the base of Takhoma. The tiny rivulet as we descended soon swelled to a large and furious torrent, and its bed filled nearly the whole bottom of the gorge. The mountains rose on both sides precipitously, and the traces of land-slides which had gouged vast furrows down their sides were frequent. With extreme toil and difficulty we made our way, continually wading the torrent, clambering over broken masses of rock which filled its bed, or clinging to the steep hill-sides, and reached the Cowlitz at length after twelve miles of this fatiguing work, but only to find the Indian camp deserted. Further search, however, was rewarded by the discovery of a rude shelter formed of a few skins thrown over a frame-work of poles, beneath which sat a squaw at work upon a half-dressed deer-skin. An infant and a naked child of perhaps four years lay on the ground near the fire in front. Beside the lodge and quietly watching our approach, of which he alone seemed aware, stood a tall, slender Indian clad in buckskin shirt and leggings, with a striped woolen breech-clout, and a singular head garniture which gave him a fierce and martial appearance. This consisted of an old military cap, the visor thickly studded with brass-headed nails, while a large circular brass article, which might have been the top of an oil-lamp, was fastened upon the crown. Several eagle feathers stuck in the crown and strips of fur sewed upon the sides completed the edifice, which, notwithstanding its components, appeared imposing rather than ridiculous. A long Hudson Bay gun, the stock also ornamented with brass-headed tacks, lay in the hollow of the Indian's shoulder.

He received us with great friendliness, yet not without dignity, shaking hands and motioning us to a seat beneath the rude shelter, while his squaw hastened to place before us suspicious-looking cakes of dried berries, apparently their only food. After a moderate indulgence in this delicacy, Longmire made known our wants. The Indian spoke fluently the Chinook jargon, that high-bred lingo invented by the old fur-traders. He called himself "Sluiskin" and readily agreed to guide us to Rainier, known to him only as Takhoma, and promised to report at Bear Prairie the next day. It was after seven in the evening when we reached camp thoroughly fagged.

Punctual to promise, Sluiskin rode up at noon mounted upon a stunted Indian pony, while his squaw and pappooses followed upon another even more puny and forlorn. After devouring an enormous dinner, evidently compensating for the rigors of a long fast, in reply to our inquiries he described the route he proposed to take to Takhoma. Pointing to the almost perpendicular height immediately back or east of our camp, towering three thousand feet or more overhead, the loftiest mountain in sight, "We go to the top of that mountain to-day," said he, "and to-morrow we follow along the high, backbone ridge of the mountains, now up, now down, first on one side and then on the other, a long day's journey, and at last, descending far down from the mountains into a deep valley, reach the base of Takhoma." Sluiskin illustrated his Chinook with speaking signs and pantomime. He had frequently hunted the mountain sheep upon the snow-fields of Takhoma, but had never ascended to the summit. It was impossible to do so, and he put aside as idle talk our expressed intention of making the ascent.

We had already selected the indispensable articles for a week's tramp, a blanket apiece, the smallest coffee-pot and frying-pan, a scanty supply of bacon, flour, coffee, etc., and had made them up into suitable packs of forty pounds each, provided with slings like a knapsack, and had piled together under the lee of a huge fallen trunk our remaining goods. Longmire, who although impatient to return home, where his presence was urgently needed, had watched and directed our preparations during the forenoon with kindly solicitude, now bade us good-by: mounted on one mule and leading the other, he soon disappeared down the trail on his lonely, homeward way. He left us the little pack-horse, thinking it would be quite

capable of carrying our diminished outfit after our return from Takhoma.

Sluiskin led the way. The load upon his shoulders was sustained by a broad band passing over his head, upon which his heavy, brass-studded rifle, clasped in both hands, was poised and balanced. Leaving behind the last vestige of trail, we toiled in single file slowly and laboriously up the mountain all the afternoon. The steepness of the ascent in many places required the use of both hand and foot in climbing, and the exercise of great caution to keep the heavy packs from dragging us over backwards. Coleman lagged behind from the start, and at intervals his voice could be heard hallooing and calling upon us to wait. Towards sunset we reached a level terrace, or bench, near the summit, gladly threw off our packs, and waited for Coleman, who, we supposed, could not be far below. He not appearing, we hallooed again and again. No answer! We then sent Sluiskin down the mountain to his aid. After an hour's absence the Indian returned. He had descended, he said, a long distance, and at last caught sight of Coleman. He was near the foot of the mountain, had thrown away his pack, blankets and all, and was evidently returning to camp. And Sluiskin finished his account with expressions of contempt for the "cultus King George man." What was to be done? Coleman carried in his pack all our bacon, our only supply of meat, except a few pounds of dried beef. He also had the barometer, the only instrument that had survived the jolts and tumbles of our rough trip. But, on the other hand, he had been a clog upon our march from the outset. He was evidently too infirm to endure the toil before us, and would not only be unable to reach, still less to ascend Takhoma, but might even impede and frustrate our own efforts. Knowing that he would be safe in camp until our return, we hastily concluded to proceed without him, trusting to our rifles for a supply of meat.

Sluiskin led us along the side of the ridge in a southerly direction for two miles farther, to a well-sheltered, grassy hollow in the mountain-top, where he had often previously encamped. It was after dark when we reached this place. The usual spring had gone dry, and, parched with thirst, we searched the gulches of the mountain-side for water an hour, but without success. At length the writer, recalling a scanty rill which trickled across their path a mile back, taking the coffee-pot and large canteen, retraced his steps, succeeded in filling these utensils after much fumbling in the dark and consequent delay, and returned to camp. He found Van Trump and the Indian, anxious at the long delay, mounted on the crest of the ridge some two hundred yards from camp, waving torches and shouting lustily to direct his steps. The mosquitoes and flies came in clouds, and were terribly annoying. After supper of coffee and bread, we drank up the water, rolled ourselves in our blankets, and lay down under a tree with our flags floating from the boughs overhead. Hot as had been the day, the night was cold and frosty, owing, doubtless, to the altitude of our camp.

At the earliest dawn next morning we were moving on without breakfast, and parched with thirst. Sluiskin led us in a general course about north-northeast, but twisting to nearly every point of the compass, and climbing up and down thousands of feet from mountain to mountain, yet keeping on the highest backbone between the head-waters of the Nisqually and Cowlitz rivers. After several hours of this work we came to a well-sheltered hollow, one side filled with a broad bed of snow, at the foot of which nestled a tiny, tranquil lakelet, and gladly threw off our heavy packs, assuaged our thirst, and took breakfast, — bread and coffee again. Early as it was, the chill of the frosty night still in the air, the mosquitoes renewed their attacks, and proved as innumerable and vexatious as ever.

Continuing our march, we crossed many beds of snow, and drank again and again from the icy rills which flowed out of them. The mountains were cov-

ered with stunted mountain-ash and low, stubby firs with short, bushy branches, and occasionally a few pines. Many slopes were destitute of trees, but covered with luxuriant grass and the greatest profusion of beautiful flowers of vivid hues. This was especially the case with the southern slopes, while the northern sides of the mountains were generally wooded. We repeatedly ate berries, and an hour afterwards ascended to where berries of the same kind were found scarcely yet formed. The country was much obscured with smoke from heavy fires which had been raging on the Cowlitz the last two days. But when at length, after climbing for hours an almost perpendicular peak, — creeping on hands and knees over loose rocks, and clinging to scanty tufts of grass where a single slip would have sent us rolling a thousand feet down to destruction, — we reached the highest crest and looked over, we exclaimed that we were already well repaid for all our toil. Nothing can convey an idea of the grandeur and ruggedness of the mountains. Directly in front, and apparently not over two miles distant, although really twenty, old Takhoma loomed up more gigantic than ever. We were far above the level of the lower snow-line on Takhoma. The high peak upon which we clung seemed the central core or focus of all the mountains around, and on every side we looked down vertically thousands of feet, deep down into vast, terrible defiles, black and fir-clothed, which stretched away until lost in the distance and smoke. Between them, separating one from another, the mountain-walls rose precipitously and terminated in bare, columnar peaks of black basaltic or volcanic rock, as sharp as needles. It seemed incredible that any human foot could have followed out the course we came, as we looked back upon it.

After a few hours more of this climbing, we stood upon the summit of the last mountain-ridge that separated us from Takhoma. We were in a saddle of the ridge; a lofty peak rose on either side. Below us extended a long, steep hollow or gulch filled with snow, the farther extremity of which seemed to drop off perpendicularly into a deep valley or basin. Across this valley, directly in front, filling up the whole horizon and view with an indescribable aspect of magnitude and grandeur, stood the old leviathan of mountains. The broad, snowy dome rose far among and above the clouds. The sides fell off in vertical steeps and fearful black walls of rock for a third of its altitude; lower down, vast, broad, gently sloping snow-fields surrounded the mountain, and were broken here and there by ledges or masses of the dark basaltic rock protruding above them. Long, green ridges projected from this snow-belt at intervals, radiating from the mountain and extending many miles until lost in the distant forests. Deep valleys lay between these ridges. Each at its upper end formed the bed of a glacier, which closed and filled it up with solid ice. Below the snow-line bright green grass with countless flowers, whose vivid scarlet, blue, and purple formed bodies of color in the distance, clothed the whole region of ridges and valleys, for a breadth of five miles. The beautiful balsam firs, about thirty feet in height, and of a purple, dark-green color, stood scattered over the landscape, now singly, now in groves, and now in long lines, as though planted in some well-kept park. Farther down an unbroken fir forest surrounded the mountain and clad the lower portions of the ridges and valleys. In every sheltered depression or hollow lay beds of snow with tiny brooks and rivulets flowing from them. The glaciers terminated not gradually, but abruptly, with a wall of ice from one to five hundred feet high, from beneath which yeasty torrents burst forth and rushed roaring and tumbling down the valleys. The principal of these, far away on our left front, could be seen plunging over two considerable falls, half hidden in the forest, while the roar of waters was distinctly audible.

At length we cautiously descended the snow-bed, and, climbing at least fifteen hundred feet down a steep but ancient land-slide by means of the bushes growing among the loose rocks, reached the

valley, and encountered a beautiful, peaceful, limpid creek. Van Trump could not resist the temptation of unpacking his bundle, selecting one of his carefully preserved flies, and trying the stream for trout, but without a single rise. After an hour's rest and a hearty repast we resumed our packs, despite Sluiskin's protests, who seemed tired out with his arduous day's toil and pleaded hard against traveling farther. Crossing the stream, we walked through several grassy glades, or meadows, alternating with open woods. We soon came to the foot of one of the long ridges already described, and ascending it followed it for several miles through open woods, until we emerged upon the enchanting emerald and flowery meads which clothe these upper regions. Halting upon a rising eminence in our course, and looking back, we beheld the ridge of mountains we had just descended stretching from east to west in a steep, rocky wall; a little to the left, a beautiful lake, evidently the source of the stream just crossed, which we called Clear Creek, and glimpses of which could be seen among the trees as it flowed away to the right, down a rapidly descending valley along the foot of the lofty mountain-wall. Beyond the lake again, still farther to the left, the land also subsided quickly. It was at once evident that the lake was upon a summit, or divide, between the waters of the Nisqually and Cowlitz rivers. The ridge which we were ascending lay north and south, and led directly up to the mountain.

We camped, as the twilight fell upon us, in an aromatic grove of balsam firs. A grouse, the fruit of Sluiskin's rifle, broiled before the fire and impartially divided, gave a relish to the dry bread and coffee. After supper we reclined upon our blankets in front of the bright, blazing fire, well satisfied. The Indian, when starting from Bear Prairie, had evidently deemed our intention of ascending Takhoma too absurd to deserve notice. The turning back of Mr. Coleman only deepened his contempt for our prowess. But his views had undergone a change with the day's march. The affair began to look serious to him, and now in Chinook, interspersed with a few words of broken English and many signs and gesticulations, he began a solemn exhortation and warning against our rash project.

Takhoma, he said, was an enchanted mountain, inhabited by an evil spirit, who dwelt in a fiery lake on its summit. No human being could ascend it or even attempt its ascent, and survive. At first, indeed, the way was easy. The broad snow-fields, over which he had so often hunted the mountain goat, interposed no obstacle, but above them the rash adventurer would be compelled to climb up steeps of loose, rolling rocks, which would turn beneath his feet and cast him headlong into the deep abyss below. The upper snow-slopes, too, were so steep that not even a goat, far less a man, could get over them. And he would have to pass below lofty walls and precipices whence avalanches of snow and vast masses of rock were continually falling; and these would inevitably bury the intruder beneath their ruins. Moreover, a furious tempest continually swept the crown of the mountain, and the luckless adventurer, even if he wonderfully escaped the perils below, would be torn from the mountain and whirled through the air by this fearful blast. And the awful being upon the summit, who would surely punish the sacrilegious attempt to invade his sanctuary, — who could hope to escape his vengeance? Many years ago, he continued, his grandfather, a great chief and warrior, and a mighty hunter, had ascended part way up the mountain, and had encountered some of these dangers, but he fortunately turned back in time to escape destruction; and no other Indian had ever gone so far.

Finding that his words did not produce the desired effect, he assured us that, if we persisted in attempting the ascent, he would wait three days for our return, and would then proceed to Olympia and inform our friends of our death; and he begged us to give him a paper (a written note) to take to them, so that they might believe his story.

Sluiskin's manner during this harangue was earnest in the extreme, and he was undoubtedly sincere in his forebodings. After we had retired to rest, he kept up a most dismal chant, or dirge, until late in the night. The dim, white, spectral mass towering so near, the roar of the torrents below us, and the occasional thunder of avalanches, several of which fell during the night, added to the weird effect of Sluiskin's song.

The next morning we moved two miles farther up the ridge and made camp in the last clump of trees, quite within the limit of perpetual snow. Thence, with snow-spikes upon our feet and Alpine staff in hand, we went up the snow-fields to reconnoitre the best line of ascent. We spent four hours, walking fast, in reaching the foot of the steep, abrupt part of the mountain. After carefully scanning the southern approaches, we decided to ascend on the morrow by a steep, rocky ridge that seemed to lead up to the snowy crown.

Our camp was pitched on a high knoll crowned by a grove of balsam firs, near a turbulent glacial torrent. About nine o'clock, after we had lain down for the night, the firs round our camp took fire and suddenly burst out in a vivid conflagration. The night was dark and windy, and the scene — the vast, dim outlines of Takhoma, the white snow-fields, the roaring torrent, the crackling blaze of the burning trees — was strikingly wild and picturesque.

In honor of our guide we named the cascade at our feet Sluiskin's Falls; the stream we named Glacier Creek, and the mass of ice whence it derives its source we styled the Little Nisqually Glacier.

Before daylight the next morning, Wednesday, August 17, 1870, we were up and had breakfasted, and at six o'clock we started to ascend Takhoma. Besides our Alpine staffs and creepers, we carried a long rope, an ice-axe, a brass plate inscribed with our names, our flags, a large canteen, and some luncheon. We were also provided with gloves, and green goggles for snow-blindness, but found no occasion to use the latter. Having suffered much from the heat of the sun since leaving Bear Prairie, and being satisfied from our late reconnoissance that we could reach the summit and return on the same day, we left behind our coats and blankets. In three hours of fast walking we reached the highest point of the preceding day's trip, and commenced the ascent by the steep, rocky ridge already described as reaching up to the snowy dome. We found it to be a very narrow, steep, irregular backbone, composed of a crumbling basaltic conglomerate, the top only, or backbone, being solid rock, while the sides were composed of loose broken rocks and *debris*. Up this ridge, keeping upon the spine when possible, and sometimes forced to pick our way over the loose and broken rocks at the sides, around columnar masses which we could not directly climb over, we toiled for five hundred yards, ascending at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. Here the ridge connected, by a narrow neck or saddle, with a vast square rock, whose huge and distinct outline can be clearly perceived from a distance of twenty-five miles. This, like the ridge, is a conglomerate of basalt and trap, in well-defined strata, and is rapidly disintegrating and continually falling in showers and even masses of rocks and rubbish, under the action of frost by night and melting snow by day. It lies imbedded in the side of the mountain, with one side and end projected and overhanging deep, terrible gorges, and it is at the corner or junction of these two faces that the ridge joined it at a point about a thousand feet below its top. On the southern face the strata were inclined at an angle of thirty degrees. Crossing by the saddle from the ridge, despite a strong wind which swept across it, we gained a narrow ledge formed by a stratum more solid than its fellows, and creeping along it, hugging close to the main rock on our right, laboriously and cautiously continued the ascent. The wind was blowing violently. We were now crawling along the face of the precipice almost in mid-air. On the right the rock towered far above us

perpendicularly. On the left it fell sheer off, two thousand feet, into a vast abyss. A great glacier filled its bed and stretched away for several miles, all seamed or wrinkled across with countless crevasses. We crept up and along a ledge, not of solid, sure rock, but one obstructed with the loose stones and débris which were continually falling from above, and we trod on the upper edge of a steep slope of this rubbish, sending the stones at every step rolling and bounding into the depth below. Several times during our progress showers of rocks fell from the precipice above across our path, and rolled into the abyss, but fortunately none struck us.

Four hundred yards of this progress brought us to where the rock joined the overhanging edge of the vast *névé* or snow-field that descended from the dome of the mountain and was from time to time, as pressed forward and downward, breaking off in immense masses, which fell with a noise as of thunder into the great canyon on our left. The junction of rock and ice afforded our only line of ascent. It was an almost perpendicular gutter, but here our ice-axe came into play, and by cutting steps in the ice and availing ourselves of every crevice or projecting point of the rock, we slowly worked our way up two hundred yards higher. Falling stones were continually coming down, both from the rock on our right and from the ice in front, as it melted and relaxed its hold upon them. Mr. Van Trump was hit by a small one, and another struck his staff from his hands. Abandoning the rock, then, at the earliest practicable point, we ascended directly up the ice, cutting steps for a short distance, until we reached ice so corrugated, or drawn up in sharp pinnacles, as to afford a foothold. These folds or pinnacles were about two or three feet high, and half as thick, and stood close together. It was like a very violent chop sea, only the waves were sharper. Up this safe footing we climbed rapidly, the side of the mountain becoming less and less steep, and the ice waves smaller and more regular, and, after ascending about three hundred yards, stood fairly upon the broad dome of mighty Takhoma. It rose before us like a broad, gently swelling headland of dazzling white, topped with black, where the rocky summit projected above the névé. Ascending diagonally towards the left, we continued our course. The snow was hard and firm under foot, crisp and light for an inch or two, but solidified into ice a foot or less beneath the surface. The whole field was covered with the ice-waves already described, and intersected by a number of crevasses which we crossed at narrow places without difficulty. About half-way up the slope, we encountered one from eight to twenty feet wide and of profound depth. The most beautiful vivid emerald-green color seemed to fill the abyss, the reflection of the bright sunlight from side to side of its pure ice walls. The upper side or wall of the crevasses was some twelve feet above the lower, and in places overhung it, as though the snow-field on the lower side had bodily settled down a dozen feet. Throwing a bight of the rope around a projecting pinnacle on the upper side, we climbed up, hand over hand, and thus effected a crossing. We were now obliged to travel slowly, with frequent rests. In that rare atmosphere, after taking seventy or eighty steps, our breath would be gone, our muscles grew tired and strained, and we experienced all the sensations of extreme fatigue. An instant's pause, however, was sufficient to recover strength and breath, and we would start again. The wind, which we had not felt while climbing the steepest part of the mountain, now again blew furiously, and we began to suffer from the cold. Our course, — directed still diagonally towards the left, thus shunning the severe exertion of climbing straight up the dome, although at an ordinary altitude the slope would be deemed easy, — brought us first to the southwest peak. This is a long, exceedingly sharp, narrow ridge, springing out from the main dome for a mile into mid-air. The ridge affords not over ten or twelve feet of foothold on top, and the sides descend almost vertically. On the

right side the snow lay firm and smooth for a few feet on top, and then descended in a steep, unbroken sheet, like an immense, flowing curtain, into the tremendous basin which lies on the west side of the mountain between the southern and northern peaks, and which is inclosed by them as by two mighty arms. The snow on the top and left crest of the ridge was broken into high, sharp pinnacles, with cracks and fissures extending to the rocks a few feet below. The left side, too steep for the snow to lie on, was vertical, bare rock. The wind blew so violently that we were obliged to brace ourselves with our Alpine staffs and use great caution to guard against being swept off the ridge. We threw ourselves behind the pinnacles or into the cracks every seventy steps, for rest and shelter against the bitter, piercing wind. Hastening forward in this way along the dizzy, narrow, and precarious ridge, we reached at length the highest point. Sheltered behind a pinnacle of ice we rested a moment, took out our flags and fastened them upon the Alpine staffs, and then, standing erect in the furious blast, waved them in triumph with three cheers. We stood a moment upon that narrow summit, bracing ourselves against the tempest to view the prospect. The whole country was shrouded in a dense sea of smoke, above which the mountain towered two thousand feet in the clear, cloudless ether. A solitary peak far to the southeast, doubtless Mount Adams, and one or two others in the extreme northern horizon, alone protruded above the pall. On every side of the mountain were deep gorges falling off precipitously thousands of feet, and from these the thunderous sound of avalanches would rise occasionally. Far below were the wide-extended glaciers already described. The wind was now a perfect tempest, and bitterly cold; smoke and mist were flying about the base of the mountain, half hiding, half revealing its gigantic outlines; and the whole scene was sublimely awful.

It was now five P. M. We had spent eleven hours of unremitted toil in making the ascent, and, thoroughly fatigued, and chilled by the cold, bitter gale, we saw ourselves obliged to pass the night on the summit without shelter or food, except our meagre lunch. It would have been impossible to descend the mountain before nightfall, and sure destruction to attempt it in darkness. We concluded to return to a mass of rocks not far below, and there pass the night as best we could, burrowing in the loose débris.

The middle peak of the mountain, however, was evidently the highest, and we determined to first visit it. Retracing our steps along the narrow crest of Peak Success, as we named the scene of our triumph, we crossed an intervening depression in the dome, and ascended the middle peak, about a mile distant and two hundred feet higher than Peak Success. Climbing over a rocky ridge which crowns the summit, we found ourselves within a circular crater two hundred yards in diameter, filled with a solid bed of snow, and inclosed with a rim of rocks projecting above the snow all around. As we were crossing the crater on the snow, Van Trump detected the odor of sulphur, and the next instant numerous jets of steam and smoke were observed issuing from the crevices of the rocks which formed the rim on the northern side. Never was a discovery more welcome! Hastening forward, we both exclaimed, as we warmed our chilled and benumbed extremities over one of Pluto's fires, that here we would pass the night, secure against freezing to death, at least. These jets were from the size of that of a large steam-pipe to a faint, scarcely perceptible emission, and issued all along the rim among the loose rocks on the northern side for more than half the circumference of the crater. At intervals they would puff up more strongly, and the smoke would collect in a cloud until blown aside and scattered by the wind, and then their force would abate for a time.

A deep cavern, extending into and under the ice, and formed by the action of heat, was found. Its roof was a

dome of brilliant green ice with long icicles pendent from it, while its floor, composed of the rocks and débris which formed the side of the crater, descended at an angle of thirty degrees. Forty feet within its mouth we built a wall of stones, inclosing a space five by six feet around a strong jet of steam and heat. Unlike the angular, broken rocks met with elsewhere, within the crater we found well-rounded bowlders and stones of all sizes worn as smooth by the trituration of the crater as by the action of water. Nowhere, however, did we observe any new lava or other evidences of recent volcanic action excepting these issues of steam and smoke. Inclosed within the rude shelter thus hastily constructed, we discussed our future prospects while we ate our lunch and warmed ourselves at our natural register. The heat at the orifice was too great to bear for more than an instant, but the steam wet us, the smell of sulphur was nauseating, and the cold was so severe that our clothes, saturated with the steam, froze stiff when turned away from the heated jet. The wind outside roared and whistled, but it did not much affect us, secure within our cavern, except when an occasional gust came down perpendicularly. However, we passed a most miserable night, freezing on one side, and in a hot steam-sulphur-bath on the other.

The dawn at last slowly broke, cold and gray. The tempest howled still wilder. As it grew light, dense masses of driven mist went sweeping by overhead and completely hid the sun, and enveloped the mountain so as to conceal objects scarce a hundred feet distant. We watched and waited with great anxiety, fearing a storm which might detain us there for days without food or shelter, or, worse yet, snow, which would render the descent more perilous, or most likely impossible. And when, at nine A. M., an occasional rift in the driving mist gave a glimpse of blue sky, we made haste to descend. First, however, I deposited the brass plate inscribed with our names in a cleft in a large bowlder on the highest summit, — a huge mound of rocks on the east side of our crater of refuge, which we named Crater Peak, — placed the canteen alongside, and covered it with a large stone. I was then literally freezing in the cold, piercing blast, and was glad to hurry back to the crater, breathless and benumbed.

We left our den of refuge at length, after exercising violently to start the blood through our limbs, and, in attempting to pass around the rocky summit, discovered a second crater, larger than the first, perhaps three hundred yards in diameter. It is circular, filled with a bed of snow, with a rocky rim all around and numerous jets of steam issuing from the rocks on the northern side. Both craters are inclined — the first to the west, and the latter to the east with a much steeper inclination, about thirty degrees. The rim of the second crater is higher, or the snow-field inside lower, than that of the first, and upon the east side rises in a rocky wall thirty feet above the snow within. From the summit we obtained a view of the northern peak, still partially enveloped in the driving mist. It appeared about a mile distant, several hundred feet lower than the centre peak, and separated from it by a deeper, more abrupt depression or gap than that separating Crater and Success peaks. Like the latter, too, it is a sharp, narrow ridge springing out from the main mountain, and swept bare of snow on its summit by the wind. The weather was still too threatening, the glimpses of the sun and sky through the thick, flying scud, were too few and fugitive, to warrant us in visiting this peak, which we named Peak Takhoma, to perpetuate the Indian name of the mountain.

Our route back was the same as on the ascent. At the steepest and most perilous point in descending the steep gutter where we had been forced to cut steps in the ice, we fastened one end of the rope as securely as possible to a projecting rock, and lowered ourselves down by it as far as it reached, thereby passing the place with comparative safety. We were forced to abandon the rope

here, having no means of unfastening it from the rock above. We reached the foot of the rocky ledge or ridge, where the real difficulties and dangers of the ascent commenced, at 1.30 P. M., four and a half hours after leaving the crater. We had been seven and a half hours in ascending from this point to the summit of Peak Success, and in both cases we toiled hard and lost no time.

We now struck out rapidly and joyfully for camp. When nearly there Van Trump, in attempting to descend a snow-bank without his creepers, which he had taken off for greater ease in walking, fell, shot like lightning forty feet down the steep incline, and struck among some loose rocks at its foot with such force as to rebound several feet into the air; his face and hands were badly skinned, and he received some severe bruises and a deep, wide gash upon his thigh. Fortunately the camp was not far distant, and thither with great pain and very slowly he managed to hobble. Once there I soon started a blazing fire, made coffee, and roasted choice morsels of a marmot, Sluiskin having killed and dressed four of these animals during our absence. Their flesh, like the badger's, is extremely muscular and tough, and has a strong, disagreeable, doggy odor.

Towards the close of our repast, we observed the Indian approaching with his head down, and walking slowly and wearily as though tired by a long tramp. He raised his head as he came nearer, and, seeing us for the first time, stopped short, gazed long and fixedly, and then slowly drew near, eying us closely the while, as if to see whether we were real flesh and blood or disembodied ghosts fresh from the evil demon of Takhoma. He seemed both astonished and delighted to find us safe back, and kept repeating that we were strong men and had brave hearts: "Skookum tilicum, skookum tumtum." He expected never to see us again, he said, and had resolved to start the next morning for Olympia to report our destruction.

The weather was still raw and cold. A dense cloud overhung and shrouded the triple crown of Takhoma and made us rejoice at our timely descent. The scanty shelter afforded by the few balsam firs about our camp had been destroyed by the fire, and the situation was terribly exposed to the chilly and piercing wind that blew from the great ice-fields. Van Trump, however, was too badly hurt to think of moving that night. Heating some large stones we placed them at our feet, and closely wrapped in our blankets slept soundly upon the open ground, although we awoke in the morning benumbed and chilled.

We found many fresh tracks and signs of the mountain-sheep upon the snow-fields, and hair and wool rubbed off upon rocks, and places where they had lain at night. The mountain-sheep of Takhoma is much larger than the common goat, and is found only upon the loftiest and most secluded peaks of the Cascade Range. Even Sluiskin, a skillful hunter and accustomed to the pursuit of this animal for years, failed to kill one, notwithstanding he hunted assiduously during our entire stay upon the mountain, three days. Sluiskin was greatly chagrined at his failure, and promised to bring each of us a sheep-skin the following summer, a promise which he faithfully fulfilled.

The glacial system of Takhoma is stupendous. The mountain is really the grand focal centre and summit of a region larger than Massachusetts, and the five large rivers which water this region all find their sources in its vast glaciers. They are the Cowlitz, which empties into the Columbia; the White, Puyallup, and Nisqually rivers, which empty into Puget Sound sixty, forty, and twelve miles respectively north of Olympia; and the Wenass, which flows eastward through the range and empties into the Yakima, which joins the Columbia four hundred miles above its mouth. These are all large streams from seventy to a hundred miles in length. The White, Puyallup, and Cowlitz rivers are each navigable for steamboats for some thirty miles, and like the Nisqually show their glacial origin by their white and turgid water, which indeed gives the former its name.

The southwestern sides of the mountain furnish the glaciers which form the sources of the Nisqually, and one of these, at Sluiskin's Falls, has been already described. The main Nisqually glacier issues from the deep abyss overhung by the vast rock along the face of which our route of ascent lay, and extends in a narrow and somewhat crooked canyon for two miles. The ice at its extremity rises in an abrupt wall five hundred feet high, and a noisy torrent pours out with great force from beneath. This feature is characteristic of every glacier. The main Cowlitz glacier issues from the southeast side, just to the right of our ridge of ascent. Its head fills a deep gorge at the foot of the eastern front or face of the great mass of rock just referred to, and the southern face of which overhangs the main Nisqually glacier. Thus the heads of these glaciers are separated only by this great rock, and are probably not more than half a mile apart, while their mouths are three miles apart. Several smaller glaciers serve to swell the waters of the Cowlitz. In like manner the glaciers from the western side form the Puyallup, and those from the northern and northwestern sides the White River. The principal White River glacier is nearly ten miles long, and its width is from two to four miles. Its depth, or the thickness of its ice, must be thousands of feet. Streams and rivulets under the heat of the sun flow down its surface until swallowed by the crevasses, and a lakelet of deep blue water an eighth of a mile in diameter has been observed upon the solid ice. Pouring down from the mountain, the ice by its immense weight and force has gouged out a mass upon the northeastern side a mile in thickness. The geological formation of Takhoma poorly resists the eroding power of these mighty glaciers, for it seems to be composed not of solid rock, but of a basaltic conglomerate in strata, as though the volcanic force had burst through and rent in pieces some earlier basaltic outflow, and had heaped up this vast pile from the fragments in successive strata. On every side the mountain is slowly disintegrating.

What other peak can offer to scientific examination or to the admiration of tourists fourteen living glaciers of such magnitude, issuing from every side, or such grandeur, beauty, and variety of scenery?

At daylight we broke up our camp at Sluiskin's Falls, and moved slowly, on account of Van Trump's hurt, down the ridge about five miles to Clear Creek, where we again regaled ourselves upon a hearty repast of marmots, or "raw dog," as Van Trump styled them in derision both of the viand and of the cookery. I was convinced from the lay of the country that Clear Creek flowed into the Nisqually, or was, perhaps, the main stream itself, and that the most direct and feasible route back to Bear Prairie would be found by following down the valley of these streams to the trail leading from the Nisqually to Bear Prairie. Besides, it was evidently impossible for Van Trump, in his bruised and injured state, to retrace our rough route over the mountains. Leaving him as comfortable as possible, with all our scanty stock of flour and marmots, sufficient to last him nearly a week in case of need, I started immediately after dinner, with Sluiskin leading the way, to explore this new route. The Indian had opposed the attempt strenuously, insisting with much urgency that the stream flowed through canyons impossible for us to traverse. He now gradually veered away from the course of the stream, until erelong he was leading directly up the steep mountain range upon our former route, when I called him back peremptorily, and kept him in the rear for a little distance. Traveling through open timber, over ground rapidly descending, we came at the end of two miles to where the stream is hemmed in between one of the long ridges or spurs from Takhoma and the high mountain-chain on the south. The stream, receiving many affluents on both sides, its clear waters soon discolored by the yeasty glacial torrents, here loses its peaceful flow, and for upwards of three miles rushes furiously down a narrow, broken, and rocky bed in a succession of falls and cascades of great picturesque

beauty. With much toil and difficulty we picked our way over a wide "talus" of huge, broken granite blocks and bowlders, along the foot of a vast mountain of solid granite on the south side of the river, until near the end of the defile, then crossed the stream, and soon after encountered a still larger branch coming from the north, direct from Takhoma, the product, doubtless, of the glaciers on the southern and southwestern sides. Fording this branch just above its confluence with the other, we followed the general course of the river, now unmistakably the Nisqually, for about four miles; then, leaving it, we struck off nearly south through the forest for three miles, and emerged upon the Bear Prairie. The distance was about thirteen miles from where we left Van Trump, and we were only some six hours in traveling it, while it took seventeen hours of terribly severe work to make the mountain-route under Sluiskin's guidance.

Without his help on the shorter route, too, it would have taken me more than twice the time it did. For the manner in which, after entering the defile of the Nisqually, Sluiskin again took the lead and proceeded in a direct and unhesitating course, securing every advantage of the ground, availing himself of the wide, rocky bars along the river, crossing and recrossing the milky flood which rushed along with terrific swiftness and fury, and occasionally forcing his way through the thick timber and underbrush in order to cut off wide bends of the river, and at length leaving it and striking boldly through the forest to Bear Prairie, proved him familiar with every foot of the country. His objections to the route evidently arose from the jealousy so common with his people of further exploration of the country by the whites. As long as they keep within the limits already known and explored, they are faithful and indefatigable guides, but they invariably interpose every obstacle their ingenuity can suggest to deter the adventurous mountaineer from exposing the few last hidden recesses that remain unexplored.

Mr. Coleman was found safe in camp, and seemed too glad to see us to think of reproaching us for our summary abandonment. He said that in attempting to follow us he climbed up so precipitous a place that, encumbered with his heavy pack, he could neither advance nor recede. He was compelled, therefore, to throw off the pack, which rolled to the very bottom of the mountain, and being thus delivered of his necessary outfit, he was forced to return to camp. He had been unable to find his pack, but having come across some cricketer's spikes among his remaining effects, he was resolved to continue his trip to, and make the ascent of Rainier by himself; he had just completed his preparations, and especially had deposited on top of the lofty mountain which overlooked the prairie two caches, or stores, of provisions.

At daylight next morning, Sluiskin, with his little boy riding one of his own ponies, himself riding our little calico-colored pack-horse, now well rested and saucy, started back for Van Trump, with directions to meet us at the trail on the Nisqually. A heavy, drizzling rain set in soon afterwards. Mr. Coleman, who had gone early to bring in the contents of his mountain-top caches, returned about noon with a very small bundle, and, packing our traps upon Sluiskin's other pony, we moved over to the rendezvous, pitched Coleman's large gum-sheet as a partial shelter, made a rousing fire, and tried to be comfortable. Late in the afternoon the pony set up a violent neighing, and in a few minutes Van Trump, and Sluiskin with his little boy behind him, rode up, drenched to the skin. By following the bed of the river, frequently crossing and recrossing, the Indian had managed to ride to the very foot of the Nisqually defile, when, leaving the horses in his boy's care, he hastened to Van Trump and carefully led and assisted him down. Despite the pain of his severe hurts, the latter was much amused at Sluiskin's account of our trip, and of finding Mr. Coleman safe in camp making tea, and for long after would repeat as an excellent joke Sluiskin's remark on passing the point

where he had attempted to mislead me, "Skookum tenas man hiyu goddam."

We sent the horses back by the Indian to Bear Prairie for grass, there being no indications of the rain ceasing. The storm indeed lasted three days, during which we remained sheltered beneath the gum-sheet as far as possible, and endeavored to counteract the rain by heaping up our fire in front. About eight o'clock on the second morning, Sluiskin reported himself with our horse, which he returned, he said, because he was about to return to his lodge on the Cowlitz, being destitute of shelter and food for his family on Bear Prairie. He vigorously replenished the fire, declined breakfast, jeered Coleman for turning back, although probably the latter did not comprehend his broken lingo, and departed.

Sluiskin was an original and striking character. Leading a solitary life of hardships amidst these wilds, yet of unusual native intelligence, he had contrived, during rare visits to the settlements, to acquire the Chinook jargon, besides a considerable stock of English words, while his fund of general information was really wonderful. He was possessed of a shrewd, sarcastic wit, and, making no pretense to the traditional gravity of his race, did not scruple to use it freely. Yet beneath this he cherished a high sense of pride and personal independence. Although of the blood of the numerous and powerful Yakimas, who occupied the country just east of the Cascades, he disdained to render allegiance to them, or any tribe, and undoubtedly regarded the superintendent of Indian affairs, or even the great father at Washington himself, with equally contemptuous indifference.

As the last rays of the sun, one warm, drowsy summer afternoon, were falling aslant the shady streets of Olympia, Mr. Longmire's well-worn family carry-all, drawn by two fat, grass-fed horses, came rattling down the main street at a most unusual pace for them; two bright flags attached to Alpine staffs, one projecting from each door, fluttered gayly overhead, while the occupants of the carriage looked eagerly forth to catch the first glimpse of welcoming friends. We returned after our tramp of two hundred and forty miles with visages tanned and sun-scorched, and with forms as lean and gaunt as greyhounds, and were received and lionized to the full, like veterans returning from an arduous and glorious campaign. For days afterward, in walking along the smooth and level pavements, we felt a strong impulse to step high, as though still striding over the innumerable fallen logs and boughs of the forest, and for weeks our appetites were a source of astonishment to our friends and somewhat mortifying to ourselves. More than two months had elapsed before Mr. Van Trump fully recovered from his hurts. We published at the time short newspaper accounts of the ascent, and, although an occasional old Puget Sounder will still growl, "They say they went on top of Mount Rainier, but I 'd like to see them prove it," we were justly regarded as the first, and as I believe the only ones up to the present time, who have ever achieved the summit of Takhoma.

Hazard Stevens.

MILLER MICHEL.

When war's wave, on fair Lorraine,
Broke in blood by hill and plain,
Many a home and hope went down;
But, of all the ruthless wrack,
None more bitter, none more black,
Than the ruin that befell
The old miller, Père Michel.

Just beneath the sloping town,
Where the ancient, mossy mill
Seems an outgrowth of the hill,
Nestled in a hollow green
Is the little homestead seen.
Like a river, leap on leap,
Terraced vineyards by it run,
Down the valley, up the steep,
Growing, glowing in the sun;
For the vintage-time was near.
But the hands that pruned this year
Would not be the hands to gather;
He must reap the autumn yield,
He, the old and lonely father,
Whose two stalwart, only sons
House and hold and cherished ones
Left for a strange vintage-field,
Where a blood more hot and red
Than the blood of grapes was shed!

Skies were blue upon that day
When the brothers went away,
Skies were blue and earth was bright.
But the shadow backward thrown
Of the two from out it gone
Lay upon the house like night.

Silent by the silent wheel
Bowed the mother o'er her reel,
Broken by the double blow;
While the pale young wife beside,
Worn with weeping, weary-eyed,
Strove the gleeful talk to check
Of the boy about her neck,
Prattling of the bayonet-line
He had watched, through shade and shine,
Round the winding hill-way go.
Till between his women folk
Rising, thus the miller spoke:

"Not another tear," he said,
"In my sight for them be shed
On this day of pride and joy!
Had the good God given ten,
I would give them all again,
Give them up, for life or death,
As their country ordereth!
Come, my little lad, come here!
Lisp me out a prayer and cheer
For thy soldier-father, boy!"

Oh, the restless days of doubt!
Oh, the hope, whose light went out
Suddenly in blackest gloom!
Never from the battle-plain
Came the brothers back again,
But a tale of shame and dread,
Darkly whispered, came instead:
One had met a soldier's doom,
Found a soldier's grave below
Heaps of fallen friend and foe;
But the father's darling one,
He, the best-loved younger son,
False to country and to kin,
Lived — a foeman's ranks within!

Ah, the poor old Père Michel!
He who loved his land so well,
He who held his head so high
For the sons gone forth to die,
Bowed to dust that stricken head,
For the living, not the dead!
Day grew dusk and dusk grew dark;
Still the flickering ember-spark,
In its wild, uncertain play,
Showed him brooding, bent and gray,
With his eyes upon the ground;
Speechless, moveless, in his chair
'Twixt the weeping women there,
Widowed wife and childless mother.
Till, as some half-uttered word
From the sobbing lips he heard,
Suddenly he turned him round:
"Never let a traitor's name
Brand my honest house with shame!
To my country's need," he said,
"I gave all — my son is dead;
He is dead — I have no other!"

When the leaf had left the plain,
And the blue had left the sky,

And the stream crept chilly by,
And a year was gone again,
In a night of drear November,
When the smoldering cottage-ember
Was the single glimmer seen
Lowering air and earth between,
In a night of storm and blast
Came the lost one home at last.
On the latch a trembling finger
Seemed uncertainly to linger,
And the slowly opening door
Gave him to their gaze once more.

Ere the mother's foot could stir
From the shadows wrapping her,
Ere the widow's half-heard cry
On her quivering lips could die,
One hand the unconscious boy
On his knee that leapt for joy
Closer holding, while the other
Motioned back the faltering mother,
On the son the stern old sire
Bent a brow of scornful ire.
"What! no friendly sod," he said,
"Hideth thy dishonored head?
False to father and fatherland,
Darest thou again to stand
On the soil a brother's blood
Watered with its sacred flood?
Darest thou to seek once more
Hearth and home were thine of yore?
Never shall a traitor's head
Loyal roof-tree cover in!
Never traitor break the bread
Loyal hands have toiled to win!
Forth! and let the storm and night
Blot thee from my loathing sight!
Forth! before I curse the hearth,
Curse the day that gave thee birth!"
And the old man rose in wrath,
As to strike from out his path,
With those words of bitter scorn,
Him, the darling youngest born!

There, beside the chimney-stone,
Still the mother cowered alone;
Gave no sign of look or word
If she saw or if she heard:
Nothing but the bowed head, shaking
In the shadow on the wall
From the firelight's fitful fall,
Told a heart beneath it aching.

But before the fiery oath
Fell to blast the lives of both,
Suddenly between the two,
Breaking bitter word and blow,
Shielding them from one another,
On her knees her son beside,
"Spare my boy!" the woman cried,
"Spare my boy — or strike his mother!
Wouldst thou sever thus in scorn
Eldest-born and youngest-born?
Strong the bond that binds together
Children of the self-same breast!
Kindred blood that quickens either
Reckons not of worst or best!
For the sake of him who lies
Our perpetual sacrifice,
Let his loyal blood, to-day,
Wash a brother's guilt away,
Render back to thee and me,
Solace of our life forlorn;
This, our son, must henceforth be
Eldest-born and youngest-born!"

And the stern old Père Michel
Back before the mother fell,
Saw the hands his own had spurned
Gathered to her tender breast,
Saw her eager kisses prest
On the lips from which he turned;
And the heart of Père Michel,
The strong heart whose noble pride
Pain and shame had vainly tried,
Yielded to love's potent spell;
And the stern old eyes that gazed,
By a sudden mist amazed,
As they saw the woeful joy
Of the mother o'er her boy,
Spite of shadowed future years,
Through the cloud of griefs and fears,
Far behind the shame and pain,
Far beneath the traitor stain,
In that child of yearning sore
Found the best-loved son once more!

Kate Putnam Osgood.

THE AMERICAN.

XIII.

NEWMAN kept his promise, or his menace, of going often to the Rue de l'Université, and during the next six weeks he saw Madame de Cintré more times than he could have numbered. He flattered himself that he was not in love, but his biographer may be supposed to know better. He claimed, at least, none of the exemption and emoluments of the romantic passion. Love, he believed, made a fool of a man, and his present emotion was not folly but wisdom; wisdom sound, serene, well-directed. What he felt was an intense, all-consuming tenderness, which had for its object an extraordinarily graceful and delicate, and at the same time impressive woman, who lived in a large gray house on the left bank of the Seine. This tenderness turned very often into a positive heart-ache; a sign in which, certainly, Newman ought to have read the appellation which science has conferred upon his sentiment. When the heart has a heavy weight upon it, it hardly matters whether the weight be of gold or of lead; when, at any rate, happiness passes into that phase in which it becomes identical with pain, a man may admit that the reign of wisdom is temporarily suspended. Newman wished Madame de Cintré so well that nothing he could think of doing for her in the future rose to the high standard which his present mood had set itself. She seemed to him so felicitous a product of nature and circumstance that his invention, musing on future combination, was constantly catching its breath with the fear of stumbling into some brutal compression or mutilation of her beautiful personal harmony. This is what I mean by Newman's tenderness: Madame de Cintré pleased him so, exactly as she was, that his desire to interpose between her and the troubles of life had the quality of a young mother's eagerness to protect the sleep of her first-born child. Newman was simply charmed, and he handled his charm as if it were a music-box, which would stop if one shook it. There can be no better proof of the hankering epicure that is hidden in every man's temperament, waiting for a signal from some divine confederate that he may safely peep out. Newman at last was enjoying, purely, freely, deeply. Certain of Madame de Cintré's personal qualities — the luminous sweetness of her eyes, the delicate mobility of her face, the deep liquidity of her voice — filled all his consciousness. A rose-crowned Greek of old, gazing at a marble goddess with his whole bright intellect resting satisfied in the act, could not have been a more complete embodiment of the wisdom that bases itself in the enjoyment of quiet harmonies.

He made no violent love to her — no sentimental speeches. He never trespassed on what she had made him understand was for the present forbidden ground. But he had, nevertheless, a comfortable sense that she knew better from day to day how much he admired her. Though in general he was no great talker, he talked much, and he succeeded perfectly in making her say many things. He was not afraid of boring her, either by his discourse or by his silence; and whether or no he did occasionally bore her, it is probable that on the whole she liked him only the better for his absence of embarrassed scruples. Her visitors, coming in often while Newman sat there, found a tall, lean, silent man in a half-lounging attitude, who laughed out sometimes when no one had meant to be droll, and remained grave in the presence of calculated witticisms, for the appreciation of which he had apparently not the proper culture.

It must be confessed that the number of subjects upon which Newman had no ideas was extremely large, and it must be added that as regards those sub-

jects upon which he was without ideas he was also perfectly without words. He had little of the small change of conversation, and his stock of ready-made formulas and phrases was the scantiest. On the other hand he had plenty of attention to give, and his estimate of the importance of a topic did not depend upon the number of clever things he could say about it. He himself was almost never bored, and there was no man with whom it would have been a greater mistake to suppose that silence meant displeasure. What it was that entertained him during some of his speechless sessions I must, however, confess myself unable to determine. We know in a general way that a great many things which were old stories to a great many people had the charm of novelty to him, but a complete list of his new impressions would probably contain a number of surprises for us. He told Madame de Cintré a hundred long stories; he explained to her, in talking of the United States, the working of various local institutions and mercantile customs. Judging by the sequel she was interested, but one would not have been sure of it beforehand. As regards her own talk, Newman was very sure himself that she herself enjoyed it: this was as a sort of amendment to the portrait that Mrs. Tristram had drawn of her. He discovered that she had naturally an abundance of gayety. He had been right at first in saying she was shy; her shyness, in a woman whose circumstances and tranquil beauty afforded every facility for well-mannered hardihood, was only a charm the more. For Newman it had lasted some time, and even when it went it left something behind it which for a while performed the same office. Was this the tearful secret of which Mrs. Tristram had had a glimpse, and of which, as of her friend's reserve, her high-breeding, and her profundity, she had given a sketch of which the outlines were, perhaps, rather too heavy? Newman supposed so, but he found himself wondering less every day what Madame de Cintré's secrets might be, and more convinced that secrets were, in themselves, hateful things to her. She was a woman for the light, not for the shade; and her natural line was not picturesque reserve and mysterious melancholy, but frank, joyous, brilliant action, with just so much meditation as was necessary, and not a grain more. To this, apparently, he had succeeded in bringing her back. He felt, himself, that he was an antidote to oppressive secrets; what he offered her was, in fact, above all things a vast, sunny immunity from the need of having any.

He often passed his evenings, when Madame de Cintré had so appointed it, at the chilly fireside of Madame de Bellegarde, contenting himself with looking across the room, through narrowed eyelids, at his mistress, who always made a point, before her family, of talking to some one else. Madame de Bellegarde sat by the fire conversing neatly and coldly with whomsoever approached her, and glancing round the room with her slowly-restless eye, the effect of which, when it lighted upon him, was to Newman's sense identical with that of a sudden spurt of damp air. When he shook hands with her he always asked her with a laugh whether she could "stand him" another evening, and she replied, without a laugh, that thank God she had always been able to do her duty. Newman, talking once of the marquise to Mrs. Tristram, said that after all it was very easy to get on with her; it always was easy to get on with out-and-out rascals.

"And is it by that elegant term," said Mrs. Tristram, "that you designate the Marquise de Bellegarde?"

"Well," said Newman, "she is wicked, she is an old sinner."

"What is her crime?" asked Mrs. Tristram.

"I should n't wonder if she had murdered some one — all from a sense of duty, of course."

"How can you be so dreadful?" sighed Mrs. Tristram.

"I am not dreadful. I am speaking of her favorably."

"Pray what will you say when you want to be severe?"

"I shall keep my severity for some one else — for the marquis. There 's a man I can't swallow, mix the drink as I will."

"And what has *he* done?"

"I can't quite make out; it is something dreadfully bad, something mean and underhand, and not redeemed by audacity, as his mother's misdemeanors may have been. If he has never committed murder he has at least turned his back and looked the other way while some one else was committing it."

In spite of this invidious hypothesis, which must be taken for nothing more than an example of the capricious play of "American humor," Newman did his best to maintain an easy and friendly style of communication with M. de Bellegarde. So long as he was in personal contact with people, he disliked extremely to have anything to forgive them, and he was capable of a good deal of unsuspected imaginative effort (for the sake of his own personal comfort) to assume for the time that they were good fellows. He did his best to treat the marquis as one; he believed honestly, moreover, that he could not, in reason, be such a confounded fool as he seemed. Newman's familiarity was never importunate; his sense of human equality was not an aggressive taste or an æsthetic theory, but something as natural and organic as a physical appetite which had never been put on a scanty allowance and consequently was innocent of ungraceful eagerness. His tranquil unsuspectingness of this relativity of his own place in the social scale was probably irritating to M. de Bellegarde, who saw himself reflected in the mind of his potential brother-in-law in a crude and colorless form, unpleasantly dissimilar to the impressive image projected upon his own intellectual mirror. He never forgot himself for an instant, and replied to what he must have considered Newman's "advances" with mechanical politeness. Newman, who was constantly forgetting himself, and indulging in an unlimited amount of irresponsible inquiry and conjecture, now and then found himself confronted by the conscious, ironical smile of his host. What the deuce M. de Bellegarde was smiling at he was at a loss to divine. M. de Bellegarde's smile may be supposed to have been, for himself, a compromise between a great many emotions. So long as he smiled he was polite, and it was proper he should be polite. A smile, moreover, committed him to nothing more than politeness, and left the degree of politeness agreeably vague. A smile, too, was neither dissent — which was too serious — nor agreement, which might have brought on terrible complications. And then a smile covered his own personal dignity, which in this critical situation he was resolved to keep immaculate; it was quite enough that the glory of his house should pass into eclipse. Between him and Newman, his whole manner seemed to declare, there could be no interchange of opinion; he was holding his breath so as not to inhale the odor of democracy. Newman was far from being versed in European politics, but he liked to have a general idea of what was going on about him, and he accordingly asked M. de Bellegarde several times what he thought of public affairs. M. de Bellegarde answered with suave concision that he thought as ill of them as possible, that they were going from bad to worse, and that the age was rotten to its core. This gave Newman, for the moment, an almost kindly feeling for the marquis; he pitied a man for whom the world was so cheerless a place, and the next time he saw M. de Bellegarde he attempted to call his attention to some of the brilliant features of the time. The marquis presently replied that he had but a single political conviction, which was enough for him: he believed in the divine right of Henry of Bourbon, fifth of his name, to the throne of France. Newman stared, and after this he ceased to talk politics with M. de Bellegarde. He was not horrified nor scandalized, he was not even amused; he felt as he would have felt if he had discovered in M. de Bellegarde a taste for certain oddities of diet; an appetite, for instance, for fishbones or nutshells. Under these circumstances, of course, he

would never have broached dietary questions with him.

One afternoon, on his calling on Madame de Cintré, Newman was requested by the servant to wait a few moments, as his hostess was not at liberty. He walked about the room a while, taking up her books, smelling her flowers, and looking at her prints and photographs (which he thought prodigiously pretty), and at last he heard the opening of a door to which his back was turned. On the threshold stood an old woman whom he remembered to have met several times in entering and leaving the house. She was tall and straight and dressed in black, and she wore a cap which, if Newman had been initiated into such mysteries, would have been a sufficient assurance that she was not a Frenchwoman; a cap of pure British composition. She had a pale, decent, depressed-looking face, and a clear, dull, English eye. She looked at Newman a moment, both intently and timidly, and then she dropped a short, straight English courtesy.

"Madam the countess begs you will kindly wait," she said. "She has just come in; she will soon have finished dressing."

"Oh, I will wait as long as she wants," said Newman. "Pray tell her not to hurry."

"Thank you, sir," said the woman, softly; and then, instead of retiring with her message, she advanced into the room. She looked about her for a moment, and presently went to a table and began to arrange certain books and knickknacks. Newman was struck with the high respectability of her appearance; he was afraid to address her as a servant. She busied herself for some moments with putting the table in order and pulling the curtains straight, while Newman walked slowly to and fro. He perceived at last, from her reflection in the mirror, as he was passing, that her hands were idle and that she was looking at him intently. She evidently wished to say something, and Newman, perceiving it, helped her to begin.

"You are English?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, please," she answered, quickly and softly; "I was born in Wiltshire."

"And what do you think of Paris?"

"Oh, I don't think of Paris, sir," she said in the same tone. "It is so long since I have been here."

"Ah, you have been here very long?"

"It is more than forty years, sir. I came over with Lady Emmeline."

"You mean with old Madame de Bellegarde?"

"Yes, sir. I came with her when she was married. I was my lady's own woman."

"And you have been with her ever since?"

"I have been in the house ever since. My lady has taken a younger person. You see I am very old. I do nothing regular now. But I keep about."

"You look very strong and well," said Newman, observing the erectness of her figure, and a certain venerable rosiness in her cheek.

"Thank God I am not ill, sir; I hope I know my duty too well to go panting and coughing about the house. But I am an old woman, sir, and it is as an old woman that I venture to speak to you."

"Oh, speak out," said Newman, curiously. "You need n't be afraid of me."

"Yes, sir. I think you are kind. I have seen you before."

"On the stairs, you mean?"

"Yes, sir. When you have been coming to see the countess. I have taken the liberty of noticing that you come often."

"Oh yes; I come very often," said Newman, laughing. "You need not have been very wide-awake to notice that."

"I have noticed it with pleasure, sir," said this ancient tirewoman, gravely. And she stood looking at Newman with a strange expression of face. The old instinct of deference and humility was there; the habit of decent self-effacement and knowledge of her "own place." But there mingled with it a certain mild audacity, born of the occasion and of a

sense, probably, of Newman's unprecedented approachableness, and, beyond this, a vague indifference to the old proprieties; as if my lady's own woman had at last begun to reflect that, since my lady had taken another person, she had a slight reversionary property in herself.

"You take a great interest in the family?" said Newman.

"A deep interest, sir. Especially in the countess."

"I am glad of that," said Newman. And in a moment he added, smiling, "So do I!"

"So I supposed, sir. We can't help noticing these things and having our ideas; can we, sir?"

"You mean as a servant?" said Newman.

"Ah, there it is, sir. I am afraid that when I let my thoughts meddle with such matters I am no longer a servant. But I am so devoted to the countess; if she were my own child I could n't love her more. That is how I come to be so bold, sir. They say you want to marry her."

Newman eyed his interlocutress and satisfied himself that she was not a gossip, but a zealot; she looked anxious, appealing, discreet. "It is quite true," he said. "I want to marry Madame de Cintré."

"And to take her away to America?"

"I will take her wherever she wants to go."

"The farther away the better, sir!" exclaimed the old woman, with sudden intensity. But she checked herself, and, taking up a paper-weight in mosaic, began to polish it with her black apron. "I don't mean anything against the house or the family, sir. But I think a great change would do the poor countess good. It is very sad here."

"Yes, it 's not very lively," said Newman. "But Madame de Cintré is gay herself."

"She is everything that is good. You will not be vexed to hear that she has been gayer for a couple of months past than she had been in many a day before."

Newman was delighted to gather this testimony to the prosperity of his suit, but he repressed all violent marks of elation. "Has Madame de Cintré been in bad spirits before this?" he asked.

"Poor lady, she had good reason. M. de Cintré was no husband for a sweet young lady like that. And then, as I say, it has been a sad house. It is better, in my humble opinion, if she were out of it. So, if you will excuse me for saying so, I hope she will marry you."

"I hope she will!" said Newman.

"But you must not lose courage, sir, if she does n't make up her mind at once. That is what I wanted to beg of you, sir. Don't give it up, sir. You will not take it ill if I say it 's a great risk for any lady at any time, all the more when she has got rid of one bad bargain. But if she can marry a good, kind, respectable gentleman, I think she had better make up her mind to it. They speak very well of you, sir, in the house, and if you will allow me to say so, I like your face. You have a very different appearance from the late count: he was n't five feet high. And they say your fortune is beyond everything. There 's no harm in that. So I beseech you to be patient, sir, and bide your time. If I don't say this to you, sir, perhaps no one will. Of course it is not for me to make any promises. I can answer for nothing. But I think your chance is not so bad, sir. I am nothing but a weary old woman in my quiet corner, but one woman understands another, and I think I make out the countess. I received her in my arms when she came into the world, and her first wedding-day was the saddest of my life. She owes it to me to show me another and a brighter one. If you will hold firm, sir, — and you look as if you would, — I think we may see it."

"I am much obliged to you for your encouragement," said Newman, heartily. "One can't have too much. I mean to hold firm. And if Madame de Cintré marries me, you must come and live with her."

The old woman looked at him strange-

ly, with her soft, lifeless eyes. "It may seem a heartless thing to say, sir, when one has been forty years in a house, but I may tell you that I should like to leave this place."

"Why, it 's just the time to say it," said Newman, fervently. "After forty years one wants a change."

"You are very kind, sir;" and this faithful servant dropped another courtesy and seemed disposed to retire. But she lingered a moment and gave a timid, joyless smile. Newman was disappointed and his fingers stole half shyly, half irritably into his waistcoat-pocket. His informant noticed the movement. "Thank God I am not a Frenchwoman," she said. "If I were, I would tell you with a brazen simper, old as I am, that if you please, monsieur, my information is worth something. Let me tell you so in my own decent, English way. It *is* worth something."

"How much, please?" said Newman.

"Simply this: a promise not to hint to the countess that I have said these things."

"If that is all, you have it," said Newman.

"That is all, sir. Thank you, sir. Good day, sir." And having once more slid down telescope-wise into her scanty petticoats, the old woman departed. At the same moment Madame de Cintré came in by an opposite door. She noticed the movement of the other *portière* and asked Newman who had been entertaining him.

"The British female!" said Newman. "An old lady in a black dress and a cap, who courtesies up and down, and expresses herself ever so well."

"An old lady who courtesies and expresses herself? . . . Ah, you mean poor Mrs. Bread. I happen to know that you have made a conquest of her."

"Mrs. Cake, she ought to be called," said Newman. "She is very sweet. She is a delicious old woman."

Madame de Cintré looked at him a moment. "What can she have said to you? She is an excellent creature, but we think her rather dismal."

"I suppose," Newman answered presently, "that I like her because she has lived near you so long. Since your birth, she told me."

"Yes," said Madame de Cintré, simply; "she is very faithful; I can trust her."

Newman had never made any reflections to this lady upon her mother and her brother, Urbain; had given no hint of the impression they made upon him. But, as if she had guessed his thoughts, she seemed careful to avoid all occasion for making him speak of them. She never alluded to her mother's domestic decrees; she never quoted the opinion of the marquis. They had talked, however, of Valentin, and she had made no secret of her extreme affection for her younger brother. Newman listened sometimes with a certain harmless jealousy; he would have liked to divert some of her tender allusions to his own credit. Once Madame de Cintré told him with a little air of triumph about something that Valentin had done which she thought very much to his honor. It was a service he had rendered to an old friend of the family; something more "serious" than Valentin was usually supposed capable of being. Newman said he was glad to hear of it, and then began to talk about something which lay upon his own heart. Madame de Cintré listened, but after a while she said, "I don't like the way you speak of my brother Valentin." Hereupon Newman, surprised, said that he had never spoken of him but kindly.

"It is too kindly," said Madame de Cintré. "It is a kindness that costs nothing; it is the kindness you show to a child. It is as if you did n't respect him."

"Respect him? Why, I think I do."

"You think? If you are not sure, it is no respect."

"Do you respect him?" said Newman. "If you do, I do."

"If one loves a person, that is a question one is not bound to answer," said Madame de Cintré.

"You should not have asked it of me, then. I am very fond of your brother."

"He amuses you. But you would not like to resemble him."

"I should n't like to resemble any one. It is hard enough work resembling one's self."

"What do you mean," asked Madame de Cintré, "by resembling one's self?"

"Why, doing what is expected of one. Doing one's duty."

"But that is only when one is very good."

"Well, a great many people are good," said Newman. "Valentin is quite good enough for me."

Madame de Cintré was silent for a short time. "He is not good enough for me," she said at last. "I wish he would do something."

"What can he do?" asked Newman.

"Nothing. Yet he is very clever."

"It is a proof of cleverness," said Newman, "to be happy without doing anything."

"I don't think Valentin is happy, in reality. He is clever, generous, brave; but what is there to show for it? To me there is something sad in his life, and sometimes I have a sort of foreboding about him. I don't know why, but I fancy he will have some great trouble — perhaps an unhappy end."

"Oh, leave him to me," said Newman, jovially. "I will watch over him and keep harm away."

One evening, in Madame de Bellegarde's salon, the conversation had flagged most sensibly. The marquis walked up and down in silence, like a sentinel at the door of some smooth-fronted citadel of the proprieties; his mother sat staring at the fire; young Madame de Bellegarde worked at an enormous band of tapestry. Usually there were three or four visitors, but on this occasion a violent storm sufficiently accounted for the absence of even the most devoted *habitués*. In the long silences the howling of the wind and the beating of the rain were distinctly audible. Newman sat perfectly still, watching the clock, determined to stay till the stroke of eleven, but not a moment longer. Madame de Cintré had turned her back to the circle, and had been standing for some time within the uplifted curtain of a window, with her forehead against the pane, gazing out into the deluged darkness. Suddenly she turned round toward her sister-in-law.

"For heaven's sake," she said, with peculiar eagerness, "go to the piano and play something."

Madame de Bellegarde held up her tapestry and pointed to a little white flower. "Don't ask me to leave this. I am in the midst of a masterpiece. My flower is going to smell very sweet; I am putting in the smell with this gold-colored silk. I am holding my breath; I can't leave off. Play something yourself."

"It is absurd for me to play when you are present," said Madame de Cintré. But the next moment she went to the piano and began to strike the keys with a sort of vehemence. She played for some time, rapidly and brilliantly; when she stopped, Newman went to the piano and asked her to begin again. She shook her head, and, on his insisting, she said, "I have not been playing for you; I have been playing for myself." She went back to the window again and looked out, and shortly afterwards left the room. When Newman took leave, Urbain de Bellegarde accompanied him, as he always did, just three steps down the staircase. At the bottom stood a servant with his hat and coat. He had just put on the latter when he saw Madame de Cintré coming towards him across the vestibule.

"Shall you be at home on Friday?" Newman asked.

She looked at him a moment before answering his question. "You don't like my mother and my brother," she said.

He hesitated a moment, and then he said softly, "No."

She laid her hand on the balustrade and prepared to ascend the stairs, fixing her eyes on the first step. "Yes, I shall be at home on Friday," and she passed up the wide, dusky staircase.

On the Friday, as soon as he came in, she asked him to please to tell her why he disliked her family.

"Dislike your family?" he exclaimed. "That has a horrid sound. I did n't say so, did I? I did n't mean it, if I did."

"I wish you would tell me what you think of them," said Madame de Cintré.

"I don't think of any of them but you."

"That is because you dislike them. Speak the truth; you can't offend me."

"Well, I don't exactly love your brother," said Newman. "I remember now. But what is the use of my saying so? I had forgotten it."

"You are too good-natured," said Madame de Cintré, gravely. Then, as if to avoid the appearance of inviting him to speak ill of the marquis, she turned away, motioning him to sit down.

But he remained standing before her and said presently, "What is of much more importance is that they don't like me."

"No — they don't," she said.

"And don't you think they are wrong?" Newman asked. "I don't believe I am a man to dislike."

"I suppose that a man who may be liked may also be disliked. And my brother — my mother," she added, "have not made you angry?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"You have never shown it."

"So much the better."

"Yes, so much the better. They think they have treated you very well."

"I have no doubt they might have handled me much more roughly," said Newman. "I am much obliged to them. Honestly."

"You are generous," said Madame de Cintré. "It 's a disagreeable position."

"For them, you mean. Not for me."

"For me," said Madame de Cintré.

"Not when their sins are forgiven!" said Newman. "They don't think I am as good as they are. I do. But we shan't quarrel about it."

"I can't even agree with you without saying something that has a disagreeable sound. The presumption was against you. That you probably don't understand."

Newman sat down and looked at her for some time. "I don't think I really understand it. But when you say it, I believe it."

"That 's a poor reason," said Madame de Cintré, smiling.

"No, it 's a very good one. You have a high spirit, a high standard; but with you it 's all natural and unaffected; you don't seem to have stuck your head into a vise, as if you were sitting for the photograph of propriety. You think of me as a fellow who has had no idea in life but to make money and drive sharp bargains. That 's a fair description of me, but it is not the whole story. A man ought to care for something else, though I don't know exactly what. I cared for money-making, but I never cared particularly for the money. There was nothing else to do, and it was impossible to be idle. I have been very easy to others, and to myself. I have done most of the things that people asked me — I don't mean rascals. As regards your mother and your brother," Newman added, "there is only one point upon which I feel that I might quarrel with them. I don't ask them to sing my praises to you, but I ask them to let you alone. If I thought they talked ill of me to you, I should come down on them."

"They have let me alone, as you say. They have not talked ill of you."

"In that case," cried Newman, "I proclaim them unspotted saints!"

Madame de Cintré appeared to find something startling, almost painfully startling, in his exclamation. She would, perhaps, have replied, but at this moment the door was thrown open and Urbain de Bellegarde stepped across the threshold. He appeared surprised at finding Newman, but his surprise was but a momentary shadow across the surface of an unwonted joviality. Newman had never seen the marquis so exhilarated; his pale, unlighted countenance had a sort of thin transfiguration. He held open the door for some one else to enter, and presently appeared old Madame de Bellegarde, leaning on the arm of a gentleman whom Newman had not seen be-

fore. He had already risen, and Madame de Cintré rose, as she always did before her mother. The marquis, who had greeted Newman almost genially, stood apart, slowly rubbing his hands. His mother came forward with her companion. She gave a majestic little nod at Newman, and then she released the strange gentleman, that he might make his bow to her daughter.

"My daughter," she said, "I have brought you an unknown relative, Lord Deepmere. Lord Deepmere is our cousin, but he has done only to-day what he ought to have done long ago, — come to make our acquaintance."

Madame de Cintré smiled, and offered Lord Deepmere her hand. "It is very extraordinary," said this noble laggard, "but this is the first time that I have ever been in Paris for more than three or four weeks."

"And how long have you been here now?" asked Madame de Cintré.

"Oh, for the last two months," said Lord Deepmere.

These two remarks might have constituted an impertinence; but a glance at Lord Deepmere's face would have satisfied you, as it apparently satisfied Madame de Cintré, that they constituted only a *naïveté*. When his companions were seated, Newman, who was out of the conversation, occupied himself with observing the new comer. Observation, however, as regards Lord Deepmere's person, had no great range. He was a small, meagre man, of some three and thirty years of age, with a bald head, a short nose, and no front teeth in the upper jaw; he had round, candid, blue eyes, and several pimples on his chin. He was evidently very shy, and he laughed a great deal, catching his breath with an odd, startling sound, as the most convenient imitation of repose. His physiognomy denoted great simplicity, a certain amount of brutality, and a probable failure in the past to profit by rare educational advantages. He remarked that Paris was awfully jolly, but that for real, thorough-paced entertainment it was nothing to Dublin. He even preferred Dublin to London. Had Madame de Cintré ever been to Dublin? They must all come over there some day, and he would show them some Irish sport. He always went to Ireland for the fishing, and he came to Paris for the new Offenbach things. They always brought them out in Dublin, but he could n't wait. He had been nine times to hear La Pomme de Paris. Madame de Cintré, leaning back, with her arms folded, looked at Lord Deepmere with a more visibly puzzled face than she usually showed to society. Madame de Bellegarde, on the other hand, wore a fixed smile. The marquis said that among light operas his favorite was the Gazza Ladra. The marquise then began a series of inquiries about the duke and the cardinal, the old countess and Lady Barbara, after listening to which, and to Lord Deepmere's somewhat irreverent responses, for a quarter of an hour, Newman rose to take his leave. The marquis went with him three steps into the hall.

"Is he Irish?" asked Newman, nodding in the direction of the visitor.

"His mother was the daughter of Lord Fincnane," said the marquis; "he has great Irish estates. Lady Bridget, in the complete absence of male heirs, either direct or collateral, — a most extraordinary circumstance, — came in for everything. But Lord Deepmere's title is English, and his English property is immense. He is a charming young man."

Newman answered nothing, but he detained the marquis as the latter was beginning gracefully to recede. "It is a good time for me to thank you," he said, "for sticking so punctiliously to our bargain, for doing so much to help me on with your sister."

The marquis stared. "Really, I have done nothing that I can boast of," he said.

"Oh, don't be modest," Newman answered, laughing. "I can't flatter myself that I am doing so well simply by my own merit. And thank your mother for me, too." And he turned away, leaving M. de Bellegarde looking after him.

XIV.

The next time Newman came to the Rue de l'Université, he had the good fortune to find Madame de Cintré alone. He had come with a definite intention, and he lost no time in executing it. She wore, moreover, a certain look which he eagerly interpreted as expectancy.

"I have been coming to see you for six months, now," he said, "and I have never spoken to you a second time of marriage. That was what you asked me; I obeyed. Could any man have done better?"

"You have acted with great delicacy," said Madame de Cintré.

"Well, I 'm going to change, now," said Newman. "I don't mean that I am going to be indelicate; but I 'm going to go back to where I began. I *am* back there. I have been all round the circle. Or rather, I have never been away from there. I have never ceased to want what I wanted then. Only now I am more sure of it, if possible; I am more sure of myself, and more sure of you. I know you better, though I don't know anything I did n't believe three months ago. You are everything — you are beyond everything — I can imagine or desire. You know me now; you *must* know me. I won't say that you have seen the best — but you have seen the worst. I hope you have been thinking, all this while. You must have seen that I was only waiting; you can't suppose that I was changing. What will you say to me, now? Say that everything is clear and reasonable, and that I have been very patient and considerate, and deserve my reward. And then give me your hand. Madame de Cintré, do that. Do it."

"I knew you were only waiting," she said; "and I was very sure this day would come. I have thought about it a great deal. At first I was half afraid of it. But I am not afraid of it now." She paused a moment, and then she added, "It 's a relief."

She was sitting on a low chair, and Newman was on an ottoman, near her. He leaned a little and took her hand, which for an instant she let him keep. "That means that I have not waited for nothing," he said. She looked at him for a moment, and he saw her eyes fill with tears. "With me," he went on, "you will be as safe — as safe" — and even in his ardor he hesitated a moment for a comparison — "as safe," he said, with a kind of simple solemnity, "as in your father's arms."

Still she looked at him and her tears increased. Then, abruptly, she buried her face on the cushioned arm of the sofa beside her chair, and broke into noiseless sobs. "I am weak — I am weak," he heard her say.

"All the more reason why you should give yourself up to me," he answered. "Why are you troubled? There is nothing here that should trouble you. I offer you nothing but happiness. Is that so hard to believe?"

"To you everything seems so simple," she said, raising her head. "But things are not so. I like you extremely. I liked you six months ago, and now I am sure of it, as you say you are sure. But it is not easy, simply for that, to decide to marry you. There are a great many things to think about."

"There ought to be only one thing to think about — that we love each other," said Newman. And as she remained silent he quickly added, "Very good; if you can't accept that, don't tell me so."

"I should be very glad to think of nothing," she said at last; "not to think at all; only to shut both my eyes and give myself up. But I can't. I 'm cold, I 'm old, I 'm a coward; I never supposed I should marry again, and it seems to me very strange I should ever have listened to you. When I used to think, as a girl, of what I should do if I were to marry freely, by my own choice, I thought of a very different man from you."

"That 's nothing against me," said Newman with an immense smile; "your taste was not formed."

His smile made Madame de Cintré smile. "Have you formed it?" she

asked. And then she said, in a different tone, "Where do you wish to live?"

"Anywhere in the wide world you like. We can easily settle that."

"I don't know why I ask you," she presently continued. "I care very little. I think if I were to marry you I could live almost anywhere. You have some false ideas about me; you think that I need a great many things, — that I must have a brilliant, worldly life. I am sure you are prepared to take a great deal of trouble to give me such things. But that is very arbitrary; I have done nothing to prove that." She paused again, looking at him, and her mingled sound and silence were so sweet to him that he had no wish to hurry her, any more than he would have had to hurry a golden sunrise. "Your being so different, which at first seemed a difficulty, a trouble, began one day to seem to me a pleasure, a great pleasure. I was glad you were different. And yet if I had said so, no one would have understood me; I don't mean simply to my family."

"They would have said I was a queer monster, eh?" said Newman.

"They would have said I could never be happy with you — you were too different; and I would have said it was just *because* you were so different that I might be happy. But they would have given better reasons than I. My only reason" — and she paused again.

But this time, in the midst of his golden sunrise, Newman felt the impulse to grasp at a rosy cloud. "Your only reason is that you love me!" he murmured with an eloquent gesture, and for want of a better reason Madame de Cintré reconciled herself to this one.

Newman came back the next day, and in the vestibule, as he entered the house, he encountered his friend, Mrs. Bread. She was wandering about in honorable idleness, and when his eyes fell upon her she delivered him one of her courtesies. Then turning to the servant who had admitted him, she said, with the combined majesty of her native superiority and of a rugged English accent, "You may retire; I will have the honor of conducting monsieur." In spite of this combination, however, it appeared to Newman that her voice had a slight quaver, as if the tone of command were not habitual to it. The man gave her an impertinent stare, but he walked slowly away, and she led Newman upstairs. At half its ascent the staircase gave a bend, forming a little platform. In the angle of the wall stood an old, indifferent statue of an eighteenth-century nymph, simpering, sallow, and cracked. Here Mrs. Bread stopped and looked with shy kindness at her companion.

"I know the good news, sir," she murmured.

"You have a good right to be first to know it," said Newman. "You have taken such a friendly interest."

Mrs. Bread turned away and began to blow the dust off the statue, as if this might be mockery.

"I suppose you want to congratulate me," said Newman. "I am greatly obliged." And then he added, "You gave me much pleasure the other day."

She turned round, apparently reassured. "You are not to think that I have been told anything," she said; "I have only guessed. But when I looked at you, as you came in, I was sure I had guessed aright."

"You are very sharp," said Newman. "I am sure that in your quiet way you see everything."

"I am not a fool, sir, thank God. I have guessed something else beside," said Mrs. Bread.

"What 's that?"

"I need n't tell you that, sir; I don't think you would believe it. At any rate it would n't please you."

"Oh, tell me nothing but what will please me," laughed Newman. "That is the way you began."

"Well, sir, I suppose you won't be vexed to hear that the sooner everything is over the better."

"The sooner we are married, you mean? The better for me, certainly."

"The better for every one."

"The better for you, perhaps. You know you are coming to live with us," said Newman.

"I 'm extremely obliged to you, sir, but it is not of myself I was thinking. I only wanted, if I might take the liberty, to recommend you to lose no time."

"Whom are you afraid of?"

Mrs. Bread looked up the staircase and then down, and then she looked at the undusted nymph, as if she possibly had sentient ears. "I am afraid of every one," she said.

"What an uncomfortable state of mind!" said Newman. "Does 'every one' wish to prevent my marriage?"

"I am afraid of already having said too much," Mrs. Bread replied. "I won't take it back, but I won't say any more." And she took her way up the staircase again and led him into Madame de Cintré's salon.

Newman indulged in a brief and silent imprecation when he found that Madame de Cintré was not alone. With her sat her mother, and in the middle of the room stood young Madame de Bellegarde, in her bonnet and mantle. The old marquise, who was leaning back in her chair with a hand clasping the knob of each arm, looked at him fixedly, without moving. She seemed barely conscious of his greeting; she appeared to be musing intently. Newman said to himself that her daughter had been announcing her engagement and that the old lady found the morsel hard to swallow. But Madame de Cintré, as she gave him her hand, gave him also a look by which she appeared to mean that he should understand something. Was it a warning or a request? Did she wish to enjoin speech or silence? He was puzzled, and young Madame de Bellegarde's pretty grin gave him no information.

"I have not told my mother," said Madame de Cintré, abruptly, looking at him.

"Told me what?" demanded the marquise. "You tell me too little; you should tell me everything."

"That is what I do," said Madame Urbain, with a little laugh.

"Let *me* tell your mother," said Newman.

The old lady stared at him again, and then turned to her daughter. "You are going to marry him?" she cried, softly.

"Oui, ma mère," said Madame de Cintré.

"Your daughter has consented, to my great happiness," said Newman.

"And when was this arrangement made?" asked Madame de Bellegarde. "I seem to be picking up the news by chance."

"My suspense came to an end yesterday," said Newman.

"And how long was mine to have lasted?" said the marquise to her daughter. She spoke without irritation; with a sort of cold, noble displeasure.

Madame de Cintré stood silent, with her eyes on the ground. "It is over now," she said.

"Where is my son — where is Urbain?" asked the marquise. "Send for your brother and inform him."

Young Madame de Bellegarde laid her hand on the bell-rope. "He was to make some visits with me, and I was to go and knock — very softly, very softly — at the door of his study. But he can come to me!" She pulled the bell, and in a few moments Mrs. Bread appeared, with a face of calm inquiry.

"Send for your brother," said the old lady.

But Newman felt an irresistible impulse to speak, and to speak in a certain way. "Tell the marquis we want him," he said to Mrs. Bread, who quietly retired.

Young Madame de Bellegarde went to her sister-in-law and embraced her. Then she turned to Newman, with an intense smile. "She is charming. I congratulate you."

"I congratulate you, sir," said Madame de Bellegarde, with extreme solemnity. "My daughter is an extraordinarily good woman. She may have faults, but I don't know them."

"My mother does not often make jokes," said Madame de Cintré; "but when she does they are terrible."

"She is ravishing," the Marquise Urbain resumed, looking at her sister-in-law, with her head on one side. "Yes, I congratulate you."

Madame de Cintré turned away, took up a piece of tapestry, and began to ply the needle. Some minutes of silence elapsed, which were interrupted by the arrival of M. de Bellegarde. He came in with his hat in his hand, gloved, and was followed by his brother Valentin, who appeared to have just entered the house. M. de Bellegarde looked around the circle and greeted Newman with his usual finely-measured courtesy. Valentin saluted his mother and his sisters, and, as he shook hands with Newman, gave him a glance of acute interrogation.

"Arrivez donc, messieurs!" cried young Madame de Bellegarde. "We have great news for you."

"Speak to your brother, my daughter," said the old lady.

Madame de Cintré had been looking at her tapestry. She raised her eyes to her brother. "I have accepted Mr. Newman."

"Your sister has consented," said Newman. "You see, after all, I knew what I was about."

"I am charmed!" said M. de Bellegarde, with superior benignity.

"So am I," said Valentin to Newman. "The marquis and I are charmed. I can't marry, myself, but I can understand it. I can't stand on my head, but I can applaud a clever acrobat. My dear sister, I bless your union."

The marquis stood looking for a while into the crown of his hat. "We have been prepared," he said at last, "but it is inevitable that in face of the event one should experience a certain emotion." And he gave a most unhilarious smile.

"I feel no emotion that I was not perfectly prepared for," said his mother.

"I can't say that for myself," said Newman, smiling, but differently from the marquis. "I am happier than I expected to be. I suppose it's the sight of your happiness!"

"Don't exaggerate that," said Madame de Bellegarde, getting up and laying her hand upon her daughter's arm. "You can't expect an honest old woman to thank you for taking away her beautiful, only daughter."

"You forgot me, dear madame," said the young marquise, demurely.

"Yes, she is very beautiful," said Newman.

"And when is the wedding, pray?" asked young Madame de Bellegarde; "I must have a month to think out a dress."

"That must be discussed," said the marquise.

"Oh, we will discuss it and let you know!" Newman exclaimed.

"I have no doubt we shall agree," said Urbain.

"If you don't agree with Madame de Cintré, you will be very unreasonable."

"Come, come, Urbain," said young Madame de Bellegarde. "I must go straight to my tailor's."

The old lady had been standing with her hand on her daughter's arm, looking at her fixedly. She gave a little sigh and murmured, "No, I did *not* expect it! You are a fortunate man," she added, turning to Newman, with an expressive nod.

"Oh, I know that!" he answered. "I feel tremendously proud. I feel like crying it on the housetops, — like stopping people in the street to tell them."

Madame de Bellegarde narrowed her lips. "Pray don't," she said.

"The more people that know it, the better," Newman declared. "I have n't yet announced it here, but I telegraphed it this morning to America."

"Telegraphed it to America?" the old lady murmured.

"To New York, to St. Louis, and to San Francisco; those are the principal cities, you know. To-morrow I shall tell my friends here."

"Have you many?" asked Madame de Bellegarde, in a tone of which I am afraid that Newman but partly measured the impertinence.

"Enough to bring me a great many hand-shakes and congratulations. To say nothing," he added, in a moment, "of those I shall receive from your friends."

"They will not use the telegraph," said the marquise, taking her departure.

M. de Bellegarde, whose wife, her

imagination having apparently taken flight to the tailor's, was fluttering her silken wings in emulation, shook hands with Newman and said with a more persuasive accent than the latter had ever heard him use, "You may count upon me." Then his wife led him away.

Valentin stood looking from his sister to our hero. "I hope you have both reflected seriously," he said.

Madame de Cintré smiled. "We have neither your powers of reflection nor your depth of seriousness; but we have done our best."

"Well, I have a great regard for each of you," Valentin continued. "You are charming people. But I am not satisfied, on the whole, that you belong to that small and superior class — that exquisite group — composed of persons who are worthy to remain unmarried. These are rare souls; they are the salt of the earth. But I don't mean to be invidious; the marrying people are often very good."

"Valentin holds that women should marry and that men should not," said Madame de Cintré. "I don't know how he arranges it."

"I arrange it by adoring you, my sister," said Valentin, ardently. "Good-by."

"Adore some one whom you can marry," said Newman. "I will arrange that for you some day. I foresee that I am going to turn apostle."

Valentin was on the threshold; he looked back a moment, with a face that had turned grave. "I adore some one I can't marry!" he said. And he dropped the portière and departed.

"They don't like it," said Newman, standing alone before Madame de Cintré.

"No," she said, after a moment; "they don't like it."

"Well, now, do you mind that?" asked Newman.

"Yes!" she said, after another interval.

"That 's a mistake."

"I can't help it. I should prefer that my mother were pleased."

"Why the deuce," demanded Newman, "is she not pleased? She gave you leave to marry me."

"Very true; I don't understand it. And yet I do 'mind it,' as you say. You will call it superstitious."

"That will depend upon how much you let it bother you. Then I shall call it an awful bore. '

"I will keep it to myself," said Madame de Cintré. "It shall not bother you." And then they talked of their marriage-day, and Madame de Cintré assented unreservedly to Newman's desire to have it fixed for an early date.

Newman's telegrams were answered with interest. Having dispatched but three electric missives, he received no less than eight gratulatory bulletins in return. He put them into his pocket-book, and the next time he encountered old Madame de Bellegarde drew them forth and displayed them to her. This, it must be confessed, was a slightly malicious stroke; the reader must judge in what degree the offense was venial. Newman knew that the marquise disliked his telegrams, though he could see no sufficient reason for it. Madame de Cintré, on the other hand, liked them, and, most of them being of a humorous cast, laughed at them immoderately and inquired into the character of their authors. Newman, now that his prize was gained, felt a peculiar desire that his triumph should be manifest. He more than suspected that the Bellegardes were keeping quiet about it, and allowing it, in their select circle, but a limited resonance; and it pleased him to think that if he were to take the trouble he might, as he phrased it, break all the windows. No man likes being repudiated, and yet Newman, if he was not flattered, was not exactly offended. He had not this good excuse for his somewhat aggressive impulse to promulgate his felicity; his sentiment was of another quality. He wanted for once to make the heads of the house of Bellegarde *feel* him; he knew not when he should have another chance. He had had for the past six months a sense of the old lady and her son looking straight over his head, and he was now resolved that they should toe a mark which he

would give himself the satisfaction of drawing.

"It is like seeing a bottle emptied when the wine is poured too slowly," he said to Mrs. Tristram. "They make me want to joggle their elbows and force them to spill their wine."

To this Mrs. Tristram answered that he had better leave them alone and let them do things in their own way. "You must make allowances for them," she said. "It is natural enough that they should hang fire a little. They thought they accepted you when you made your application; but they are not people of imagination, they could not project themselves into the future, and now they will have to begin again. But they *are* people of honor, and they will do whatever is necessary."

Newman spent a few moments in narrow-eyed meditation. "I am not hard on them," he presently said, "and to prove it I will invite them all to a festival."

"To a festival?"

"You have been laughing at my great gilded rooms all winter; I will show you that they are good for something. I will give a party. What is the biggest thing one can do here? I will hire all the great singers from the opera, and all the first people from the Théâtre Français, and I will give an entertainment."

"And whom will you invite?"

"You, first of all. And then the old lady and her son. And then every one among her friends whom I have met at her house or elsewhere, every one who has shown me the minimum of politeness, every duke of them and his wife. And then all my friends, without exception: Miss Kitty Upjohn, Miss Dora Finch, General Packard, C. P. Hatch, and all the rest. And every one shall know what it is about: that is, to celebrate my engagement to the Countess de Cintré. What do you think of the idea?"

"I think it is odious!" said Mrs. Tristram. And then in a moment: "I think it is delicious!"

The very next evening Newman repaired to Madame de Bellegarde's salon, where he found her surrounded by her children, and invited her to honor his poor dwelling by her presence on a certain evening a fortnight distant.

The marquise stared a moment. "My dear sir," she cried, "what do you want to do to me?"

"To make you acquainted with a few people, and then to place you in a very easy chair and ask you to listen to Madame Frezzolini's singing."

"You mean to give a concert?"

"Something of that sort."

"And to have a crowd of people?"

"All my friends, and I hope some of yours and your daughter's. I want to celebrate my engagement."

It seemed to Newman that Madame de Bellegarde turned pale. She opened her fan, a fine old painted fan of the last century, and looked at the picture, which represented a *fête champêtre* — a lady with a guitar, singing, and a group of dancers round a garlanded Hermes.

"We go out so little," murmured the marquis, "since my poor father's death."

"But my dear father is still alive, my friend," said his wife. "I am only waiting for my invitation to accept it," and she glanced with amiable confidence at Newman. "It will be magnificent; I am very sure of that."

I am sorry to say, to the discredit of Newman's gallantry, that this lady's invitation was not then and there bestowed; he was giving all his attention to the old marquise. She looked up at last, smiling. "I can't think of letting you offer me a fête," she said, "until I have offered you one. We want to present you to our friends; we will invite them all. We have it very much at heart. We must do things in order. Come to me about the 25th; I will let you know the exact day immediately. We shall not have Madame Frezzolini, but we shall have some very good people. After that you may talk of your own fête." The old lady spoke with a certain quick eagerness, smiling more agreeably as she went on.

It seemed to Newman a handsome proposal, and such proposals always

touched the sources of his good-nature. He said to Madame de Bellegarde that he should be glad to come on the 25th or any other day, and that it mattered very little whether he met his friends at her house or at his own. I have said that Newman was observant, but it must be admitted that on this occasion he failed to notice a certain delicate glance which passed between Madame de Bellegarde and the marquis, and which we may presume to have been a commentary upon the naïveté displayed in that latter clause of his speech.

Valentin de Bellegarde walked away with Newman that evening, and when they had left the Rue de l'Université some distance behind them he said reflectively, "My mother is very strong — very strong." Then in answer to an interrogative movement of Newman's he continued, "She was driven to the wall, but you would never have thought it. Her fête of the 25th was an invention of the moment. She had no idea whatever of giving a fête, but, finding it the only issue from your proposal, she looked straight at the dose — excuse the expression — and bolted it, as you saw, without winking. She is very strong."

"Dear me!" said Newman, divided between relish and compassion. "I don't care a straw for her fête; I am willing to take the will for the deed."

"No, no," said Valentin, with a little inconsequent touch of personal pride. "The thing will be done now, and done handsomely."

Henry James, Jr.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

You remember Nola, the little outlying city from Naples. Few places so small have so much fame. It is renowned for the resistance its fortress offered to Hannibal[1] after the terrible slaughter of Cannæ; renowned as the birthplace of Octavius Cæsar, the earliest Augustus — pale shadow of his uncle's mighty substance; renowned as the native place of Marcus Agrippa, the real winner of Actium, second only to Caius Julius as commander; renowned, ages after, for giving birth to Giordano Bruno, the intrepid philosopher, the gifted heretic, the rarest and strangest character of his time.

Nola was founded by a Greek colony, as the inscription (*Νωλαιων*) on its ancient coins clearly shows; and in the fifth century its bishop, Paulinus, invented church bells. It has furnished museums and cabinets with innumerable archaic vases and coins, and by them has illustrated the past. These facts symbolize the career of the Dominican friar who, reared amid the ancient traditions, threw them off by force of his reason; sounded his innovations like an alarm bell through all Europe; furnished suggestions and ideas to succeeding philosophers, remembered now when he is almost forgotten. Nola has been despoiled of its marbles and antiquities for modern uses, as Bruno's neglected works have been for the building up of systems refusing recognition of his own.

Giordano Bruno was full of vagaries and inconsistencies; he was buffoon as well as hero, but always earnest, independent, a seeker after truth. Where she led, he followed, through peril and hardship, through fire and water, resolved to serve her. His whole life was a struggle against authority in favor of reason, — a battle for individuality in opposition to delegated power and tyrannic custom. The spirit in which he wrought, far more than his works, was valuable, since personal freedom and interior inspiration were what the time

[1] "Pœno non pervia Nola," says Lilius Italicus in his Virgilized Punica.

needed as it needed nothing else. With all his whims and wanderings he unswervingly held to his faith in himself, and was ever devoted to the cause on which he had set his mind and heart and soul.

Born in 1550, ten years after the death of Copernicus, he proved himself, from the first, a genuine Neapolitan. The southern sun burned into his blood; made him intense, vehement, violent; gave him an ardent imagination, a rich humor, and a fantastic disposition. The wine of the soil flushed in his veins; the activity and agitation of Vesuvius were reproduced in his temperament. Like the volcano, he was always on the eve of eruption, and after every eruption inward fires and lava burned and bubbled and muttered as before. His constitution foreordained him a spiritual crusader and a moral iconoclast. He was an extremest in convictions, and yet so tempered by acquired culture and native chivalry as to be preserved from fanaticism. He loved beauty too well, he wooed the graces too ardently, to become hard or unrelenting. He had the will of Peter the Hermit, without his unconquerable bias; the decision of Loyola, omitting his morbid superstition. He was both poet and philosopher, and Nature, in being bountiful to him, had prevented his mistaking for religious duty a consuming and pitiless egotism. He was hopeful, cheerful, vivacious, graceful, handsome, gifted, and withal had that precious element of worldliness needful to insure men against becoming either visionaries or zealots.

By one of those contradictions so common to natures combining enthusiasm and aggressiveness, he entered, in his youth, a monastery; but the law of his being would not allow him to remain there. The teachings of the cloister are to accept without question and to conform without hesitation. Bruno was blessed with an impulse to doubt, and with that noble instinct of disobedience which has given to the world its most valuable reformations. The doctrine of transubstantiation was to him, as it must be to every reasoning mind, a self-evident absurdity, and he said as much. Not only did he reject the dogmas of the Roman Church, he even went so far as to assail its highest authority, and the accepted authority of the age, — the mighty Aristotle. The bitterest hostility was excited against him, not only in the order but among all ecclesiastics. He was both hated and feared; he became an object of abhorrence and the subject of persecution. His sole refuge was in flight. Throwing off the friar's robe, which covered him as with a palpable falsehood, he escaped from Italy, and at the age of thirty began his wanderings and his war for truth, as he conceived it, throughout the kingdoms of Europe.

Bruno stood almost alone in that era of superstition, corruption, and false belief, but he was none the less determined and courageous on that account. He possessed the buoyancy of spirit and inflexibility of purpose that rise with opposition, and count not cost. Into the cause he was to advocate he had put life and soul, believing most firmly that one and God are the veritable majority. He rejoiced and reveled in his freedom. For the first time he felt himself fully emancipated. He had broken his monastic vows to pledge himself anew to reason and to truth. He had quitted his country for the world; had abandoned cloister for conviction; had surrendered apostolic creed for the sacredness and sanctity of individual belief.

Those were revolutionary times in respect to theologic teachings. The church had lost its pristine purity and simplicity, had grown weak through debasement and want of sincerity. In its lower ranks were ignorance, sensuality, and fanaticism; in the upper, polite forms and inward defilement, courtly pretense and underlying infidelity. From a certain though unacknowledged consciousness of insincerity, persecution, represented by the Inquisition, was relentless as the grave. The Reformation had set men thinking, and all existing conditions were thereby disturbed. Campanella and Vanini assailed systems and dogmas,

accepted Galileo when denounced as a heretic, and fought with Bruno in the van of the army of advancement. Their beliefs were his beliefs, their aims his aims, their natures kindred to his own. Like him they suffered, were hunted, and were beset by intolerance and the priests. The sixteenth century arrayed itself against assumptions, searched for causes and for motives, and would not be satisfied with postulates and premises. It was the epoch of revolt, the inauguration of rationalism, the beginning of self-assertion, the first development of individuality. It rescued Europe from the vassalage of Rome, divorced philosophy from scholasticism, substituted investigation for obedience.

Bruno attacked Aristotle as fiercely and ceaselessly as he advocated Copernicus, for the Stagirite was considered as much the ally of the church as the Prussian astronomer was its foe. The Neapolitan pantheist was in full accord with Pythagoras, Plato, and Plotinus, and to them he looked for inspiration and instruction. He found in them the needs of his mind, since they were poetic in theory and fantastic in speculation. Bruno's thought took the widest range, and where his thought could not soar his fancy lent it wings. His method was precisely the contrary of severe. He was impulsive to a fault, imaginative, supremely spontaneous, bubbling over with beliefs in all the possibilities. No marvel he proclaimed the rotation of the earth. In his view everything was in rotation, nothing fixed or limited, as in Aristotle's plan, but all movable, changeable, and progressive.

This recusant Dominican, once out of Italy, bent his steps to Geneva, the stronghold of Protestantism, only to find Calvinism and the Calvinists narrower and more bigoted than the Roman Church and its prelates. The men who had condemned Servetus to the stake for difference of opinion had the same disposition as Torquemada, and were fit companions of the inquisitors. Bruno had gone from the enraged tiger to the hungry tigress. Again he was a fugitive, and took shelter in Toulouse, where Vanini, amiable, eloquent, and learned, was burned alive about forty years later on the charge of atheism. There his liberal opinions evoked such wrath that he was forced to fly to Paris, the blood of the massacre of St. Bartholomew still fresh on its flag-stones. Audacious man! verily had he thrust his head into the lion's mouth, and as there was no power in peril to repress the plainness of his speech, he must inevitably have been slain but for his falling into favor with Henry III. That monarch selected him as one of the lecturers of the Sorbonne, and, singularly enough, would have made him a salaried professor if he would have consented to attend mass. "The mass or death!" had only recently been the monstrous cry resounding through the streets of the capital, and yet, though Bruno peremptorily refused the condition, he continued to lecture and to enjoy the royal regard. The poetic pantheist drew crowds of admirers, no lecturer since Abelard having awakened more enthusiasm. His discourses were marked by an extraordinary variety. He was speculative, fanciful, paradoxical, facetious, majestic, and buffoonish by turns; now soaring among the stars, now groveling on the earth; elevated, impassioned, witty, disputatious, violent, sarcastic, indecent, at one and the same time. While lofty persuasion breathed from his lips, he wronged them with platitudes and tainted them with obscenity. His engaging and impressive manner, and his handsome and graceful person, added to his youth, set off his striking matter to great advantage. He was strongly magnetic, and had completely mastered the art of pleasing.

During his stay in Paris, the renouncing friar was more cautious in expression than he had ever been. Indirectly and inferentially he combated the authorities and prejudices then in vogue, though he did not openly and violently attack them according to his custom and the law of his temperament. He gained considerable literary reputation while in that city, by composing a comedy, Il Candelajo, full of satirical hits, and not without coarseness; and by several trea-

tises on Raimundo Lullio's theological rhapsody, the Ars Magna.

Bruno's disposition was ubiquitous, and this, with the restraint he must have felt from the concealment of many of his opinions, carried him to London, where free speech was more in fashion than at any court on the Continent. He was warmly welcomed in the British metropolis, and he became strongly attached to the independence and frankness of the English character, devoid though it was of the polish and politeness to which he had been wonted. Gallant by nativity, he lauded the blonde beauty of the women, and was so much of a courtier that he adopted the prevailing habit of fulsomely flattering the ugly, termagant, and ridiculously conceited queen, Elizabeth. He even forgot truth and pure metaphor so far as to speak of her as the lovely Diana who shone resplendent among the princesses of the earth as Venus shines among the stars of heaven. Sir Philip Sidney and other distinguished men of that most distinguished court became his sincere friends. In London there was everything to charm and hold him: lovely women and heroic men, cultivated society and the intercourse of congenial spirits, appreciation of his genius and honor to his worth. But his was not a nature to relish quiet long. He was not willing to let the world revolve without taking part in its revolutions. He was a comet; but it was needful for him to interfere with, if not to influence, the planetary bodies. An exalted pragmatist, perpetual projection of himself against antagonists was necessary to his very being. A templar, not an epicurean, his vanity and fondness for disputation impelled him equally with his love of truth. He was as far removed from modesty as from prudence, and notwithstanding the countenance and patronage of Elizabeth, he made so many enemies among learned controversialists by his extreme course, and by denouncing them as blockheads, pedants, and idiots, that even the cold climate of England waxed torrid for him. Whether it had or not, he had tarried long enough in one place and was burning for fresh contests. London proclaimed him heretic, as Rome and Toulouse had done, and with augmented pugnacity he went back to Paris.

Soon after his arrival there he was allowed the privilege of discussing in public the philosophy of Aristotle. The able dialectician on this occasion had no reserves. Engaged on his favorite theme, he poured forth a torrent of fiery eloquence and bitter invective upon all the defenders of opinions and positions held to be sacred, and naturally threw the devotional part of Paris into a frightful ferment. No abode upon the Seine was any longer safe for him; and, albeit reckless of danger and careless of his life, he was unwilling to give his foes an opportunity to wreak vengeance on him, while he could alarm them with his boldness and confound them with his logic.

Germany was the next scene of his controversial seditions. By this time he had become a most radical pantheist, and in 1586 he entered the University of Marburg in Hesse-Cassel as a professor of theology. He was anxious to lecture on philosophy, but permission was refused by the president, whereupon Bruno grossly insulted him, and emphasized the insult by tweaking his nose. The whole university was in an uproar; and as the fluent malcontent had done all the mischief he could, he dashed off to Wittenberg. That little city, in which the Reformation had its origin and which contains the graves of Luther and Melancthon, was then the centre of Lutheranism, and gave the eccentric Italian so cordial a reception that he pronounced it the Athens of Germany. The town showed itself superior to prejudice by admitting the now notorious heretic into the university as a teacher, and allowing him the inestimable privilege of assaulting Aristotle, whose merest mention was as the flaunting of a scarlet flag before this Neapolitan bull. He contrived, at the expense, we may well believe, of much inward chafing, to remain in his new position without pommeling the cherished tenets of Lutheranism. His creed was broad as the arching heavens, as is proved

by his elaborate and ingenious defense of Satan as a being more wronged than wronging — a view by no means original now, but somewhat startling to the comparative conservatism of the sixteenth century.

The precise quality of Bruno's theology no one can comprehend after the most intimate acquaintance with his works. The essential portion of his belief seems to have been unconditional hostility to every formulated belief, as Byron's politics, at a later day, simplified themselves into an utter detestation of all existing governments.

Any one unfamiliar with his nomadic character might imagine that he would have consented to stay where he had the largest liberty of speech and the most earnest admiration. Even repeated refusals to adopt the Lutheran faith did not injure his popularity; but still, with the fabled restlessness of Ahasuerus, he was driven on, on, on. Having all he had sought, he grew weary of ordinary satisfaction and pined for the new satisfaction of discontent.

Always addicted to extremes, he went from the centre of Lutheranism to the centre of Romanism at Prague, but met with so little encouragement or sympathy in the Bohemian capital that he was unable to lay the smallest basis for a sensation. He hurried to Helmstädt, where circumstances were more propitious, the Duke of Brunswick appointing the philosopher the private tutor of his eldest son. Here, again, he might have gratified his ambition, might have passed his days in ease and comfort. But his place was in the arena, not in the study. His darling opinions must be vented at all hazards, and, by venting them, he caused himself to be excommunicated by the See of Rome. He disputed the sentence so vigorously that it was finally revoked, though the air of Helmstädt had grown too rarefied for the full play of his expanded lungs.

Frankfort received him next, and, as if tired of excitement, this terrible child of tumult actually settled into a state bordering upon quietude. He published there several of his Latin works, as he had previously published most of his Italian works in London.

The judgment of scholars differs widely respecting the value of Bruno's books. Some think that they have much more historical than intrinsic importance, forcibly illustrating the spirit of the epoch and the extraordinary character of this extraordinary man. That he possessed genius in an exalted degree can scarcely be questioned. His writings are extremely suggestive, and have been liberally drawn upon, in thought or spirit, by succeeding philosophers, among whom may be fairly reckoned, dissimilar as their methods are, Descartes, Spinoza, Bacon, Locke, Leibnitz, Schelling, and others. He was remarkably spontaneous, and threw off thoughts as a flower emits odors. Whatever arose in his fertile mind he gave out, without caring for arrangement or pausing for reflection. He blended his imagination with his reason, his speculation with his investigation, so that many of his theses are poems, and some of his poems mere analyses of self. In this he is not unlike Plato, whose highest philosophy is poetry, and who was more a seer than a logician. The faults of Bruno's style — flippancy, inconsistency, and vagary — are the faults of his time, as is evident from a perusal of his contemporaries.

All his books are in the form of dialogue, best suited to controversial themes. Dialogue enabled him to introduce opinions and doctrines as coming from others which he would hardly have dared, with all his temerity, to avow as his own. That his dialogue is superlatively lively and generally interesting, everybody must admit. It has none of the ordinary dullness and drowsiness of metaphysics, to the mind of average culture, and the constant digressions and comments in prose and verse, scattered throughout his writings, lend them the attraction of variety and a capacity for surprises. His diction is unpleasantly loose, and in the use of adjectives, frequently almost synonymous, he is apt to be tedious. Ridicule is a potent weapon with him, and he employs it unsparingly. He lashes the priests as mercilessly as Rabelais does,

and the philosophers and their assumptions he is ever delighted to jeer at and expose. Upon pedantry he is merciless, as he had reason to be, since pedantry was the literary vice of the age. He empties whole quivers of satirical arrows at pretension, — the cousin-german of pedantry, — and he even inveighs less against Aristotle than against the absurd veneration and affected understanding of that philosopher.

The Neapolitan was one of the first of his time to abandon contemplation for observation; to seek knowledge from without instead of from within. Having the poetic temperament, he worshiped nature, looking to her for inspiration and wisdom. He preferred the inductive to the deductive method, and was from this fact the herald of Bacon to a certain extent. Essentially and entirely was he a pantheist, holding the universe to be the form of God rather than God himself. He divinized nature to such a degree that he almost apotheosized this particular planet. God, in his thought, constituted everything. God was the infinite intelligence, the eternal wisdom, the exhaustless love. He was the cause of causes, the principle of life, the source of mind, the beginning and end of all. He did not create the universe, but he animated it, bearing the same relation to the universe that cause bears to effect. The Creator was self-existent, absolute, simple, entire; while the creature is merely a part of and distinct from the great whole — God. The Almighty is the monad of monads (Leibnitz borrowed his theory of monads from Bruno), the entity of entities, the essence of essences. The anomalous Italian advocates with all his zeal the infiniteness of the universe, because, being in the pantheist's view an emanation of God, it must be logically as enduring as himself. The creator is perfect intelligence, and all other beings are less intelligent, varying in degree, though not in kind. Man is the expounder of the divine law, and in proportion to his gifts, the responsibility of explaining what is above and about him devolves upon him. Enabled to discover and trace the relations existing between the lower and the higher, and the correspondences between the inward and the outward, he finally becomes capable, through observation and development, of discerning the identity of the subjective and the objective of thought and being.

Pages would be required to elucidate fully Bruno's system; but this brief outline would seem to show that in many things he anticipated, if he did not directly inform, Swedenborg as well as Hegel, Schelling, and other German metaphysicians.

In La Cena de le Ceneri he warmly opposes the idea of the earth's fixedness, advocates the boundlessness and perpetuity of the universe, argues against the confusion of reality and appearance in regard to celestial phenomena, insists that this and the other planets are identical in substance, and holds that all created objects have life, comparing the world, as Plato does in the Timæus, to a colossal animal. De la Causa and De l'Infinito, of all his books, have probably the clearest and most consecutive explanation of his theories and convictions.

The best known, or rather the least unknown, of his writings is the Spaccio de la Bestia Trionfante, and it is certainly one of his most characteristic. By the "Triumphant Beast" the erratic author means superstition represented by the old astronomy, which figured the constellations by various animals. He cleverly illustrates in his Expulsion the folly and absurdity of believing that the stars can in any way influence human destiny — a belief widely cherished at that time by the adherents of astrology. This work is an olio of sense and nonsense, of eloquence and tediousness, of erudition and commonplace, accompanied by flights of fancy of the most chimerical sort. Still it is, on the whole, an excellent refutation of the superstitious opinions then prevalent, and evinces a profound acquaintance with human nature and the customs and peculiarities of existing society.

The least speculative and most readable of his dialogues is the Gli Eroici

Furori, intermixed with sonnets, egotistic dissertations, and sentimental rhapsodies. Its special purpose is difficult to perceive, but it introduces the reader to the inner life and mental quality of a man singularly unique. Notwithstanding the diversity of the subject, the Gli Eroici recalls the rhetorical ecstasies of Plotinus and Porphyry.

Bruno's reputation as a thinker has materially declined during the present generation, owing largely to the fact, as I conceive, that his works have only recently become obtainable. Until Adolph Wagner, in 1830, brought out at Leipzig his edition of the Italian part of the writings of the Neapolitan philosopher, few students or bibliopolists had been able to find his books. They were the black-letter rage for a long while all over Europe, and the very few copies procurable brought extravagant prices. Even the patient, plodding, and persevering Germans ransacked continental libraries in vain. Every new author who attracted attention was accused of plagiarizing from Bruno (this literary fashion still survives), which was entirely safe, as Bruno could not be had for the confounding of the critics. The Italian eccentric, in his grave sleep of more than two centuries and a half, must feel angry at the German drudge who diminished his fame by revealing him to the world. While Bruno was little more than a name, his renown steadily increased; for when nobody reads or can read an author, his greatness is fixed and his celebrity is secure. Every scribe has taken his turn at Shakespeare, telling over and again where the poet found this idea and whence he obtained that suggestion. I have several times seen it charged that Shakespeare got his character of Hamlet from the author of the Spaccio; that Coleridge's Christabel was a hint improved from Gli Eroici, and that Byron's Cain would never have been written but for a passage in the De la Causa. This species of ascription is to be ardently recommended, since it is too general to deny and too vague to disprove.

How the uninitiated odd fellow from Nola concerted to keep out of turmoil for ten years, as he did after going to Frankfort, is an inexplicable paradox. At the end of that time, contrary to the earnest advice of every one of his friends, he returned to Italy, going to Padua of all places in the world; Padua, where Aristotle was consecrated; Padua cringing under the baleful influence of the espionage of Venice and the Inquisition. By his long abstinence the undaunted disputant must have gained the keenest appetite for peril. It would seem that he had at last grown weary of his eventful life, and anxious to lay it down. But it is probable that he still retained his unflinching faith in himself and in his destiny. Surely it was only natural that he should despise the dangers from which he had so repeatedly escaped. There was suffocation for Bruno in the purest air of Padua. To stay there and to perish was, in the logic of bigotry, as causation and consequence. He had scarcely begun to teach when the lesson of self-preservation was enforced on him. He fled to Venice, and Venice received him in the dark and mysterious arms of her dreadful dungeons. Six years he passed there — the same six years that Galileo taught mathematics in the University of Padua — and yet he did not die. Fancy what an exquisite torture it must have been to a man of his intense activity and insatiable thirst for knowledge, to lie there all that while in agonizing solitude, without books, without a suggestion of sympathy, without the slenderest ray of hope.

The grand inquisitor at Rome was apprised of the philosopher's apprehension and demanded that the detested heretic should be surrendered to his gentle care. For some reason, never made clear, Venice refused to give up this reckless seeker and defender of the truth. The refusal might have been prompted by a sense of justice, but its effect was crueler than death. After all those pining and tormenting years his prison-doors swung open, and once more this intrepid soldier of conviction beheld the light of the beautiful, free day. He beheld it, but to him it brought not freedom. He was car-

ried to Rome for trial, and ordered to recant, when every craven and questioning priest knew in his inmost soul that Bruno and recantation were incapable of coexistence. Ecclesiastical logic was then tried, but the prisoner was more skilled than his accusers in the weapons of controversy, and, moreover, rested his cause upon reason and truth. He stoutly denied their premises, and they would not accept his; so that any conclusion was impossible. Incensed that they could not move him either by persuasion or by menace, they dragged him to the palace of San Severino, and compelled him on his knees, and in the presence of the highest and haughtiest prelates of the church, to receive the sentence of excommunication. He was then delivered into the tender hands of the Inquisition, when he remarked that he knew this would be the result, and that he might have been saved six years of torture by an immediate transfer from Venice to Rome.

During the whole trial he bore himself so nobly that he wrung from his cruel persecutors admiration for his unfaltering courage. All the flippancies and pranks of his past career were then laid aside. A lofty majesty entered into his port, and a calm dignity, far exceeding the dignity of kings, shone in his handsome face. No false accusations, no mean innuendo, no cowardly insult ruffled him, and when he heard his doom he smiled serenely and said, "I receive this sentence with more courage than you pronounce it! To die for conviction is a rare and happy privilege!"

Bruno's sacerdotal murderers could not comprehend the heroic stuff of which he was composed. They affronted his high resolve by yielding him a respite of a few days after his condemnation, in the vain hope that the awful vision of death might appal him. He was as immovable as his native Apennines. The stake was his doom, and he went to it as a lover goes to his love. When the flames flashed about him he was not seen to wince. His eye was luminous, and his face was radiant as the morning. His last moments were disturbed by a meddling monk, who thrust through the consuming blaze the crucifix, from which the martyr turned his head in aversion and disgust.

And so he perished for opinion's sake, true to himself and to his convictions to the last. Had he died with a tithe of such calmness and courage in the cause of Rome, no pæan would have been sweet enough to sing his saintship. As it was, his ashes were scattered, and the hero and martyr was pronounced by the church a heretic, a scoffer, and an infidel.

The judgment of one age is annulled by the judgment of another. The unbiased and liberal world of to-day sees in Giordano Bruno a valiant soldier of the right, a fearless defender of his belief, a magnanimous advocate of truth. His death, more than his life, has made him remembered, — if he can be said to die who surrenders breath for principle and conviction. Bruno's grand example still lives, still yields its influence through time in forms as viewless but enduring as the minds of heaven.

Junius Henri Browne.

TO IONE.

All day within me, sweet and clear
The song you sang is ringing;
At night, in my half-dreaming ear
I hear you singing, singing.

Ere thought takes up its homespun thread,
When early morn is breaking,
Sweet snatches hover round my bed,
And cheer me when awaking.

The sunrise brings the melody
I only half remember,
And summer seems to smile for me,
Although it is December.

Through drifting snow, through dropping rain,
Through gusts of wind, it haunts me.
The tantalizing old refrain
Perplexes, yet enchants me.

The mystic chords that bore along
Your voice so calmly splendid,
In glimmering fragments with the song
Are vaguely joined and blended.

I touch my instrument and grope
Along the keys' confusion,
And dally with the chords in hope
To catch the sweet illusion.

In vain of that consummate hour
I court the full completeness,
The perfume of the hidden flower,
The perfect bloom and sweetness.

Of strains that were too rich to last,
A baffled memory lingers;
The theme, the air, the chords have passed;
They mock my voice and fingers.

They steal away, as sunset fires
Lose one by one their flashes,
And cheat the eye with smoldering pyres
And banks of gray cloud-ashes.

And yet, I know, the old alloy
That dims and disentrances

The golden visions and the joy
Of hope's resplendent fancies

Can never touch that festal hour
In soul and sense recorded,
Though scattered rose-leaves from your bower
Alone my search rewarded.

The unconnected strains alone
Survive to bring you nearer,
As when our queen of song and tone
Made vassals of each hearer.

Yet through the night and through the day
The mystic chords are ringing;
Their echo will not pass away;
I hear you singing, singing.

C. P. Cranch.

THE BATTLES ABOUT ATLANTA.

II.

I. GRAND FLANK-MOVEMENT UPON HOOD'S COMMUNICATIONS.

We now come to the final movement before the fall of Atlanta. It will be noticed that Sherman kept withdrawing his forces from the general left and gaining ground to the right, both by the transfer and by thinning and extending the lines of two corps, the fourth (Stanley's) and the twentieth (Williams's). We hugged the works of the enemy closely, and by sudden movements endeavored to circumvent Hood's left flank and strike the railroads to his rear, but he was too wary and active to allow us to do this. He extended as rapidly as we did, dug the same sort of ditches, completed batteries, made épaulements revetted with logs, had good flank covers, and the "Johnnies" rivaled the "Yanks" even in the size and arrangement of the top logs for protection. We were having all the exhausting labor and worry of a regular siege without being able to first invest this forest city. Failing in these safer attempts, Sherman, more fertile than any other man in expedients and being now aware that Stoneman's cavalry had failed to make any decided impression in its raid upon Hood's communications (which raid, it will be remembered, resulted in the discomfiture and capture of General Stoneman himself), determined to move his army in a body across Hood's lines of supply, leaving behind only a detachment of Thomas's army — Williams's corps — safely intrenched beyond the Chattahoochee.

The manner in which this movement was effected was somewhat like that of a battalion of three divisions changing front, faced to the rear on the right division. General Schofield, being near Atlanta at the West Point railroad, turned his command like the pivot division and faced east. My army was drawn out and marched on the outer circuit to Renfrew's place. General Thomas swung the four-

teenth and the fourth corps into position midway between Atlanta and Renfrew. Kilpatrick with his division of cavalry reported to me during this march, and watched my front and right flank while moving.

August 16th, General Sherman issued his Special Field Order, No. 57, the substance of which appears in the following extracts: —

"I. . . . First move: General Kilpatrick's cavalry will move to Camp Creek; General Schofield will cover the Campbellton road, and General Thomas will move one corps (General Williams's) to the Chattahoochee bridge, with orders to hold it; Paice's Ferry bridge, and a pontoon bridge (Captain Kossack's) at Turner's Ferry, ready to be laid down if necessary. The other corps, General Stanley's, will move south of Proctor's Creek to near the Utoy, behind the right centre of the army of the Tennessee, prepared to cover the Bell's Ferry road. General Garrard's cavalry will fall behind Peachtree Creek, and act against the enemy should he sally against General Williams's or General Stanley's corps during the movement.

"Second move: the army of the Tennessee will withdraw, cross Utoy Creek, and move by the most direct road toward Fairburn, going as far as Camp Creek. General Thomas will mass his two corps, Generals Stanley's and Johnson's, below Utoy Creek, and General Garrard's cavalry will join General Thomas by the most direct road, or by way of Sandtown bridge, and act with him during the rest of the move. General Schofield will advance abreast of, and in communication with, the army of the Tennessee, as far as Camp Creek.

"Third move: the armies of the Ohio and Tennessee will move direct for the West Point road, aiming to strike it between Red Oak and Fairburn; General Thomas will follow, well closed up in two columns, the trains between. General Kilpatrick will act as the advance, and General Garrard will cover the rear under direction of General Thomas. The bridge at Sandtown will be kept and protected by a detachment of cavalry detailed by General Elliott, with a section of guns or four-gun battery.

"II. . . . During the movement, and until the army returns to the river, the utmost care will be taken to expose as little as possible the trains of cars and wagons. The depots at the bridge, at Allatoona and Marietta, will be held against any attack, and communication kept up with the army as far as possible by way of Sandtown. On reaching any railroad the troops will at once be disposed for defense, and at least one third put to work to tear up track and destroy iron, ties, and all railroad materials."

General Sherman suspended this order when he learned that Hood had sent off his cavalry upon a raid, but it was subsequently put into execution, with such modification from time to time as the actual march necessitated.

General Thomas began on the night of the 25th, as directed. By his marchings toward the rear and toward our right, the rear movement being much the more exposed, Hood was completely deceived. Having myself already prepared a new left flank to guard against a sally from Atlanta after Thomas's withdrawal, I had my command in readiness to begin the withdrawal in two columns as soon as it was dark on the night of the 26th. In perfect silence, twenty-five thousand men were wakened. Each column started quietly, following its guide, who had familiarized himself with the road that he was to take. Regiment followed regiment, brigade followed brigade, till the whole ground was cleared. Even the ordinary rattle of the wheels of batteries and wagons had been obviated by various contrivances. Of a sudden, as the rear of our column was just clearing the old camping-ground, the enemy appeared to suspect what we were attempting to do, and opened fire with artillery. The cannon sounded louder than ever in the stillness of the night, and we feared that the suddenness and terrific nature of this firing, the round shot breaking branches and lopping trees in close proximity to the dim pathway, might throw some of our troops

into confusion and create an extensive panic in the command. Nothing in the way of confusion and horror can exceed a panic in the woods and at night, for an army with loaded muskets in hand. I recall one, near the Chain Bridge in Virginia, when every man was alarmed by a sudden firing supposed to come from an enemy. Men sprang to their feet, brigades were broken, regiments dispersed, some ran and some lay down, but all fired in wild panic. There was talking in a high key, cursing, pleading, moaning. Many were killed and hundreds wounded during that fearful night while Sedgwick's division was marching from Vienna to the Chain Bridge, after the second Bull Run disaster. But, providentially, at Atlanta the enemy's random fire effected comparatively little damage. One man was killed, and only one man was reported wounded. He had a leg broken by a round shot. By the break of day we were far on our way. Kilpatrick, who was in the van, kept the road pretty well cleared of the enemy. Wheeler, his enterprising antagonist, had some of his cavalry in our front. At every favorable ground, for example at the crossing of creeks large enough to bridge, Wheeler would cross over, burn or otherwise destroy the bridge, make a rail obstruction across the road and on the sides in the timber, and fire upon Kilpatrick's advance. This was done with carbines and rifles, and sometimes with two pieces of artillery. When the opposition was too strong, the cavalry would be massed, off to the right and left of the road, and a battery be brought forward at a trot, supported by infantry. This expedient generally put the enemy quickly to flight. In some cases these positions had to be turned by infantry soldiers working around their flank, before the enemy would abandon the shelter and leave. I never could quite get accustomed to the use of cavalry. Small numbers of horsemen always took up much space. It was difficult to manœuvre them in a country as broken and rough as that in Central Georgia, and when in camp it always appeared as if it would take too long for them to get ready for action. In case of surprise, it seemed perilous to sleep in a cavalry camp, owing to so very many articles of equipment, as saddles, bridles, blankets, halters, holsters, sabres, carbines, and so on, being scattered around, and not easily to be put into orderly condition except upon the cavalrymen themselves when mounted, and upon their horses. My instinctive apprehension in the presence of cavalry camps and cavalry movements, I think, made me admire the successful cavalry officer the more. About Kilpatrick, in camp, I often found all the ease and apparent or necessary irregularity to which I have referred; but he was quick to saddle, quick to mount, and, as I discovered during this march, very systematic in massing, deploying, and otherwise using his cavalry. In Kilpatrick's case the apparent recklessness was only in the seeming, for his watches were well out, and his own ears always open. I spoke of two columns. Logan headed one, which marched via Utoy to Camp Creek; Blair, followed by Ransom, took the other, by Lickskillet, to the same point. These men, wagons, and horses filling the roads, well closed up, made their silent night-march and went into camp at daylight at the place indicated in General Sherman's orders. Kilpatrick had encamped for the night not far away, on a road to the right of us. Quite early, near dawn of the 27th, he drew out and cleared our road of the enemy's cavalry and scouts as far as the West Point railroad. Here he had quite a successful little cavalry combat, which suited his spirit. The enemy vainly attempted to drive him from the railway.

After a couple of hours' rest I moved on; Blair and Logan marching in parallel columns. Logan cut a new road for most of the way. This was done to enable a quick concentration of force, if needed, at the front. By noon my three corps were securely intrenching at the railroad, not far from Fairburn. Logan took the right, Blair the left, and Ransom was held in reserve, while Kilpatrick pushed his cavalry well out on the different roads approaching the

position. With wonderful quickness the different regiments in position along the front and toward any possible approaches threw up embankments or took advantage of any favorable railroad cuts at hand. Then the work of railway destruction begins. For this purpose, the men arrange themselves, often five hundred at a time, by the side of a road-bed, seize together a set of rails, and lift till the rails and ties are separated. Some pile the ties together in heaps and lay the rails across them, while others throw into the heaps dry stuff enough to quicken the ignition, quickly setting them on fire. As the fire burns, the rails are heated and the ends begin to droop; four or more men, two or three at each end, will catch an iron rail and run quickly in opposite directions around a tree or telegraph post, thus locking the rail and making it troublesome to straighten it. A sort of handspike with a short hook at the fulcrum is sometimes used. The men hitch one on at each end of a rail and turn twice in opposite ways, and then bend the rail like the twist in a cruller, thus leaving it beyond the hope of rectification.

Schofield had made the partial wheel at the pivot. Thomas had come in between Schofield and me at Red Oak station. Our picket lines were reunited. The remainder of the 27th and all of the 28th of August were spent in this destruction of railroad property. My notes say, "The work was remarkably well done throughout, the rails bent double or broken, the ties burned, and in front of the fifteenth and seventeenth corps cuts filled up with rocks, earth, trunks of trees, and other rubbish."

Bright and early on the 30th we were on the march. Logan, followed by the trains, took the inner road; Ransom, followed by Blair, the outer or southern road leading toward Jonesboro'. (Jonesboro' is a railway station and hamlet on a ridge of land near the Macon and Atlanta railroad.) Kilpatrick pushed on under my orders to clear the way. Nothing but some skirmishing on the front and flanks, which did not disturb the use of the soldier's short clay-pipe and the usual happy chats *en route*, — nothing of moment occurred till Logan and Ransom's roads came together before crossing Shoal Creek. Here the enemy with artillery and sharp musketry firing brought everything to a standstill. Kilpatrick was supported by two regiments from Ransom, while Logan sent Hazen's column to pass his flank. This had the desired effect. The temporary barricades were quickly deserted, and the enemy's artillery went off with speed. The hindrances were now more frequent; quite a delay intervened at the creek, of precisely the same nature as that just described. Worried with this irritating backing-and-filling sort of work, lasting all day, which the enemy's enterprising cavalry had caused us, we were glad to reach at night the destination appointed, the right of our "general line," named in General Sherman's special instructions for the day's march. But here several things pressed themselves upon my attention. Sherman had said in conversation, "Get hold of the railroad as soon as you can, Howard." I knew this to be the principal object of the large circuit we had taken. We had been hearing all day the noise of the engines and cars coming and going between Atlanta and Jonesboro', and knew that this meant Hood's or Hardee's infantry and artillery in front of us. The Flint River was five or six miles ahead, and between us and Jonesboro'. Now, though weary and isolated and without written permission to go on, as soon as I learned, furthermore, that there was no water to refresh the men and animals, I made up my mind to attempt getting beyond the Flint that night. I sent for Kilpatrick and said, "Have you an officer, general, who with a small body of cavalry can keep the rebels in motion, and not allow them to create delay between this Renfrew place and the river?"

"Just the man, sir," he replied; and he called to him Captain Estes of his staff.

He placed a squadron of horse under Estes, who quickly led the way. Wheeler, if our enemy was he, had supposed

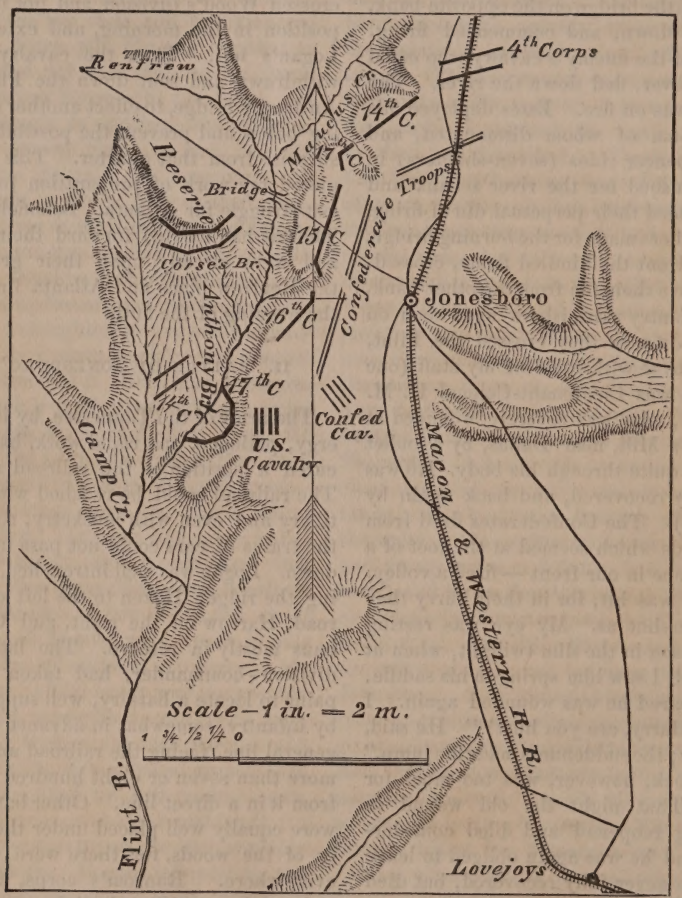
us through with moving for the day, and had made no more rail-piles and hindrances. He had just time to spring into the saddle and be off, as Estes came upon him. Then there was a race for the river. Infantry followed closely. I went ahead with the cavalry, to get all the observation I could before it should grow entirely dark. The enemy made a stand at the bridge on the opposite bank, up and down, and commenced firing. Those of the enemy's cavalry who could not get over, fled down the river. The bridge was on fire. Estes deployed his men, some of whom dismounted, and with Spencer rifles (seven-shooters) in hand, rushed for the river's bank and commenced their perpetual din of firing, while others made for the burning bridge, stamped out the kindled flame, crossed, and drove their foe from the other bank. Our infantry skirmishers were soon on hand. Just as they crossed the Flint, I went over with some of my staff (one of them was Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. Stimson, who was severely wounded at Pickett's Mill, near Dallas, by a bullet passing quite through his body. He was partially recovered, and back again by my side). The Confederates fired from the woods which seemed at the foot of a steep slope in our front — fired a volley. Nobody was hit, for in their hurry they had overshot us. My eye was resting on Stimson in the dim twilight, when at the crash I saw him spring in his saddle, and I feared he was wounded again. I said, "Harry, are you hurt?" He said, "No, sir; the suddenness made me jump." The shock, however, was too much for him. That night the old wound in his lung reopened and bled considerably, and he was again obliged to leave us. He never fully recovered, but died in Florida after the war, in consequence of this wound. The skirmish-lines, as soon as deployed, made a dash for the woods and farther slope. The enemy's outer line fell back. By my orders General Logan secured the crest of this ridge beyond the Flint, worked a part of his men all night, even tired as they already were, to intrench, and was ready in the morning for Hardee (for it was his corps and part of S. D. Lee's that had been brought from Atlanta to head us off).

Kilpatrick pushed out to the right until he came upon the enemy's infantry in a cornfield, where with much skirmishing he held the foe back till the infantry was well in position. Ransom prolonged Logan's right. Blair, near at hand, crossed Wood's division and got it into position in the morning, and extended Logan's left. Then the cavalry was withdrawn and sent down the Flint to Anthony's bridge, to effect another crossing below and prevent the possibility of surprise from that quarter. This completed my work of preparation for the last struggle for Atlanta. Schofield and Thomas had carried forward their part and were already upon their ground, the Renfrew place and Atlanta line, on the evening of the 30th.

II. BATTLE OF JONESBORO'.

The army of the Tennessee, by its energy, patience, and rapid work, had secured a position on the railroad ridge. The railroad could be reached with artillery and even with musketry, so that the trains of cars could not pass up and down. Logan was well intrenched, holding the ridge; Hazen to the left of the road, Harrow on the right, and Osterhaus mostly in reserve. The latter, a division-commander, had taken great pains to locate a battery, well supported by infantry, somewhat in advance of the general line, facing the railroad and not more than seven or eight hundred yards from it in a direct line. Other batteries were equally well placed under the cover of the woods, for there were woods everywhere. Ransom's corps, to the right of Logan (Corse's division on the front line), had built a practicable bridge behind him across the Flint. Reserve wagons of all kinds, not forgetting ambulances, were well parked on the west side. Kilpatrick's bridge (Anthony's) was a mile and a half down-stream. At first Kilpatrick pushed a small force across the bridge, went to the railroad by the shortest route, and took up a threat-

ening position. The enemy, fearing that his flank might be turned by a larger force, attacked Kilpatrick with infantry, and forced him, with some loss, to haul off and recross the Flint, following up our cavalry. General Blair sent Giles A. Smith's division, still in reserve, to check this move. Combating with the cavalry on the right, skirmishing and battery-firing along the line, were going on all the time while we and the enemy were getting ready for our next trial of strength. Hardee seemed slow to strike. We expected a blow at daybreak and all the forenoon; but as he delayed, I prepared to make a break after the manner of our Chattanooga battle, on a smaller scale. I ordered a reconnois-



sance; but just before the hour set for it, the enemy, as early as three in the afternoon, came on with the same old ringing, tumultuous cry, but opened fire before getting very close. Our men had been for some time all ready, and the fire was returned with the utmost spirit. Two or three times Hardee's men renewed the charge, but each time the cry was less vigorous and the charge amounted to little in results. General Logan says: "The most determined part of the assault was sustained by General Hazen. It raged fiercely in front of Harrow and Osterhaus, the enemy approaching to an average distance of fifty to one hundred paces." Wood's division, at the left, had ground more open. The enemy's heavy loss in front of Colonel Bryant's brigade indicated a sharp con-

test there. The charge on Ransom's front was of much the same description. But everywhere the Confederates were met and resolutely driven back disheartened. My estimate of Hardee's loss was recorded at the time "in killed, wounded, and prisoners as not far from six thousand."

A bold commander will throw in his reserves after such a repulse of his adversary, but from experience I had learned caution. Hardee might have a trap for us like that of Kenesaw Mountain, or of Hooker's discomfiture after Chattanooga, at Taylor's Ridge. It was near night, and Thomas was not far off, for Carlin's division, fourteenth corps, that had been sent ahead, was already supporting Giles A. Smith's movement at Anthony's bridge.

A messenger from General Sherman brought word that Schofield and Thomas had already struck the railroad at several points between myself and Atlanta. This seemed to put a complete barrier between Hood there and Hardee in my front. I could then wait for Thomas to push Jeff. C. Davis's and Stanley's corps upon Hardee's exposed right flank. Hence I decided to run no risk by a hasty advance. General Sherman, who in his Memoirs gives an interesting and graphic account of these movements, remained for a time with General Thomas. He was at Renfrew's place when my battle closed, and came up the next morning. General Thomas soon appeared, with his men in the best of spirits. Jeff. C. Davis's corps, Carlin's division being recalled from the right, was placed on my immediate left, and Stanley ordered to hasten his march. General Sherman says, "I also dispatched orders after orders to hurry forward Stanley so as to lap around Jonesboro' on the east, hoping thus to capture the whole of Hardee's corps." Without waiting for Stanley, Davis sent a brigade to reconnoitre. Pressing back the enemy's skirmishers to a point beyond a small creek in his front, occupied by the enemy in force, he seemed to expose the enemy's flank. General Davis formed his troops for the assault in his usual complete manner. I was with Generals Thomas and Sherman and saw the movement commence, before passing to my right to execute my part of the programme, namely, to keep the enemy in my front employed and send a force to endeavor to turn his left. Van Horne, in his recent history, gives an excellent detailed account of this assault, in which he lets Generals Carlin, Morgan, and Baird, commanding divisions, each successfully perform his part, and mentions the distinguished conduct of their subordinates, Colonels Edie, Este, Mitchell, Dilworth, Moore, and Grower, as well as the work of Prescott's and Gardiner's batteries preceding the assault.

I heard the sound of battle, but could see nothing till I followed up Davis's lead, for Blair's command had not time to make the long circuit ordered around the left flank, before this forward movement was completed.

General Sherman summarized it in a few words as follows: "General Davis formed his division in line about four P. M., swept forward over some old cotton-fields in full view, and went over the rebel parapet handsomely, capturing the whole of Govan's brigade, with two field batteries of ten guns." This was the time, just before sun-down, when General Thomas was said for the first time to have set his horse into a gallop, so anxious was he to push forward the fourth corps to the east of Jonesboro'. (Thomas was fleshy and very heavy, and it took a pretty good-sized horse to carry him, even at a walk or trot.) He went, as I said, to press Stanley's command (it had previously been set to destroy the railroad, working toward us), and for some reason, probably because not up with us, did not seem to catch the spirit of the occasion. Van Horne says, comparing the movements of the fourteenth and fourth corps, "Equal success on the part of the fourth corps might have resulted in the capture of Hardee's command," but adds, in extenuation of Stanley, that "Kimball's and Newton's divisions were so delayed by the thick undergrowth and the enemy's skirmishers that they did not get before his main

lines before five P. M." Newton did at last arrive at the point which General Sherman's orders directed, but it was too late, too dark, to gain much except to aid in the capture of prisoners, who from the situation could hardly escape falling into our hands during Hardee's night march in withdrawing. Blair promptly withdrew as Davis relieved his troops by his forward movement, and marched back across the Flint and down the river bank to Anthony's bridge, as far as Kilpatrick's former battle-ground. The officer sent to guide General Blair had been there before, but took him by a circuitous route which consumed much time, so that Blair succeeded only in crossing the river and pressing back the enemy sufficiently to gain a good foothold for further work at daylight. Of course Hardee did not neglect this approach to his rear, so that Blair was stoutly resisted.

The next morning (September 2d), the enemy was already at Lovejoy's Station, having retired from our front during the night. Hood's dispatches of the 3d intimate that the failure of Hardee on the 31st to dislodge my force caused him to evacuate Atlanta. A Confederate paper said: "Yankee Howard stole a march on Hardee at Jonesboro'."

Hood with Stewart's corps and the rest of his command left Atlanta, went around by the way of McDonough, and joined Hardee and S. D. Lee at Lovejoy. Had we known his intention in season, this reunion of forces would doubtless have been prevented by battle. General Slocum, at the Chattahoochee bridge (Slocum had joined the twentieth corps and taken command after the flank movements began), had heard the sounds of explosions at Atlanta during the night. They had been heard by all of us who were awake, even at Jonesboro'. We surmised, but could not be certain what had happened. General Sherman says he called up a farmer near his bivouac, and questioned him concerning the reverberations. He said they were in the direction of Atlanta and sounded like a battle. (He had probably heard such sounds often within the past two months.)

Slocum's note dated at Atlanta reached us after our arrival at Lovejoy's Station, for, of course, we promptly followed Hardee thither during the morning of the 2d of September. Slocum had moved his corps up to occupy the city. The rousing cheers that greeted the news told how our men felt. General Mower used to say at every new success, "Fait accompli!" Sherman pithily puts it, "Atlanta is ours, and fairly won."

The great joy and thanksgiving at Washington and at City Point, Virginia, are shown in the well-known letters of September 3d and 4th, of President Lincoln and General Grant.

Besides the battles which were simply named in the article preceding this, there were several cavalry raids and engagements of more or less magnitude under Stoneman, Garrard, Kilpatrick, and Rousseau. These have passed into history, and I cannot give any new facts concerning them. I knew all these leaders. General Stoneman was a brave and loyal cavalry officer, but judging from his misfortunes which resulted in capture and confinement in the South (a judgment I own that may be a very unfair one), I should now say that it would have been better that he should have had an infantry command. It requires, to manage a cavalry corps, unusual enterprise, good, sound health, sleepless activity, and the ability to organize and direct operations on a very large scale. Stoneman had sufficient natural talent, but he suffered excruciatingly from a sad physical disability, aggravated by the extraordinary exertions devolved upon him in the cavalry service.

Garrard was well fitted for the steadiness and regularity of infantry or artillery movements. He was a man of high tone, pure truth, and great fidelity, but had not the dash of Sheridan and J. H. Wilson.

Kilpatrick was found to have the temper that suited General Sherman: he never could believe himself defeated. He was of sanguine temperament, had good powers of endurance, would undertake any enterprise, however difficult, and his reports were always spirited. If

the enemy surprised him in camp, he rather liked it, provided he could recover himself and snatch victory from apparent defeat. There was a pleasant humor not only in Kilpatrick's talk, but in his deeds of hardihood as he ran tilts against his "friend Wheeler," who became celebrated for his ubiquitous appearance upon our front and flanks.

Again, besides the cavalry work, our very possession of Atlanta was disputed by a raid of Hood in force around our right flank, endeavoring to "tow" us back to the place of beginning, even to Chattanooga. This caused the most vigorous and trying campaign we had. It was in this campaign that General Corse and Colonel Tourtelotte distinguished themselves at Allatoona. This is where General Sherman sent his message from Kenesaw, at least sixteen miles in a straight line, by the signal flags, and received Corse's well-known reply, declaring that wounds, loss of blood, and his inferior force could not make him surrender. That beautiful hymn, "Hold the fort for I am coming," sprang from this incident.

The youthful Ransom's death was caused by this campaign. He rode his horse night and day till very weak, then rode in an ambulance till his strength was gone beyond recovery. And then — bless his patriotic soul! — he had himself carried on an army-stretcher, by four strong men, at the head of his command. He succumbed after Hood had been finally driven beyond the Blue Ridge, and died while en route from Gaylesville, Alabama, to Rome, Georgia. While this eventful supplementary campaign was in progress, my corps was held steadily at Atlanta, and Atlanta, which was fairly *won*, was also fairly *kept*.

O. O. Howard.

IN TWO WORLDS.

NEVER again on earth, never again,
Shall hand be clasped in hand.
Life tints each flower, life gleams in every ray
That glitters o'er the land;
But thou hast life I cannot understand.

Never again, alas, never again
Shall mortal ear or eye
Know the lost tone and glance whose tenderness
Was all too dear to die.
And thou hast heaven; but what save tears have I?
Save tears and hope, till, separate for aye
From each decaying clod,
Freed souls shall live beyond the universe
Of sky and sea and sod;
Till sundered lives, made one, are lost in God.

H. R. Hudson.

POTTERY AT THE CENTENNIAL.

The term ceramics — or keramics, as many now prefer to spell it — includes all work done on the potter's wheel, which was one of the first mechanical contrivances of man. The words porcelain, pottery, faience, earthen-ware, maiolica or majolica, delft, stone-ware, are now used to express varieties of this fictile work. We do not propose here any extended descriptions of the great varieties of pottery, but simply so much as may be needed to explain the objects to be mentioned.

Pottery may be classed as unglazed and glazed: the former, being the first invented, was simply molded from the clay and then dried and hardened in the fire. In course of time a glaze or glass or skim was applied, so as to make the vessels impervious to water. The earliest fictile vessels known were the unglazed, and these are found among the remains of the earliest peoples, on this continent as well as elsewhere. In the Peruvian exhibit at Philadelphia is to be seen a great and curious collection of these, consisting mostly of bottles and pipkins, the articles most in use with this interesting and highly and peculiarly civilized people. These will hold fluids for a time, and in a hot climate are still in use, because the evaporation through the porous sides keeps up a grateful coolness. They will also to some considerable extent submit to the action of fire, and they formerly were valuable in preparing the simpler forms of food. The first method of cooking being that of toasting before a fire, the next would be the attempt to seethe or stew. It is interesting to notice in this collection the attempts at ornamentation, which seem to be almost coincident with the manufacture. In fact, the desire for ornament is so inherent as to be almost an instinct. Among the earliest attempts here, as everywhere, are to be seen the saw-tooth, the Greek fret, and some indications of beading or chain-work incised in the clay. These natural styles of decoration are found in all countries, and in some have been elaborated, as among the Greeks, to a great intricacy and variety. The next thing we see in this collection is the rude representation of the human figure, mostly in the direction of faces and hands. That these should in almost all cases take the character of grotesques or whims is inevitable. In some cases, doubtless, the potters have attempted to present the symbol of a god, who, in a visible shape, could be worshiped by the unimaginative soul.

A very fine example of this sort of unglazed figure-work is to be seen in a case in the Japanese collection sent by Kiriu Kosko Kuwaisha. It is a much higher class of work than the Peruvian, and in its way could hardly be excelled. The figure is about twelve inches high and seems to be an intense embodiment of Japanese jollity; its half-shut eyes, lolling tongue, and relaxed figure tell the story perfectly. My Japanese guide, philosopher, and friend did not consider it in any way a god, though it is so like the Chinese Poutai, god of content, that one wonders. If it indeed were a domestic god, our keen Japanese gentlemen would not be likely to urge that view to us, who have less regard for other people's gods even than for our own. This unglazed earthen-ware, now called terra-cotta, is still made in many countries for the uses of life, and in some it has become, as it was among the Greeks, a vehicle for the finest expression of form.

Not far from the Japanese exhibit is to be seen in the Spanish collection a pyramid of unglazed pottery, nearly or quite all of a light buff color. It has this value, that it is such as is in use to-day in the houses of the common people; and that is about all we can say for it. The whole of it has been bought for the Pennsylvania School of

Art. Why they should want a hundred pieces of this work one may well be at a a loss to know, unless it is true that to own what nobody else has is always a pleasure.

Throughout the southern countries of Europe, in Spain, France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and on the southern shores of the Mediterranean, this kind of pottery is made and used, and in some cases it has much merit in its forms; when decorated it often reaches a *naïve* and fascinating kind of art. A few pieces of a light gray body in the Egyptian collection are excellent both in form and in their many-colored decoration. These pieces are like, but better than, most of that which comes out from Africa through Tangier, of which we saw none in the Main Building, but learn that there is a collection in the Tunisian Building. Many good pieces of this barbaric pottery are in the country, though most of the specimens are glazed. These Egyptian pots have this vast merit, that they have come from the personal wants and the depths of the moral consciousness of the Egyptians themselves; from potters who know no language, no country, and no art but their own; and therefore they are in no way imitations of what has been done in France, or England, or Boston.

The dark red terra-cotta ware from Egypt is mostly in small pieces, but is excellent in its modeling and finish; and it is satisfactory to see that it is much bought by our people. This clay, with its polished surface, is peculiar to Egypt, at least we see it nowhere else. The Turks have sent a few examples of their simple pottery, some of it unglazed and some covered with a deep green glaze, which are simply what they pretend to be. Their polychrome decoration is also good, but not so good as the Egyptian.

Mexico, too, has sent a small collection of this sort of work, which smacks yet of the Aztec races, but too little of it to be of much use. A few glazed pots painted in the Indian fashion are excellent, and have all been bought up quickly, because they suggest Montezuma and his brown people, who have been wholly consumed by the greedy whites. The belief of Mr. Alexandro Casarin, the potter or dealer who sends from Mexico, is that this native spontaneous pottery, which doubtless is yet to be found in out-of-the-way places, is not a thing to be proud of, at least it is not to be sent to us; that what we want are his very poor imitations of European porcelain. Nor is such a delusion his alone. In Italy are to be found yet among the small potters many most desirable and interesting things, which bear to-day the traditional shapes and decorations which have come down from the early Greek potters and perhaps from the Etruscans themselves. Not one of these, we believe, is shown in the Italian department. So, too, we have seen now and then, abroad, most interesting examples of plastic work from Hungary and parts of Germany; but they were very cheap, not what the nobility and gentry would be eager to buy, and none of them are to be found at Philadelphia.

Of terra-cotta work in red and in buff there is a good show, mainly from England and Denmark. The clay, the modeling, and the finish are quite perfect in many of these. The Watcombe people had already reached perfection in the color and texture of their clay, and the Greek vases, as well as jugs, ewers, and a variety of things, — their own designs, — could not have been bettered some three years ago. They had been satisfied to insure a simplicity which touched perfection. In their present exhibit it is clear that they are no longer satisfied with this, or that a jaded taste needs excitement. The work sent us constantly says, "We are trying to do something new and surprising, if nothing better than before." The principal novelty now is the combining of two colors of clay in the same pot; as, for example, a lighter body with a darker red for the handles, moldings, and ornaments. Dignity and repose are lost, and no new pleasure is supplied. We feel sure that this will not last. And then, when bands of color or polychrome

decoration are used on the fine red clay, they nearly always injure, and the inevitable tendency to overdo cannot be restrained. Their modeled figures seemed to have neither the delicacy of the parian nor the sketchy freedom of some of the French designers.

Some years ago the Copenhagen manufacturers made a very considerable success in their revival of the Greek vase, both plain and painted in black with Greek figures of horses, warriors, women, etc. They have had for the last ten years a large sale; and as we cannot have the real Greek vases because of their scarcity and price, it is well to have some examples so well copied as these are. Yet there is a limit to one's capacity for copies of Greek vases, and it seems positive that we have reached it. We hope so. But Ipsen's widow has sent us some of the yellow vases and pots, most delicately and delightfully painted with the lotus and other Egyptian designs, which for subtlety of color and precision of touch cannot be surpassed. These, we are glad to see, our people are buying, and not the other.

And what have we Americans done in this terra-cotta work? Nothing of the finer sorts, certainly. Those must come by and by. Galloway and Graff and Gossin make excellent shows of large garden vases, pots, pedestals, seats, and so on, for out-of-door uses; and it is not in one who is not a potter to say they are not better than the old English house of Doulton makes. Certainly they seem as good; and we hope they do and will find their reward in the pecuniary praise of their own people, which we well know it is hard to get. Our land is rich in clays, of which we shall have more to say farther on; and we ought to welcome any new industry and applaud every new art which shall bring up their values and display their beauties.

Of stone-ware there are but a few illustrations in the Exhibition, at least in the Main Building. Stone-ware differs from earthen-ware in that it contains in the body more silex, and that it is baked with a higher heat, so that this sand, melting into the clay, vitrifies and makes a stronger ware than the clay used for earthen-ware can make without it. It was, and we believe is still, the custom to glaze this ware by throwing salt into the heated ovens; and this, being a muriate of soda, going up in vapor seizes upon the melting silex or sand and makes on the surface of the vessels a skim which some call soda glass. This ware was once made in great quantities, and with much art and many quaintnesses of design, along the Rhine country, from Nuremberg to Cologne. We hear of it under the names of Cologne ware and Grès-de-Flanders, and good pieces of the old manufacture are hard to get. The colors of the clay were a soft gray and a darkish brown. The only color used in decorating the gray body was cobalt blue, as this was the only one which would stand the high heat necessary to produce the glaze. The large-bellied "bellarmine" or "gray-beard bottles" were of this ware. Now and then we find them decorated — beside the face and long beard on the neck — with an elaborate, carefully designed coat of arms on the belly; sometimes in honor of the lord for whom they were made, sometimes indicating him who protected and most likely plundered the potter when duty required.

The old Grès-de-Flanders, when in good preservation, now bring high prices and are very decorative. In the Exhibition are to be seen some pretty good reproductions of this ware, from Hanké and Merklebach on the Rhine. In Hanké's collection is one tall pot with a spiral procession running up it, which is excellent; Merklebach's work is better and more carefully done. Hanké can do good work, but we happen to know that he needs to be watched. He has put upon his blues here and there some touches of green which are bad.

Messrs. Doulton and Watt, of England, within the last five years have brought to great perfection a finer sort of stone-ware, which we believe is finished still with the salt glaze. These are in no sense imitations, and thus have,

besides their great beauty, the charm of originality. The designs of the Misses Barlow — animals and flower pieces — have great spirit and merit. They are etched in the soft clay and then colored and fired. We believe and hope the ladies have been able to make much money by their work and their art; for the Messrs. Doulton are liberal and high-minded men, and know when to pay. They have solved the woman question. Various styles of decoration have been applied to these pots, and they are now to be found in all the good collections of Europe.

From time to time among our occidental races has sprung up a fashion, almost a rage, for pottery and porcelain; and some fools have become more foolish than before in the pursuit. Still, among the "wise and the good" the subject has been one of great interest, and the collection, study, and illustration of pottery have resulted in as much satisfaction as can be got from any pursuit, even fox-hunting or money-getting.

To those who are ignorant of this, and who cannot comprehend why it is, a few words may not be out of place by way of explanation.

The making of pottery is one of the oldest industries of man, one of the most necessary, and it has been made one of the most delectable. It has from the commonest material — the dust under our feet — made some of the most delicate and beautiful things we know of. It uses the most plastic of all substances, which obeys fully, minutely, the wish or the sense of the potter; it may therefore be stamped with his individual perception of the useful and beautiful more than any other material man can use. The perfect forms of the Greek potter, the exquisite colors of the Persian and Arabian and Chinese painters, the brilliant lustres of the Moorish and Italian decorators, are here displayed and are in a sense imperishable. The paintings of Egyptians and Greeks and Romans have perished; their pottery remains. The antiquarian and the historical student have sought here for many things and have found many. The artistic sensibility has also seen much to enjoy. That we in this country are so little able to comprehend all this is partly owing to that necessity which has compelled us to pass our lives in hewing down trees, damming rivers, killing bears, cheating Indians; and partly to the fact that we have had no examples of pottery or porcelain in the country. We are now doing something to overcome this, and the private collections of Messrs. Prime, Hoe, Avery, Wales, Pruyn, and others will soon give the opportunity to see and learn which many seek.

Coming now to glazed pottery, we may say that under the names of earthen-ware, faience, delft, and maiolica we recognize pottery which is made of various clays, that transmits no light, and thus differs from porcelain, which does transmit some light, and does also break with a vitreous fracture, as earthen-ware does not.

Faience is a name given to the manufactures of earthen-ware made in France, and is supposed to have been derived from the town of Faenza in Italy, whence some of the potters came.

Delft came from the Dutch city where in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the best earthen-ware was largely produced.

Maiolica was the name given to the wares made in Italy as early as 1400, when painting and decorating reached a high point in art, and were marked by such peculiarities of color and design as have made this class of work a study by itself. Through more than two centuries (1350 to 1550), during the time of the great Renaissance, this art was in wide activity all over Italy, where it enlisted dukes, artists, merchants, and all classes, indeed. The dukes of Urbino were specially eager in its service, and their name is often applied to some styles of the work. Raphael, the great painter, has given his name to some of the work; and, if he did not himself paint upon the vases, it is believed that some of his pupils did, and his designs were certainly used. The two artists whose names are best known are Lucca Della

Robbia and Maestro Giorgio, who painted at Urbino, and whose known works bring incomparable prices; besides these are many others not wholly lost to fame.

The "lustred" dishes of this period were produced by the use of thin washes of metallic oxides, which are mostly ruby-reds and golden; the fashion came from the Moorish potters of Spain, from whom we have inherited so much that is good and true in art and architecture. We were not able to examine a collection of these maiolica dishes brought by Castellani to the Exhibition, which are the real products of that time; but among them the curious visitor will be able to see some excellent examples of the work.

What else shall we find? Hundreds of imitations. Italy, especially, has been devoting herself with great industry to reproductions of the vases, ewers, tozzas, plaques, dishes, and so on, of the past; and some very fair ones she has sent from Pisaro, Rome, and Faenza. The vases and ewers bearing figure-pieces or mythological pictures have a certain quality peculiar to this style of work which at first may excite distaste rather than desire, but after a time induces a mild sort of assent; more, we believe, from the low and quiet tones and harmonies of color, than from any marked excellence of either the form of the vase or the painted subject. There is a great deal of work on some of the figure-pictures, and the prices seem to be small. Nearly all the best of them are marked "sold." The two names most conspicuous as potters in Italy now, Ginori, at Florence, and Giustiniani, at Naples, do not appear among the exhibitors, so far as we know. Their prices are much higher, and some of their work is better than any shown. But if draughtsmen and artists so good would only give us their pictures of the life of Italy to-day as they so well could do, — of the peasants and their donkeys, their vine-dressing and wine-making, their fishing, their cooking, their street work in its thousand varieties! That they could, and do not; that they continue on and on with the stupid round of copy after copy in all departments of art, may mean that the good public who have money to spend want these copies, and therefore potters and painters sink from the clear air of invention and originality into the dull inanities of copying. That this stupidity is not peculiar to the Italians is everywhere apparent: in the English, French, German, in all departments of ceramic art, except possibly the Japanese; and we know too little to be sure even of them.

Do we who buy really demand and so create this unwise waste? Now and then a dazzling ray of hopeful light strikes the eye; as, for example, in those fresh, delightful, beautiful bronze groups by that young artist, Lanceray, born in Russia, and here and there, in a less remarkable way, in other departments. This man's work, so daring, so fresh, so Russian and not Greek, is apparently appreciated.

Within a decade a kind of bold decorative pottery has appeared in England and elsewhere, and is called "majolica," for what reason one cannot divine. Some very large vases and pots of this work are to be seen in the Main Building, exhibited, we think, by Daniels and Son. The work seems a sort of cross between the Italian maiolicas and the Palissy ware. It does not attempt fineness or delicacy of form, or subtlety of color or meaning in its decoration; and indeed it is not possible to understand why it should be. But it has for the last ten years been largely produced and widely sold, and it must gratify a certain want. Who buys it and where it goes, who can tell? for in these ten years the writer has seen but one piece of it in any house except a hotel. Is it true that the people who go to hotels and who travel in steamboats demand this sort of thing? Is it indeed true that whatever is bad and big finds its pedestal in those palaces because their patrons cry for them; or is it that the designers of these caravansaries suppose they do, and are frightfully mistaken? Or is it possible that what no one else will buy a hotel-manager always does? Of this class of work the best we saw was in the collec-

tion of Rostrand, of Stockholm, and has the merit of good and quiet color.

The Palissy ware, as it is called, appears in considerable force also. The history of Bernard Palissy, a French potter who suffered much and accomplished much, is interesting; and it has unfortunately given to the pottery he produced a glamour of merit which it does not deserve. The most striking feature of this ware is the covering the margins of dishes, and sometimes an entire plate, with representations of snakes, toads, fish, lizards, shells, leaves, etc., in high relief. These are not only not interesting, but they are poor imitations of natural objects and do not deserve to rank as art. Notwithstanding this, Palissy's own work has a great value for museums and schools, as illustrating the history of pottery. But this does not demand of us that we should fill our houses with these things so undesirable to the artistic soul. The best of those we saw were in Barbizet's exhibit, and we think that among them is to be found better work than any which Palissy did. As Palissy had everything to hinder, and Barbizet has all to help, it is not surprising.

It is undoubtedly true that, following in the wake of the great potters of Italy, France did produce at Nevers, at Haguenau, at Rouen, and at Marseilles some good and distinctive decorations of earthen-ware. The genuine old pieces now bring great prices, and a good demand has sprung up for their copies. These are excellently made at Nevers and at Gien, and the exhibits by these two factories in the French department are worthy of attention. But in the way of earthen-ware nothing in the French or English exhibits is at all equal to the vases, bottles, etc., shown by Haviland, from Limoges. These, we were told frankly and with all desire to give the artists their due share, were modeled by Lindencher and painted by Lafon; we hope we have their names right. The forms of the pots and the relief modelings are bold, unconventional, and excellent. The artist has studied nature and art also, but not to copy. This is true too of Lafon, whose lavish and daring use of color is remarkable. Nothing is niggled or petty, as in this kind of work nothing should be. As examples of real art they are equal to the best work of China and Japan, and a true man would wish rather a hundred such vases as the Pennsylvania Industrial Museum has bought, than one of those great vases from Sèvres which stand in the French picture gallery. This is the same kind of art-work which for a few years has been done by Chapelet and a little band of artists near Paris, some of which has been brought to Boston and has had a tedious sale. These painters are artists in color. Bold and strange as the work is, nothing is glaring, showy, bright, or flashy; throughout there is that reserve which indicates strength and creates confidence.

A few pieces of the "Henri Deux" ware may be seen in the collection of Messrs. Daniels and Son. They are copies made at Minton's by an artist named Toft. These are as far away from the bold pottery just spoken of as the pole from the equator, yet they are equally good as art-work, equally interesting, and probably a hundred times more costly. The ordinary observer will see nothing to attract attention at his first glance. The pieces themselves are small; the decoration is in delicate black and brown lines, covering nearly the whole surface; the glaze and body are not specially striking; but to the expert probably no pottery exists more interesting as art-work, or showing such a complete and delicate mastery of the potter's art. They are molded of pipe clay; into this are engraved delicate lines in the style of the "champ-levé" enamels, and these are filled with colored clays to make the ornament. The place and history of this manufacture have for a long time been a mystery, which has been only recently cleared up, and is best explained by M. Ritter in a recent article published in England, as follows:—

"At the court of King Francis I. lived a widow lady of high birth, named Hélène de Hangest. Her husband had

been governor of the king, and grand master of France. She was herself an artist, and a collection of drawings by her of considerable artistic merit is preserved. They are portraits of the celebrities of the period. She was in favor at court; the king himself composed a rhymed motto to each of her portraits, and some of these verses are written in his own hand. It is established that Hélène de Hangest set up a pottery at her château of Oiron, and that Francis Charpentier, a potter, was in her employ. To his hand, under the auspices of the chatelaine of Oiron, is due the famous ware of Henri Deux."

Some fifty-three pieces of this ware only are known to exist, of which twenty-six are owned in England, twenty-six in France, and one in Russia. These have cost the owners from one to ten thousand dollars each, and if for sale would sell for still more, prices which no other porcelain or pottery could bring. Besides the delicate reproductions in Philadelphia, Mr. Briggs, of Boston, has had and may still have some examples.

To this pottery may be applied that excellent word, "elegant." It may be compared with the bold work from Limoges, of which we have spoken, in the same way that an etching of Rajon's may be spoken of in the same breath with a painting of Regnault's, wholly unlike but wholly good.

Let us now turn to the porcelain exhibit. Porcelain, as most know, was first invented and made in China long before our era, and was brought to Europe by the Portuguese about the year 1518.

While the Chinese have been making porcelain of the most perfect kinds from a very early period, some as early as forty to sixty centuries ago, and the Japanese since the beginning of our era, its secret was not discovered in Europe until about the years 1709–15, when Böttcher, in Saxony, succeeded in producing true porcelain. It may be of interest to many to know that this discovery of porcelain grew out of the experiments of the alchemists, and that Böttcher was searching for the secret of the philosopher's stone when some substance was produced in one of the crucibles which suggested porcelain to his shrewd mind. Out of his experiments and the discovery of the true kaolinic clay sprang the royal porcelain works of Meissen, which continue to this day.

The finest porcelain made in Europe was the result of the work at Dresden; for in Saxony was discovered a bed of the kaolinic clay. From about 1730 to 1800 the best work was produced, and in many styles of decoration.

In the Centennial collection there is no exhibit from the royal works of Meissen, — that is, of the Dresden ware, — and it is an almost universal belief that to-day neither the clay, the forms, nor the decoration are at all equal to those of the last century. The same is true of the royal potteries at Berlin. There is quite a large collection of the present Berlin work in the Main Building; it fails to reach the old standard, either in the body or in the designs. Indeed, it must be looked at rather as a life based upon tradition, having a certain interest which one's great ancestors might transmit.

The most famous of European porcelains in this century have been made at Sèvres, and are still made there. While the pride and spirit which once inspired the factories at Dresden and Berlin have abated, at Sèvres is still to be seen much activity and a good degree of life. The only works from Sèvres, however, are some large and elaborately painted vases in the French picture exhibit. They certainly have the merits of size and careful elaboration and painful penciling, but are wholly lacking in the finer and subtler qualities which genius or courage might have given with even less hard work. We believe that France now is developing more genius in the ceramic artists than any other country. Whether it can there find its best field may be doubted, when we remember that so many who go to Sèvres to buy are controlled by such questions as these: "What do kings buy? Which costs most?"

We find in the French exhibit a profusion of porcelain bound and strapped

and fringed with those elaborations of gold mountings which, if possible, we would punish the buyers of with sudden death: they are the culprits, for if they did not demand these things, surely no potter or man of artistic education would wish to make them. If the pot is good, it not only does not need this gilding but is spoiled by it; if it is bad, it is an insult to try to make us swallow it in that way.

Haché and Pepin, of Paris, have some excellent dinner-services, in which the shapes and the body are almost perfect. The gilding, too, is good, though too much for most who do not live in palaces. Some delightful sage-green tea-cups too may here be seen, and a dessert-service which has nicely painted roses thrown on the borders. Haviland & Co. have a dinner-service, delicately modeled and nicely painted, made in *pâte tendre*. As this is so much more perishable and so much more costly than the *pâte dur* it is a pity to waste fine work and valuable time upon it. Twelve dinner-plates, designed by Bracquemond, once at Sèvres, are good; but as they are simply imitations of Japanese birds and plants, one is again impelled to ask, Why should not this artist have spent his strength upon the birds and plants of France?

Stepping across to the English exhibit, which in ceramics is perhaps the largest of all, we find much every-day good work. Messrs. Bromfield and Son have some nearly perfect dinner-sets, where body, form, and decoration are delightful. The shape of the dinner-plate, which is not deep but shallow, and has the edge or rim nearly or quite horizontal with the table, is perfection. We have been eating for so long upon plates which with their rims slanting upward make a sort of fence to keep us away from what we so greatly desire, and into which our salt is always sliding to its ruin that we are inclined to clap our hands at this simple and beautiful success. The French have been grievous sinners in this way, and it is strange, too, for they have shown so much perception of the fit and the beautiful. In this collection is to be seen a pair of large vases upon which is tossed in a bold and free way a profusion of red roses, quite fascinating.

Messrs. Daniels and Son exhibit a greater variety of art-work than any other one house; and we understand that not being potters or artists themselves they know how to have their work done by those who are in the best way artists. Many interesting things are to be seen here which cannot be well described; but it is impossible to pass over, without a word, the exquisite *pâte sur pâte* vases and pots designed and made by Solon. This fascinating and finished style of work, so far as we know, originated in France, where some admirable pieces have been made. The name comes from the fact that upon a body or paste of a dark color is laid a design in a light or white paste, which, being semi-transparent, allows of delicate shading and modeling. This is to be seen in great perfectness in these vases made by M. Solon. While he cannot claim to have originated a new style of artistic porcelain, it is certain that the work here exhibited cannot be surpassed. The vases sold to Sir Richard Wallace for some six hundred guineas have a subtle, deep olive-green body, upon which M. Solon's figures seem floating as if they had just appeared from the dark, or might at any moment sink into it. The mystery and strength of color no one can fathom or explain, nor can one at all put into words the ineffable satisfaction which one receives from such work as this. It is gratifying to know that two pairs of these vases have been bought by the Philadelphia Industrial Museum and by Henry Gibson, Esq., so that one may hope hereafter to see in Philadelphia examples of this art-work. While these are in the English exhibit, it must be said that M. Solon is a Frenchman, and having been one of the artists at Sèvres he must be recognized as the outcome of the French rather than the English soil.

It was to be expected that the Chinese and the Japanese, if they made an exhibit at all, would take the places of honor. This they have done for quan-

tity, and the Japanese do so for quality also.

When it is remembered that the great city of King-teh-Chin had grown to be a city of near a million of Chinese souls, according to the French missionaries, as long ago as the thirteen hundreds of our era, wholly devoted to the production of fictile wares, and that this city was almost destroyed in our time by the Tae-ping rebels who called themselves Christians, one can hardly expect an exhibit of modern work at all equal to what we have seen and known to have come from these heathen Chinese. Among those we saw are some good pots, but none equal to what may be seen in such private collections as those of Mr. Avery, Mr. Hoe, Mr. Pruyn, Mr. Wales, Mr. Cunningham, Mrs. Burlinghame, and doubtless others which we have not seen. In these collections are exquisite examples of work done in the best period of art, the Ming dynasty (1368–1644). To-day neither the body, the forms, nor the decoration seem at all near those of that time; and we failed to see any examples of one of the most delightful of porcelains, the celestial blue, which some of the private collections just mentioned are so rich in. Among those we noticed in the collection, sure to create a feeling of pleasure, were a pair of vases with free sketches of deer, bought by Mr. Howland; some *céladon* bottles etched all over, bought by Mr. Marquand; and, finer than any, some blue and green "crackle" pots secured by W. T. W., of Baltimore, which were exquisite.

But we can expect no more great work from these people. Upon all the Orientals we are now impressing ourselves, and they will surely be induced to copy our bad art rather than to convert us to their good.

The Japanese have the largest and the finest exhibit in the collection. Their art and their manufactures retain a certain excellence, a certain honesty, and a certain piquant individuality, so far their own, but which must certainly go down before the arrogant demands of trade. Already there is sufficient evidence that they are perceiving the desirableness of shoddy and the importance of cheapness; already they are making us pay "through the nose," or pocket, for what we want to buy; and it will not be surprising by and by to hear them spoken of as those "unconscionable rascals" and even with stronger objurgations, which, no doubt, they will well deserve.

Making inquiries of one or two of the officials with a desire if possible to learn a little of the interesting people and their ways, we were told that there are at Hizen some five factories of fictile wares; at Kioto, ten; at Owari, three; at Kaga, five; at Satsuma, one; at Banko, one; at Yedo, forty-three. This last statement was a surprise, but it was reiterated. It is likely that at that port this result has been brought about by the demands of trade following the persuasions of our ships and guns.

The porcelains of Hizen rank first, and the exhibit from there is the largest. The two great vases some eight feet high, being lacquer on porcelain, are the largest pieces of potter's work we have ever seen, and they seem cheap at twenty-five hundred dollars. In the central part of the two great cases are two small tea-sets of some five pieces each, which are really the finest of porcelain in all particulars, and yet no one had bought them at one hundred and thirty dollars each; not even the Philadelphia Museum, which has shown a marvelous skill in selecting the best. There are also here quite a number of excellent pots and vases, from which Mr. Brown has secured a very desirable pair, sage-green with white bands containing grotesque designs. There are still other good things to be selected here.

The Owari porcelain is mostly the blue. The body or paste seemed clear, but there was a want of good form and superiority of coloring and decoration. Some excellent and striking pieces could be found here. But so far as one visit could reveal, there was nothing equal to the old six-mark blue.

The Kaga ware is distinctive and peculiar, in that there is in the decoration

a preponderance of crimson and gold. It is strong and positive, but it is also pretty certain to be somewhat clumsy, lacking a certain subtle delicacy which is or should be found in the finest china.

The Satsuma is a faience now tolerably well known for its creamy tone, its quaint, often richly colored designs, and its glaze, which is a fine net-work of crackle. Of modern pottery none is more interesting than the good of this, and in the *old* Satsumas are to be found pieces which nothing equals. These last we do not find in the Exhibition, of course.

The Kioto is also a faience of a weaker body than the Satsuma, and running more to a lemon yellow. Its decoration is marked by a certain delicacy which in small articles is good, but which in large ones lacks strength. Shimzi of Kioto has a case of good pieces.

Meyagama of Yokohama has some delightful porcelain vases, decorated in relief with butterflies, plants, etc., which, it is satisfactory to know, are bought by our New York friends.

The few examples of Banko ware show a curious kind of pottery, mostly in dark clays without glaze, bearing enameled decorations. We have seen at Mr. Briggs's, and at some of the New York dealers', more attractive pieces than any we saw here.

The case of old wares shown by Kiriu Kosho Kuwaisha, from Tokio, contains a collection which has a kind of mysterious fascination even to us "outside barbarians," which we suppose might become an intense desire to possess, could we *know* anything about them.

Have we Americans nothing in the great Exhibition to show our skill in the ceramic arts? Let us see. Some twenty firms, mostly from Trenton, are collected in the southeast corner of the Main Building, where they make a creditable display of what is known as the "white granite" ware, so useful and so detestable; thick, that it may resist the hostility of the Milesian maiden, clumsy because of that, without color or decoration of any kind, and cheap: can we expect or demand much? Looking more carefully, we find in Otto and Brewer's exhibit a modeler named Broome who has made some base-ball players which are full of life and spirit; also some unglazed vases which have excellence of form and precision of modeling and decoration, showing that good things may be done here. James Moses, too, has some white and gold work which is good. Isaac Davis, one of these granite potters, has ventured to turn his cups with a sense of good form, and with a thin lip from which one might drink without being reminded of the horse-trough: he must beware lest it should not pay!

Laughlin Brothers, of Ohio, have a good show of the same kind of wares, and they have also a decorated dinner-set which is good. They have more than this, in that they promise us something. They are using feldspars, kaolins, clays, silexes, from various parts of our country, and believe we have the best and the greatest variety to be found in any country; but besides these a new clay or mineral, as they think, has been found in Missouri, which promises to be of infinite value. It is cheap, is easily ground and mixed, and imparts to the body a creamy softness, and a beauty which adds much to the production. That this is true is shown in some of the cups made with it. Moreover, as Mr. Laughlin states, one or more of the best porcelain-makers of Europe are seriously contemplating the propriety of establishing themselves on this shore of the sea, and putting to use these kaolinic treasures. And why not? With cheap clays, cheap fuels, cheap foods, may we not begin to supply ourselves, if not some of the rest of the world, with the finest productions of the potter's wheel? And it would seem a good thing for us to do. So, if we should do it, might there not be a drop of consolation to our free-trade doctors in knowing that our forty per cent. of duty had brought this good to pass?

Before we leave this subject let us ask attention to the style of decoration practiced by the Orientals, as we see it in this Exhibition.

It is not likely that the Oriental goes

to a school to be taught various styles of decoration: the Greek, the Egyptian, the Roman, the Renaissance, and so on. Doubtless there are masters, men of daring and the perceptive eye, who have struck out styles which have fascinated thousands there as they do us; and these artists have impressed others; but the freedom and boldness of their painters even to-day seem to show that they have not been made into slaves or copyers. There is still, especially do we see it in Japan, a certain freedom and personality such as marked their best work three centuries ago. And this a servile copying in the schools does not permit. The Oriental sees and feels the spirit and grace and meaning of the natural forms, and throws them upon the porcelain with a free hand which excites our admiration. It is not done without study or care or pains, but it has the curious fascination of touching the imagination as no painfully penciled miniature ever can. The Oriental artist feels, and he suggests to our imagination and excites in a degree the same feeling that he had himself. Now this seems really art, and not copying. Then too there is fitness in decorating chinas or pottery with sketches, and it seems a waste to put upon these fictile vessels the elaborate penciling which should be found only in the best miniatures or the most delicate pictures.

Charles Wyllys Elliott.

THE FOURTH WAITS.

I.

The click of dominos is an accompaniment scarcely in harmony with a discussion of psychology and religion. But no subject is too sacred, or too profane, to be discussed in a *café*, — that neutral ground where all parties and all sects meet; and it was a serious debate during a game of dominos that marked the beginning of a course of strange coincidences and sad occurrences that crowd one chapter in an eventful Bohemian life.

There were four of us art-students in the Academy of Antwerp assembled, as was our custom after the evening life-class, at a café in a quiet *faubourg* of the city. It was a gloomy November evening, cold and raw in the wind, but not too chill to sit in the open air under the lee of the wooden shed which inclosed two sides of the café garden. The heavy atmosphere had not crushed every spark of cheerfulness out of the buoyant natures of the materialistic Flemings, and the tables were filled with noisy *bourgeois* and their families, drinking the mild beer of Louvain, or generous cups of coffee. Their gayety seemed sacrilegious in the solemn presence of approaching winter, — that long, depressing, ghostly season which in the Low Countries gives warning of its coming with prophetic sobs and continued tears, and trails the shroud of summer before the eyes of shrinking mortals for weeks before it buries its victim. In a climate like that of Flanders, the winter, rarely marked by severe cold, really begins with the rainy season in early autumn, and it continues in an interminable succession of dismal days with shrouded skies.

On the evening in question the clouds seemed lower than usual; the wind was fitful and spasmodic, and came in long, mournful, insinuating sighs that stole in mockingly between the peals of music and laughter, and startled every one in his gayest mood. The gas-jets flickered and wavered weirdly, and the dry leaves danced accompaniment to the movements of the swift-footed waiters. The clatter

of wooden shoes on the pavement without, and the measureless but not unmusical songs of the jolly workmen on their way home, filled the score of the medley of sounds that broke the sepulchral quiet of the evening.

There were four of us, as I have said: old Reiner, Tyck, Henley, and myself. Each represented a different nationality. Reiner was a Norwegian of German descent, tall and ungainly, with a large head, a shock of light-colored, coarse hair, a virgin beard, and a good-humored face focused in a pair of searching gray eyes that pried their way into everything that came under their owner's observation. He was by no means a handsome man, neither was he unattractive, and his sober habits, cool judgment, and great stock of general information gained for him the familiar name of old Reiner among the more thoughtless and more superficial students who were his friends. He was by nature of a more scientific than artistic turn of mind. He was conversant with nine languages, including Sanskrit, had received a thorough university education in Norway and Germany, took delight in investigating every subject that came in his way, — from the habits of an ant to the movements of the gold market in America, — and could talk intelligently and instructively on every topic proposed to him. Indeed, his scientific and literary attainments were a wonder to the rest of us, who had lived quite as long and had accomplished much less. As an artist he had great talents as well; but here also his love of investigation constantly directed his efforts. In his academic course he had less success than might have been anticipated except in the direction of positive rendering of certain effects. He was not a colorist; such natures rarely are; and it is probable that he would never have made a brilliant artist in any branch of the profession, for he was too much of a positivist, and even his historical pictures would have been little more than marvels of correctness of costume and accessories. In his association with us, the flow of his abundant good-humor, which sometimes seemed unlimited, was interrupted by occasional spells of complete reaction, when he neither spoke to nor even saw any one else, but made a hermit of himself until the mood had passed.

Tyck at first sight looked like a Spaniard. He was slight in stature, one short leg causing a stoop which made him appear still smaller than he was. His skin was of a clear brown warmed by an abundance of rich blood: a mass of strong, curling hair, and a black mustache and imperial framed in a face of peculiar, strong beauty. His eyes had something in them too deep to be altogether pleasing, for they caused one to look at him seriously, yet they were as full of laughter and good nature and cheerfulness as dark eyes can be. His face was one that, notwithstanding its peculiarities, gave a good first impression; and a long friendship had proved him to be chargeable with fewer blemishes of character than are written down against the most of us. But his hands were not in his favor. They were long, bony, and cold; the finger-joints were large and lacked firmness, and the pressure of the hand was listless or unsympathetic. The lines of life were faint and discouraging, and there were few prominent marks in the palm. The secret of his complexion lay in his parentage, for his mother was a native woman of Java, and his father a Dutch merchant, who settled in that far-off country, built up a fortune, and raised a small family of boys, who deserted the paternal nest as soon as they were old enough to flutter alone. Tyck was a colorist. He seemed to see the tones of nature rich with the warm reflections of a tropical sun, and his studies from life, while strong and luscious in tone, were full of fire and subtle gradations — qualities combined rarely enough in the works of older artists. He was to all appearance in the flush of health, and, notwithstanding his deformity, was uncommonly active and fond of exercise. We who knew him intimately, however, always looked upon him as a marked man. With all his rugged, healthy look, his physique was not vigorous enough to resist the attacks

of the common foe, winter, and we knew that he occasionally pined mentally and physically for the luxurious warmth of his native land. He flourished in the raw climate of Flanders only as a transplanted flower flourishes; still he was not declining in health or strength.

It is a long and delicate process to build up an intimate friendship between men of mercurial temperament and such an impersonation of coolness and deliberation and studied manners as was Henley, the third member of our group. From his type of face and his peculiar bearing he was easily recognizable as an Englishman, and even as a member of the Church of England. His manner was plainly the result of a severe and formal training; his whole life, as he told us himself, had been passed under the careful surveillance of a strict father who was for a long time the rector of one of the first churches of London. But Henley, serious, formal, and cool, was not uncompanionable; and I am not quite sure whether it was not the bony thinness of his face, his straggling black beard and abundant dead-colored hair, that predisposed one at first sight to judge him as a sort of melancholy black sheep among his lighter-hearted companions. So we all placed him at our first meeting. When once the ice was broken and we felt the sympathetic presence that surrounded him in his intercourse with friends, he became a necessity to complete the current of our little circle, and his English steadiness often served a good purpose in many wordy tempests.

In religious opinions we four were as divided as we were distinct in nationality. Henley, as I have said, was a member of the Church of England. Tyck was a Jew and a freemason. Reiner entirely disbelieved in everything that was not plain to him intellectually. Our discussions on religious subjects were long and warm, for the theories of the fourth member of the circle piled new fuel upon the flames that sprung up under the friction of the ideas of the other three, and on these topics alone we were seriously at variance. Rarely were our disputes carried to that point where either of us felt wounded after the discussion was ended, but on more than one occasion they were violent enough to have ruptured our little bond if it had not been strengthened by ties of more than ordinary friendship.

This friendship was of the unselfish order, too. We were in the habit of living on the share-and-share-alike principle. Henley was the only one who had any allowance, and he always felt that his regular remittance was rather a bar to his complete and unqualified admission to our little ring. The joint capital among us was always kept in circulation. When one had money and the others had none, and it suited our inclinations or the purposes of our study to visit the Dutch cities, or even to cross the Channel, we went on the common purse. Share-and-share-alike in cases less pressing than sickness or actual want may not be a sound mercantile principle, but where the freemasonry of mutual tastes, united purposes, and common hardships binds friend to friend, the spirit of communism is half the charm of existence. Especially is this true of Bohemian life.

In introducing the characters a little time has been taken, partly in order to give us a chance to move our table into a more sheltered corner and to allow us to get well started in another game of dominos. As I remember that evening, Reiner, who was not entirely recovered from an attack of one of his peculiar moods, had been discussing miracles and mysteries with more than his accustomed warmth, and the rest of us had been cornered and driven off the field in turn; even to Henley, who was not, with all his study, quite as well up on the subject of the Jewish priests and the Druids as old Reiner, whom no topic seemed to find unprepared. When the discussion was at its height I observed in Reiner certain uneasy movements, and I instinctively looked behind him to see if any one was watching him, as his actions resembled those of a person under the mesmerism of an unseen eye. I saw no one, and concluded that my imagination had fooled me. But Reiner became suddenly grave and even solemn, the debate

stopped entirely; and, at last, after a long silence, Reiner proposed another game of dominos. When the squares were distributed he began the moves, saying at the same time, quite in earnest and as if talking to himself, "This will decide it."

His voice was so strange and his look so determined that we felt that something was at stake, and instinctively and in chorus declared that it was useless to play the game out, and proposed an adjournment to the sketching-club. Reiner did not object, and we rose to go. As we left the table I saw behind Reiner's chair two small, luminous, green balls, set in a black mass, turned toward us:—evidently the eyes of a dog, glistening in the reflection of the gas like emerald fires. Possibly the others did not notice the animal, and I was too much startled at the discovery of the unseen eye to speak of it at that moment. Before I had recovered myself completely we were out of the gate, followed by the dog. Under the street-lamp, he leaped about and seemed quite at home. He was seen to be a perfectly black Spitz poodle, with cropped ears and tail, very lively in his movements, and with a remarkably intelligent expression. He was a dog of a character not commonly met, and once observed was not easily mistaken for others of the same breed. Our walk to the club was dreary enough. The gloomy manner of old Reiner was contagious, and no one spoke a word. I was too busy reflecting on the strange manner in which our game had been interrupted, to occupy myself with my companion, remembering the now frequent recurrence of Reiner's blue days and dreading his absence from the class and the club, which I knew from experience was sure to follow such symptoms as I had observed in the café. To the sketching-club we brought an atmosphere so forbidding that it seemed as if we were the heralds of some misfortune. Scarcely a cheerful word was said after our entrance, and frequent glasses of Louvain or *d'orge*, drunk on the production of new caricatures, failed to raise the barometer of our spirits. The meeting broke up early, and we four separated. The dog, which had been lying under a settee near the door, followed Reiner as he turned down the boulevard.

For a week we did not meet again. Reiner kept his room or was out of town. He made no sign, and when without him we frequented neither the café nor the club. The weather grew cold and rainy; the last evening at the café proved to have been the final gasp of dying autumn, and winter had fairly begun. At last Reiner made his appearance at dinner one dark afternoon and took his accustomed seat at our table, near the window which opened out upon the glass-covered court-yard of the small hotel where we used to dine, a score of us, artists and students all. He looked very weary and hollow-eyed; said he had been unwell, had taken an overdose of laudanum for neuralgia, and had been confined to his room for a few days. Expecting each day to be able to go out the next morning, he had neglected to send us word, and so the week had passed. As he was speaking I noticed a dog in the court-yard, the same black poodle that attached himself to us in the café. Reiner, observing my surprise, explained that the dog had been living with him at his room in the Steenhouwersvest, and that they were inseparable companions now. We could all see that old Reiner was not yet himself again. One of us ventured to suggest that there might be something Mephistophelian about the animal, and that Reiner was endeavoring, Faust-like, to get at the kernel of the beast, so as to fathom whatever mystery of heaven or earth was as yet to him inexplicable. No further remarks were made, as Reiner arose to go away, leaving his dinner untouched. He shook hands with us all almost solemnly, and with the poodle went out into the gloomy street.

Another week passed, and we saw neither Reiner nor the poodle. December began, and the days were short and dark, the sun scarcely appearing above the cathedral roof in his course from east to west. The absence of old Reiner was a constant theme of conver-

sation, and there were multitudes of conjectures as to whether he were in love, in debt, or really ill. We had no message from him, not a word, not a written line. One Thursday evening, as we sat at dinner, the black poodle came rushing in at the *porte cochère*, followed closely by the servant-girl of the house where Reiner had rooms, drenched to the skin by the pouring rain, bonnetless and in slippers. Her message was guessed before she had time to gasp out, "Oh Mynheeren, erwer vriend Reiner is dood!" Not waiting for explanations we followed her as she returned through the slippery streets, scarcely walking or running. How I got there I never knew; it seemed at the time as if I was carried along by some superior force. Filled with dread and fear, mingled with hope that it was an awful mistake and that something might yet be done, I reached the door of the house. Through the grocery-shop, where was assembled a crowd of shivering, drenched people who had gathered there on hearing of the event, conscious that all were watching our entrance with solemn sympathy, not seeing distinctly any one or anything, forgetting the narrow, dark, and winding wooden stair, I was at the door of Reiner's room in an instant. The tall figure of a gendarme was silhouetted against the window; a few women stood by the table whispering together, awe-stricken at the sight of something that was before them, to the left, and still hidden from me as I took in the scene on entering the door.

Another step brought me to the bedside. There in the dim light lay old Reiner, not as if asleep, for the awful pallor of death was on his face, but with an expression as calm and peaceful as if he were soon to awake from pleasant dreams, as if his soul were still dreaming on. He lay on his right side, with his head resting on his doubled arm. The bedclothes were scarcely disturbed, and his left arm lay naturally on the sheet which was turned over the coverlid. Great, dark stains splashed the wall behind the bed and the pillow; dark streaks ran along over the linen and made little pools upon the floor. His shirt-bosom was one broad, irregular blotch of blood, and in his left hand I could see the carved ivory handle of the little Scandinavian sheath-knife that he always carried in his belt. Before I had taken in completely the awful reality of poor Reiner's death, the doctor arrived, lights were brought, and the examination began. Our dead comrade's head being raised and his shirt-bosom opened, there were exposed two great gashes across the left jugular vein and one across the right, and nine deep wounds in the breast. Few of the cuts would not have proved mortal, and the ferocity with which the fatal knife had been plunged again and again into his breast testified to the madness of the determination to destroy his life. On the dressing-table by the bed we found two small laudanum vials, both empty, and one overturned, as if placed hastily beside its fellow. In all probability poor Reiner took this large dose of laudanum early in the morning, as it was found that he had been in bed during the entire day, and was seen by the servant to be sleeping at three o'clock in the afternoon; and his iron constitution and great physical strength overcoming the effects of the narcotic, he awoke to consciousness late in the afternoon. Finding himself still alive, in the agonies of despair and disappointment at the unsuccessful attempt to dream over the chasm into the next world, he had seized his knife and madly stabbed himself, probably feeling no pain, but only happily conscious that his long-planned step was successfully taken at last. The room was unchanged, nothing was disturbed, and there was no evidence of the premeditation of the suicide except an open letter on the table, addressed to us, his friends. It contained a simple statement of his reasons for leaving the world, saying that he was discouraged with his progress in art, that he could not establish himself as an artist without great expense to his family and friends, and that he believed by committing suicide he simply annihilated himself — nothing more or less — and so ceased to trouble himself

or those interested in him. He gave no directions as to the disposal of his effects, but inclosed a written confession of faith, which read,—

"Frederik Reiner, athée, ne croyant rien que ce que l'on peut prouver par la raison et l'expérience. Croyant tout de même à l'existence d'un esprit, mais d'un esprit qui dissoud et disparaît avec le corps.

"L'âme c'est la vie, c'est un complexité des forces qui sont inséparables des atoms ou des molecules dont se compose le corps. L'un comme l'autre a existé depuis l'éternité. Moi-même, mon âme comme mon corps, un complexité accidentel, une réunion passagère.

"J'insisterai toujours dans les éléments qui me composent mais dissoudent en d'autres complexités. Ainsi, *moi*, *ma personnalité*, n'existera plus après ma mort."

Beside this letter on the table lay Henri Murger's Scénes de la Vie de Bohéme, open, face downward. The pages contained the description of the death of one of the artists, and the following brief and touching sentence was underlined: "*Il fut enterré quelquepart.*" A litter was brought from the hospital and four men carried away the body; the dog, which we had come to look upon almost with horror, closely following the melancholy procession as it gradually disappeared in the drizzling gloom of the narrow streets. We three went to our rooms in a strange bewilderment, and huddled together in speechless grief and horror around the little fire-place. When bed-time came we separated and tried to sleep, but I doubt if an eye was closed or the awful vision of poor Reiner as we last saw him left either of us for a moment.

The days that followed were, to me at least, most agonizing. The terrible death of old Reiner grew less and less repulsive and more horribly absorbing. I had often read of the influence of such examples on peculiarly constituted minds, but had never before felt the dread and ghastly fascination which seemed to grow upon me as the days following that of the tragedy drew no veil across the awful spectacle ever present in my mind's eye, but rather added vividness and distinctness to the smallest details of the scene. My bed, with its white curtains, the conventional pattern of heavy Flemish furniture found in every room, came to be almost a tomb, in the morbid state of my imagination. I could never look at its long, spotless drapery without fancying my own head on the pillow, my own blood on the wall and staining with splashes of deep red the curtain and sheets. The number and shape of the spots on old Reiner's bed seemed photographed on the retina of my eye, and danced upon the slender, graceful folds of the curtains as often as I dared look at them. A little nickel-plated derringer, always lying on my table as a paper-weight, often found its way into my hands, and I would surprise myself wondering whether death by such a means were not after all preferable to destruction by the knife. A few cartridges in the corner of my closet, which I had hidden away to keep them from the meddling hands of the servant, seemed to draw me toward them with a constant magnetism. I could not forget that shelf and that particular spot behind a bundle of paint-rags. If there was need of anything on that particular shelf for months after Reiner's death, I always took it quickly and resolutely, shutting the closet door as if I were shutting in all the evil spirits that could possess me. The tempter was exorcised, but with difficulty, and to this day, for all I know, the cartridges may still lie hidden there. Then, too, a quaint Normandy hunting-knife was quite as fiendish in its influence as the derringer. Its ugly, crooked blade and strong, sharp point were very suggestive, and for a time I was almost afraid to touch the handle lest the demon of suicide should overcome me. Still, in the climax of this fever, which might well have resulted in the suicide of another of the four, for it was evident that Henley and Tyck were also under the same influences that surrounded me day and night, the thought of burdening our friends with our dead bodies was the strongest inducement that stayed our

hands. It is certain that if we had been situated where the disposal of our bodies would have been a matter of little or no difficulty, as, for example, on board ship, one of the three or all would have succumbed to the influence of the mania that possessed us.

It was on the Sunday forenoon — a grim, gray morning threatening a storm — following the fatal Thursday, that we met in the court-yard of the city hospital to bury poor Reiner.

The hideous barrenness of a Flemish burial-ground, even in bright, cheerful weather, is enough to crush the most buoyant spirits; it is indescribably oppressive and soul-sickening. The awful desolation of the place in the dreariness of that day will ever remain a horrid souvenir in my mind. Nature did not seem to weep but to frown, and in the heavy air one felt a deep and solemn reproach. The soaked and dull atmosphere was stifling in its density, like the overloaded breath from some newly opened tomb. There was an army of felt but unseen spirits lurking in the ghostly quiet of the place, which the presence of a hundred mortals did not disturb. There was no breath of wind, and the settling of the snow and a faint, faint moan of the distant rushing tide made the silence more oppressive. The drip of the water from the drenched mosses on the brick walls, the faintest rustle of the wreaths of immortelles hung on every hideous black cross, the fall of one withered flower from the forgotten offerings of some friend of the buried dead, every sound at other times and in other places quite inaudible, broke upon that unearthly quiet with startling distinctness. The sound of our footsteps, as we followed the winding path to the fresh heap of earth in a remote corner, fell heavily on the thick air, and the high brick walls, moldy and rotting in the sunless angles, gave a deep and unwilling echo. It was like treading the dark and skull-walled passages of the Catacombs without the grateful veil of a partial darkness. All that was mortal and subject to decay, all that was to our poor human understanding immortal and indestructible, seemed buried alike in this rigid, barren inclosure. Beyond? There was no beyond; the straight, barren walls on all sides, and the impenetrable murkiness of the gray vault that covered us, barred out the material and the spiritual world. Here was the end, here all was certain and defined — a narrow ditch, a few shovelfuls of earth, and nothing more that needed or invited explanation. There was no future, no waking from that sleep: all exit from that narrow and pitiless graveyard seemed forever closed. Such thoughts as these were, until then, strangers to us. Could it be the unextinguishable influence of that nerveless body that filled the place with the dread and uncongenial presence that urged us to accept for the time, then and there, the theories and convictions of the mind which once animated that cold and motionless mass?

The fresh, moist earth was piled on one side of the grave, and the workmen with their shovels stood near the heap as we filed up, and at a sign lowered the coffin into the grave. A Norwegian minister approached to conduct the services. He took his place apart from all, at the head of the grave, and began with the customary prayer in the Norwegian language. He was dressed in harmony with the day and scene. A long black gown fell to the feet and was joined by a single row of thickly sewn buttons; a white band hung from his neck low down in front, and white wristbands half covered his gloved hands; a silk hat completed the costume. His face was of the peculiar, emotionless northern type, perfectly regular in feature, with well-trimmed, reddish-brown beard and hair, and small, unsympathetic gray eyes, and it bore an expression of congealed conviction in the severity of divine judgment. His prayer was long and earnest, and the discourse which followed was full of honest regret for the loss of our friend, but mainly charged with severe reproach against the wickedness of the suicide, the burden of the sermon being, "The wages of sin is death." We stood there shivering with the penetrating chill of the damp atmosphere,

filled with the horrors of this acre of the dead, and listened patiently to the long discourse. In the very middle of the argument there was a sudden rustle near the head of the grave, a momentary confusion among those standing near the minister, and, to the great amazement and horror of Tyck, Henley, and myself, that black poodle, draggled but dignified, walked quietly to the edge of the pit as if he had been bidden to the funeral, and sat down there midway between the minister and the little knot of mourners, eying first the living and then the dead with calm and portentous gravity. He seemed to pay the closest attention to the words of the discourse, and with an expression of intelligent triumph, rather than grief, cocked his wise little head to one side and eyed the minister as he dilated on the sin of suicide, and then looked solemnly down into the grave. His actions were so human and his expression so fiendishly exultant that his presence was to the three of us who had previously made his acquaintance an additional horror; among the rest it merely excited comment on the sagacity of the beast. There he sat through the whole of the services, and nothing could move him from his post.

At the close of the sermon, and after a short eulogy in Flemish delivered by one of us, the minister gave out the Norwegian hymn with this refrain: —

"Min Gud! gjör dog for Christi Blod
Min sidste Afskedstime god!"

The first part of the air is weird and northern, and the last strain is familiar to us by the name of Hebron. The Norwegian words were significant and well-chosen for this occasion, very like the simple stanzas of our Hebron. The hymn is sad enough at all times; when tuned to the mournful drag of our untrained voices it seemed like the sighing of unshrived spirits.

As the sad measures wailed forth, the day seemed to grow colder and darker; a dreary wind rustled the dry branches of the stunted trees and rattled the yellow wreaths of immortelles and the dry garlands and bouquets. The dog grew uneasy between the verses and howled long and piteously, startling us all in our grief and causing a dismal echo from the cold, bare walls that hemmed us in. As last the painfully long hymn was ended, immortelles were placed upon the coffin-lid, each one threw in a handful of dirt, and we turned our faces toward the gate, away from death and desolation to dismal and melancholy life and our now distasteful occupation. With one last look into the inclosure we passed out of the gate, closing it behind us. The dog was still at his post.

A rapid drive brought us in fifteen minutes to the Place de Meir, where we alighted and found to welcome us the same black poodle that we left at the grave. The cemetery of Kiel is at least two miles from the Place de Meir; yet the dog left it after we did, and, covered with mud and panting, was awaiting us at the latter place. He could have made his escape from the cemetery only by the aid of some one to open the heavy gate for him, and, considering this necessary delay, his appearance in the city before us was, to say the least, startling. He welcomed us cheerfully, but we gave him no encouragement. The inexplicable ubiquity of the beast horrified us too much to allow any desire for such a companion. As we separated and took three different roads, to my great relief he followed neither of us, but stood undecided which way to turn.

The circumstances attending the burial of poor Reiner and the events which followed tended to increase our disposition to imitate the questionable action of our friend, but the annual *concours* of the academy, which demanded the closest attention and the most severe work for nearly three months, counteracted all such evil tendencies, and by spring-time we laughed at the morbid fancies of the previous winter.

The evening after the funeral, on my way to the life-class, I met the poodle again, and, in reply to his recognition, drove him away with my cane. Both Tyck and Henley related at the class a similar experience with the dog, which we had now come to look upon as a

fiend in disguise. After this the meetings with the poodle were daily and almost hourly. He would quietly march into the hotel court-yard as we were at dinner; we would stumble over him on the stairs; at a café the *garçon* would hunt him from the room; at the academy he would startle us, amuse the rest of the students, and enrage the professor by breaking the guard of the old surveillant and rushing into the life-class. He seemed to belong to no one and to have no home, and yet he was an attractive animal with his long, glossy coat, saucy ears and tail, and bright, intelligent eyes. We often endeavored to rid ourselves of him. Many times I tried my best to kill him, arming myself expressly with my heavy stick, but he avoided all my attacks and always met me cheerfully at our next interview. At times he was morose and meditative. It used to be a theory of mine that at these seasons he was making up his mind which one of us he had better adopt as his master, declaring — only half in earnest, however — that the one whom the animal especially favored would be sure to meet poor Reiner's fate. The months of January and February passed and the poodle still haunted us. In the course of these dark months we repeatedly attempted to make friends with the dog, finding that we could not make an enemy of him, and hoped to jointly disprove the imagined fatality of the beast or else to break the spell by our own wills. All efforts at conciliation failed; he would never eat in, never even come into the room where we three were alone, and would show signs of general recognition only, and those but sparingly, when we were together. He seemed content with simply watching us, and not desirous of further acquaintance. Yet, in the face of this mysterious behavior, I doubt very much if any one of us really believed that anything would come of our forebodings, for we began to speak of the dog at first quite in jest, and grew more serious only as we were impressed after the death of Reiner by the consistent impartiality of his fondness for our society and by the unequaled persistency with which he haunted us wherever we went abroad.

Inquiries about the dog at the house where old Reiner used to live, and diligent search in various localities, gave us no hint of the spot where the poodle passed his nights, and we discovered only that he was known all about the town, but simply as Reiner's dog, the story of his presence at the funeral having been repeated by some of those who noticed his actions at the grave. March came and went and the dog had not yet taken his choice of us, and we began to be confident that he never would. But in one of the first warm days of spring we noticed his absence, and for a day or two saw nothing of him. One Sunday, after a fête-day when we three had not met as usual at the academy, a pure spring day, I received a short note from Henley asking me to come to his room on the Place Verte, as he was unwell. I went immediately to his lodgings, and found him sitting up, but quite pale and with a changed expression on his face. I knew he had been suffering from a severe cold for some time, but we all had colds in the damp, unhealthful old academy. His noticeably increasing paleness was due, I had supposed, to the anxious labor and prolonged strain of the concours. In one instance when we had been for thirty-six hours shut up in a room with sealed doors and windows, threescore of us, with as many large kerosene-lamps and nearly the same number of foul pipes, with three large, red-hot cylinder stoves, and no exit allowed on any excuse, we were all more or less affected by the poisoned air and the long struggle with the required production. The idea, then, that there was anything serious the matter with Henley never entered my head as I saw him sitting there in his room; but his first words brought me to a realization of the case, and all the horror of that long winter and its one mournful event came back to me in a flash. His remark was significant. He simply said, "That dog is here."

To be sure, the poodle was quietly sleeping near Henley's easel, in the sun. After a few general remarks, my friend

said to me, quite abruptly, as if he had made up his mind to come to the point at once, —

"I thought I would send for you, old boy, to give you a souvenir or two. I am more seriously ill than you imagine. My brother will be here to-morrow, I shall return with him to England, and you and I shall probably meet no more."

There was resignation in every word he uttered, and he was evidently convinced of the hopelessness of attempting to struggle with the disease, his languid efforts to throw it off not having in the least retarded its advance. I tried to prove to him the folly of the superstition about the dog, but it was useless. He quietly said that the doctor had assured him of the necessity of an immediate return to a warmer climate and to the care of his friends. Tyck, who was sent for at the same time, came in shortly after, and was completely shaken by the strange fulfillment of our half-credited forebodings. We passed a sad hour in that little room, and took our leave only when we saw that Henley was fatigued with too much talking, for he began to cough frightfully and could hardly speak above a whisper. He gave to each of us with touching tenderness a palette-knife, — the best souvenirs we could have, he said, because they would be in our hands constantly, — and we took our leave, promising to meet him on the boat the following day. We learned from the servant that the poodle had inhabited the cellar for several days, and that they had not been able to drive him away.

Tyck seemed perfectly dazed by the suddenness of Henley's departure and the severity of his malady. Both of us avoided speaking of the dog, each fearing that his own experience with the unlucky acquaintance might follow that of our two companions. Tyck, I knew, was more subject to colds than the rest of us, for he had never been completely acclimated in Flanders, and he doubtless feared that one of the frequent slight attacks that troubled him might prove at last as serious as the illness that now threatened poor Henley. With Henley's departure Antwerp would lose half its attraction for us, for since the death of old Reiner we three had been even more closely attached than before. Henley had lost some of his insular coldness and formality of manner, was daily putting on more and more the appearance and acquiring the free and easy habits of an art-student, and his unchanging good-nature, his stability of character, and his entertaining conversation made him the leader of our trio. During the exhausting months of the concours, and in face of the discouraging results of weeks of the most energetic and nervous toil, he never lost his patience, but encouraged us by his superior strength of purpose and scorn of minor disappointments.

The next day we three met on board the Baron Osy just before the cables were cast off the quay. Henley was one of the last passengers to get aboard, and fortunately our parting was by necessity short. He was very weak, and evidently failed hourly, for he could walk only with the support of his brother's arm. He said good-by hopelessly but calmly, and with scarcely a word we parted. We felt that regrets were useless and words of encouragement vain, and that the only thing that remained to do was to accept his fate calmly and as calmly await our own. There was not a shadow of hope that we would ever meet again, and I can never forget the far-off look in Henley's face as he turned his eyes for an instant toward the swift, yellow current of the Scheldt, with the rich-hued sails, the fleecy spring-clouds, and the gorgeously-colored roofs of Saint Anneke reflected in its eddying surface. The cables were cast off and we hurried ashore. In the bustle and confusion a black poodle was driven off the plank by one of the stewards, but the crowd was so great and the noise and tumult of the wharf-men so distracting that it was impossible to see whether the dog remained on the boat or was put ashore. But we saw him no more and did not doubt that he went with Henley to London. In less than two weeks a letter from Henley's brother announced the

death of our friend from quick consumption. Nothing was said of the dog.

From that time Tyck was preoccupied; he was alone much, ceased to frequent the academy, and neither worked nor diverted himself: it was plain that he needed change. Antwerp, at the best a cheerless town, gay on the surface, perhaps, because its people are as thoughtless and improvident as children, but full of misery and well-concealed wretchedness, grew hateful to us both.

Suddenly Tyck announced his purpose of going to Italy, and I resolved to break my camp as well, make an artistic tour of the East, and meet my friend in Rome in the autumn. We divided our effects among the rest of the fellows, rolled up our studies, and with the color-box, knapsack, and traveling-rug were prepared in a day to leave the scene of our sad experiences. It was with feelings of great relief and satisfaction that we saw the red roofs of Antwerp disappear behind the fortifications as the train carried us southward.

II.

Eight months after Tyck and I parted at Brussels, I arrived in Rome. Sharing as I did the general ignorance in regard to the severity of the Italian winters, I was surprised to find the weather bitterly cold. It was the day before Christmas, and a breeze that would chill the bones swept the deserted streets. After three months' idling in the East, paddling in the Golden Horn, dreamily watching from the hills of Smyrna the far-off islands of the Grecian Archipelago, and sleeping in the sun on the rocks at Piræus, Italy seemed as cold and barren as the shores of Scandinavia. It is a popular mistake to winter in Italy. The west of England, the south of France, and many sections of our own country are far preferable. It is not to be denied that Italy can be thoroughly enjoyed only in the warm months. Even in the hottest season, Americans find Naples, Rome, and Florence less uncomfortable than Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. Immediately on my arrival Tyck came to meet me at the hotel, and we spent a happy Christmas Eve discussing the thousand topics that arise when two intimate friends meet after a separation like our own. Tyck was in better health and spirits than I had ever known him to be in before, and to all appearances Italian air agreed with him. In the course of the evening he gave me an invitation to make one of a breakfast-party that was to celebrate Christmas in his studio the next day, and the invitation was accompanied with the request to bring eatables and liquids enough to satisfy my own appetite on that occasion, a Bohemian fashion of giving dinner-parties to which we were no strangers. Accordingly the next morning at eleven o'clock we were to meet again in Tyck's quarters.

The studio was in the fifth story of a large block not far from the Porta del Popolo, and looked out upon a large portion of the city, the view embracing the Pincio and St. Peter's, Monte Mario, and the Quirinal. The entrance on the street was dismal and prison-like. A long, dark corridor led back to a small court at the bottom of a great pit formed by the walls of the crowded houses, and the stones of the pavement were flooded with the drippings from the buckets of all the neighborhood, as they slid up and down the wire guys leading into the antique well in one corner and rattled and splashed until they were drawn up by an unseen hand far above in the maze of windows and balconies, — an ingenious and simple way of drawing water quite common in Rome. From this sunless court-yard a broad, musty stair-case twisted and turned capriciously up by inexplicable doors and landings to the upper floors of the house. At the fourth story began a narrow wooden staircase always perfumed with the odors of the adjacent kitchens; and it grew narrower and steeper and more crooked until it met a little dark door at the very top, bearing the name of Tyck. The suite of rooms which Tyck occupied made up one of those mushroom-like wooden stories that are lightly stuck on the top

of substantial stone or brick buildings. They add to the beauty of the silhouette but detract from the dignity of the architectural effect, and look like the cabin of a wrecked ship flung upon the rocks. From the outside, quaint little windows, pretty hanging gardens, or an airy *loggia* make the place look cheerful and cozy. Within, one feels quite away from the world; far up beyond neighbors and inclosing walls, tossed on a sea of roofs, and with a broad sweep of the horizon before one. Such a perch is as attractive as it is difficult to reach, and offers to the artist the advantages of light, quiet, and perfect freedom. Tyck's rooms were three in number. A narrow corridor led by the door of the store-room to the studio, a large, square room with a great window on the north side and smaller ones with shutters on the east and west. From the studio a door opened into the chamber, in turn connected with the store-room. Thus there was a public and a private entrance to the studio.

The Christmas breakfast had more than ordinary significance; it was to be the occasion of the presentation of Tyck's household to his artist friends. This, perhaps, needs explanation. At the time of our departure from Antwerp, Tyck was engaged to be married to a young lady, the daughter of a Flemish merchant, and there was every prospect of a wedding within a year. After two or three months of his absence her letters ceased to come, and Tyck learned from a friend that the thrifty father of the girl had found a match more desirable in a mercenary point of view, and had obliged his daughter to break engagement number one in order to enter into a new relation. Tyck, after some months of despondency, at last made an alliance with a Jewish girl of the working-class, and it was at the Christmas breakfast that Lisa was to be presented for the first time to the rest of the circle. When I entered the studio there was already quite a number of fellows present. The apartment was a picture in itself, and a long dining-table placed diagonally across the room, bearing piles of crockery and a great *pièce montée* of evergreen and oranges, and surrounded by a unique and motley assemblage of chairs, did not detract from the picturesqueness.

As studios run, this would not, perhaps, have been considered luxurious or of extraordinary interest, but it had a character of its own. Two sides of the room were hung with odd bits of old tapestry and stray squares of stamped leather, matched together to make an irregular patchwork harmonious in tone and beautifully rich in color. In the corner were bows and arrows, spears, and other weapons, brought from Java, a branch or two of palm, and great reeds from the Campagna with tortured and shriveled leaves, yellow and covered with dust. Studies of heads and small sketches were tucked away between the bits of tapestry and leather, and so every inch of these walls was covered. On another wall was a bookshelf with a confused pile of pamphlets and paper-covered books, and under this hung a number of silk and satin dresses, various bits of rich drapery, a coat or two, and a Turkish fez. The remaining wall, and the two narrow panels on either side of the great window, were completely covered with studies of torsos, drawings from the nude, academy heads, sketches of animals and landscapes, besides sustaining a shelf of trinkets, a skeleton, and a plaster death-mask of a friend hung with a withered laurel-wreath. Quaint old chairs, bits of gilded stage-furniture, racks of portfolios, a small table or two covered with the odds and ends of draperies, papers, sketches, and the accumulation of months, filled the corners and spread confusion into the middle of the room. Three or four easels huddled together under the light, holding stray panels and canvases and half-finished pictures, a lay-figure, — that stiff and angular caricature of the human form, — and a chair or two loaded with brushes, color-box, and palettes, witnessed that tools were laid aside to give room for the table that filled every inch of vacant space. In one corner was an air-tight stove, and this was piled up with dishes and surrounded by great tin boxes whence an appetizing

steam issued forth, hinting of the good things awaiting us. The bottles were beginning to form a goodly array on the table, and as often as a new guest appeared, a servant with a *porte-manger* and a couple of bottles would contribute to the army of black necks and add to the breastwork of loaded dishes that flanked the stove. Tyck was in his element, welcoming heartily and with boyish enthusiasm every arrival, and leading the shout of joy at the sight of a fat bundle or a heavy weight of full bottles. By eleven o'clock every one was on hand, and there was an embarrassment of riches in the eating and drinking line. Before sitting down at the table — there were eighteen of us — we made a rule that each one should in turn act as waiter and serve with his own hand the dishes he had brought, the intention being to divide the accumulated stock of dishes into a great many different courses. French was chosen as the language of the day.

While we were discussing the question of language, Lisa came in and was presented to us all singly, impressing us favorably. She was slight but not thin, with dark hair, large brown eyes, and a transparent pink and white complexion, — a fine type of a Jewess. She took the place of honor at Tyck's right hand, and we sat down in a very jolly mood.

The *ménu* of that breakfast would craze a French cook, and the arrangement of the courses was a work of great difficulty, involving much general discussion. The *trattorie* of Rome had been ransacked for curious and characteristic national dishes, every combination of goodies that ingenious minds could suggest was brought, and plain substantials by no means failed. In the *hors d'œuvre*, we had caviar with an extra flavor because the contribution of a Russian, Bologna sausage and nibbles of radish, and, to finish, *pâté de fois gras*. Soup *à la jardinière* was announced and was almost a failure at the start-off, because one very important aid to the enjoyment of soup, the spoons, had been forgotten by the contributor. A long discussion as to the practicability of leaving the soup to the end of the meal, meanwhile ordering spoons to be brought, terminated in the employment of extra glasses in place of spoons and soup-plates. Then all varieties of fish followed in a rapid succession of small courses. Tiny minnows fried in delicious olive-oil; crabs and craw-fish cooked in various ways; Italian oysters, small, thin, and coppery in flavor; canned salmon from the Columbia River; *bacalá* and herrings from the North Sea; broad, gristly flaps from the body of the devil-fish, the warty feelers purple and suggestive of the stain of sepia and of Victor Hugo, — all these, and an abundance of each, were passed around. An immense joint of roast beef with potatoes, contributed by an Englishman, a leg of mutton by a Scotchman, a roast pig from a Hungarian, the potted meat of Australia, and the tasteless *manzo* of Italy, formed the solid course. Next we devoured a whole flock of juicy larks with crisp skins, pigeons in pairs, ducks from the delta of the Tiber, a turkey brought by an American, pheasants from a Milanese, squash stuffed with meat and spices, and a globe of *polenta* from a Venetian. At this point in the feast there were cries of quarter, but none was given. An English plum-pudding of the unhealthiest species, with flame sauce, a pie or two strangely warped and burned in places from the ignorance of the Italian cook or the bad oven, pots of jelly and marmalade, fruit mustard, stewed pears, and roasted chestnuts, *ekmekataïf* and *havláh* from a Greek, a profusion of fruits of all kinds, were offered, and at last coffee was served to put in a paragraph. The delicate wines of Frascati and Marino, the light and dark Falernian, a bottle of Tokay, one of Vöslau, thick red wine of Corfu, and flasks of the ordinary Roman mixture, — a little more than water, a little less than wine, — Capri *rosso* and *bianco*, Bordeaux, and Burgundy; good English ale and porter, Vienna beer, American whisky, and Dutch gin, *Alkermes*, *Chartreuse*, and Greek *mastic*, made all told a wine list for a king, and presented a rank of arguments to convert a prohibitionist. This was no orgy that I am describing, simply a jolly breakfast

for eighteen Bohemians of all nationalities, a complex, irregular affair, but for that reason all the more delightful.

When we were well along in the bill of fare, a little incident occurred which put me out of the mood for further enjoyment of the breakfast, and for the rest of the day my position was that of silent spectator, watching the amusements with an expression not calculated to encourage sport. To begin with, I was unusually sensitive to nervous shocks, from the fact that my first impression of Rome had been intensely disagreeable. I found myself in a strangely exciting atmosphere and subject to unpleasant influences. The first night passed in Rome was crowded with visions, and I cannot recall a period of twenty-four hours during my residence in that city that has not its unpleasant souvenir of strange hallucinations, wonderful dreams, or some shock to my nerves. The meeting with Tyck was doubtless the occasion of my visions and restlessness on the night before the Bohemian breakfast. The events of the previous winter in Antwerp came freshly to my mind; I lived over again that dark season of horrors, and the atmosphere of Rome nourished the growth of similar strange fancies. There was, however, in my train of thoughts on Christmas Eve no foreboding that I can recall, no prophetic fear of a continuance of the strange relations with that black poodle which had already taken away the best half of our circle. It needed little, nevertheless, to put me in a state of mind very similar to that which tortured me for months in Antwerp.

But to return to the breakfast. While we were at the table a hired singer and guitar-player, a young girl of sixteen or seventeen years, sang Italian popular songs and performed instrumental pieces. She had nearly exhausted her list when she began to sing the weird, mournful song of Naples, Palomella, at that time quite the rage, but since worn threadbare, all its *naïve* angles and depressions polished out to the meaningless monotony of a popular ditty. We heard a dog howl in the sleeping-room as the singer finished the ballad, and Lisa rose to open the door. My seat on Tyck's left brought me quite near the door, and I turned on my chair to watch the entrance of the animal. A black poodle, as near as I could judge the exact counterpart of the Flemish dog, quietly walked into the room, evidently perfectly at home. My first calm reflection was that it was an hallucination, a mental reproduction of one of the grim pictures of the past winter; I could not believe my own vision, and it was some time before I came to realize the fact that my senses were not deceived. I was about to ask Tyck if he had noticed in the dog any curious resemblance to our self-appointed companion in Antwerp, when he turned, and, as I thought then, with a lingering touch of the old superstitious fear in his voice, said, "You 've noticed the dog; he belongs to Lisa. When he first came here, a month ago, I was horrified to find in him the image of our Flemish friend. Lisa laughed me out of my fears, saying that the animal had been in the family for six months or more, and at last I began to look upon him as a harmless pup, and to wonder only at the strange coincidence." But I could not turn the affair into a joke or forget for a moment past events now recalled so vividly to my mind. This was the third time that a black poodle had taken a liking to one of us, and two out of the three attachments had already proved fatal to the human partner. It was not by any means clear that the same dog played these different renderings of one part, but to all appearance it was the identical poodle. If in two cases this friendship of the dog for his self-chosen master had proved fatal, it was but a natural inference that the third attachment would terminate in a similar manner. But Tyck was in better health than ever before, notwithstanding the companionship of the dog. Was not this a proof of the folly of my superstition? I asked myself. Reasons were not wanting to disprove the soundness of my logic. It was not difficult to reason it out that stranger and more wonderful coinci-

dences had happened, and nothing had come of it, and that the imagination would distort facts to such a degree that coincidences would be suspected where none existed. If it were only a coincidence, fears were childish. And the dog manifested no particular friendship for Tyck; he belonged to Lisa, and seemed to take no special notice of any one else.

The *déjeuner* went on without further interruption, and the guitar girl drummed away until the table was cleared. We were not at a loss for entertainments after the feast was ended. Tyck's costumes were drawn upon, and a Flemish musician with a Walloon sculptor sang a costume duet, one being laced up in a blue satin ball-dress, and the other staggering under the weight of a janissary's uniform. There was later a dancing concours, in which the Indian war-dance, the English jig, the negro walk-around, the tarantella, the Flemish *reuske*, and the Hungarian *czárdas* each had its nimble-footed performers. The scene was worth putting upon canvas. The confusion of quaint and rare trinkets, the abundance of color-bits, and the picturesque groups of figures in all the costumes that could be improvised for the dance or the song, — a museum of *bric-à-brac* and a carnival of characters, — all this made a *tableau vivant* of great richness and interest.

About the middle of the afternoon the entertainment began to flag a little, and the moment there was a lull in the sport some one proposed a trip to Ponte Molle. The vote was immediately taken and carried, and we marched out to the Piazza del Popolo and engaged an omnibus for the rest of the day.

The straggling suburb outside the Porta del Popolo was lively with pleasure-seeking Romans. The wine shops were full of sad-eyed peasants and weary, careworn laborers; all the mournful character of a Roman merry-making was unusually prominent on this cheerless holiday, and the cloaked natives chatted as solemnly as if they were mourners at a funeral. Roman festivities are, in general, not liable to divert the participants to a dangerous extent. Wine-drinking is the chief amusement, and even under the enlivening influences of his potations the Roman rarely loses his habitual seriousness of manner, but bears himself to the end of the orgy as if he expected every moment to be called upon to answer for the sins of his ancestors. As we drove along the straight, broad road that raw afternoon, we met numberless carts and omnibuses loaded with laborers returning from the wine shops in the Campagna; the sidewalks were filled with crowds on their way to and from the trattorie near the Tiber, and scarcely a song was heard, rarely a laugh sounded above the rattle of the wheels. The people were making a business of amusement, and formed a staid and sober procession, when in Germany or Belgium the frolics and noisy merriment of the people would have known no bounds short of the limit of physical endurance. We were probably regarded as escaped maniacs because we persisted in breaking the voiceless confusion by our hearty Flemish songs. We hauled up in the yard of a trattoria at some distance out in the Campagna, and strolled over the hills for an hour, watching the dark, cold mountains and the broad, sad-tinted waste spread out before us. The solemn beauty of the Campagna is always impressive; under a gray sky it assumes a sombre and mournful aspect. To the north of the city the low, flat-topped hills combine in a peculiar way to form silhouettes of great nobleness of character and simplicity of line. They are the changeless forms that endure like the granite cliffs, monumental in their grandeur. When across these hills moving shadows of the clouds form purple patches, and the dull gray of the turf comes into occasional relief in a spot of strong sunlight, the scene is one of unique and matchless beauty — a heroic landscape, masculine in its lines, with feminine grace of combination and delicacy of tone. That afternoon the dog, which had accompanied Tyck on the excursion, furnished us our chief amusement. We tossed sticks down the steep gravel

banks, to watch his lithe black form struggle through the brambles, seize the bit, and return it to us. He, poor animal, had probably been shut up within the walls of Rome longer than the rest of the party, and entered into the outdoor frolics with even more zest than his human companions. Below the trattoria there was a narrow brook bridged by a rail, and we tried to get the poodle to walk this narrow path, but with no success. Tyck at last made the attempt, to encourage the dog, but on his way back he slipped and wetted his feet thoroughly. Most of us thought this accident of not the least importance, but one or two of the old residents advised a return to the wine shop, hinting of a possible serious illness in consequence of the wetting. At the trattoria Tyck dried himself at the large open fire in the kitchen, and we thought no more of it. The old Porta del Popolo answered our chorus with a welcoming echo as we drove in, shortly after dark, and mingled with the shivering crowd hurrying to their homes. Our Christmas had at least been a merry one to the most of us, but I could not forget the incident of the dog; and as I walked through the streets to my cheerless room a strange dread, in spite of my reason, gradually took entire possession of me.

For a day or two, that least amusing of all occupations, studio hunting, kept me busy from morning till night, and I saw none of the breakfast party. It was beginning to surprise me that Tyck did not make his appearance, when I had a call from Lisa, bearing a message from him, saying he was slightly unwell and wanted me to come and see him. I lost no time in complying with his request. On my way to his room the same old dread, stifled for a while in the busy search for rooms, came back with all its force, and I already began to suffer the first agonies of grief at the loss of my friend. For, although the message was hopeful enough, it came at a time when it seemed the first sign of the fulfillment of my forebodings, and from that moment I looked upon Tyck as lost to us. Not pretending to myself that it was an excusable weakness on my part to become the victim of what would generally be declared a morbid state of the imagination; reasoning all the while that the weather, the peculiar, tomb-like atmosphere of Rome, our previous experience in Antwerp, and our long absence from the distractions and worldliness of a civilized society would have caused this state of mind in healthier organizations than my own; I still could not but think of my friend as already within the clutch of death, and soon to be numbered as the third lost from our little circle, while the fourth was still to wait.

Tyck was in bed when I entered his chamber. There was a fresh glow deep in his brown cheek, and his eyes seemed to me brighter than usual; still there was no visible sign of a dangerous illness, and my reason laughed at my fears. He complained of dizziness, headache, pains in the back, and coughed at intervals. His manner showed that his mind was troubled, and from Lisa I learned that he had not yet received the expected remittance for the sale of his last pictures sent to London. The winter was severe and wood expensive; models were awaiting payment, and the rent-day was drawing near. I gave Lisa all the money I had with me, and charged her to keep me posted as to the wants of the household, if by any bad fortune Tyck should be obliged to keep his room longer. She afterwards told me that later in the day several friends called, suspected the state of affairs, and each contributed according to his purse — always without the knowledge of the sufferer.

Every day after, I passed a portion of the daylight in Tyck's room. His cough gradually grew more violent, and in a day or two he became seriously ill with high fever. The doctor, a spare, wise-looking German, of considerable reputation as a successful practitioner in fever cases, was called that day and afterwards made more frequent visits than the length of our purses would warrant. On the third or fourth day he decided that the disease was typhoid

fever, and commenced a severe and to us inexperienced nurses a harsh treatment, dosing continually with quinine and blistering the extremities. Before the end of a week Tyck fell into long spells of delirium, and recognized his friends only at intervals. His tongue was black and protruded from his mouth, and between his fits of coughing he could at last only whisper a few words in Italian. We had been in the habit of conversing at discretion in English, French, Flemish, or German; talking always on art questions in French, telling stories in the picturesque Flemish patois, and reserving the German and English languages for more solemn conversation. Tyck would frequently attempt to use one of these languages when he wished to speak with me during his illness, aware of my slight acquaintance with Italian, and it was most painful to witness his struggles with an English or French sentence. The words seemed too rasping for his tender throat and blistered tongue; the easy enunciation of the Italian vowels gave him no pain, and in a sigh he could whisper a whole sentence.

When at last Lisa was quite worn out with nursing, and there was need of more skillful and experienced hands to administer the medicines and perform the thousand duties of a sick-room, the doctor advised us to make application at a convent for a sister to come and watch at night. We did so, and on the evening of the same day a cheerful, home-like little body, in the stiffest of winged bonnets, climbed the long stairs and took immediate possession of the sick-room, putting things into faultless order in a very few moments, her first step being to banish the dog to a neighboring studio. I awaited her entrance into the painting-room with some anxiety. The long table had been removed, but otherwise the traps were just the same as they were on the day of the feast. A regiment of bottles was drawn up near the window; various tell-tale dishes, broken glasses, and other *débris* cluttered the corner near where the stove stood, and I was sure that a lecture on the sin of the debauchery which had brought my friend to a sick-bed awaited me the moment the sister saw these proofs of our worldliness. She trotted out into the studio at last, in the course of her busy preparation for the night; and then, instead of bursting forth with a reproof, she covered her face with her hands, turned about, and walked out of the house. I of course followed her and begged for an explanation. She hesitated long, but finally with some difficulty said she could not stay in a room where such pictures decorated the walls, and before she would consent to return she must be assured of their removal or concealment. I hastened up, covered all the academy-studies with bits of newspaper, and the sister returned and went on with her duties as if nothing had happened. So the expected lecture was never delivered. In the sight of the greater enormity of academy-studies, she clearly thought it useless to lecture on the appetite.

Few days elapsed after the sister took charge of the sick-room before we were all rejoiced at an improvement in Tyck. He grew better rapidly, and in two weeks was able to sit up in bed and talk to us. Though we were full of joy at his apparent speedy recovery, there was always a bitterness in the thought that the fatal relapse might be expected at every moment, and this shadow hung over us even in the most hopeful hours. The sister gave up her charge, and as Tyck grew better day by day, Lisa came to act as sole nurse and companion, although we made daily visits to the sick-room. The month of January passed, and Carnival approached. Tyck was able to have his clothes put on, and to move around the room a little. The doctor made infrequent and irregular visits, and but for the fear of a relapse would have ceased to come altogether.

The morning of the first day of Carnival week, I was awakened while it was still dark by the ringing of my door-bell, and lay in bed for a while undecided whether it was not a dream that had roused me. My studio and rooms were of a very bogyish character, located at the top of a house on the Tiber, completely shut away from the world,

and full of dream-compelling influences that lurked around the faded scapularies that hung over the bed, souvenirs of some former occupant who had died there, and filled the shaky old wardrobe and the musty little salon with an oppressive presence felt in the brightest days and in the liveliest assembly that ever gathered there. So it never astonished me to be awakened by some unaccountable noise or by the mental conviction that there was some disturbance in the crowded atmosphere. When I was aroused that dark, drizzly morning, I awaited the second pull of the bell before I summoned courage enough to pass through the shadowy salon and the lofty studio, with its ghostly lay-figure and plaster-casts, like pale phantoms in the dim light of a wax taper, and open the great door that led into the narrow corridor. A slender form wrapped in a shawl entered, and Lisa stood there, pale with fright, her great brown eyes drowned in tears, shrinking from the invisible terrors that seemed to pursue her. She whispered that Tyck was worse, and asked me to go for the doctor. I led her back to Tyck's room, and in an hour the doctor was there.

The details of that last illness are painful in the extreme. The sister did not come, it having been decided by the superior that artists' studios were places whither the duties of the sisterhood did not call its members, and so Lisa's mother came and did her best to fill in a rough sort of way the delicate office of nurse. On the last day of Carnival, little suspecting that the end of my friend was near, I was occupied in my own studio until nearly dark, and just as the sport was at its height I struggled through the crowd and reached Tyck's studio, white with *confetti* and flour, and in a state of mind hardly fitted for the sick-room. In the studio two doctors sat in consultation, and their two serious faces, with the frightened look in Lisa's eyes, told me the sad story at once. They had decided that Tyck must die, and made a last examination just after I entered. They raised him in bed, thumped his poor back, pulled out his swollen tongue, and felt of his tender scalp, burned with fever and frozen with a sack of ice. The group at the bed-side, so picturesquely impressive, will always remain in my memory like the souvenir of some gloomy old picture. Lisa's mother was seated on the back of the bed, raising Tyck like a sick child, his limp arms dangling over her shoulders and his head drooping against her cheek. To the right the slight and graceful form of Lisa, holding the earthen lamp; one doctor bending over to listen at the bared back, the focus of the dim light; the other doctor solemn and motionless, a dark silhouette against the bed and the wall beyond. The examination proved only the truth of the decision just reached, and it was then announced for the first time that the real malady was lung-fever, with the not infrequently accompanying first symptoms of typhoid. A few moments later one or two young artists dropped in, learned the sad news, and went away to warn the rest of the friends. At eight o'clock we were all in the studio, and after a hushed and hasty discussion as to whether or not a priest should be called in this last hour, the Catholic friends were overruled and it was decided to consult no spiritual adviser. Tyck, meanwhile, was scarcely able to talk. One by one the fellows came to his bedside, were recognized, and went away. I alone stayed in the studio, waiting, waiting. The doctor was to come at half-past nine, and the fellows had promised to return again at ten.

For a long hour we sat in silence, Lisa and I, and watched the advent of death. The mother, completely exhausted, lay on the bare floor near the stove, as motionless as a corpse; the dim light reflected from the sick-room transformed the draperies into mysterious shapes and made the lay-figure look vaporous and spectral. Frequent fits of violent, suffocating cough would call us to the bedside, and after a severe struggle Tyck would for a moment throw off the clutch of the malady and breathe again. He was in agony to speak with me, but was unable to. I guessed part of his wishes, repeated them in Flemish, and he made

a signal of assent when I was right. In this way he communicated certain directions about his affairs, and I promised to see Lisa provided for and all the business put to rights. But there was something still to communicate, and he continued to the last his vain struggle to express it.

The stillness of the studio in the intervals between the spasms of suffocation was painfully broken, as the long hour passed, by his heavy breathing and by the stifled sobs of the poor girl, who at last cried herself to sleep, exhausted by her watching. From outside, a dog's mournful howl, breaking into a short, spasmodic bark, came up at intervals, and I could see that this sound disturbed the sufferer, probably recalling to his waning faculties the history of the dog that had so haunted us. From the street the chorus of the maskers came floating to us, sounding hollow and far away, like the chant of a distant choir in some great cathedral. Occasionally a carriage rumbled over the rough pavement, the deep sound echoing through the deserted court-yard and up the long, dreary stairways. It was within a few moments of the doctor's expected visit that a spasm more violent than any previous one called me to the chamber. We had long since stopped the medicine, and nothing remained to do but to ease the sufferer over the chasm as gently as possible. He did not seem at all anxious to live, and in the agonies of the suffocation there was no fear in those dark eyes that rolled in their hollow sockets. I raised him in bed, and at last, after the most prolonged fight, he caught his breath, opened his eyes, turned toward me, and said plainly in English, "All right, old boy." Then he relapsed into a comatose state and never spoke again. The doctor found him rapidly sinking, and another spasm came on while he was feeling the pulse. The patient recovered from it only to pass into another and more protracted one, at the end of which he sighed twice and was dead. For a second or two after the last deep breath his face had all the fever-flush and the look of life, but almost instantly he fell over toward me, changed beyond recognition. The wave of death had passed over us, carrying with it the last trace of life that lingered in the face of my friend, and a ghastly pallor crept over his cheeks, transforming him that I loved into an unrecognizable, inert thing. I turned away and never saw that face again, although they told me it was nobly beautiful in its Egyptian, changeless expression. That pause of an instant, while death was asserting its power, impressed me strangely, — and this was no new experience for me. In that pause, when time seemed to stand still, I remember, something urged me to raise my eyes in confident expectation of seeing the spirit as it left the body. Even my heated imagination, to which I was ready to charge much that was inexplicable in our experience, did not produce an image, but instead, where the wall should have been I seemed to look into space a wide, wide distance. An awful vacancy, an infinity of emptiness, yawned before me, and I looked down to meet the fixed expression of that changed face. From that moment there was no lingering presence of my friend that I could feel; in that short struggle he had separated himself entirely from us and from the place he used to fill with his charming presence. In the chamber of death there was no atmosphere hinting of the life that once flourished there, of the soul that had just fled. And so I thought only of burying the body and providing for poor Lisa.

The rest of the fellow-painters came a few moments after it was all over, and received the news with surprise. Lisa still slept, and we did not wake her. I remained in the studio all night, and in the morning the formalities of the police notification were gone through with, and the preparations made for the funeral. In the studio, unchanged in every respect from the day when Tyck put his brushes in his palette and laid it upon a chair, we held a meeting to decide upon the funeral ceremonies. Lisa was completely broken down by grief

and exhaustion, and with her mother and the dog, who joyfully occupied his old place by the stove and disputed the entrance of every one, lived in the studio and the store-room.

On Sunday morning we buried our friend in the Protestant cemetery. Arriving at the little house in the inclosure we found the coffin there, with the undertaker, Lisa, her mother, and the dog. An hour later an English minister came and conducted the ceremonies in a cold, hurried manner; but perhaps the services were quite as satisfactory, after all, because his language was unintelligible to the majority of those present. We stood shivering in a circle around the coffin until the services were over, and then bore the burden to the grave, dug high near the wall in a picturesque nook under a ruined tower — a fit monument to our friend. Lisa and her mother stood a little apart, holding the dog, while we put the body in the grave, and a cold sun shone down upon us, quite as cheerless and as unsympathetic as the dull, lowering clouds of that day in Flanders a year before. After the customary handful of earth had been thrown, we turned away and separated, for the living had no sympathy with each other after the cold formality of the funeral. As I strolled across the field in the direction of Monte Testaccio, I looked back once only. There on the mound of fresh earth stood the dog, and Lisa was bending over to arrange a wreath of immortelles.

After the sale of Tyck's effects, which brought a comfortable little sum to Lisa, I left Rome, now unbearable, and sought the distractions of busy Naples. Later, with warm weather, I settled in a solitary nest in Venice, where the waves of the lagoon lapped my door-step. The distressed cries of a dog called me to the water door, one rainy morning, while I was writing a part of this very narrative, and I pulled out of the water a half-drowned, shaggy black dog. With some anxiety I assisted the poor animal to dry his fur, and found, instead of my old enemy, a harmless shaggy terrier, who rests his dainty nose on the paper as I write. Thus I have proved to myself that while the sight of a black poodle always brings up a hideous panorama before me, a diseased imagination does not invest every black dog with the dreaded powers that we ascribed to the dog that haunted us.

And so the fourth still waits.

F. D. Millet.

RENCONTRE.

Toiling across the Mer de Glace,
I thought of, longed for thee;
What miles between us stretched, alas!
What miles of land and sea!

My foe, undreamed of, at my side
Stood suddenly, like Fate.
For those who love, the world is wide,
But not for those who hate.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE FAIR OF MOSES: THE ARMENIAN PATRIARCH.

The Moslems believe that their religion superseded Judaism and Christianity, — Mohammed closing the culminating series of six great prophets, Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Christ, Mohammed, — and that they have a right to administer on the effects of both. They appropriate our sacred history and embellish it without the least scruple, assume exclusive right to our sacred places, and enroll in their own calendar all our notable heroes and saints.

On the 16th of April was inaugurated in Jerusalem the *fête* and fair of the Prophet Moses. The fair is held yearly at Neby Mûsa, a Moslem wely, in the wilderness of Judea, some three or four hours from Jerusalem on a direct line to the Dead Sea. There Moses, according to the Moslem tradition, was buried, and thither the faithful resort in great crowds at this anniversary, and hold a four days' fair.

At midnight the air was humming with preparations; the whole city buzzed like a hive about to swarm. For many days pilgrims had been gathering for this festival, coming in on all the mountain roads, from Gath and Askalon, from Hebron, from Nabulus and Jaffa, pilgrims as zealous and as ragged as those that gather to the Holy Sepulchre and on the banks of the Jordan. In the early morning we heard the pounding of drums, the clash of cymbals, the squeaking of fifes, and an occasional gun, let off as it were by accident — very much like the dawn of a Fourth of July at home. Processions were straggling about the streets, apparently lost, like ward-delegations in search of the beginning of St. Patrick's Day; a disorderly scramble of rags and color, a rabble hustling along without step or order, preceded usually by half a dozen enormous flags, green, red, yellow, and blue, embroidered with various devices and texts from the Koran, which hung lifeless on their staves, but grouped in mass made as lively a study of color as a bevy of sails of the Chioggia fishing-boats flocking into the port of Venice at sunrise. Before the banners walked the musicians, filling the narrow streets with a fearful uproar of rude drums and cymbals. These people seem to have inherited the musical talent of the ancient Jews, and to have the same passion for noise and discord.

As the procession would not move to the Tomb of Moses until afternoon, we devoted the morning to a visit to the Armenian Patriarch. Isaac, archbishop, and by the grace of God Patriarch of the Armenians of Jerusalem, occupant of the holy apostolic seat of St. James (the Armenian convent stands upon the traditional site of the martyrdom of St. James), claims to be the spiritual head of five millions of Armenians, in Turkey, Syria, Palestine, India, and Persia. By firman from the Sultan, the Copts and the Syrian and the Abyssinian Christians are in some sort under his jurisdiction, but the authority is merely nominal.

The reception-room of the convent is a handsome hall (for Jerusalem), extending over an archway of the street below and looking upon a garden. The walls are hung with engravings and lithographs, most of them portraits of contemporary sovereigns and princes of Europe, in whose august company the Patriarch seems to like to sun himself. We had not to wait long before he appeared and gave us a courteous and simple welcome. As soon as he learned that we were Americans, he said that he had something that he thought would interest us, and going to his table took out of the drawer an old number of an American periodical containing a portrait of an American publisher, which he set great store by. We congratulated him upon his possession of this treasure, and expressed our passionate fondness for this

sort of thing, for we soon discovered the delight the Patriarch took in pictures and especially in portraits, and not least in photographs of himself in the full regalia of his sacred office. And with reason, for he is probably the handsomest potentate in the world. He is a tall, finely proportioned man of fifty years, and his deportment exhibits that happy courtesy which is born of the love of approbation and a kindly opinion of self. He was clad in the black cloak with the pointed hood of the convent, which made a fine contrast to his long, full beard, turning white; his complexion is fair, white and red, and his eyes are remarkably pleasant and benignant.

The languages at the command of the Patriarch are two, the Armenian and the Turkish, and we were obliged to communicate with him through the medium of the latter, Abd-el-Atti acting as interpreter. How much Turkish our dragoman knew, and how familiar his holiness is with it, we could not tell, but the conversation went on briskly, as it always does when Abd-el-Atti has control of it. When we had exhausted what the Patriarch knew about America and what we knew about Armenia, which did not take long (it was astonishing how few things in all this world of things we knew in common), we directed the conversation upon what we supposed would be congenial and common ground, the dogma of the Trinity and the point of difference between the Armenian and the Latin church. I cannot say that we acquired much light on the subject, though probably we did better than disputants usually do on this topic. We had some signal advantages. The questions and answers, strained through the Turkish language, were robbed of all salient and noxious points, and solved themselves without difficulty. Thus, the "*Filioque* clause" offered no subtle distinctions to the Moslem mind of Abd-el-Atti, and he presented it to the Patriarch, I have no doubt, with perfect clarity. At any rate, the reply was satisfactory: —

"His excellency, he much oblige, and him say he t'ink so."

The elucidation of this point was rendered the easier, probably, by the fact that neither Abd-el-Atti nor the Patriarch nor ourselves knew much about it. When I told his highness (if, through Abd-el-Atti, I did tell him) that the great Armenian convent at Venice, which holds with the Pope, accepts the Latin construction of the clause, he seemed never to have heard of the great Armenian convent at Venice. At this point of the conversation we thought it wise to finish the subject by the trite remark that we believed a man's life was after all more important than his creed.

"So am I," responded the dragoman, and the Patriarch seemed to be of like mind.

A new turn was given to our interview by the arrival of refreshments, a succession of sweetmeats, cordials, candies, and coffee. The sweetmeats first served were a delicate preserve of plums. This was handed around in a jar, from which each guest dipped a spoonful, and swallowed it, drinking from a glass of water immediately — exactly as we used to take medicine in childhood. The preserve was taken away when each person had tasted it, and shortly a delicious orange cordial was brought, and handed around with candy. Coffee followed. The Patriarch then led the way about his palace, and with some pride showed us the gold and silver insignia of his office and his rich vestments. On the wall of his study hung a curious map of the world, painted at Amsterdam in 1692, in Armenian characters. He was so kind also as to give us his photograph, enriched with his unreadable autograph, and a book printed at the convent, entitled Deux Ans de Séjour en Abyssinie; and we had the pleasure of seeing also the heroes and the author of the book, two Armenian monks, who undertook, on an English suggestion, a mission to King Theodore, to intercede for the release of the English prisoners held by the tyrant of that land. They were detained by its treacherous and barbarous chiefs, robbed by people and priests alike, never reached the head-quarters of the king,

and were released only after two years of miserable captivity and suffering. This book is a faithful record of their journey, and contains a complete description of the religion and customs of the Abyssinians, set down with the candor and verbal nakedness of Herodotus. Whatever Christianity the Abyssinians may once have had, their religion now is an odd mixture of Judaism, fetichism, and Christian dogmas, and their morals a perfect reproduction of those in vogue just before the flood; there is no vice or disease of barbarism or of civilization that is not with them of universal acceptance. And the priest Timotheus, the writer of this narrative, gave the Abyssinians abiding in Jerusalem a character no better than that of their countrymen at home.

The Patriarch, with many expressions of civility, gave us into the charge of a monk, who showed us all the parts of the convent we had not seen on a previous visit. The convent is not only a wealthy and clean, but also an enlightened establishment. Within its precincts are nuns as well as monks, and good schools are maintained for children of both sexes. The school-house, with its commodious apartments, was not unlike one of our buildings for graded schools; in the rooms we saw many cases of antiquities and curiosities, from various countries, and specimens of minerals. A map which hung on the wall, and was only one hundred years old, showed the Red Sea flowing into the Dead Sea, and the river Jordan emptying into the Mediterranean. Perhaps the scholars learn ancient geography only.

At twelve the Moslems said prayers in the Mosque of Omar, and at one o'clock the procession was ready to move out of St. Stephen's Gate. We rode around to that entrance. The spectacle spread before us was marvelous. All the gray and ragged slopes and ravines were gay with color and lively with movement. The city walls on the side overlooking the Valley of Jehoshaphat were covered with masses of people, clinging to them like bees; so the defenses may have appeared to Titus when he ordered the assault from the opposite hill. The sunken road leading from St. Stephen's Gate, down which the procession was to pass, was lined with spectators, seated in ranks on ranks on the stony slopes. These were mostly women — this being one of the few days upon which the Moslem women may freely come abroad — clad in pure white, and with white veils drawn about their heads. These clouds of white robes were relieved here and there by flaming spots of color, for the children and slaves accompanied the women, and their dress added blue and red and yellow to the picture. Men also mingled in the throng, displaying turbans of blue and black and green and white. One could not say that any color or nationality was wanting in the spectacle. Sprinkled in groups all over the hill-side, in the Moslem cemetery and beneath it, were like groups of color, and streaks of it marked the descent of every winding path. The Prince of Oldenburg, the only foreign dignitary present, had his tents pitched upon a knoll outside the gate, and other tents dotted the roadside and the hill.

Crowds of people thronged both sides of the road to the Mount of Olives and to Gethsemane, spreading themselves in the valley and extending away up the road of the Triumphal Entry; everywhere were the most brilliant effects of white, red, yellow, gray, green, black, and striped raiment: no matter what these Orientals put on, it becomes picturesque, — old coffee-bags, old rags and carpets, anything. There could not be a finer place for a display than these two opposing hill-sides, the narrow valley, and the winding roads, which increased the apparent length of the procession and set it off to the best advantage. We were glad of the opportunity to see this ancient valley of bones revived in a manner to recall the pageants and shows of centuries ago, and as we rode down the sunken road in advance of the procession, we imagined how we might have felt if we had been mounted on horses or elephants instead of donkeys, and if we had been conquerors leading a triumph, and these people on

either hand had been cheering us instead of jeering us. Turkish soldiers, stationed every thirty paces, kept the road clear for the expected cavalcade. In order to see it and the spectators to the best advantage, we took position on the opposite side of the valley and below the road around the Mount of Olives.

The procession was a good illustration of the shallow splendor of the Orient: it had no order, no uniformity, no organization; it dragged itself along at the whim of its separate squads. First came a guard of soldiers, then a little huddle of men of all sorts of colors and apparel, bearing several flags, among them the green Flag of Moses; after an interval another squad, bearing large and gorgeous flags, preceded by musicians beating drums and cymbals. In front of the drums danced, or rather hitched forward with stately steps, two shabby fellows, throwing their bodies from side to side and casting their arms about, clashing cymbals and smirking with infinite conceit. At long intervals came other like bands with flags and music, in such disorder as scarcely to be told from the spectators, except that they bore guns and pistols, which they continually fired into the air and close over the heads of the crowd, with a reckless profusion of powder and the most murderous appearance. To these followed mounted soldiers in white, with a Turkish band of music — worse than any military band in Italy; and after this the pasha, the governor of the city, a number of civil and military dignitaries and one or two high ulemas, and a green-clad representative of the Prophet, — a beggar on horseback, — on fiery horses which cavorted about in the crowd, excited by the guns, the music, and the discharge of a cannon now and then, which was stationed at the gate of St. Stephen. Among the insignia displayed were two tall instruments of brass, which twirled and glittered in the sun, not like the golden candlestick of the Jews, nor the "host" of the Catholics, nor the sistrum of the ancient Egyptians, but, perhaps, as Moslemism is a reminiscence of all religions, a caricature of all three.

The crush in the narrow road round the hill and the grouping of all the gorgeous banners there produced a momentary fine effect; but generally, save for the spectators, the display was cheap and childish. Only once did we see either soldiers or civilians marching in order; there were five fellows in line carrying Nubian spears, and also five sappers and miners in line, wearing leathern aprons and bearing theatrical battle-axes. As to the arms, we could discover no two guns of the same pattern in all the multitude of guns; like most things in the East, the demonstration was one of show, color, and noise, not to be examined too closely, but to be taken with faith, as we eat dates. A company of Sheridan's cavalry would have scattered the entire army.

The procession, having halted on the brow of the hill, counter-marched and returned; but the Flag of Moses and its guard went on to the camp, at his tomb, there to await the arrival of the pilgrims on the Monday following. And the most gorgeous Moslem demonstration of the year was over.

Charles Dudley Warner.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XVI.

DUBLIN, *August*, 1830.

MY DEAR H——: I should have answered your letter sooner had I before been able to give you any certain intelligence of our theatrical proceedings next week, but I was so afraid of some change taking place in the list of the plays that I resolved not to write until alteration was impossible. The plays for next week are on Monday, Venice Preserved; on Wednesday, The Grecian Daughter; Thursday, The Merchant of Venice. I wish your people may be able to come up, the latter end of the week; I think Romeo and Juliet, and The Merchant of Venice, are nice plays for them to see. But you have, I know, an invitation from Mrs. J—— to come into town on Monday. I do not know whether my wishes have at all influenced her in this, but she has my very best thanks for it, and I know that they will have some weight with you in inclining you to accept it; do, my dearest H——, come if you can. I shall certainly not be able to return to Ardgillan, and so my only chance of seeing you depends upon your coming into Dublin. I wish I had been with you, when you sat in the sun and listened to the wind singing over the sea. I have a great admiration for the wind, not so much for its purifying influences only, as for its invisible power, strength, the quality above all others without which there is neither moral nor mental greatness possible. Natural objects endowed with this invisible power please me best, as human beings who possess it attract me most; and my preference for it over other elements of character is because I think it communicates itself, and that while in contact with it one feels as if it were *catching;* and whether by the shore, when the tide is coming up fast and irresistible, or in the books or intercourse of other minds, it seems to rouse corresponding activity and energy in one's self, persuading one, for the time being, that one is strong. I am sure I have felt taller by three inches, as well as three times more vigorous in body and mind, than I really am, when running by the sea. It seemed as if that great mass of waters, as it rushed and roared by my side, was communicating power directly to my mind as well as my bodily frame, by its companionship. I wish I was on the shore now with you. It is surprising (talking of E——) how instantaneously, and by what subtle, indescribable means, certain qualities of individual natures make themselves felt, — refinement, imagination, poetical sensibility. People's voices, looks, and gestures betray these so unconsciously; and I think more by the manner, a great deal, than the matter of their speech. Refinement, particularly, is a wonderfully subtle, penetrating element; nothing is so positive in its effect, and nothing so completely escapes analysis and defies description. I am glad dear little H—— thought I "grew pretty;" there is a world of discrimination in that sentence of his; and to have made a conquest of Hercules, with my love of and admiration for power, is no mean triumph. To your charge that I should cultivate my judgment in preference to my imagination, I can only answer, "I am ready and willing to do so;" but it is nevertheless not altogether easy for me to do it. My life in London leaves me neither time nor opportunity for any self-culture, and it seems to me as if my best faculties were lying fallow, while a comparatively unimportant talent, and my physical powers, were being taxed to the uttermost. The profession I have embraced is supposed to stimulate powerfully the imagination. I do not find it so; it appeals to mine in a slight degree compared with other pursuits; it is too definite in its object and too confined in its scope to excite my imagination strongly; and, moreover, it carries with it the

antidote of its own excitement in the necessary conditions under which it is exercised. Were it possible to act with one's *mind* alone, the case might be different; but the body is so indispensable, unluckily, to the execution of one's most poetical conceptions on the stage, that the imaginative powers are under very severe though imperceptible restraint. Acting seems to me rather like dancing hornpipes in fetters. And by no means the least difficult part of the business is to preserve one's own feelings warm, and one's imagination excited, whilst one is aiming entirely at producing effects upon others; surrounded, moreover, as one is, by objects which, while they heighten the illusion to the distant spectator, all but destroy it to us of the *dramatis personæ*. None of this, however, lessens the value and importance of your advice, or my own conviction that "mental bracing" is good for me. Mrs. K—— and I have exchanged visits and missed one another; she has sent me a delightful book of yours, Sir Humphry Davy's Consolations in Travel, with which I am enchanted, and about which I want to talk to you; so come and listen to what I have to say, and bring me word how the hay-cutting prospers. My reception on Monday was quite overpowering, and I was escorted back to the hotel, after the play, by a body-guard of about two hundred men, shouting and hurrahing like mad; strange to say, they were people of perfectly respectable appearance. My father was not with us, and they opened the carriage-door and let down the steps, when we got home, and helped us out, clapping, and showering the most fervent expressions of good-will upon me and aunt Dall, whom they took for my mother. One young man exclaimed pathetically, "Oh, I hope ye 're not too much fatigued, Miss Kemble, by your exertions!" They formed a line on each side of me, and several of them dropped on their knees to look under my bonnet, as I ran laughing, with my head down, from the carriage to the house. I was greatly confused and a little frightened, as well as amused and gratified, by their cordial demonstration.

The Mrs. J—— whom I have mentioned in this letter was sister of Miss S——'s dearest friend, Miss W——, and wife of that amiable and eminent man, Chief Baron J——. The humors of a Dublin audience, much as I had heard of them before going to Ireland, surprised and diverted me very much. The second night of our acting there, as we were leaving the theatre by the private entrance, we found the carriage surrounded by a crowd eagerly waiting for our coming out. As soon as my father appeared, there was a shout of "Three cheers for Misther Char-*les!*" then came Dall, and "Three cheers for Misthriss Char-*les!*" then I, and "Three cheers for Miss Fanny!" "Bedad, she looks well by gas-light!" exclaimed one of my admirers. "Och, and bedad, she looks well by daylight too!" retorted another, though what his opportunity for forming that flattering opinion of the genuineness of my good looks had been, I cannot imagine. What further remarks passed upon us I do not know, as we drove off laughing, and left our friends still vociferously cheering. My father told us one day of his being followed up Sackville Street by two beggar-women, between whom the following dialogue passed, evidently with a view to his edification. "Och, but he 's an iligant man, is Misther Char-*les* Kemble!" "An' 'deed, so was his brudher Misther John, thin, a moighty foine man! and to see his *demanour*, puttin' his hand in his pocket and givin' me sixpence, bate all the worrld!" Lord C——, whose tall, lathy figure and prominent teeth were well known to the pauper population of Dublin, having told a tiresome old female beggar, who was pursuing him, to "go along," received the agreeable rejoinder, "Ah! go 'long wid your own self; ye 're like an old comb: all back and taath!" When I was acting Lady Townley, in the scene where her husband complains of her late hours and she insolently retorts, "I won't come home till four, to-morrow morning," and receives the startling reply with which Lord Townley leaves her, "Then, madam, you shall never come home again,"

I was apt to stand for a moment aghast at this threat; and one night during this pause of breathless dismay, one of my gallery auditors, thinking, I suppose, that I was wanting in proper spirit not to make some rejoinder, exclaimed, "Now thin, Fanny!" which very nearly upset the gravity produced by my father's impressive exit, both in me and in the audience.

DUBLIN, FRIDAY, *August* 6, 1830.

MY DEAREST H——: I fear I caused you a disappointment by not writing to you yesterday afternoon, but as it was not until between five and six o'clock that I learned we were not going to Cork, when I thought of writing you to that effect, I found I was too late for the post. I hope still that Dall and I may be able to come to Ardgillan again, but we cannot leave my father alone here, and his departure for Liverpool is at present quite uncertain. I have been trying to reason myself into patience, notwithstanding a very childish inclination to cry about it, which I think I will indulge because I shall be able to be so much more reasonable without this stupid lump in my throat.

I hope I may see you again, dear H——. You are wrong when you say you cannot be of service to me; I can judge better of the value of your intercourse to me than you can, and I wish I could have the advantage of more of it before I plunge back into "toil and trouble." I have two very opposite feelings about my present avocation: utter dislike to it and everything connected with it, and an upbraiding sense of ingratitude when I reflect how prosperous and smooth my entrance upon my career has been. I hope, ere long, to be able to remember habitually what only occasionally occurs to me now, as a comfort and support, that since it was right for me to embrace this profession, it is incumbent upon me to banish all selfish regrets about the surrender of my personal tastes and feelings, which must be sacrificed to real and useful results for myself and others. You see, I write as I talk, still about myself; and I am sometimes afraid that my very desire to improve keeps me occupied too much about myself and will make a little moral egotist of me. Will it be inconvenient to you, sister, if I bring my maid with us? I hope not, as when we go to you we shall have done with Dublin. Perhaps Dall and I could occupy the big room together, and M—— the one I had before, if both are empty. I am going to bid good-by to Miss W—— this morning; I should like her to like me; I believe I should value her friendship as I ought. "Good friends are like the shrubs and trees that grow on a steep ascent: while we toil up and our eyes are fixed on the summit, we unconsciously grasp and lean upon them for support and assistance on our way. God bless you, dear H——. I hope to be with you soon, but cannot say at present how soon that may be. F. A. K.

A very delightful short visit to my friend at Ardgillan preceded my resuming my theatrical work at Liverpool, whence I wrote her the following letter:

LIVERPOOL, *August* 19, 1830.

DEAR H——: I received your letter about an hour ago, at rehearsal, and though I read it with rather dim eyes, I managed to swallow my tears and go on with Mrs. Beverley.

The depth and solemnity of your feelings, my dear H——, on those important subjects of which we have so often spoken together, almost make me fear, sometimes, that I am not so much impressed as I ought to be with their *awfulness*. I humbly hope I *fear* as I ought, but it is so much easier for me to love than to fear, that my nature instinctively fastens on those aspects of religion which inspire confidence and impart support, rather than those which impress with dread. I was thinking the other day how constantly in all our prayers the loftiest titles of might are added to that name of names, "Our Father," and yet his power is always less present to my mind than his mercy and love. You tell me I do not know you, and that may very well be, for one really *knows*

no one; and when I reflect upon and attempt to analyze the various processes of my own rather shallow mind, and find them incomprehensible, I am only surprised that there should be so much mutual affection in a world where mutual knowledge and understanding are really impossible. For your sake I wish my brains were more on a par with yours; though to myself my inferiority is gratifying, rather than otherwise, for it is pleasant to feel weaker and less gifted than those we love, and to be able with reason to look up to and rely upon them. This is no mock humility, dear H——, you know, nor am I at all disposed to quarrel with my own peculiar gifts; but I think my small plot of cultivable ground better fitted to produce flowers, or even fruit (gooseberries, for instance), than the bread which is the staff of life.

My side-ache was much better yesterday. I believe it was caused by the pain of leaving you and Ardgillan; any strong emotion causes it, and I remember when I last left Edinburgh having an attack of it that brought on erysipelas. You say you wish to know how Juliet does. Why, very well, poor thing. She had a very fine first house indeed, and her success has been as great as you could wish it; out of our ten nights' engagement, Romeo and Juliet is to be given four times; it has already been acted three successive nights to very great houses. To-night it is The Gamester, to-morrow Venice Preserved, and on Saturday we act at Manchester, and on Monday here again. You will hardly imagine how irksome it was to me to be once more in my stage-trappings, and in the glare of the theatre instead of the blessed sunshine in the country, and to hear the murmur of congregated human beings instead of that sound of many waters, that wonderful sea-song, that is to me like the voice of a dear friend. I made a great effort to conquer this feeling of repugnance to my work, and thought of my dear Mrs. Harry, whom I have seen, with a heart and mind torn with anxiety, leave poor Lizzy on what seemed almost a death-bed, to go and do her duty at the theatre. That was something like a trial. There was a poor old lady, of more than seventy years of age, who acted as my nurse, who helped also to rouse me from my selfish morbidness — age and infirmity laboring in the same path with rather more cause for weariness and disgust than I have; she may have been working, too, only for herself, while I am the means of helping my own dear people, and many others; she toils on, unnoticed and neglected, while my exertions are stimulated and rewarded by success and the approval of every one about me, and yet my task is sadly distasteful to me; it seems such useless work that but for its very useful pecuniary results I think I would rather make shoes. You tell me of the comfort you derive, under moral depression, from picking stones and weeds out of your garden. I am afraid that antidote would prove insufficient for me; the weeds would very soon lie in heaps in my lap, and the stones accumulate in little mountains all round me, while my mind was sinking into contemplations of the nature of *slow quicksands*. Violent bodily exercise, riding, or climbing up steep and rugged pathways are my best remedies for the blue devils.

My father has received a pressing invitation from Lord and Lady W—— to go to their place, Heaton, which is but five miles from Manchester. I believe we shall only go there (if at all) for a day or two, as we can hardly avoid doing so altogether, for they are pressing for the fulfillment of a promise which it seems my father made some time ago, without much expecting that it would be insisted upon.

You say to me in your last letter that you could not live at the rate I do; but my life is very different now from what it was while with you. I am silent and quiet and oppressed with irksome duties, and altogether a different creature from your late companion by the sea-shore. It is true that *that* was my natural condition, but if you were here with me now, in the midst of all these unnatural sights and sounds, I do not think I should

weary you with my overflowing life and spirits, as I fear I did at Ardgillan. I was as happy there as the birds that fly in the clear sky above the sea, and much happier, for I had your companionship in addition to the delight which mere existence is in such scenes. I am glad Lily made and wore the wreath of lilac blossoms; I was sure it would become her. Give her my love and thanks for having done as I asked her. Remember me to Mrs. K——; I am glad she approved of Bayard's cerebral development. [Bayard was a favorite horse.] I was won by the expression of his face. I am sorry now you did not put me upon him for a few minutes on the lawn. I should have sat very passively on his back, and he is too noble-natured to have taken advantage of my want of power over him; I have great faith in his looks, and will ride him the next time I am with you. Oh, do not wish Ardgillan fifteen miles from London! Even for the sake of seeing you, I would not bring you near the smoke and dirt and comparative confinement of such a situation; I would not take you from your sea and sky and trees, even to have you within reach of me.

Certainly it is the natural evil of the human mind, and not the supernatural agency in the story of its development, that makes Macbeth so terrible; it is the hideousness of a wicked soul, into which enter more foul ingredients than are held in the witches' caldron of abominations, that makes the play so tremendous. I wish we had read that great work together. How it contrasts with what we did read, The Tempest, that brightest creation of a wholesome genius in its hour of happiest inspiration!

I am so sorry for the loss of Mr. H——'s election and his sister's disappointment. She must have felt it sadly.

I believe some people think it presumptuous to pray for any one but themselves; but it seems to me strange to share every feeling with those we love and not associate them with our best and holiest aspirations; to remember them everywhere but there where it is of the utmost importance to us all to be remembered; to desire all happiness for them, and not to implore in their behalf the Giver of all good. I think I pray even more fervently for those I love than for myself. Pray for me, my dear H——, and God bless you and give you strength and peace. Your affectionate

F. A. K.

I have not seen the railroad yet; if you do not write soon to me, we shall be gone to Manchester.

My objection to the dramatic profession on the score of its uselessness, in this letter, reminds me of what my mother used to tell me of Miss Brunton, who afterwards became Lady Craven; a very eccentric as well as attractive and charming woman, who contrived, too, to be a very charming actress, in spite of a prosaical dislike to her business, which used to take the peculiar and rather alarming turn of suddenly, in the midst of a scene, saying aside to her fellow-actors, "What nonsense all this is! Suppose we don't go on with it." This singular expostulation my mother said she always expected to see followed up by the sudden exit of her lively companion, in the middle of her part. Miss Brunton, however, had self-command enough to go on acting till she became Countess of Craven, and left off the *nonsense* of the stage for the *earnestness* of high life.

A very serious cause for depression had added itself to the weariness of spirit with which my distaste for my profession often affected me. While at Liverpool, I received a letter from my brother John which filled me with surprise and vexation. After his return from Germany he had expressed his determination to go into the church; and we all supposed him to be in the country, zealously engaged in the necessary preparatory studies. Infinite, therefore, was my astonishment to receive from him a letter dated from Algeciraz, in Spain, telling me that he and several of his college companions, Sterling, Barton, French, and Boyd among others, had determined to lend the aid of their enthusiastic sympathy to the cause of liberty in Spain. The "cause of liberty

in Spain" was then represented by the rash and ill-fated rising of General Torridos against the Spanish government, that protean nightmare which in one form or another of bigotry and oppression has ridden that unfortunate country up to a very recent time, when civil war has again interfered with apparently little prospect of any better result. My distress at receiving such unexpected news from my brother was aggravated by his forbidding me to write to him or speak of his plans and proceedings to any one. This concealment, which would have been both difficult and repugnant to me, was rendered impossible by the circumstances under which his letter reached me, and we all bore together, as well as we could, this severe disappointment and the cruel anxiety of receiving no further intelligence from John for a considerable time. I was bitterly grieved by this letter, which clearly indicated that the sacred profession for which my brother had begun to prepare himself, and in which we had hoped to see him erelong honorably and usefully laboring, was as little likely to be steadily pursued by him as the legal career which he had renounced for it. Richard Trench brought home a knowledge of the Spanish tongue which has given to his own some beautiful translations of Calderon's masterpieces; and his early crusade for the enfranchisement of Spain has not militated against the well-deserved distinction he has achieved in the high calling to which he devoted himself. With my brother, however, the case was different. This romantic expedition canceled all his purposes and prospects of entering the church, and Alfred Tennyson's fine sonnet addressed to him when he first determined to dedicate himself to the service of the temple is all that bears witness to that short-lived consecration: it was poetry, but not prophecy.

MANCHESTER, *September* 3, 1830.

MY DEAREST H——: I received your letter and the pretty Balbriggan stockings, for which I thank you very much, quite safely. I have not been able to put pen to paper till now, and even now do not know whether I can do more than just tell you that we have heard nothing further whatever from my brother. In his letter to me he said that he would write home whenever he could do so safely, but that no letter of ours would reach him; and indeed I do not now know where he may be. From the first moment of hearing this intelligence, which has amazed us all so much, I have felt less miserable than I could have thought possible under the circumstances; my mind, I think, has hardly taken hold of the truth of what has come so unexpectedly upon me. The very impossibility of relieving one's suspense, I suppose, compels one not to give way to its worst suggestions, which may, after all, be unfounded. I cannot communicate with him, and must wait patiently till he can write again; he is in God's hand, and I hope and pray that he may be guided and protected. My great anxiety is to keep all knowledge of his having even gone abroad, if possible, from my mother. She is not in a state to bear such a shock, and I fear that the impossibility of ascertaining anything about him at present, which helps *me* to remain tolerably collected, would almost drive her distracted. She believes him, as we all did till lately, on a visit to Mr. Donne, in Norfolk; and until my father is with her to prepare and support her for the intelligence, I shall be most anxious it should be kept from her.

The news of the revolt in the Netherlands, together with the fact that one of our dear ones is away from us in scenes of peril and disturbance, has, I think, shaken my father's purpose of sending Henry to Heidelberg. It is a bad thing to leave a boy of eighteen so far from home control and influences, and he is of a sweet, affectionate, gentle disposition, that makes him liable to be easily led and persuaded by the examples and counsels of others. Moreover, he is at the age when boys are always in some love-scrape or other, and if he is left alone at Heidelberg, in his own unassisted weakness, at such a distance from us all, I should not be surprised to hear

that he had constituted himself the lord and master of some blue-eyed *fräulein* with whom he could not exchange a dozen words in her own vernacular, and had become a *dis*-respectable *pater familias* at nineteen. In the midst of all the worry and anxiety which these considerations occasion, we are living here a most unsettled, flurried life of divided work and pleasure. We have gone out to Heaton every morning after rehearsal, and come in with the W——s in the evening, to act. I think to-night we shall sleep there after the play, and come in with the W——s after dinner to-morrow. They had expected us to spend some days with them, and perhaps after our Birmingham engagement we may be able to do so. Heaton is a charming specimen of a fine country-house, and Lady W—— a charming specimen of a fine lady; she is handsome, stately, and gentle. I like Lord W—— better than I did; he is clever, or rather accomplished, and refined. They are both of them very kind to me, and most pressing in their entreaties that we should return and stay as long as we can with them. To-morrow is my last night here; on Monday we act at Birmingham, and my father thinks we shall be able to avail ourselves of the invitation of our Liverpool friends, and witness the opening of the railroad. This would be a memorable pleasure, the opportunity of which should certainly not be neglected. I have been gratified and interested this morning and yesterday by going over one of the largest manufactories of this place, where I have seen a number of astonishing processes, from the fusing of iron in its roughest state to the construction of the most complicated machinery and the work that it performs. I have been examining and watching and admiring power-looms, and spinning-jennies, and every species of work accomplished by machinery. But what pleased me most of all was the process of casting iron. Did you know that the solid masses of iron-work which we see in powerful engines were many of them cast in molds of sand?—inconstant, shifting, restless sand! The strongest iron of all, though, gets its strength beaten into it.

BIRMINGHAM, *September* 7, 1830.

You see, my dearest H——, how my conversations are liable to be cut short in the midst; just at the point where I broke off, Lord and Lady W—— came to fetch us out to Heaton, and until this moment, when I am quietly seated in Birmingham, I have not been able to resume the thread of my discourse. I once was told of a man who had been weather-bound at some port, whence he was starting for the West Indies; he was standing on the wharf, telling a long story to a friend, when a fair wind sprang up and he had to hurry on board; two years after, returning thence, the first person he met on landing was his friend, whom he accosted with, "Oh, well, and so, as I was telling you," etc. But I cannot do that, for my mind has dwelt on new objects of interest since I began this letter, and my visit to Heaton has swept sand and iron and engines all back into the great warehouse at Manchester, for a time, whence I may draw them at some future day for your edification.

Lady W—— possesses, to a great degree, beauty, that "tangible good" which you admire so much; she has a bright, serene countenance, and very sweet and noble eyes and forehead. Her manner is peculiarly winning and simple, and to me it was cordially kind, and even affectionate.

During the two days which were all we could spare for Heaton, I walked and rode and sang and talked, and was so well amused and pleased that I hope after our week's work is over here we may return there for a short time. I must tell you of a curious little bit of *ancientry* which I saw at Heaton, which greatly delighted me: a "rush-bearing." At a certain period of the year, generally the beginning of autumn, it was formerly the wont in some parts of Lancashire to go round with sundry rustic mummeries to all the churches, and strew them with rushes. The religious intention of the custom has passed away,

but a pretty rural procession, which I witnessed, still keeps up the memory of it hereabouts. I was sitting at my window, looking out over the lawn, which slopes charmingly on every side down to the house, when the still summer air was suddenly filled with the sound of distant shouts and music, and presently the quaint pageant drew in sight. First came an immense wagon piled with rushes in a stack-like form, on the top of which sat two men holding two huge nosegays. This was drawn by a team of Lord W——'s finest farm-horses, all covered with scarlet cloths and decked with ribbons and bells and flowers. After this came twelve country lads and lasses, dancing the real old morris-dance, with their handkerchiefs flying, and in all the rustic elegance of apparel which they could command for the occasion. After them followed a very good village band, and then a species of flowery canopy, under which walked a man and woman covered with finery, who, Lord W—— told me, represented Adam and Eve. The procession closed with a *fool* fantastically dressed out, and carrying the classical bladder at the end of his stick. They drew up before the house and danced their morris-dance for us. The scraps of old poetry which came into my head, the contrast between this pretty picture of a bygone time and the modern but by no means unpicturesque group assembled under the portico, filled my mind with the pleasantest ideas, and I was quite sorry when the rural pageant wound up the woody heights again, and the last shout and peal of music came back across the sunny lawn. I am very glad I saw it. I have visited, too, Hopwood Hall, an enchanting old house in the neighborhood of Heaton, some parts of which are as old as the reign of Edward the First. The gloomy but comfortable oak rooms, the beautiful and curious carving of which might afford one days of entertaining study, the low, latticed windows and intricate, winding, up-and-down passages, contrasted and combined with all the elegant adornments of modern luxury, and the pretty country in which the house is situated, all delighted me. I must leave off writing to you now; I have to dress, and dine at three, which I am sorry for. Thank you for Mrs. Hemans's beautiful lines, which made me cry very heartily. I have not been altogether well for the last few days, and am feeling tired and out of spirits; if I can get a few days' quiet enjoyment of the country at Heaton, I shall feel fitter for my winter work than I do now.

MANCHESTER, *September* 20, 1830.

MY DEAREST H——: I did not answer your letter which I received at Heaton, because the latter part of my stay there was much engrossed by walking, riding, playing battledore and shuttlecock, singing, and being exceedingly busy all day long about nothing. I have just left it for this place, where we stop to-night on our way to Stafford; Heaton was looking lovely in all the beauty of its autumnal foliage, lighted by bright autumnal skies, and I am rather glad I did not answer you before, as it is a consolatory occupation to do so now.

I am going with my mother to stay a day at Stafford with my godmother, an old and attached friend of hers, after which we proceed into Buckinghamshire to join my aunt Dall and Henry and my sister, who are staying there; and we shall all return to London together for the opening of the theatre, which I think will take place on the first of next month. I could have wished to be going immediately to my work; I should have preferred screwing my courage to my professional tasks at once, instead of loitering by way of pleasure on the road. Besides that, in my visit to Buckinghamshire I come in contact with persons whose society is not very agreeable to me. My mother, however, made a great sacrifice in giving up her fishing, which she was enjoying very much, to come and chaperon me at Heaton, where there is no fishing so good as at Aston Clinton, so that I am bound to submit cheerfully to her wishes in the present instance. But I do not like Lady D——, and I do not like that rollicking parson, her son, and I do not like fishing, for

a combination of reasons that, I am sure, will make you laugh. I do not think it right to destroy life merely for amusement, and *if I did*, the wretches don't come to be killed fast enough to please me.

You probably have by this time heard and read accounts of the opening of the railroad, and the fearful accident which occurred at it, for the papers are full of nothing else. The accident you mention *did* occur, but though the unfortunate man who was killed bore Mr. Stephenson's name, he was not related to him. I will tell you something of the events on the 15th, as, though you may be acquainted with the circumstances of poor Mr. Huskisson's death, none but an eye-witness of the whole scene can form a conception of it. I told you that we had had places given to us, and it was the main purpose of our returning from Birmingham to Manchester to be present at what promised to be one of the most striking events in the scientific annals of our country. We started on Wednesday last, to the number of about eight hundred people, in carriages constructed as I before described to you. The most intense curiosity and excitement prevailed, and, though the weather was uncertain, enormous masses of densely packed people lined the road, shouting and waving hats and handkerchiefs as we flew by them. What with the sight and sound of these cheering multitudes and the tremendous velocity with which we were borne past them, my spirits rose to the true champagne height, and I never enjoyed anything so much as the first hour of our progress. I had been unluckily separated from my mother in the first distribution of places, but by an exchange of seats which she was enabled to make she rejoined me when I was at the height of my ecstasy, which was considerably damped by finding that she was frightened to death, and intent upon nothing but devising means of escaping from a situation which appeared to her to threaten with instant annihilation herself and all her traveling-companions. While I was chewing the cud of this disappointment, which was rather bitter, as I had expected her to be as delighted as myself with our excursion, a man flew by us, calling out through a speaking-trumpet to stop the engine, for that somebody in the directors' carriage had sustained an injury. We were all stopped accordingly, and presently a hundred voices were heard exclaiming that Mr. Huskisson was killed; the confusion that ensued is indescribable: the calling out from carriage to carriage to ascertain the truth, the contrary reports which were sent back to us, the hundred questions eagerly uttered at once, and the repeated and urgent demands for surgical assistance, created a sudden turmoil that was quite sickening. At last we distinctly ascertained that the unfortunate man's thigh was broken. From Lady W——, who was in the duke's carriage and within three yards of the spot where the accident happened, I had the following details the horror of witnessing which we were spared through our situation behind the great carriage. The engine had stopped to take in a supply of water, and several of the gentlemen in the directors' carriage had jumped out to look about them. Lord W——, Count Batthyany, Count Matuscenitz, and Mr. Huskisson among the rest were standing talking in the middle of the road, when an engine on the other line, which was parading up and down merely to show its speed, was seen coming down upon them like lightning. The most active of those in peril sprang back into their seats; Lord W—— saved his life only by rushing behind the duke's carriage, and Count Matuscenitz had but just leaped into it, with the engine all but touching his heels as he did so; while poor Mr. Huskisson, less active from the effects of age and ill health, bewildered too by the frantic cries of "Stop the engine! Clear the track!" that resounded on all sides, completely lost his head, looked helplessly to the right and left, and was instantaneously prostrated by the fatal machine, which dashed down like a thunderbolt upon him, and passed over his leg, smashing and mangling it in the most horrible way. (Lady W——

said she distinctly heard the crushing of the bone.) So terrible was the effect of the appalling accident that, except that ghastly "crushing" and poor Mrs. Huskisson's piercing shriek, not a sound was heard or a word uttered among the immediate spectators of the catastrophe. Lord W—— was the first to raise the poor sufferer, and calling to aid his surgical skill, which is considerable, he tied up the severed artery, and for a time, at least, prevented death by loss of blood. Mr. Huskisson was then placed in a carriage with his wife and Lord W——, and the engine having been detached from the director's carriage conveyed them to Manchester. So great was the shock produced upon the whole party by this event that the Duke of Wellington declared his intention not to proceed, but to return immediately to Liverpool. However, upon its being represented to him that the whole population of Manchester had turned out to witness the procession, and that a disappointment might give rise to riots and disturbances, he consented to go on, and gloomily enough the rest of the journey was accomplished. We had intended returning to Liverpool by the railroad, but Lady W——, who seized upon me in the midst of the crowd, persuaded us to accompany her home, which we gladly did. Lord W—— did not return till past ten o'clock, at which hour he brought the intelligence of Mr. Huskisson's death. I need not tell you of the sort of whispering awe which this event threw over our whole circle; and yet, great as was the horror excited by it, I could not help feeling how evanescent the effect of it was, after all. The shuddering terror of seeing our fellow-creature thus struck down by our side, and the breathless thankfulness for our own preservation, rendered the first evening of our party at Heaton almost solemn; but the next day the occurrence became a subject of earnest, it is true, but free discussion; and after that was alluded to with almost as little apparent feeling as if it had not passed under our eyes, and within the space of a few hours.

I have heard nothing of my brother; my mother distresses me by talking of him, ignorant as she is of what would give her so much more anxiety about him. I feel, while I listen to her, almost guilty of deceit; and yet I am sure we were right in doing for her what she cannot do for herself, keeping her mind as long as possible in comparative tranquillity about him.

Our Sunday at Heaton terminated with much solemn propriety by Lord W—— reading aloud the evening prayers to the whole family, visitors, and servants assembled; a ceremony which, combined and contrasted with so much of the pomps and vanities of the world, gave me a pleasant feeling towards these people, who live in the midst of them without forgetting better things. I mean to make studying German and drawing (and endeavoring to abate my self-esteem) my principal occupations this winter. I have met at Heaton Lord Francis Leveson Gower, the translator of Faust. I like him very much; he is a young man of a great deal of talent, with a charming, gentle manner, and a very handsome, sweet face. Good-by, dear H——. Write to me soon, and direct to No. 79 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. I should like to find a letter from you there, waiting for me.

Our arrangement for driving in to the theatre from Heaton compelled me once or twice to sit down to dinner in my theatrical costume, a device for saving time in dressing at the theatre which might have taxed my self-possession unpleasantly; but the persons I was surrounded by were all singularly kind and amiable to me, and my appearing among them in these picturesque fancy-dresses was rather a source of amusement to us all. Many years after, a lady who was not staying in the house but was invited from the neighborhood to dine at Heaton one evening, told me how amazed she had been on the sudden wide opening of the drawing-room doors to see me enter, in full mediæval costume of black satin and velvet, cut Titan fashion, and with a long, sweeping train, for which apparition she had not been previously prepared. Of

Lord W—— I have already spoken, and have only to add that in spite of his character of a mere dissipated man of fashion he had an unusual taste for and knowledge of music, and had composed some that is not destitute of merit; he played well on the organ, and delighted in that noble instrument, a fine specimen of which adorned one of the drawing-rooms at Heaton. Moreover, he possessed an accomplishment of a very different order, a remarkable proficiency in anatomy, which he had studied very thoroughly. He had made himself enough of a practical surgeon to be able, on the occasion of the fatal accident which befell Mr. Huskisson on the day of the opening of the railroad, to save the unfortunate gentleman from bleeding to death on the spot, by tying up the femoral artery, which had been severed. His fine riding in the hunting-field and on the race-course was a less peculiar talent among his special associates. Lady W—— was strikingly handsome in person and extremely attractive in her manners. She was tall and graceful, the upper part of her face, eyes, brow, and forehead were radiant and sweet, and, though the rest of her features were not regularly beautiful, her countenance was noble and her smile had a peculiar charm of expression at once winning and mischievous. My father said she was very like her fascinating mother, the celebrated Miss Farren. She was extremely kind to me, petting me almost like a spoiled child, dressing me in her own exquisite riding-habit and mounting me on her own favorite horse, which was all very delightful to me. My father and mother probably thought the acquaintance of these distinguished members of the highest English society advantageous to me in some respects, as calculated to keep up the fashion of enthusiasm about me; they may have thought it in other ways likely to advance my worldly interests, and I have no doubt they felt both pride and pleasure in the notice bestowed upon me by persons so much my superiors in rank, and had a natural sympathy in my enjoyment of all the gay grandeur and kindly indulgence by which I was surrounded at Heaton. I now take the freedom to doubt how far they were judicious in allowing me to be so taken out of my own proper social sphere. It encouraged my taste for the luxurious refinement and elegant magnificence of a mode of life never likely to be mine, and undoubtedly increased my distaste for the coarse and common details of my professional duties behind the scenes, and the sham splendors of the stage. The guests at Heaton of whom I have a distinct remembrance were Mr. and Lady Harriet Baring, afterwards Lord and Lady Ashburton. I knew them both in after-life, and liked them very much; Mr. Baring was highly cultivated and extremely amiable; his wife was much cleverer than he, and in many respects a remarkable woman. The beautiful sisters, Anne and Isabella Forrester, with their brother Cecil, were at Heaton at this time. They were celebrated beauties: the elder, afterwards Countess of Chesterfield, was a brunette; the younger, who married Colonel Anson, the most renowned lady-killer of his day, was a blonde; and they were both of them exquisitely pretty, and used to remind me of the French quatrain, —

"Vous êtes belle, et votre sœur est belle;
Entre vous deux, tout choix serait bien doux.
L'Amour était blond, comme vous,
Mais il aimait une brune, comme elle."

They had beautiful figures as well as faces, and dressed peculiarly and so as to display them to the greatest advantage. Long and very full skirts gathered or plaited all round a pointed waist were then the fashion; these lovely ladies, with a righteous scorn of all disfigurement of their beauty, wore extremely short skirts, which showed their thoroughbred feet and ankles, and were perfectly plain round their waists and over their hips; with bodies so low on the shoulders and bosom that there was certainly as little as possible of the perfections of their beautiful persons concealed. I remember wishing it were consistent with her comfort and the general decorum of modern manners that Isabella Forrester's gown could only slip entirely off her exquisite bust. I suppose I felt as

poor Gibson, the sculptor, who, looking at his friend and pupil's, Miss Hosmer's, statue of Beatrice Cenci, the back of which was copied from that of Lady A—— T——, exclaimed in his slow, measured, deliberate manner, "And to think that the cursed prejudices of society prevent my seeing that beautiful back!" Count and Countess Batthyany (she the former widow of the celebrated Austrian general, Bubna, a most distinguished and charming woman) were visitors at Heaton at this time, as was also Henry Greville, with whom I then first became acquainted, and who from that time until his death was my kind and constant friend. He was for several years attached to the embassy in Paris, and afterwards had some small nominal post in the household of the Duchess of Cambridge, and was Gentleman Gold-Stick in waiting at court. He was not in any way intellectually remarkable; he had a passion for music and was one of the best society singers of his day, being (that, to me, incomprehensible thing) a *mélomane* for one kind of music only. Passionately fond of Italian operatic music, he did not understand and therefore cordially detested German music, — Beethoven, its preëminent genius, preëminently. He was absolutely without affectation, and therefore when he protested this to me, I was obliged to believe that he really had but one ear to his head. I do not think that he would have gone even the length of admitting with Costa that Beethoven's Leonora was "gran bella cosa," even with the great Italian leader's addition, "é gran seccatura." He had a passion for the stage; but though he delighted in acting he did not particularly excel in it. He had a taste for everything elegant and refined, and his small house in May-Fair was a perfect casket full of gems. He was a natural exquisite, and perfectly simple and unaffected, a great authority in all matters of fashion both in Paris and in London, and a universal favorite, especially with the women, in the highest society of both capitals. Every one of the various beautiful chairs in his drawing-rooms had been wrought by a different pair of fair hands especially for him, and his great and fine lady friends filled them with exquisite flowers and their own radiant presence whenever he gave one of his delightful little dinners or musical parties. His social position, friendly intimacy with several of the most celebrated musical and dramatic artists of his day, passion for political and private gossip, easy and pleasant style of letter-writing, and general rather supercilious fastidiousness used sometimes to remind me of Horace Walpole. He had a singularly kind heart and amiable nature, for a life of mere frivolous pleasure had not impaired the one or the other. His serviceableness to his friends was unwearied, and his generous liberality towards all whom he could help either with his interest, his trouble, or his purse was unfailing.

I have spoken in my last letter to Miss S—— of seeing a rush-bearing, and an exceedingly pretty sight it was. All the information I could obtain with regard to this picturesque mummery was that it had been observed from time immemorial in that part of Lancashire under the name of the rush-bearing, and had originated in the practice of strewing the church with rushes, which obtained in earlier times, when that species of carpet was the only one resorted to on occasions of high state, in the banquet and ball rooms of palaces and at the greatest court and civic festivities.

The whole gay party assembled at Heaton, my mother and myself included, went to Liverpool for the opening of the railroad. The throng of strangers gathered there for the same purpose made it almost impossible to obtain a night's lodging for love or money; and glad and thankful were we to put up with and be put up in a tiny garret by our old friend, Mr. Radley, of the Adelphi, which many would have given twice what we paid to obtain. The day opened gloriously, and never was an innumerable concourse of sight-seers in better humor than the surging, swaying crowd that lined the railroad with living faces. How dreadfully that brilliant opening was over-

cast I have described in the letter given above. After this disastrous event the day became overcast, and as we neared Manchester the sky grew cloudy and dark, and it began to rain. The vast concourse of people who had assembled to witness the triumphant arrival of the successful travelers was of the lowest order of mechanics and artisans, among whom great distress and a dangerous spirit of discontent with the government at that time prevailed. Groans and hisses greeted the carriage, full of influential personages, in which the Duke of Wellington sat. High above the grim and grimy crowd of scowling faces, a loom had been erected, at which sat a tattered, starved-looking weaver, evidently set there as a *representative man*, to protest against this triumph of machinery, and the gain and glory which the wealthy Liverpool and Manchester men were likely to derive from it. The contrast between our departure from Liverpool and our arrival at Manchester was one of the most striking things I ever witnessed. The news of Mr. Huskisson's fatal accident spread immediately, and his death, which did not occur till the evening, was anticipated by rumor. A terrible cloud covered this great national achievement, and its success, which in every respect was complete, was atoned for to the Nemesis of good fortune by the sacrifice of the first financial statesman of the country.

Frances Anne Kemble.

MAPLES.

Amid this maple avenue, on the brow
Of this cool hill, while summer suns were bold,
No gaudier coloring could I then behold
Than the deep green of many a breezy bough;
But up the foliaged vista gazing now,
Where autumn's halcyon brilliancies unfold,
And opulent scarlet blends with dazzling gold,
I feel my wandering fancy dream of how,
In some old haughty city, centuries since,
Before the coming of some conqueror-prince
Back from famed fights with all his war-worn bands,
While jubilant bells in tower and steeple swung,
Down over sculptured balconies were hung
Great gorgeous tapestries out of Eastern lands!

Edgar Fawcett.

EARLY PROVENÇAL POETRY.

It is not easy to say how much of the interest of the new Provençal literature is due to the ancient dignity of its name, and to a kind of reflected lustre which it receives from the far-away glories of the old. Yet when we come to look carefully for the connection and resemblance between the two, we shall be surprised to find how slight these are. Nearly all the modern literatures of Europe owe as much to the early Provençal poetry as the literature of the troubadours' land itself does. Nay, it has seemed until very lately as if France had been the smallest heir to the rich legacy of modern song, if not completely disinherited. The truth is that the literature of the troubadours, childish in spirit, but precociously mature and beautiful in form, perished early by violence and without issue. Aliens had already caught the spirit of it, and imitated its music with more or less success; but six hundred years were to elapse before a school of poetry would arise in which we might reasonably look for a true family-likeness to this the first untutored outburst of modern minstrelsy. The likeness may be traced, no doubt, but it is faint and fleeting. The early Provençal literature stands before us as something unique, integral, immortally youthful, and therefore unconscious of its own range and limitations, pathetic from the brevity of its course, a development of art without an exact parallel in the world's history.

There has never been a more brilliant analysis of what may be called the *technique* of the troubadour poetry than Sismondi's in his Literature of the South of Europe. He does no less than furnish a key to the whole mystery of modern versification, and whoever would study that versification as an art ought to bestow the most careful attention on Sismondi's first four chapters. But even Sismondi has his prepossessions; and in particular we are inclined to think that he lays too much stress on the influence of the Arabs, at least over the *forms* of modern verse. There is no doubt that the frequent incursions of the Saracens into the south of France, during the three centuries preceding the year 1000, influenced powerfully the imagination of the inhabitants of Provence, and furnished them with subjects for an abundant ballad-literature of a crude order, slight but sufficient traces of which remain. But the mutual aversion of Christian and Infidel was then at its height; the Maçarabins or mixed Arabians, — Christian Goths, who under special circumstances accepted the amnesty of their Mussulman conquerors and lived peaceably under their sway, and on whose influence in diffusing Oriental culture Sismondi lays great stress, — were shunned as the vilest of apostates; and although these were the days of Haroun Al Raschid and his son, Al Mamoun, under whom every branch of Moorish art flourished amazingly, there seems no good reason to suppose that the Christians borrowed more from the Saracens in the department of poetry than they did in that of constructive architecture or general decoration. There are words of Arabian origin in the Romance language, and there are many more of Greek origin, preserved from that long period of Greek occupation and civilization which antedated even the Roman conquest. But the language as a whole remains Latin, modified by the speech of the northern barbarians, and the first of a family of such languages to produce a literature.

And as with the form of this literature, so with its substance and inspiration. We have elsewhere traced what seems to us the unbroken descent — through the Latin hymnology of the earlier Middle Age — of the troubadour *measures*, in which, as in all modern verse, the effect depends upon accent, while in classic measures the effect depends upon quantity. It is possible, although by no means, certain, that the

first idea of those terminal rhymes which were destined to play so important a part in the new poetry may have been derived from Oriental compositions, of which they were a conspicuous ornament. But at all events, it was in the cell of the Christian monk that the seeds of poetic as of all other culture were kept and fostered as carefully as the flowers of the convent-garden, through the troubled season of the first Christian millennium. During that most dreary time of transition, Christianity was slowly spreading among the half-savage races which had replaced the Romans and their colonists in the south of Europe, and adopting and assimilating to itself certain of the native barbarian ideas. Prominent among these was that serious, almost superstitious respect for woman which seems a birthright of the northern nations. It was a notion wholly at variance with the view of classic paganism, but one which the spirit of Christianity favored. The grand primitive passion, the love of man for woman, received a sort of theoretic consecration, and the virgin mother of Jesus Christ became one of the chief objects of public worship. And then in the period of reaction and exhilaration which followed the close of the tenth century and the relief from that harrowing presentiment of the end of the world and the last judgment which had prevailed almost everywhere as the first millennial year approached, at the time also of the final repulse of the Saracens in the southwest, then, if ever, chivalry, or the adventurous service of God and womankind, took systematic shape, and the Crusades were its first outgrowth in action, and the love-poetry of the troubadours, or minstrels of the south, its first symmetrical expression in art.

Many volumes have been written on the position and profession of the troubadour; charming volumes, too, which are accessible to almost every reader. Yet when all is gathered which can be certainly known, how strange a phenomenon he remains to our modern eyes! How much is still left to the imagination! We know that he was usually attached to the household of a great seignior or the court of a reigning sovereign, and was a frequent, though, as it would seem, voluntary attendant on their distant expeditions. We know that it was his *métier*, or at any rate a principal part of it, to select some lady as the object, for the time being, of his formal worship, and to celebrate her charms and virtues in those melodious numbers, the secret of whose infinitely variable beauty he himself never ceased to regard as a kind of miraculous discovery or revelation. We know that while the singer was sometimes even of kingly rank, oftener a poor cavalier who had need to live upon his skill in *finding*, and oftener yet a man of humble birth whom genius was readily allowed to ennoble, the lady-love was almost always of exalted station; frequently, by the operation of the Salic law, a great heiress in her own right; and that hence her hand was certain to have been disposed of for prudential or political reasons before she had any choice in the matter. There were reasons, therefore, besides total depravity, why she was regularly a married woman. We know that, theoretically, chivalric love was a something mystical and supersensual; but that the courts of love sanctioned much which the courts of law, even of those days, forbade. We know that a seignior and a husband could regard with complacency, not to say pride, the ceremonial devotion of his vassal to his wife; yet that he was liable to be visited, when all things appeared most picturesque and prosperous, by movements of what we cannot help regarding as a natural jealousy, and impulses to deadly revenge. We know that in the great majority of cases there came a "sombre close" to the troubadour's "voluptuous day," and that his life of amatory adventure and artificially stimulated emotion was apt to end in the shadow of the cloister. We seem, in fine, to see him as an airy, graceful, *insouciant* figure, who sports and sings along a dainty path, skirting the sheer and lofty verge of the great gulf of human passion; and the student will probably decide, from his own

knowledge of human nature, in what proportion of cases he kept his perilous footing upon the flowery heights, and in what he plunged headlong into the raging deeps below.

So much for the man; and now a word or two more about his work. Let it be understood that we are to speak of the *chansons* or love-songs chiefly. There is another great body of troubadour literature, coming under the general head of *sirventes* and comprising narrative and satirical poems, which, though full and overfull of suggestions about the manners of the time, have, as a rule, no great literary merit. The chief wonder of the chansons is, and must ever be, the contrast between the consummate beauty and immense variety of their forms, and the simplicity, the sameness, and the frequent triviality of their sentiments. In this respect troubadour poetry is like Greek sculpture. The technical excellence of it is so incredible that we cannot help regarding it as something spontaneous, half-unconscious, — *found*, as the troubadours themselves so strikingly said, rather than learned, — which no care and patience of deliberate effort could ever quite have attained. Sismondi complains of the monotony of the troubadour compositions; that they begin by amazing and end by disappointing the student. But they can disappoint, it seems to us, only him who is predetermined to seek for more than is in them. It is little to say that they show no depth of thought. They contain hardly any thought at all. The love of external nature is represented in them alone by the poet's perennial rapture at the return of spring; spring, which terminated his winter confinement and set him free to wander over the sunny land; spring, with its mysterious but everlastingly intimate association with thoughts of love. Of sensuous imagery of any kind these poems contain very little, which is another reason for distrusting the theory of Arabian origin and influence. They are "all compact" of primary emotion, of sentiment pure and simple; and, as such, they rank in the scale of expression between music and ordinary poetry, partaking almost as much of the nature of the former as of the latter, which again is one reason why, although the rules of their language are simple, these lyrics are often so very obscure, — so elusive, rather, and intangible in their meaning. Their words are like musical notes, not so much signs of thought as symbols of feeling, which almost defy an arbitrary interpretation, and must be rendered in part by the temperament of the performer.

And herein will be found our excuse, or rather our reason, for having, in the versions which we have attempted, preserved at all hazards the measure and movement of the originals, the lines of widely varying length, the long-sustained and strangely distributed rhymes. The reader who cares to examine these originals — to which he is referred — will find the rendering not always close, according to the present high standard of accuracy; but where form is so wonderfully paramount to sense, a likeness in form seems of the first importance, and the rest has to come somewhat as Heaven pleases. Strictly speaking, however, some of these versions, at least, should rather be called paraphrases.

Our selections have been made, with one or two exceptions, from Raynouard's Choix des Poésies originales des Troubadours, first published in 1816, or three years later than Sismondi's analysis of the structure of the troubadour verse. In a note to one of his later editions, Sismondi expresses himself as disappointed in many ways in the collection of Raynouard; chiefly because, like other bodies of elegant extracts, it shows little of the coarser side of the Provençal poetry, and thus fails to illustrate its range. Out of the two or three hundred poets whom Raynouard specifies, we, however, shall have mentioned in this series of articles barely a score, and may certainly be pardoned for having selected those of their strains which we found most delicate and sweet, and which seemed to us to exhibit, with the least defacement from the license of the time, the sublimated ideal of that lisping, short-lived

school of song.[1] We have also preferred those authors whose names are most associated with contemporary history, and if we dared hope that our imperfect versions might evoke around the reader anything resembling the Corôt-like atmosphere haunted by simple bird-notes, with which we felt ourselves invested during the dark winter-days while we were transcribing them, we should be more than content.

It is matter for rejoicing that the first of the troubadours whose works are well authenticated was a sovereign who figured somewhat conspicuously in the history of his time, so that his most important piece can be exactly dated, and the rest approximately. The ease and finish of William of Poitiers's versification, and the fact that his was a life of constant war and crowded adventure, in which poetry can have been only a pastime, forbid us to suppose that he was really the father of Provençal song. But although, as the editor of Sainte Palaye dryly observes in the notice of William in his Histoire littéraire des Troubadours, it is the quality of the poetry that concerns us, not that of the poet, it is doubtless to the quality of the poet that we owe the preservation of the poetry.

William IX., Count of Poitiers and Duke of Aquitaine, was born in 1071, and succeeded in his fifteenth year to the sovereignty of a region comprising, besides Gascony and the northern half of Aquitaine, Limousin, Berry, and Auvergne. He grew up bold in war, unscrupulous in wit, and unbridled in love, a man of many crimes, but famed for the courtesy of his manners, and capable of generous and even pious *retours*, as the French call them. He is, in fact, one of the first distinctly knight-like figures we have, a character of which the strong tints and picturesque outlines yet stand out clearly from the faded canvas of history. Of the many anecdotes preserved concerning him we give, on the authority of William of Malmesbury, one which piquantly illustrates his usual attitude toward the clergy and the church. In William's forty-third year, the Bishop of Poitiers excommunicated him on account of one of the many scandals with which his name was associated. When the bishop began his formula, William fiercely drew his sword and threatened to kill him if he went on. The prelate made a feint of pausing, and then hurriedly pronounced the rest of the sentence. "And now you may strike," said he, "for I have done." "No," replied William, coolly putting up his sword, "I don't like you well enough to send you to Paradise!" Many of William's amatory poems are unfit for translation, and there is too much reason to suppose that they describe adventures of his own; but some are wholly noble and refined, and seem to show that the fine ideal of chivalric love was already formed even in so stormy a breast as William's. We give a specimen of one of these last. It is in the favorite spring key: —

Behold, the meads are green again,[2]
The orchard-bloom is seen again,
Of sky and stream the mien again
Is mild, is bright;
Now should each heart that loves obtain
Its own delight.

But I will say no ill of love,
However slight my guerdon prove:
Repining doth not me behoove;
And yet — to know
How lightly she I fain would move
Might bliss bestow!

There are who hold my folly great,
Because with little hope I wait;
But one old saw doth animate
And me assure:
Their hearts are high, their might is great,
Who well endure.

Almost alone of the great nobles of Southern Europe, William resisted the

[1] And it need hardly be said that so far as we have treated this poetry at all, we have treated it seriously. Like all modes of exclusively sentimental expression, it is easily open to ridicule, but the entire literature can hardly have partaken in its day of the nature of a joke. Those, however, who desire to see it travestied with considerable ability, and the stories of its chief masters flippantly and amusingly told from a thoroughly modern and rather vulgar point of view, are recommended to a little book entitled, The Troubadours: their Loves and Lyrics, by John Rutherford, published in London by Smith and Elder, 1873.

[2] "Pus vezem de novelh florir," etc. (Raynouard, vol. v., p. 117.)

call of Raymond of Toulouse to the first Crusade in 1095, but when, in 1099, the great news arrived of the capture of Jerusalem, and an appeal was made for the reënforcement of the small garrison left in the Holy Land, William was overcome and prepared to go; and the second of his pieces which we have attempted to render was composed early in the year 1101, on the eve of his departure: —

Desire of song hath taken me,[1]
Yet sorrowful must my song be.
No more pay I my fealty
In Limousin or Poitiers.

Since I go forth to exile far,
And leave my son to stormy war,
To fear and peril, for they are
No friends who dwell about him there,

What wonder, then, my heart is sore
That Poitiers I see no more,
And Fulk of Anjou must implore
To guard his kinsman and my heir?

If he of Anjou shield him not,
And he who made me knight,[2] I wot
Many against the boy will plot,
Deeming him well-nigh in despair.

Nay, if he be not wondrous wise
And gay and ready for enterprise,
Gascons and Angevins will rise,
And him into the dust will bear.

Ah, I was brave, and I had fame
But we are sundered all the same.
I go to him in whose great name
Confide all sinners everywhere.

Surrendering all that did elate
My heart, all pride of steed or state,
To him on whom the pilgrims wait,
Without more tarrying I repair.

Forgive me, comrade most my own,
If aught of wrong I thee have done!
I lift to Jesus on his throne,
In Latin and Romance, my prayer.

Oh, I was gallant, I was glad,
Till my Lord spake and me forbade;
But now the end is coming sad,
Nor can I more my burden bear.

Good friends, when that indeed I die,
Pay me due honor where I lie;
Tell how in love and luxury
I triumphed still, or here or there.
But farewell now, love, luxury
And silken robes, and minnevair![3]

The suggestions of this *naïve* lament are almost infinite. In the first place, it is impossible to doubt that it came straight from the heart of the writer, and expresses without the faintest disguise his conflicting emotions. As the outburst of a reckless, vehement, voluptuous nature, under a sort of moral arrest or conviction, it is touchingly frank. A second summons to the Holy Land had come, one which it would be palpable dishonor to disregard. If the going thither might serve by way of expiation of former sins of sense and violence, the ducal poet felt bound to go, since he had more upon his conscience in that way than he could comfortably sustain. But he makes not the faintest pretense to enthusiasm, religious or other. It is grievous to him to leave his own realms, the scene of all his pleasures and triumphs. He really loved his child and would have enjoyed superintending his education in knightly exercises, and to abandon him to the attacks and encroachments of jealous neighbors was intolerable. It is evident also that he put no very implicit faith in the disinterestedness either of his seignior or of Fulk of Anjou. Never did his home-life look more alluring, and the notion of turning his back upon it at the Lord's behest was altogether melancholy. He feels that he cannot long survive such a sacrifice, yet that he has hardly a choice about making it. The allusion in the eighth stanza, apparently to his comrade in arms, is positively tender, and the impulse which leads him to request in the closing lines that he may be honored after his death for those things in which he did really delight and excel is almost droll in its honesty. We have lingered the longer over these personal revelations because they are, after all, the soul of literary history, and we shall find only too little of the sort in most of the remaining songs which we shall cite. It remains to add that William's presentiment of martyrdom was not realized. He escaped the manifold disasters of the campaign of 1101, and returned within

[1] Pus de chantar m'es pres talens," etc. (Raynouard, vol. iv., p. 83.)

[2] Philip I. of France, William's suzerain.

[3] The movement of these two specimens is almost the same, but William was master of a variety of measures, and sometimes managed trochaic verse with great skill, as in the song beginning "Farai cansoneta nova."

two years to his native land. With characteristic levity, he afterwards applied himself, in the brief intervals of his struggles with Alphonse Jourdain for the possession of Toulouse, to the composition of a long narrative poem in which he seems to have detailed in a rather humorous fashion the events of that tragic Syrian campaign; but the poem, though frequently mentioned, has not been preserved. He died in 1127 at the age of fifty-six.

Very little is known concerning the life and character of Marcabrun, the author of our next specimen. The question has even been raised whether the Crusade mentioned in this little sirvente were the Crusade of 1147 or that of St. Louis, preached in 1269. The former is more probable. The Louis named in the fourth stanza was presumably Louis VII., the first husband of Queen Eleanor of England, who accompanied him on this Crusade, and Marcabrun must therefore have been contemporary, for a few years at least, with William of Poitiers. In the twenty or more pieces ascribed to him, there are but few allusions to love, and Marcabrun alone, of all the troubadours, is not known ever to have been himself a subject of the tender passion. The contrast is curious between the highly artificial structure of the following verses — one rhyme five times repeated and the others separated by the length of an entire stanza — and the extreme simplicity and obviousness of the sentiments.

A fount there is, doth overfling [1]
Green turf and garden walks; in spring
A glory of white blossoming
Shines underneath its guardian tree,
And new-come birds old music sing;
And there, alone and sorrowing
I found a maid I could not cheer,

Of beauty meet to be adored,
The daughter of the castle's lord;
Methought the melody outpoured
By all the birds unceasingly,
The season sweet, the verdant sward,
Might gladden her, and eke my word
Her grief dismiss, would she but hear.

Her tears into the fountain fell;
With sorry sighs her heart did swell.
"O Jesus, king invisible,"
She cried, "of thee is my distress!
Through thy deep wrong bereft I dwell.
Earth's best have bidden us farewell,
On thee at thine own shrine to wait.

"And my true love is also gone,
The free, fair, gentle, valiant one;
So what can I but make my moan?
And how the sad desire suppress
That Louis' name were here unknown?
The prayers, the mandates, all undone
Whereby I am made desolate?"

Soon as I heard this plaintive cry,
Moving the limpid wave anigh,
"Weep not, fair maid, so piteously,
Nor waste thy roses!" thus I cried;
"Neither despair, for he is by
Who wrought this leafy greenery,
And he will give thee joy one day."

"Seigneur, I well believe," she said,
"Of God I shall be comforted
In yonder world when I am dead,
And many a sinful soul beside;
But now hath he prohibited
My chief delight. I bow my head,
But heaven is very far away."

Even more studied in structure, but also more musical, than the above are the few love-poems of Peter of Auvergne, who was born near the time of William of Poitiers's death, and whose career of nearly a century, lasting at least until 1214, won for him the surname of the Ancient. In the old manuscript Lives of the Troubadours [2] Peter of Auvergne is described as having risen by his genius from a humble station to be the favored companion of princes. "He made," observes the monkish historian, "better-sounding verses than had ever been made before his time, especially one famous verse about the short days and long nights. He made no song [chanson], for at that time no poems were called songs, but verses, and Sir Giraud de Borneil made the first chanson that ever was made. But he was graced and honored by all worthy men and women,

[1] "A la fontana del nergier," etc. (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 375.)

[2] Of these there are two collections, made by the monks and still preserved in the original manuscripts. One of these was made in the twelfth century, by Carmentière, a monk of the Isles of Thiers, under the direction of Alphonso II., King of Aragon and Count of Provence. The other was made near the close of the fourteenth century by a Genoese, called The Monk of the Isles of Gold, who completed and corrected the work of Carmentière. In 1576 Jean Nostradamus compiled from these and other sources his rather apocryphal Lives of the Provençal Poets, and Crescimbeni in his Stória della Volgar Poesie has made a good selection from Nostradamus.

and was held to be the best troubadour in the world before the days of Giraud de Borneil. He praised himself and his own songs a great deal, and blamed the other troubadours," — both of which assertions his remains abundantly confirm; "and," adds the biographer, who occasionally makes a parade of citing an authority, "the Dauphin of Auvergne, who was born in his day, has told me that he lived long and honorably in the world, and finally went into his order and died." A few verses out of the longest and most elaborate of Peter's love-lyrics will suffice as a specimen of his manner: —

"Now unto my lady's dwelling [1]
Hie thee, nightingale, away,
Tidings of her lover telling,
Waiting what herself will say;
Make thee 'ware
How she doth fare,
Then, her shelter spurning,
Do not be,
On any plea,
Let from thy returning.

"Come, thine utmost speed compelling,
Show her mien, her state, I pray!
All for her is my heart swelling;
Comrades, kindred, what are they?
Joyous bear
Through the air,
Wheresoever turning,
Zealously,
Fearlessly,
All thy lesson learning!"

When the bird of grace excelling
Lighted on her beauty's ray,
Song from out his throat came welling,
As though night had turned to day.
Then and there
He did forbear,
Until well discerning
Hear would she,
Seriously,
All his tale of yearning.

And so on through the three stanzas of the poet's formal message to his lady, as delivered by the bird. The text is very obscure in parts, and is given with unusual variations by different compilers, and the reiterated rhyme grows well-nigh impossible to imitate, ever so remotely. In the seventh stanza, where the lady's answer begins, a second set of rhymes is adopted, and this is preserved through the latter half of the poem.

All that is known of Guirand le Roux, the author of our next specimen, is very interesting, and intimately associates the poet's name with some of the famous persons and events of his time. The manuscript Lives of the Troubadours contain only this brief notice of him: "Girandos le Rox was of Toulouse, the son of a poor cavalier who came to serve at the court of his seignior, the Count Alphonse. He was courteous and a fine singer, and became enamored of the countess, the daughter of his seignior, and the love which he bore her taught him how to find [*trobar*], and he made many verses." Now the Count Alphonse here mentioned was Alphonse Jourdain, second son of Raymond de Saint Gilles, the ardent and self-devoted captain of the first Crusade. Alphonse himself was born in the Holy Land and baptized by his father in the Jordan, whence his surname. Raymond, as is well known, took a vow to die where Christ had died, and performed it; and his elder son Bertrand followed his example, resigning the county of Toulouse to his brother Alphonse, then a lad of thirteen or fourteen, when he left for Syria in 1109. For ten years our old friend William of Poitiers disputed with varying fortune the right of Alphonse to Toulouse. After this the latter, having established his claim, reigned in peace until he himself fulfilled the family destiny by joining the second Crusade; and the poems of Guirand le Roux all belong to the period between 1120 and 1147, the date of that Crusade; probably, also, to the last ten years of that period. As for Guirand's lady-love, the only daughter of Alphonse mentioned in trustworthy history is a natural one, who accompanied her father to the Holy Land and there became the wife, or a wife, of Sultan Noureddin, and the heroine of some wonderfully romantic adventures. And though Sainte Palaye, or his editor, insists that a natural daughter never had the title of countess, and even persuades himself of a certain Faidide married to Humbert III. of Sicily, there is little reason for doubting the identity of Guirand's mistress with the brilliant heroine of Eastern story. At all events, he, almost alone of the troubadours, loved

[1] "Rossinhol en son repaire," etc. (Parnasse Occitanien, page 138.)

one woman only, and sang of love exclusively, in strains of unfailing dignity and refinement. Here is one, of which the high-flown devotion, whimsical but not unmanly, reminds us a little of the latest and noblest lyrics of chivalry, the melodies of Lovelace, Wotton, and Montrose. Observe, as in our last specimen, the rhymes corresponding in successive stanzas: —

Come, lady, to my song incline,[1]
The last that shall assail thine ear.
None other cares my strains to hear,
And scarce thou feign'st thyself therewith delighted;
Nor know I well if I am loved or slighted;
But this I know, thou radiant one and sweet,
That, loved or spurned, I die before thy feet!

Yea, I will yield this life of mine
In very deed, if cause appear,
Without another boon to cheer.
Honor it is to be by thee incited
To any deed; and I, when most benighted
By doubt, remind me that times change and fleet,
And brave men still do their occasion meet

Thus far we have quoted minor poets only, but our next name is one of the most illustrious in Provençal literature. The long and conspicuous life of Bernard of Ventadorn — or Ventadour — teems with historic associations, and the works which he has left would fill a volume by themselves. We must confine ourselves to the briefest outline of his life, resisting the temptation of its fascinating details, and to a few passages taken almost at random from poems which are fairly embarrassing from the abundance of their beauty.

In Bernard we have once more, as so often among the troubadours, the association of lowly birth with lovely gifts. He was a son of the baker at the castle Ventadorn, the seat of the viscounts of that name, long famous among the petty sovereigns of Southern France for their enthusiastic patronage of the poetic art. Bernard's own seignior was Ebles III., of whom the Prior of Vigeois records, in his chronicle, that he "loved even to old age the songs of *alacrity*" ("usque ad senectam carmina alacritatis dilexit"). But Bernard was forty years old when Ebles died, consequently the latter was yet in his early prime when Bernard was born at Ventadorn, not far from the year 1130, and he speedily discovered and carefully cultivated the boy's talent. The not unnatural result was that the young troubadour selected, as the object of his melodious homage, the youthful second wife of Ebles, Adelaide of Montpellier. And here let the monkish biographer take up the tale: "She [Adelaide] was a very lively and gentle lady, and was highly delighted with Bernard's songs, so that she became enamored of him and he of her. . . . And their love had lasted a good while before her husband perceived it, but when he did he was angry and had the lady very closely watched and guarded, wherefore she dismissed Bernard, and he went quite out of the country. He betook himself to the Duchess of Normandy, who was illustrious and much admired and well versed in matters of fame and honor, and knew how to award praise. And the songs of Bernard pleased her mightily, wherefore she gave him a most cordial welcome, and he resided at her court a long time, and was in love with her and she with him; and he made many fine songs about it. But while he was staying with her, the King of England, her husband, removed her from Normandy, and Bernard remained here, sad and sorrowful." Now this second royal lady - love of our aspiring poet was none other than the celebrated Eleanor, president of one of the most illustrious of the courts of love, the granddaughter of William of Poitiers, the divorced wife of Henry VII. of France, the wife of Henry II. of England, the merciless but by no means immaculate censor of the fair Rosamond Clifford, and the mother of Richard Cœur de Lion. When Bernard entered her service, in 1152, Eleanor was thirty-three years old, and fully ten years the senior both of the troubadour and of her husband, Henry II. But her beauty was perennial; she had other charms which did not depend upon the freshness of youth, and her personal prestige was destined to last unweakened for many a long year, and to survive extraordinary vicissitudes of lot. If Ber-

[1] "Aniatz la derreira chanso." (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 12.)

nard were ever profoundly in earnest, he would seem to have been so in some of the lines which he addressed to Eleanor; but he was a very troubadour of the troubadours in his constant mingling of levity and tenderness, of graceful *insouciance* with keen and sudden pathos. Our first extract belongs to Adelaide's time, and though sufficiently far from simple, these verses have in them something of the fresh enthusiasm, half-confident and half-jealous, of a first experience: —

No marvel is it if I sing[1]
Better than other minstrels all;
For more than they am I love's thrall,
And all myself therein I fling, —
Knowledge and sense, body and soul,
And whatso power I have beside;
The rein that doth my being guide
Impels me to this only goal.

His heart is dead whence doth not spring
Love's odor, sweet and magical;
His life doth ever on him pall
Who knoweth not that blessed thing;
Yea, God, who doth my life control,
Were cruel did he bid me bide
A month, or even a day, denied
The love whose rapture I extol.

How keen, how exquisite the sting
Of that sweet odor! At its call
An hundred times a day I fall
And faint, an hundred rise and sing!
So fair the semblance of my dole,
'T is lovelier than another's pride;
If such the ill doth me betide,
Good hap were more than I could thole!

Yet haste, kind Heaven, the sundering
True swains from false, great hearts from small!
The traitor in the dust bid crawl,
The faithless to confession bring!
Ah, if I were the master sole
Of all earth's treasures multiplied,
To see my lady satisfied
Of my pure faith, I 'd give the whole!

And here are some fugitive strains out of that ever-recurring spring melody which no singer tried oftener or executed more sweetly than Bernard of Ventadorn.

When tender leafage doth appear,[2]
And vernal meads grow gay with flowers,
And aye with singing loud and clear
The nightingale fulfills the hours,
I joy in him and joy in every flower
And in myself, and in my lady more.
For when joys do inclose me and invest,
My joy in her transcendeth all the rest.

The following exhales the true spring sadness: —

Well may I hail that lovely time[3]
When opening buds proclaim the spring,
And, in the *thickening boughs*, their chime
The birds do late and early ring.
Ah, then anew
The yearning cometh strong
For bliss more true,
Whose lack my soul doth wrong,
Which, if I have not, I must die erelong!

The next is not quite so tender: —

When leaves expand upon the hawthorn-tree,[4]
And the sun's rays are dazzling grown and strong,
And birds do voice their vows in melody
And woo each other sweetly all day long,
And all the world sways to love's influence,
Thou only art unwilling to be won,
Proud beauty, in whose train I mope and moan
Denied, and seem but half a man to be.

Then there is a very fanciful little piece in an odd but melodious measure, which runs thus: —

Such is now my glad elation,[5]
All things change their seeming;
All with flowers — white, blue, carnation —
Hoary frosts are teeming;
Storm and flood but make occasion
For my happy scheming;
Welcome is my song's oblation,
Praise outruns my dreaming.
Oh, ay! this heart of mine
Owns a rapture so divine
Winter doth in blossoms shine,
Snow with verdure gleaming!

When my love was from me riven,
Steadfast faith upbore me;
She for whom I so have striven
Seems to hover o'er me;
All the joys that she hath given
Memory can restore me;
All the days I saw her, even,
Gladden evermore me.
Ah, yes! I love in bliss;
All my being tends to this;
Yea, although her sight I miss,
And in France deplore me.

Yet, if like a swallow flying
I might come unto thee,
Come by night where thou art lying,
Verily I 'd sue thee,
Dear and happy lady, crying,
I must die or woo thee,
Though my soul dissolve in sighing
And my fears undo me.
Evermore thy grace of yore
I with folded hands adore,
On thy glorious colors pore
Till despair goes through me.

This threatens to become commonplace. Nevertheless the whole of the

[1] "Non est merevelha s'ieu chan," etc. (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 44.)

[2] "Quand erba vertz e fuelha par," etc. (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 53.)

[3] "Bels m'es qu' ieu chant in aiselh mes," etc. (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 77.)

[4] "Quand la fuelha sobre l'albre s'espan," etc. (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 49.)

[5] "Tant ai mon cor plen de joya," etc. (Parnasse Occitanien, page 7.)

lyric sings itself in a very remarkable manner; and the remainder, which need not be inflicted on the reader, is interesting from an allusion it contains to the story of Tristram and Iseult, with which the poet probably became acquainted in Normandy, and the date of which is thus removed as far back at least as the middle of the twelfth century. We now subjoin, though with much diffidence, from our conscious inability to do them justice, portions of two songs in Bernard's most perfect style, both of which appear to have been addressed to Eleanor, the one perhaps while she was yet in Normandy, the other after her departure for England.

When I behold on eager wing [1]
The sky-lark soaring to the sun,
Till e'en with rapture faltering
He sinks in glad oblivion,
Alas, how fain to seek were I
The same ecstatic fate of fire!
Yea, of a truth I know not why
My heart melts not with its desire!

Methought that I knew everything
Of love. Alas, my lore was none!
For helpless now my praise I bring
To one who still that praise doth shun,
One who hath robbed me utterly
Of soul, of self, of life entire,
So that my heart can only cry
For that it ever shall require.

For ne'er have I of self been king,
Since the first hour, so long agone,
When to thine eyes bewildering,
As to a mirror, I was drawn.
There let me gaze until I die;
So doth my soul of sighing tire
As at the fount, in days gone by,
The fair Narcissus did expire.

The metre of the next is more constraining: —

When the sweet breeze comes blowing [2]
From where thy country lies,
Meseems I am foreknowing
The airs of Paradise.
So is my heart o'erflowing
For that fair one and wise,
Who hath my glad bestowing
Of life's whole energies,
For whom I agonize
Whithersoever going.

I mind the beauty glowing,
The fair and haughty eyes,
Which, all my will o'erthrowing,
Made me their sacrifice.
Whatever mien thou 'rt showing,
Why should I this disguise?
Yet let me ne'er be ruing
One of thine old replies:
Man's daring wins the prize,
But fear is his undoing.

We come now to the name of William of Cabestaing, and the reader is requested to accept for just what it is worth the tragic tradition of him and his lady-love. Incredible as the tale appears, it is given with but trifling variations by an unusual number of writers, and in the absence of all conflicting testimony we, at least, shall not attempt to mar its horrible unity. Listen to the ancient biographer: —

"William of Cabestaing was a cavalier of the country of Rossillon, which borders on Catalonia and Narbonne. He was a very attractive man in person, and accomplished in arms and courtesy and service. Now in his country there was a lady called Lady Soremonda" (elsewhere she is called Margaret), "the wife of Raymond of Castle Rossillon; and Raymond was high-born and evil-minded, brave and fierce, rich and proud. And William of Cabestaing loved the lady exceedingly and made songs about her, and the lady, who was young and gay, noble and fair, cared more for him than for any one else in the world. And this was told to Raymond of Castle Rossillon, who, being a jealous and passionate man, made inquiries and found that it was true, and set a watch over his wife. And there came a day when Raymond saw William pass with but few attendants, and he killed him. Then he had his head cut off, and the heart taken out of his body. And the head he had carried to his castle, and the heart he had cooked and seasoned, and gave it to his wife to eat. And when the lady had eaten it, Raymond of Castle Rossillon said to her, 'Do you know what you have eaten?' She said, 'No, except that it was a very good and savory viand.' Then he told her that it was the heart of William of Cabestaing which she had eaten, and to convince her he made them show her the head, which when the lady saw and heard she swooned, but presently came to herself

[1] "Quand vei la laudeta mover," etc. (Raynouard, vol iii., p. 68.)

[2] "Quand la dosò aura venta." (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 84.)

and said, 'My lord, you have given me such excellent food that I shall eat no more at all.' When he heard this he sprang upon her with his sword drawn and would have smitten her upon the head, but she ran to the balcony and flung herself over, and perished on the spot. The tidings flew through Rossillon and all Catalonia that William of Cabestaing and the lady had come to this dreadful end, and that Raymond had given William's heart to the lady to eat. And there was great sorrow and mourning in all that region, and at last the story was told to the King of Aragon, who was the seignior both of Raymond of Castle Rossillon and of William of Cabestaing. Then the king went to Perpignan, in Rossillon, and summoned Raymond to appear before him. And when Raymond was come the king had him seized, and took away from him all his castles and everything else which he had, and caused the castles to be destroyed, and put him in prison. But William of Cabestaing and the lady he had conveyed to Perpignan and buried under a monument before the door of the church, and the manner of their death he had depicted on the monument, and gave orders that all the ladies and cavaliers in the country of Rossillon should visit the monument every year. And Raymond of Castle Rossillon died miserably in the King of Aragon's prison." This king must have been Alphonse II., who held the suzerainty of Rossillon in 1181, and who had no successor of his own name upon the throne of Aragon for nearly two hundred years. The severity of the punishment which he inflicted marks the deep impression made by Raymond's brutal revenge, and the extraordinary loathing which it excited. The story was too fascinating in its horror not to be repeated with other names, and accordingly we have the tale of Raoul (or Renard), Châtelain de Coucy, who died at the siege of Acre in 1192 and in his last moments requested the friend who attended him to have his heart preserved and to carry it home to his mistress, the Lady of Fayel. The Lord of Fayel intercepted the relic and followed the example of Raymond of Rossillon, and the lady starved herself to death. De Coucy's commission was a probable one enough, and accords with the reckless romanticism of the time; but the end of the story is doubtless borrowed from that of the lovers of Rossillon. Read by the lurid light of this monstrous tale, the verses of William of Cabestaing seem animated by a peculiarly personal force and intensity, and if the reader does not discover this in the following specimens, he may consider the translator to blame: —

There is who spurns the leaf, and turns[1]
The stateliest flower of all to cull;
So on life's topmost bough sojourns
My lady, the most beautiful!
Whom with his own nobility
Our Lord hath graced, so she may move
In glorious worth our lives above,
Yet soft with all humility.

Her pleading look my spirit shook
And won my fealty long ago;
My heart's-blood stronger impulse took,
Freshening my colors; and yet so,
No otherwise discovering
My love, I bode. Now, lady mine,
At last, before thy throngèd shrine,
I also lay my offering.

The next is more fervid and exalted:

The visions tender[2]
Which thy love giveth me
Still bid me render
My vows in song to thee;
Gracious and slender
Thine image I can see,
Where'er I wend, or
What eyes do look on me.
Yea, in the frowning face
Of uttermost disgrace,
Proud would I take my place
Before thy feet,
Lady, whose aspect sweet
Doth my poor self efface,
And leave but joy and praise.
. . . . . .
Who shall deny me
The memory of thine eyes?
Evermore by me
Thy lithe, white form doth rise.
If God were nigh me
Alway, in so sure wise,
Quick might I hie me
Into his Paradise!

This was, perhaps, the strain which the troubadour was trying on the day when Raymond overtook him "followed by but few attendants."

[1] "Aissi cum selh que laissa 'l fuelh." (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 113.)

[2] "La dous consire." (Raynouard, vol. iii.)

Harriet W. Preston.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Mr. Lundy's title[1] is somewhat misleading. It is not really the *art* of the early Christians with which he concerns himself, for his book does not take even so much as a glance at the æsthetic aspects of the contents of the Catacombs; it is only the *symbolism* of this art that he is interested in. A work which should present, within moderate compass and with criticisms both philosophic and appreciative, the curious art-history that may be traced in the subterranes of Rome would be extremely useful, for the publications of Bosio, De Rossi, Didron, F. Piper (of Berlin), and others of that class are too archæological in their direction to be of use to the art-student without long research. However, when the reader has checked his disappointment at Mr. Lundy's failure to fill this gap, he will still find much that is very interesting in the present volume. But another abatement must be made, more serious than the first. That Mr. Lundy's ideas are not so clear as might be desired, even as to the nature of symbols, which form a chief part of his subject, this passage at once reveals: "Properly speaking, then, the symbol is used to express pure and sublime ideas of God, as clearly and concisely as possible. It is the root, trunk, and flower of all figurative representation of idea and thought. It is obvious and plain. It differs from allegory in this respect, which represents one thing and means another. The symbol *means only what it represents*. . . . The symbol requires but a glance to comprehend its meaning. The allegory is complicated; the symbol is unique. The allegory is a luxurious plant with many branches; the symbol is a half-opened rosebud containing the beautiful flower." To say nothing of the confusion of metaphor which makes "the root, trunk, and flower" synonymous with "the half-opened rosebud," or of the mistaken use of "unique," we may confine ourselves to the singular cloudiness of the author's definition of a symbol. In the phrase which we have italicized he entirely loses the distinction between representative and vicarious symbols; this is especially strange, because the majority of the symbols with which he has to deal mean things wholly other than those which they represent. That a symbol, too, "is obvious and plain" is so far from being true that Mr. Lundy elsewhere admits that "symbolism is a veiled expression;" and his own book would have been reduced to one half its actual bulk, if he had not found in the symbols before him a great deal which had to be explained. Neither would these have been used at all by the early Christians, if they had been "obvious and plain." For, according to the view of all writers on this subject, and of Mr. Lundy himself, the Roman professors of the new faith adopted the plan of painting their underground chapels and tombs with designs to understand which required special initiation. This was one measure of protection against heathen investigation, and formed a part of the Disciplina Arcani (or Arcana, as others phrase it), the "secret discipline" of the church, to which the author devotes a chapter. This discipline he connects with the pagan "mysteries" which had prevailed before Christ's advent, showing how the Christian mysteries observed, like the pagan, different degrees of initiation, but eliminated the debasing elements of the latter, and made it possible for the catechumens or novices to pass into the higher classes of *competentes*, or those who had undergone their preparation for baptism, and the *illuminati* or *mystæ*, who composed the highest order. These mysteries culminated in the celebration of the Eucharist at night, shortly before daybreak; and Mr. Lundy reminds us of the mystic import of this system carried on in secrecy and darkness, by tracing it back to Christ's custom of retiring into the country to talk with his disciples and prepare them for their mission. He adds, "The very advent of the Son of God to earth was at night. The Holy Supper was instituted at night. The resurrection itself took place at night." But his reference to allusions in the New Testament, with the aim of showing that mysteries in this sense of the Catacomb practice were a matter of immediate institution among the Apostles, does not seem to prove anything.

[1] *Monumental Christianity, or the Art and Symbolism of the Primitive Church as Witnesses and Teachers of the one Catholic Faith and Practice.* By John P. Lundy, Presbyter. New York: J. W Bouton. 1876.

Most of these allusions are in the writings of Saint Paul, and there is no doubt that his use of the word mystery does not imply something concealed (the usual sense), but on the contrary something hitherto hidden and now *made known*. Furthermore, Mr. Lundy makes bold to instance a place in 1 Corinthians, where the "testimony of God" is spoken of, and to use this as synonymous with "mystery of God." In the Greek, the words employed are entirely distinct from each other. In general, Mr. Lundy's exposition of the Disciplina Arcana lays itself open to a charge of haziness and uncertainty. The view of Monseigneur Gerbet, as cited by the author, is the more probable one, namely, that the use of symbolic paintings and the privacy of worship were due to a fear of pagan interference. The catechumens were probably put into separate chapels because these sepulchral chambers were too small to admit both classes into one apartment. What Mr. Lundy recalls as to the grounds of government opposition to Christianity is worth remembering. He rehearses the well-known facts that Tiberius was disposed to recognize the new religion of Christ, notwithstanding the opposition of the Roman Senate, that Alexander Severus had an image of Christ among his household gods, and that the worship of Isis and Osiris was tolerated by the Romans; and explains that Christians incurred animosity by their refusal to tolerate any part of the heathen religion, as also by their custom of nocturnal worship. All secret meetings were viewed with great severity as being dangerous to the state; the Bacchic festivals had been suppressed on account of the shameful practices of participants in them; and the Christian *agapæ* or love-feasts were dreaded as tending in the same direction. The improprieties of which unworthy Christians were guilty at these meetings furnished a ground for proceeding against the entire body.

The main part of Mr. Lundy's work is devoted to searching among the symbolic paintings for evidences of the early presence of doctrines in the church, in the form which they now retain among Protestant Episcopalians. He remarks on the early reverence for God which allowed the Creator to be represented only by the symbol of a hand (this being interestingly allied with the mystic Hebrew *Yod*, said to mean a hand, which is the first letter of Jehovah's name, and the tenth or perfect number of the Hebrew alphabet); and brings in as evidence of Romish corruption the growing audacity which first introduced God as a wearer of the human form, and finally portrayed him as Pope, in full canonicals. Another chapter is devoted to Jesus Christ as Divine, another to the favorite symbolic representation of the Good Shepherd, and one treats of Jesus Christ as Human. In the latter, the author discusses the growth of the Madonna-cult. This is one of the most striking of his themes, but it can be found in much more concise and scholarly form in Marriott's Church in the Catacombs, which Mr. Lundy does not mention in his appended list of "books in the author's library," — a heading which savors of obtrusive pride. Jesus Christ as Sufferer, Hades, The Tree of Life, The Holy Ghost, The Communion of Saints, The Forgiveness of Sins, and Resurrection, make up the rest of the volume. This whole subject of the belief and practice of the primitive Christians of Rome is of the deepest interest; it excites one's keenest sympathies, it is full of pathetic suggestion, it arouses even a dormant sense of reverence. But it seems to us a serious mistake on Mr. Lundy's part to assume that the condition of the Roman Christians ought to determine absolutely the shape of Christian faith to-day, or that it settles beyond question the exact form in which the faith was left by Jesus to his disciples. The earliest records of the Catacombs that have any doctrinal value still leave a wide interval between their time and that of Christ's ministry. Fifty or even a hundred years give ample room for marked developments or modifications to take place in a religious system, even when so near its source. Mr. Lundy makes up the deficiencies of proof, in some cases, by quotations from Celsus and Minutius Felix as opponents of Christianity, and from the patristic writings in its defense. All this is valuable in defining the limits of debate, but the fathers sometimes committed themselves to points which a modern mind cannot accept; and even at that period officers of the church were becoming widely diverse in their opinions, and heresy was abundant. Mr. Lundy cumbers his volume by his extensive and repetitious quotations from the church fathers. But he invites our confidence in his evidence by the most robust example: finding from the monuments that the early Christians prayed to their dead as intercessors, he is himself quite ready to accept this doctrine as supplying the true communion of saints.

He places himself in the main on the generally accepted basis of Episcopalian belief, but having set out to prove the "one catholic faith and practice," his tone is controversial throughout. He attacks Renan, "the infamous Houston" (author of Ecce Homo), and Dr. Draper; he assails the Romish church, in the old abusive fashion, as "the mother of harlots and of all abominations in religion and politics" (page 295), and at the same time quotes with great satisfaction from John Henry Newman (page 230). He of course has his fling or two at the Puritans, but what is more puzzling is that he attacks the Ritualists at one time, and at another waxes wroth with the American General Convention. He takes, in fact, whatever suits his taste, from whatever source; but this seems to be not so much because he is generously catholic, as that he is various in his capacity for prejudice. Opposing a good many people on all sides, he is obliged to recoil upon a centre of some kind of consistent belief which he regards as the single true one; but it is not wholly easy to define even this, beyond its general Episcopalian tendency.

This curious faculty of Mr. Lundy's mind makes him an uncertain guide even in his interpretation of symbols. He shows too easy a fertility of fancy in discussing them, and goes the great length of insisting that the horrible graffito of the Palatine — obviously a caricature if compared with other caricatures of antiquity — is a Christian adaptation of the Egyptian ass-headed god, Anubis, as a type of the crucified Saviour. He also, we think, makes too much of the Cypriote images from the New York Metropolitan Museum, in attributing to them a distinctly cruciform character. What he adduces as to pagan prefigurations of Christ, — for example, Plato's ideal man in The Republic, whose final act of devotion to his kind would be to suffer crucifixion; the crucifixion of the Persian mediator, Mithra; the Hindu story of Krishna; with the singular Asiatic crucifix from Tuam, in Ireland, and the tradition of the Mexican god, Quetzalcoatl, — all this is most suggestive, though not new. It is interesting, also, to speculate in what way the legend of Orpheus may be connected with the life of Jesus; and that the famous Christian monogram of the St. Andrew's cross with the Greek letter P should have been in use on the coins of the Ptolemies, and again on those of Herod the Great, struck forty years before our era, is a fact singularly impressive in itself. But, if we understand Mr. Lundy aright, he deduces from these data the conclusion that there had been many incarnations of the deity before the advent of Jesus; that is, he accepts in a general way the Hindu theory of the Avataras. It would be impossible here to discuss this at length, but Mr. Lundy's conclusion is, to say the least, much more credulously mythological and far less ideal than the Swedenborgian insight into the nature of these precursive conceptions and images that so strongly remind us of Jesus.

Mr. Lundy has missed an opportunity of writing a book which, as presenting a convenient compend of his subject, would have met a real need. As it is, the recent smaller work of the Rev. W. H. Withrow, The Test of the Catacombs, presents a much better executed and more intelligent survey of the field. Mr. Lundy has the advantage in the sumptuous style in which his book is issued, and in the fullness of the illustrations accompanying it, but these illustrations, on the other hand, are many of them poorly executed, and very inferior to those of Marriott. The text of the present publication is full of bad writing. Many errors of grammar appear in it as glaring as this: "The suspicions of the Roman mob that the Jews had set fire to the city, *and who*, when officially examined, implicated the Christians" (page 51), or the following: "This *single* remark or two . . . which *seems*" (page 382). Two things are spoken of as being "on the *same equality*" with each other. Here and there occur, also, passages of very questionable taste indeed, a mild example of which is the author's statement that churches, at first made circular, were afterward shaped as parallelograms, coupled with the facetious comment that the church should always be "on the square" with God. The concluding sentence of the book, too, seems ill-chosen: "Go forth, little book, and the favor of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost go with thee, child of my love and care and anxious thought through all these years of toil and study," etc.

Yet, notwithstanding his inaccuracies, his dubious conclusions, his dogmatism, and other drawbacks, Mr. Lundy is manifestly a well-intending writer, and deserves credit for an elaborate attempt to collect into one volume what has been scattered through many different works. Received with caution, his book will be a useful one.

— In 1770 the Messrs. Langhorne, D. D. and M. A. both, in the preface to their edition of Plutarch's Lives, referred to the first English translation, from which, they scornfully observed, some persons supposed that Shakespeare might have taken suggestions for his Roman plays. This supposition they parried by asking how Shakespeare, unless learned in Greek, got at his soliloquy of "To be or not to be," which they claimed was an almost literal translation from Plato, whose works were not known to have been translated in Shakespeare's time. But Shakespearian criticism is not conducted on this plan now; and the Rev. Walter Skeat has even thought it worth while to reprint seven of the Lives as rendered from the French of Bishop Amyot, by Sir Thomas North, in 1612.[1] (North's first edition, published in 1579, is not now to be found.) A special cause for his choice of the (third) edition of 1612 is the following curious fact. In 1870 a copy of that edition was presented to the Greenock Library, which is supposed to be "*the very copy* once in Shakespeare's own possession." On the probable genuineness of this copy as a part of the great dramatist's library we are not prepared to form a decisive opinion, though Mr. Skeat is evidently satisfied by the presence of the initials W. S. on the title-page, and various other marks of identity, the strongest being certain few marginal notes in the same handwriting, a handwriting which "may very well have been Shakespeare's." The most striking of these annotations is the remark "Brute — Brutus," in brackets, opposite that part of the description of Julius Cæsar's death where Brutus is mentioned. This note is remarkable, because the phrase does not appear in Plutarch, and *does* appear in the play of Julius Cæsar. But, however it may be with regard to the Greenock copy, the main interest of this modern reprint lies in the fact that North's Plutarch was the book from which Shakespeare must have drawn supplies for several of his plays. Any one who reads the lives of Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, and Antony, must always be struck with Shakespeare's independent method of conceiving the subjects, and at the same time must wonder at the close following of Plutarch which appears here and there. The most noticeable instance of the latter, which Mr. Skeat points out, is the correspondence between the opening sentence of the Life of Coriolanus and the speech of Junius Brutus in act ii., scene iii. "Ancus Martius was one, King Numa's daughter's son, who was King of Rome after Tullus Hostilius," is North's phrase, paralleled by —

> "That Ancus Martius, *Numa's daughter's son*,
> Who after great Hostilius here was king."

The passages where specially distinct connection exists are not very numerous, but there are many others worth noticing. As we have hinted, the dissimilarities are quite as interesting as the resemblances; and in the whole study which Mr. Skeat's volume opens up lies one of the most fruitful regions of artistic inquiry. The book itself is edited with admirable care, completeness, and intelligence; and to our thinking it is more charming than any other English version of the author. Not, of course, to be placed on the same level with Clough's clear, chaste, and scholarly translation (that late-perfected result of the faulty old Dryden edition), it still has the spice of Elizabethan *naïveté* which nothing else can have, and is more subtly suggestive, though often less definite, than a more modern rendering is permitted to be.

— There is a satisfaction to the readers of Dr. Dexter's carefully studied pages[2] in the thought that a painstaking rummaging of all the original sources respecting the banishment of Roger Williams has disclosed no new facts or new readings which would reverse the judgment already pronounced by impartial and thorough scholars like Dr. Palfrey and Dr. Ellis. One approaches a new monograph on such a subject with a certain stiffening of the mind. Here we are to have, one says, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and it is hardly likely that we shall get off from the reading without suffering some violent strain upon our prejudice, or rather — if we are talking aloud — upon our settled conviction. Dr. Dexter's attitude toward Roger Williams might have been foreseen; he and we would probably both have voted for Williams's banishment

[1] *Shakespeare's Plutarch.* Being a Selection from the Lives in North's Plutarch, which illustrate Shakespeare's Plays. Edited with a Preface, Notes, Index of Names, and Glossarial Index, by the Rev. Walter Skeat, M. A., formerly Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

[2] *As to Roger Williams, and his "Banishment" from the Massachusetts Plantation; with a few further Words concerning the Baptists, the Quakers, and Religious Liberty.* A Monograph. By Henry Martyn Dexter, D. D. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. 1876

if we had been so fortunate as to get all our learning on the subject by talking with Winthrop and Endicott; but though the volume before us is colored by the author's intimacy with the persons who did the banishing, it is so crowded with reference to authorities that any champion of Roger Williams could not do better than consult it for sources from which to draw his weapons.

The main line of argument pursued by Dr. Dexter is the familiar one that the banishment of Roger Williams from Massachusetts was in self-defense against a man whose public words and acts contravened the authority of the colony at a time when that authority was in a critical condition; that freedom of conscience was not the point upon which the banishment turned; and that the course of the colony in excluding intruders and turbulent characters did not spring from religious bigotry, but from a prudent consideration for the harmony and self-preservation of the colony.

In maintaining these propositions Dr. Dexter goes over ground which has already been clearly laid out, but he undertakes to strengthen the position and *en passant* to settle certain minor questions, as Williams's age and the date of his banishment. His anxiety to make out a clear case for the magistrates outstrips his judgment, we think, when he labors to show that Williams was not banished at all, because only a state can banish, and not a trading-colony. As a mere question of words he might have been content to use a word which Cotton used, and if he were to tell Williams that the magistrates of Massachusetts could not banish him, Williams might answer, as in the story, "But they did banish me."

The fame of Roger Williams's plea for liberty of conscience has very naturally spread over his whole career, and affected popular judgment as to his exclusion from Massachusetts, but history has a way of citing records and presenting dates which slowly sets public opinion right. Dr. Dexter's book will do something toward confirming a judgment already becoming well known, and its array of authorities will frighten some into assent. But after all, the question of Roger Williams's banishment in itself is of little importance beside the larger matter of the historic truth concerning the spirit and aims of the founders of New England. The opposing eulogy and calumny under which their real selves have been buried are slowly giving way before a historic criticism which has no partisan ends to subserve.

— Mr. Tarbox hardly treats his readers fairly when he invites them to read the Life of General Putnam,[1] and engages their attention for nearly two thirds of the volume with a discussion concerning the battle of Bunker Hill. The book is not a Life of General Putnam, but a controversial tract upon the question of Putnam's position on the 17th of June, preceded by an account of Putnam's ancestry and his early life, and followed by a record of what seem to the biographer the unimportant years succeeding the battle of Bunker Hill. We like things to be called by their right names, and it does not help this book, and its plea, to give it a name likely to mislead the unwary.

With more violence than the subject seems to demand, the author brings a great many facts and arguments to prove what we believe was never seriously called in question, that Prescott commanded in the redoubt and that Putnam exercised an erratic command over the rest of the field. The main facts, according to his showing, are that the expedition to Bunker Hill was planned in a council of which Putnam was one; that Prescott was in sympathy with Putnam and was placed in command of the expedition; that his orders were to intrench himself on Bunker or Breed's Hill (as the officers themselves were in doubt, we shall not attempt to decide the question); that he marched his men there, and with Gridley's aid raised the earthworks that constituted the intrenchments; that he remained at his post until the final defeat, and that General Putnam, sometimes on the field, sometimes in Cambridge, was an inspiring and efficient officer, exercising control over the miscellaneous assemblage of troops more by the force of his personal popularity and enthusiasm than by virtue of his rank as a general officer. The error which underlies much of Mr. Tarbox's argument is in the attempt to apply a strict interpretation of military rank and etiquette, and to give the entire enterprise an order and precision which it never had. The occupation of Charlestown was a piece of daring which impetuous men achieved in the teeth of military prudence; the battle which followed had not been planned for, and the confusion of the day resulted principally

[1] *Life of Israel Putnam* ("*Old Put*"), *Major-General in the Continental Army*. By Increase N. Tarbox. With Maps and Illustrations. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1876.

from the lack of military foresight and the timid half-measures of General Ward. Prescott's bravery in the redoubt and Putnam's energy in the field were the heroic elements in the contest which shine forth most brilliantly, but the entire operations partook more of a volunteer character than of a military movement guided and shaped by a single mind. Moreover, no one there seems to have regarded himself as commander-in-chief or to look upon any one else as such. Putnam puts himself under Warren's orders, which Warren refuses to give. Prescott tenders the command in the redoubt in the same way, with the same result. Putnam and Prescott dispute about the intrenching on Bunker Hill, and Putnam, in his lively fashion, gallops off the field after reënforcements.

Mr. Tarbox is bound to make out a case for General Putnam, and seems to regard his hero as lying crushed under a weight of calumny; but the Dearborn slanders were instantly met and answered fifty years ago, and the recent revival of interest in Prescott has no such malignant aspect toward Putnam as Mr. Tarbox seems to imagine. He has worked himself into such a heat about it that he loses his grammar as well as his temper, and in his eagerness to exalt Putnam seems to think it necessary to disparage Prescott, closing his main argument with the uncivil fling, "If Putnam had had the same business to do over again a fortnight after, he would not probably have chosen Prescott as his assistant."

It may be that the material does not exist for a full life of Putnam, but it would be a capital subject for a writer with an eye to the picturesque in character and adventure. He would find in the contemporary accounts and anecdotes of Putnam material for graphic narrative, and the surroundings of Putnam's life render him an admirable representative of the rough-and-ready volunteer of the Revolution. A biographer with such a subject, if thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Putnam, would hardly make the question of his command at Bunker Hill a solemn call for justice, nor think it necessary to be less civil to Prescott than Putnam himself was.

— In his latest volume[1] Dr. Holland returns to the field of his early fame, won by such books as Letters to Young People, and Gold-Foil. On the whole, he is at his best and strongest in that field, and there is much good sense in this collection of short editorials — good sense advanced with the emphasis of a quality by no means common in writers for the periodic press, namely, moral earnestness. This is of service in the author's discussion of Personal Dangers, Preachers and Preaching, The Church of the Future, Woman, The Rich and Poor. Still, we ourselves doubt the ultimate efficacy of his urgent remarks freely addressed to young men tempted by sensuality; the prominence given to this subject is quite as likely to do harm in some quarters as to do good in others. Besides, as Dr. Holland himself says, "One tires of talking to fools, and falls back in sorrow that hell and destruction are never full." And many good people, we may add, are tired of hearing the fools talked to. There are better ways of working. The temperance question, or rather the question of total abstinence, comes in, of course, for a great deal of attention, and it is in the paragraphs devoted to this that Dr. Holland fully shows how prejudiced he is capable of being. Culture, however, excites in him an animosity nearly equal to that which even the most moderate use of wine seems to arouse. He professes to attack only the faults of culture, but he contrives to include among these "faults" the entire system of culture representative of one portion of the country, a system than which none has been more generous, more humane, more broadly and gently Christian, in this century. Of this he says, "Christianity must kill it or Christianity must die. It must kill Christianity, or it must die." But Dr. Holland must not be taken too seriously when dealing with delicate literary questions. He derides criticism, at one point, as being merely an amusing branch of literature, consisting of the self-illustration of various men, gifted or otherwise, who imagine that they are illustrating and judging other men; and we fancy that his calibre in literary subjects is not misrepresented by the following remark, which appears in a short address on the self-evident maxim that "all writers who are good for anything have a style of their own." It is this: "As a fair illustration of the absolute impossibility of one man writing in the style of another, take the two great poets of England, and let Browning and Tennyson undertake to acquire each the style of the other. It would absolutely ruin both." Dr. Holland's own style is

[1] *Every-Day Topics. A Book of Briefs.* By J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1876.

neither very distinctive nor polished. Is it possible that he is blind to the infelicity of this simile? — "Wine and strong drink always have done more harm than good in the world, and always will, until that *millennium* comes *whose feet are constantly tripped from under it* by the drunkards that lie in its path." Such passages, frequently recurring, impress one with the author's neglect of due discrimination. His language, though often forcible, is sometimes so redundant and feeble that not even the violent words which are somewhat lavishly used can inject strength into it. We might suggest to the author that he is in danger of falling into coarse statements of his cases, and that his severity sometimes becomes mere scolding. This is exemplified, by the way, in The Tortures of the Dinner-Table. "It is almost as hard to listen as to talk," he complains, "when the stomach is full of the heavy food of a feast;" and he sums up the topic of dinner-speeches thus: "Let us have done with this foolishness." A better way would be to moderate one's appetite. And is "foolishness" necessarily so to every intelligent person? We like Dr. Holland better in his retort upon Mr. Tyndall, which is ingenious and witty. Given his premises, he proceeds with great keenness to his conclusions. But the latter are often valueless because of his entire omission of important elements in the problem. With many practical suggestions, his ideas are often crude and commonplace. He appears to think, but not to reflect. Yet he gives withal the impression of an honest, energetic man, eager for the right, and having much power for good. The more on this account is it a pity that he neglects the development of thought in certain fine but essential particulars. To our thinking, he has qualities better than taste alone, but they are warped and injured by the absence of taste. And his mistakes, though serious, might be passed over but for his influence with the thousands of readers who, he reminds us, are familiar with his editorials.

French and German.[1]

It is as hard to define exactly the charm of the two volumes of M. Doudan's correspondence[2] as it is to give to one friend an accurate description of another which he shall find to be a just one when he comes to meet the third person face to face. Experience teaches that the most dexterously arranged adjectives convey no definite notion of what is to be expressed; and even well-chosen quotations are hardly more satisfactory in throwing light upon the tone of a writer's mind, his refinement and humor, or whatever his virtues may be, than are the little pieces of quartz with specks of gold in them, which early miners used to send home from California, in giving one an adequate comprehension of the mineral wealth of that State. Whoever cares for literature pure and simple, for reading sound and thoughtful opinions on men and things, well expressed and made wise and agreeable by a delightful humor, will find in these letters what makes some few books the most invaluable companions. The writer's name had already been mentioned by Sainte-Beuve in the eleventh volume of his Causeries, and now, thanks to the Vicomte d'Haussonville, we have an opportunity to judge how well deserved were the critic's few words of praise.

Doudan led a singularly retired life. He was born, as we learn from the introductory notices, in the year 1800, at Douai. He came to Paris to finish his studies, and soon afterwards he became a sort of under-teacher at one of the large schools for boys. While holding this post he was invited to take charge of the education of the son born to Madame de Staël after her marriage to M. de Rocca. This brought him into the household of the Duc de Broglie, and there he remained until his death, in 1872. He was not only a tutor, for when the Duc de Broglie held office under government he made Doudan his secretary, and at all times he was regarded as a trusty and intimate friend. His society was sought by all the distinguished visitors of the house; all his friends showed the utmost confidence in his taste, consulting him about their work and submitting to him the proof-sheets of their books, and some few coming in for a share of his correspondence. His influence made itself felt through his conversation and his letters. He wrote but little for publication, but he was an indefatigable reader of new books and of old ones. He was uncommon-

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

[2] *Mélanges et Lettres de X. Doudan.* Avec une Introduction par M. le Comte d'Haussonville, et des Notices par MM. De Sacy, Cuvillier Fleury. Two vols. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1876.

ly reserved, we are told, and his modesty was no less noteworthy. He was a sort of power behind the throne in literature, only the throne was very nearly unoccupied; and he preferred intercourse with intelligent friends, and indirect influence over their taste, to the struggle for more general approbation. It has been suggested that he was too fine a critic to have been successful if he had written for the public; but this statement is at least open to doubt, for the higher a man's taste is, the greater his cultivation without pedantry, the more agreeable his humor, the more surely he is marked out for a leader. During his life Doudan influenced only a small circle, but now there is no doubt that he will show many the value of literary art and of wide education.

The difference between most books and these letters is this, that here we find no formal literary manner, but rather that charm to be had only in the conversation of some rare friend. The flavor, that is to say, is not bookish, but personal, at the same time that it is literary. The impression we get of this reserved man, cultivating his taste by frequent study of the best models, praising discreetly but avoiding any excess of enthusiasm, — from sincerity, not from affectation, — and blaming without harshness, is a fascinating one. It need hardly be pointed out how thoroughly French are the qualities of M. Doudan, how his taste and elegance are the qualities which mark the best of French literature, to the despair of those who deal with ruder tongues and are ready to give up writing and to turn to digging ditches for a livelihood.

Of the specimens given of his published writing we shall speak later; it is better to begin with his letters. His criticism of those of La Mennais will show how he felt about them, and how he demanded sincerity above all things. He says of that writer, "He reserves his talents for his books, and I have often noticed that this economy was a bad sign, and the proof that one makes a trade of literature and that one does not really have the impressions one assumes to have in one's books. One's genuine self ought to appear everywhere, in conversation, in letters, as in one's published writings. There is nothing gloomier than those parlors in country-houses where fire is lit only when company comes." Nothing of this sort is to be detected here, as further extracts will show. Here is part of a letter written in 1835 to a friend of his, named Raulin: "You would do well to think of buying and reading some law-books. One can get interested in everything by merely dipping beneath the surface. I have given you, I hope, fine discourses on erudition. As for me, I have a yearning for study which increases every day. That is the secret of my pretended idleness. There is no real originality except beneath the lowest layers of erudition. He who knows nothing is too apt to take up new ideas. It would be a wise resolution to think nothing by one's self until one knew what all ages had thought about it. One would, perhaps, find it hard to think anything for one's self after all this study, but read M. Hugo's two volumes and you will see if it is worth while to think for one's self. By the way, it is said that M. de la Mennais has thought out by himself a new volume. What does he say over again here? And whom does he want to eat? Is it a treatise on the Imperious Necessity of Slaying one's Enemies by the Light of the Gospel? What a pretty little lamb that rhetorician is! His books are like processions in the *auto-da-fé:* pleasant songs, fine flowers, fine torches, magnificent chasubles glittering like butterflies' wings, fine verses from the Scriptures repeated by fine voices, beneath a clear sky, and at the end of it all, in the distance, a fine pile of blazing wood to burn up one's master or servant, according to the genius of the centuries."

This is from a letter written the next year, 1836, to the son of the Duc de Broglie, then a student: "You know it is agreed, decided, and decreed that you are not to answer my letters during the examinations. I see that this idea has begun to enter your head, and it is a new pleasure for me every day not to receive any letter from you. When I get up I say to myself, 'I shall not have any letter from Albert to-day,' and I feel happy; and I pull up my window-curtain and the sun pours into my room, and I sit down to read some witty letter of Voltaire or of Madame de Sévigné. So, my dear friend, do not hurry."

Here is a bit of criticism about Victor Hugo which does not sound like much of the adulation poured out on that eminent writer in England, when many of the writers there had but recently discovered France or at least French literature: "I certainly intend to write in the Revue française. I wanted to speak of Victor Hugo's Voix intérieures. The title reads as if it were the work of a ventriloquist, but that did not

stop me. I find in him so much talent that I am unable to give him all the ill-treatment he deserves. Read the ode to his young brother who died mad. You will find in it many stanzas of much beauty; the movement, the ideas, the images are all poetic. There are many charming verses scattered here and there amid the wildest nonsense. You will come across a beautiful wild rose, all wet with dew, by the side of an old slipper and broken pots. I think that he jumbles everything in this way without premeditation. He does not distinguish what is beautiful from what is ugly. He is a powerful nature producing with energy palm-trees, serpents, toads, humming-birds, and spiders indifferently; he puts them all in a bag together and calls it a volume. I think too ill of him to say any good of him, and *vice versa*." Some English critics compare Hugo with Michael Angelo; this is what Doudan says: "Victor Hugo is a Michael Angelo in terra-cotta, while the other Michael Angelo, the real one, works in the pure, solid white marble of a grand imagination."

There are not only many passages which concern themselves with the criticism of modern books, there are also frequent remarks about politics and the spirit of the age, which are worthy of attention. For instance, "It is very possible that for some time the devil has been haunting the world in the form of *utility*. He has thought in his malice that this was the worst trick one could play the beautiful." Again, "You will see that in the next fifty years there will not be a single literary work produced; I mean by that a book that will be read when it is a year old. Men are going to live like rabbits listening from their burrows to all sorts of hunters, who come with sticks and guns and dogs. In spite of La Fontaine, no rabbit has been able to think about any abstract subject. . . . Whoever is without a feeling of security for the morrow can neither meditate nor accomplish a lasting work. Great catastrophes behind one and great repose before one are the conditions in which the human mind exerts itself with that depth and calmness which constitute beauty. The memory of the civil wars, of the battle of Philippi, of the past proscription, a pretty house on the bank of the Tiber, the water-falls of the Anio, with Soracte on one side and Rome in a golden dust on the other, for the present; and for the future, the empire of Augustus keeping all things in repose by means of great, strong armies, with fine fleets on the sea at Misenum and Ravenna; with these conditions, which are not to be seen from the heights of Montmartre, one writes odes which are like beautiful clouds floating slowly over a vast expanse of tranquil sky. I doubt whether Camoens, whom I have not read, could have written a magnificent poem with the continual prospect of perishing in one way or another every day. . . . Seneca is hurried, like a man who expects to be called at any moment to leave his beautiful gardens, and marble and golden cabinets, to open his veins in a hot or lukewarm bath as he might choose. Virgil, on the edge of such a hot bath, would never have dreamed of the wild tranquillity of the Aventine woods, of the kingdom of Evander, or of the miseries of Dido beneath the sun of Carthage. Racine would not linger in the forests with Phædra, listening to the call to arms, or to the roar of cannon, or to the tocsin, or to the talk in a hut which should give him legitimate fear that his little family would not be kindly treated by the friends of a new system of property and new relations between men."

Of making extracts there could be no end. Probably enough have been given to show some of the more attractive of this writer's qualities, his taste, his humor, and his thoughtfulness. Of the published articles reprinted here, one of the most interesting is that on the new school of poetry in France, which treats of the difficulty of the people of one nation understanding fully the literature of another race, and to this subject the writer frequently returns in his letters. He expresses what may seem to some his limitations, for his sympathy is bounded, and he does not fully comprehend all modern foreign literatures, — this is not surprising, for how many of us derive any real enjoyment from the classics of French literature? — and it is with Greek and Latin and French books that he feels most at home. But it is the aroma, so to speak, of his appreciation of them that makes the present book such agreeable reading. One does not find here a complete solution of all questions, not even of all literary questions, but rather much light as to the way in which the last-named have to be solved. It is with great pleasure that we hear of the promised publication of yet more of his letters. No one will regret reading all that can be had.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

J. B. Bachelder, Boston: Popular Resorts and How to Reach Them. Illustrated. Tourists' Edition.

Edward Bosqui & Co., San Francisco: California Notes. By Charles B. Turrill.

Callahan & Co., Chicago: The Constitutional and Political History of the United States. By H. von Halst, Professor at the University of Freiburg. Translated from the German by John J. Lalor and Alfred B. Mason.

Curtis and Childs, Utica: The Fallen, and other Poems. By James B. Kenyon. — Eighteen Presidents and Contemporaneous Rulers. By W. A. Taylor. Fourth Edition.

Estes and Lauriat, Boston: A Family Tree. By Albany de Fonblanque. — Woven of Many Threads. By Mrs. C. V. Hamilton. — Half-Hour Recreations in Natural History. Part 10. Insects as Architects. By A. S. Packard, Jr.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Practical Botany, Structural and Systematic. By August Koehler, M. D. — Ida Craven. By H. M. Cadill.

W. J. Johnston, New York: Oakum Pickings. A Collection of Stories, Sketches, and Paragraphs contributed from Time to Time to the Telegraphic and General Press. By John Oakum.

S. T. Jones & Co., St. Louis: Political and Constitutional Law of the United States of America. By William O. Bateman.

Henry S. King & Co., London: St. Thomas of Canterbury. A Dramatic Poem. By Aubrey De Vere.

Macmillan & Co., New York: History of the Norman Conquest in England. By Edward A. Freeman.

Nelson and Phillips, New York: The Lord's Land. By Henry B. Ridgeway.

Oration by R. C. Winthrop before Boston City Council.

James R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Peter and Polly; or, Home-Life in New England a Hundred Years ago. By Marion Douglas. — The Echo Club, and other Literary Diversions. By Bayard Taylor.

Porter and Coates, Philadelphia: A Brief Treatise on United States Patents, for Inventors and Patentees. By Henry Howson, Civil and Mechanical Engineer and Solicitor of Patents, and Charles Howson, Attorney at Law and Counsel in Patent Cases.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: Goethe's Prose. Edited, with Notes, by James Morgan Hart.

J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., New York: Elements of Latin Grammar in Connection with a Systematic and Progressive Latin Reader. By Gustavus Fischer, LL. D. — Elements of English Grammar. By S. W. Whitney, A. M. — Manual of School Material. — The Mask of Comus. By John Walton.

Richard Schomburgh, Philadelphia: Botanical Reminiscences in India.

Simpkins, Marshall, & Co., London: Lord Byron vindicated; or, Rome and her Pilgrim. By Manfred.

Charles P. Somerby, New York: The Ultimate Generalization. An Effort in the Philosophy of Science.

William Tegg & Co., London: The Poetry of Creation. In Eight Parts. By Nicholas Michell. — Famous Women and Heroes. In Seven Parts. By Nicholas Michell. — Pleasure. By Nicholas Michell. — The Immortals; or, Glimpses of Paradise. By Nicholas Michell. — London in Light and Darkness. By Nicholas Michell.

The Declaration of Independence; a Poem commemorating the One Hundredth Anniversary of the National Birthday of the United States of America. By Joseph H. Martin.

Transactions of the Department of Agriculture of the State of Illinois. By A. M. Garland.

D. Van Nostrand, New York: The Ethics of Benedict de Spinoza. From the Latin. With an Introductory Sketch of his Life and Writings.

Weed, Parsons, & Co., Albany: George Washington Brown. A Non-Partisan Satire. By Vox.

Sumner Whitney & Co., San Francisco: Wrongs and Rights of a Traveller. By B. Vashon Rogers.

A. Williams & Co., Boston: The Merchant's Wife. By a Looker-on here in Vienna.

MUSIC.

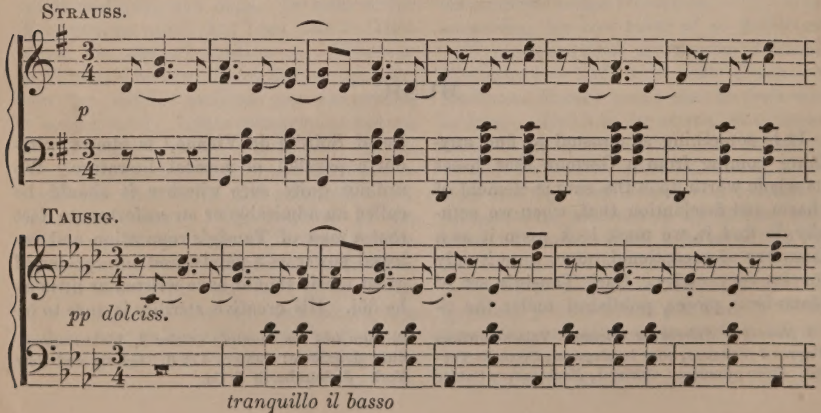
It is something so unusual to find anything coming from a German that bases its whole worth upon the simple element of charm and fascination that, when we actually do find it, we must look upon it as a discovery of exceptional value, were it only for its very rarity. Carl Tausig's set of piano-forte pieces, published under the title of Soirées de Vienne,[1] is almost without a parallel in musical literature. We are not quite sure whether it should be called an admirable or an unfortunate fact that a man of Tausig's reputation and colossal power as a pianist and interpreter of great music should have written as little as he did. His creative sterility is sure to be

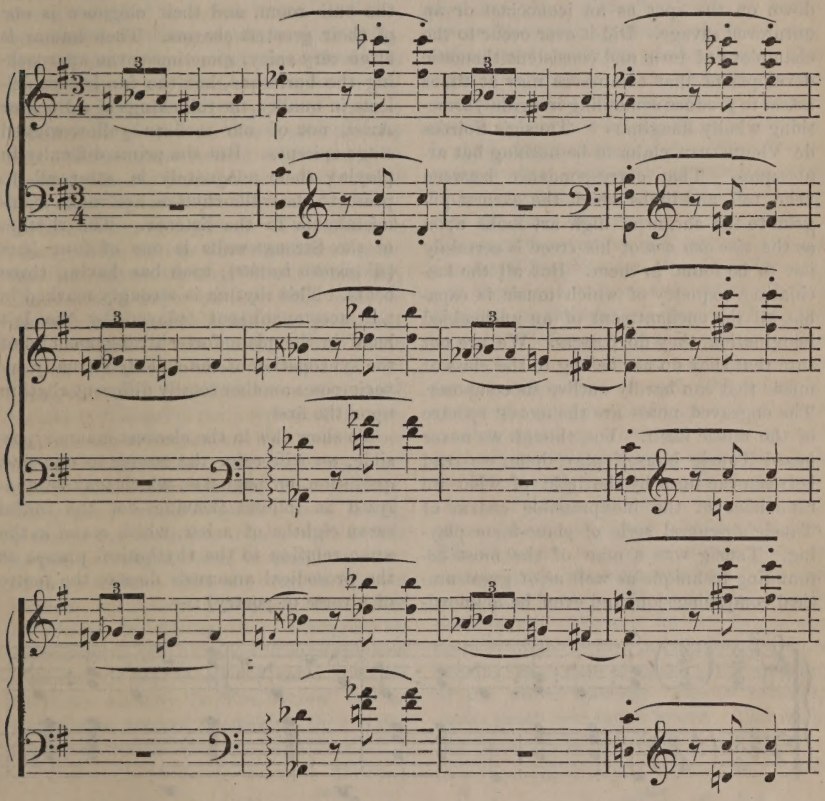
[1] *Nouvelles Soirées de Vienne.* Valses-Caprices d'après J. Strauss, pour le piano par Charles Tausig. Suite première: Cahier 1, *Nachtfalter;* Cahier 2, *Man lebt nur einmal;* Cahier 3, *Wahlstimmen.* Suite deuxième: Cahiers 4 et 5. Leipzig and New York: J. Schuberth & Co.

cast in his face as a reproach, by his antagonists in theory and opinion, with how much or how little justice we will not consider here; but we rather incline to the belief that it was the result of this keen artist's appreciation of the world-wide difference between reproductive and creative power, a comprehension which grew to be an efficient part of his nature as soon as his own honest introspection recognized the fact that his was rather a reproductive than a creative genius, and that his transcendent reproductive faculty, when rightly weighed in the balance, stood in no danger of injury from having the creative undeveloped. Indeed, it would be stretching a point to say that he has ever given anything of great importance to the world. His most important work is, no doubt, his piano-forte score of Wagner's Meistersinger; yet, even when we take into account the immense knowledge of both piano-forte and orchestra, the delicate æsthetic sensibility which enabled him to find a more than respectable piano-forte equivalent for the varied orchestral coloring of Wagner's score, and the wonderful dexterity with which he made a practicable piano-forte transcription of such a complex musical web as the Meistersinger, we must yet admit that even the most remarkable transcription imaginable is but a poor guaranty of a man's creative genius. No, Tausig cannot be called a composer, in any high sense of the word; he lacked the virile power of creation. But once let some vital musical germ be sown in his mind, and we stand astonished at the development the seed undergoes, at the wondrous fascination with which his own individuality invests it. The Soirées de Vienne are two series of piano-forte fantasias, capriccios, what you will, upon themes taken from Strauss waltzes. Strauss, the darling of ball-rooms, the tabooed of *soi-disant* earnest concert-rooms, had the rare good fortune to create something. He presented the world with a new *rhythm*. After this creative feat, he contented himself with repeating that rhythm over and over again, without variation, and so became monotonous, and dragged out an easily melodious existence, stamping all his compositions with a peculiar rhythmic physiognomy as with a trade-mark. But the rhythm of the syncopated waltz was his invention.

Tausig felt the irresistible fascination of this rhythm as few others have felt it. A man of Hector Berlioz's great rhythmic sensibility could not well remain untouched by this charm, and he was one of the too few musicians of a higher order in whose writings we find any adequate recognition of Strauss's musical worth. Tausig, no doubt, felt the monotony of the Strauss waltzes quite as much as he did the fascination of their rhythm, and in the Soirées de Vienne he has given us something that, but for the peculiar rhythm and the identity of the themes, bears as little resemblance as possible to a Strauss waltz. These piano-forte pieces are in no wise transcriptions of Strauss waltzes. Tausig has taken some of Strauss's themes, and worked them out (if such a term is at all applicable to Tausig's very loose and capricious handling of them) wholly in his own way. In some cases he has taken a phrase of considerable length bodily out of the original, changing the harmony somewhat, and bringing the peculiarity of the rhythm still more strongly into the light than Strauss did.

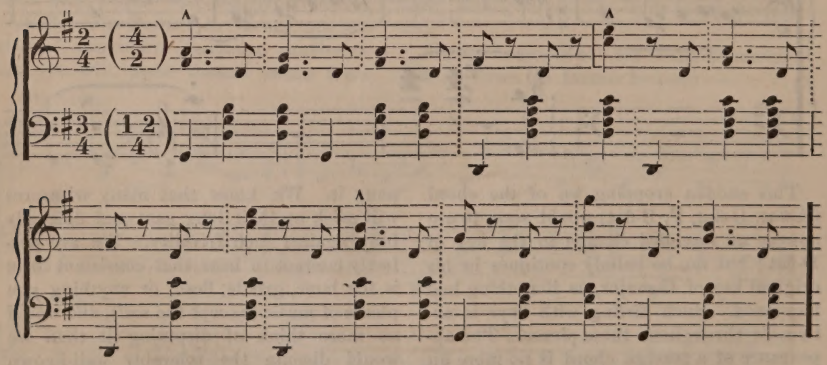
A good example of this is the following passage from the Immer heiterer: —



But in most cases the treatment of the theme is entirely his own, and utterly different from Strauss's. The elaborate ornaments with which he at times embellishes his work are exceedingly beautiful, and in a style wholly his own. They are in no way like things of a similar sort by Liszt or Thalberg. As far as musical form is concerned, these pieces have little that approaches it. They are perhaps the most freely and loosely constructed bits of fascination that ever were thrown upon paper. Tausig seems to have felt an almost child-like delight in harmoniously slipping from key to key, and in some instances a beautiful modulation seems to have so taken his fancy that he could not refrain from repeating it several times, swinging backwards and forwards over the pretty spot, utterly regardless of any rational progress toward a definite goal. Take, for instance, this passage from the Wahlstimmen, where he makes two bites at a distant key, from no earthly reason but his pleasure in hearing an effective juxtaposition of two foreign harmonies.

This sudden cropping up of the chord (A-flat, D-flat, F, B-flat) would seem to announce an intended change to the key of D-flat; but no, he calmly continues in his original key of G major, as if nothing had happened. Such flirting with keys is noticeable throughout these pieces. The appearance of a foreign chord is no more an indication that the key to which it belongs is coming than the appearance of a lion's head in an Oriental arabesque is a necessary proof that a lion's body will accompany it. We know that many wiseacres will prick up their long ears and dolefully bray against such frivolity. We are perfectly content to hear that consistent form is the bone, gristle, flesh, or anything you please of music (except the *soul*), and would no more think of disputing it than we would dispute the tolerably well-known fact that two and two are four. But why should the musical imagination be fettered by laws, the breach of which we daily approve in the other arts? An arabesque in

which we see a horse's head growing on a grape-vine, instead of on its natural equine body, is not pounced upon to furnish the text for a sermon on the inalienable rights of natural history. Professors of the physical sciences do not rise in rebellion when a pumpkin is unaccountably metamorphosed into a glass coach in a fairy tale (which, rightly considered, is one of the most poetical forms of prose). But the composer who does not turn out a work that is distinctly either fish, flesh, fowl, or good red-herring, and not a mixture of the four, is frowned down on the spot as an iconoclast or an untutored savage. Did it ever occur to the champions of form and consistent thematic development that composers may at times *intend* to produce something irregular, something wholly imaginary? Tausig's Soirées de Vienne can claim to be nothing but arabesques. That correspondence between head, tail, and limbs which the earnest pilgrim to the shrine of high art looks upon as the *sine qua non* of his creed is certainly not to be found in them. But all the fascinating coquetry of which music is capable, all the enchantment of an unshackled imagination, they do possess. We are not sure that they do not belong to the class of music that can hardly outlive its composer. The engraved notes are the merest spectre of the music itself. Yet, though we never heard Tausig himself play them, we read between the lines by the light of what we remember of the inexpressible charm of Tausig's general style of piano-forte playing. Tausig was a man of the most astounding technique as well as of great musical comprehension, and even he acknowledged that he found much of his own music immensely difficult to play well. His personal charm when seated at the piano-forte was beyond description, for he was a most refined and fascinating player, and, as one of the first musical authorities in the world has said of him, "without a trace of charlatanry." If these pieces are to be played at all, let not their charm, humor, and grace be spoiled by vulgar exaggeration; above all, let them not be played with French *chique*, but with French *esprit*. They are echoes not from Mabille, but from the ball-room, and their elegance is one of their greatest charms. Their humor is often very spicy, sometimes even approaching the burlesque, but the fun is ever delicate in quality, the rollickings of a Puck or Ariel, not of our modern yellow-wigged stage-epicenes. But the prime difficulty in playing them adequately is, after all, to preserve the waltz-rhythm, and make it unmistakable to the listener. The rhythm of the Strauss waltz is one of four bars (*di quattro battúte*), each bar having three beats. This rhythm is strongly marked in the accompaniment (played by the left hand in the piano-forte arrangement), but the syncopation of the melody virtually superimposes another totally different rhythm upon the first.

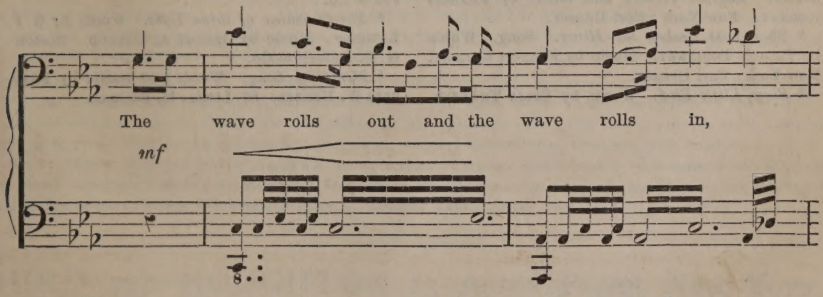
To show this in the clearest manner possible, we will refer the reader to our first quotation, on page 636, which may be analyzed as follows (leaving out the initial seven eighths of a bar, which stand in the same relation to the rhythmical phrase as the prosodical anacrusis does to the metre of a verse of poetry): —

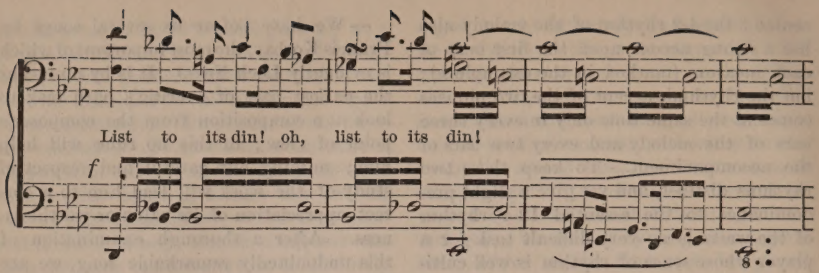


It will be seen that we have here a phrase in 2-4 time (following the dotted bars) accompanied by a phrase in 3-4 time; or, more properly (following the bars marked by lines), a phrase in 4-2 time, accompanied by one in 12-4 time, three bars of the 4-2 time corresponding to two bars of the 12-4 time. Now the rhythm of the waltz is 12-4 (*i. e.*, 3-4, *ritmo di quattro battúte*), the first beat of each measure being strongly ac-

cented; the 4-2 rhythm of the melody also has a strong accent upon the first beat of each measure (marked in the example ∧); but the rhythmic accent of the two phrases comes at the same time only in every three bars of the melody and every two bars of the accompaniment. To keep these two rhythms distinct, and yet give a slight predominance to the essential 12-4 rhythm of the waltz is no very difficult task for a player whose sense of rhythm is well cultivated, as long as the regular pulsation of the 12-4 rhythm in the accompaniment is as strongly marked as it is in a Strauss waltz, by a bass-note falling regularly upon every beat of the measure; but the difficulty is greatly increased when this bass-note (always the most naturally prominent one in a measure of piano-forte music, and the one that the ear most instinctively accepts as marking the rhythm) does not fall upon a beat, as is the case in Tausig's arrangement of the above-quoted phrase. Tausig has in many places let the accompaniment practically reënforce the rhythm of the melody, and, unless a player has great rhythmic security, he will make the latter so prominent that the essential 12-4 rhythm of the waltz will be obscured, and the listener's ear will grasp only the 4-2 rhythm. Now this would be utterly foreign to the purpose of the music; a waltz is a waltz, and the smooth flow of its rhythm of four triplets to a phrase must be distinctly impressed upon the ear. The passage we have quoted from Tausig is one of the easiest to render well in this respect (although it will be readily seen to be more difficult than the original Strauss version), but in some passages in the Soirées de Vienne the rhythm is so bejuggled by cross accents and unexpected syncopations that only a player of the most absolute rhythmic security (a Von Bülow, for instance) can succeed in making their waltz character recognizable by the listener.

— We have before us several songs by Francis Korbay, the most important of which is evidently Loch Ness.[1] It is by no means the easiest part of a critic's hard task to look at a composition from the composer's point of view; in this no rules will help him; nothing but careful and respectful study of the work will lead him to a correct appreciation of its value or worthlessness. After a thorough examination of this undoubtedly remarkable song, we are compelled to believe that Mr. Korbay's ideal is rather a poetic than a purely musical one. It is difficult to prove by incontrovertible argument that Loch Ness is very defective in consistent musical form. The regular recurrence of the principal theme at the beginning of each verse, and its persistent appearance in one shape or another in the accompaniment, point rather to consistency than vagueness of musical plan. But, nevertheless, we cannot help feeling that the form of the song is not musical. Although the tonality of C minor, with its relative, E-flat major, predominates throughout, there is such a constant flying off into distant keys that the impression left on the mind is one of great tonal insecurity. The music is full of brilliant kaleidoscopic effects, but they succeed each other so rapidly that the mind can hardly grasp one before another comes to command its attention; we have rarely seen a composition in which the different phrases were so ill amalgamated into a consistent whole. Musically considered, this cannot but be called a defect. But when we look upon it as a piece of tone-painting, as an illustration of the text in tones, it is often truly wonderful, though perhaps too elaborate, for the flow of the verse is often unduly interrupted, at times even to the extent of making the meaning of the words obscure. But it certainly shows great descriptive power. The opening theme is really grand.



[1] *Loch Ness.* Song. Words by David C. Adee. Music by Francis Korbay. New York: G. Schirmer.

How we hear the waves dash against the rocks! Farther on, at the words, "The white caps sparkled, blithesome and gay," the music positively glitters like diamonds. The song ends as strongly as it begins. We only wish that the genuine power displayed in this song could have been utilized to more musical advantage. We will not quarrel with the often exceedingly difficult intonation, for, although difficult, it is by no means impossible, and the composer very evidently did not set himself to write a song that everybody should be able to sing; but greater artistic unity is much to be desired. It may seem as if we tempered our sincere admiration for the great qualities of this song by too much fault-finding, but, as has been well said, it is the nearly perfect that enrages us, whereas we let the absolutely faulty pass by unnoticed.

— Resignation[1] has not the fault of incoherence that Loch Ness has, neither has it its power and originality. It is a most smoothly-written, singable melody, by no means without beauty, but wanting in the striking qualities one would expect from the composer of the other song.

— Thou hast Broken the Heart[2] completely baffles our comprehension. It is gloomy enough, certainly, but . . . Even taking the last sixteen bars in 3-2 time, instead of in 6-4 time, as they are marked, does not do much towards solving the enigma, and the first part of the song seems irredeemably ugly. We wish we could hear the composer sing it, for in spite of its desperate obscurity we cannot help feeling that there is something in it which an understanding performance might make clear and even admirable. At present it is little better than a nightmare to us.

— Julius Eichberg's Sing, Little Bird[3] is thoroughly charming in its quasi-mediæval quaintness. It is one of the songs that the much-abused term "pretty" perfectly applies to. It is a gem of its kind.

— Equally lovely, though in a very different vein, is George L. Osgood's The Sunshine of thine Eyes.[4] The composer has studied Franz to good purpose. The little thrill that runs through the music at the last repetition of "Though I be but a mote of the air, I could turn to gold for thee," the quivering of the discord (D-flat, B-flat, F, G) at the word "thee," reminds one of Browning's

> "thrilled conscious, — like a rose
> Throughout its hundred leaves at that approach it knows
> Of music in the bird."

— F. W. Henzel's Memorial Song[5] has a certain genuine Volkslied swing, that saves it from being wholly commonplace. It is fully equal to many good songs for the people that chance has favored with renown.

[1] *Resignation.* Song. German words by T. Sturm. English version and music by Francis Korbay. New York: Carl Henser.

[2] *Thou hast Broken the Heart.* Song. Words by Thomas Poultney. Music by Francis Korbay. New York: Carl Henser.

[3] *Sing, Little Bird.* Words by Celia Thaxter. Music by Julius Eichberg. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

[4] *The Sunshine of thine Eyes.* Words by G. P. Lathrop. Music by George L. Osgood. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

[5] *Memorial Song.* Words and music by Frederic W. Henzel. St. Louis: H. Bollman

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The Atlantic Index.

The Publishers of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY take pleasure in announcing that they have now in press, to be issued in December, an INDEX to accompany the first thirty-eight volumes, from the beginning of the magazine in 1857 to the close of the current volume. The Index will be in two parts.

I. A List of all the Contributions with Names of Contributors annexed.

The custom of signing contributors' names to the articles in the body of the magazine is a recent one, and the first nine volumes appeared, not only without the names of contributors attached to the articles, but without these names in the yearly index accompanying the volumes. It has been a long and difficult task to discover the authorship of many of the articles then published, but the list is now nearly perfect, and the friends of the Atlantic will be interested and in some cases surprised at the association of contributions and contributors.

From the outset, the editorial departments of the magazine have been a very important part of the contents, but hitherto the articles there have been strictly anonymous. The plan has now been followed of giving the authorship of a large proportion of the *Anonymous Contributions* to these departments of criticism and opinion.

II. A List of the Contributors, with the Contributions of each.

The contributors to the ATLANTIC represent the foremost names in American literature during the past twenty years. While their names are in the first list, placed against their contributions, a second list has been made for the convenience and interest of readers, in which each contributor's name is followed by the titles of his or her contributions, whether in the body of the magazine, or in the editorial departments. As these contributions will be arranged in the order of their appearance in the magazine, one may see at a glance just what each writer has contributed, and in what succession.

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☞ ***The Prospectus of the Atlantic for 1877 will be found on the next page.***

The Atlantic Monthly

FOR 1877.

TWENTIETH YEAR.

The Publishers have the pleasure of announcing the following attractive features of the ATLANTIC for the ensuing year: —

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MARK TWAIN

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CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.,

Has promised a series of papers on **Colonial History**; **Hon. CHARLES HALE** will describe **Egyptian Life** as he observed it during his residence there as Consul General.

ESSAYS ON AMERICAN AUTHORS

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On various professions and employments will be furnished by distinguished writers. These will follow somewhat the plan of JOHN FISKE's interesting article on "A Librarian's Work" in the October ATLANTIC, and will describe the *Work of a School Superintendent, a New England Farmer, a Western Farmer, a Managing Editor, a Congressman, a Cotton Manufacturer, a Pennsylvania Iron Master, etc., etc.*

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DRAMATIC FANTASIES AND EXTRAVAGANZAS

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The Atlantic for January, 1877,

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ITS FEATURES FOR 1877.

In 1876 the latter half of the magazine was entirely remodeled, and a department of **GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL** added. The Department of **BOTANY** will be edited as formerly by Prof. G. L. Goodale, of Harvard University. That of **MICROSCOPY** will be edited as heretofore by Dr. R. H. Ward, Troy, New York. Arrangements have been made to report the **PROCEEDINGS OF SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES** with great promptness. A digest of the **CONTENTS OF FOREIGN SCIENTIFIC JOURNALS AND TRANSACTIONS** will also be given each month, together with the **LATEST HOME AND FOREIGN SCIENTIFIC NEWS.**

The attention of publishers and teachers is called to critical notices of scientific books, to which especial attention will be given.

ARTICLES FOR VOL. XI., 1877.

By Professors Asa Gray, J. D. Whitney, N. S. Shaler, W. G. Farlow, G. L. Goodale, of Harvard University; Professors O. C. Marsh, A. E. Verrill, of Yale College; Mr. A. Agassiz, Hon. Lewis H. Morgan, Col. Theodore Lyman, Mr. L. F. Pourtales, Mr. S. H. Scudder, Professors E. D. Cope, F. V. Hayden, A. Hyatt; Drs. Elliott Coues, W. H. Dall, C. C. Abbot, Rev. S. Lockwood, J. A. Allen, H. Gillman, C. C. Parry, R. E. C. Stearns, O. T. Mason, and other leading naturalists, are either in hand or promised. Notes from abroad will occasionally be contributed by Mr. Alfred W. Bennett, the distinguished English botanist.

Note.— The ten volumes which have been published form an elegantly printed and illustrated Library of American Natural History, invaluable for school, college, and public libraries. They contain standard articles by Agassiz, Dana, Wyman, Gray, Whitney, Leidy, Cope, Hunt, Dawson, Newberry, Marsh, Verrill, Morse, Gill, Coues, Scudder, Hagen, Dall, Shaler, Brewer, Ridgway, Parry, Caton, Abbott, Farlow, Lockwood, Grote. Ward, and many other scientists.

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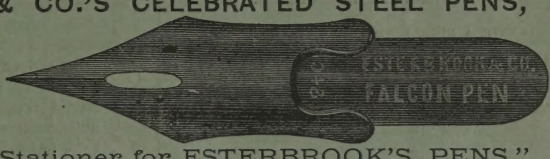

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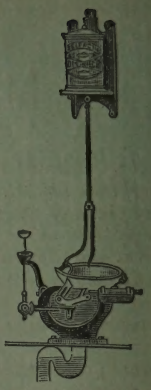

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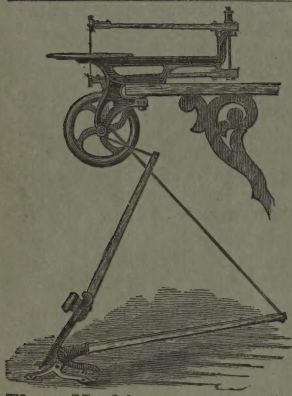

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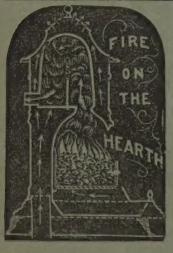

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. XXXVIII.—DECEMBER, 1876.—No. CCXXX.

THE AMERICAN.

XV.

VALENTIN DE BELLEGARDE'S announcement of the secession of Mademoiselle Nioche from her father's domicile, and his irreverent reflections upon the attitude of this anxious parent in so grave a catastrophe, received a practical commentary in the fact that M. Nioche was slow to seek another interview with his late pupil. It had cost Newman some disgust to be forced to assent to Valentin's somewhat cynical interpretation of the old man's philosophy, and, though circumstances seemed to indicate that he had not given himself up to a noble despair, Newman thought it very possible he might be suffering more keenly than was apparent. M. Nioche had been in the habit of paying him a respectful little visit every two or three weeks, and his absence might be a proof quite as much of extreme depression as of a desire to conceal the success with which he had patched up his sorrow. Newman presently learned from Valentin several details touching this new phase of Mademoiselle Noémie's career.

"I told you she was remarkable," this acute investigator declared, "and the way in which she has managed this performance proves it. She has had other chances, but she was resolved to take none but the best. She did you the honor to think for a while that you might be such a chance. You were not; so she gathered up her patience and waited a while longer. At last her occasion came along, and she made her move with her eyes wide open. I am very sure she had no innocence to lose, but she had all her respectability. Dubious little damsel as you thought her, she had kept a firm hold of that; nothing could be proved against her, and she was determined not to let her reputation go till she had got her equivalent. About her equivalent she had high ideas. Apparently her ideal has been satisfied. It is fifty years old, bald-headed, and deaf, but it is very easy about money."

"And where in the world," asked Newman, "did you pick up this valuable information?"

"In conversation. Remember my frivolous habits. In conversation with a young woman engaged in the humble trade of glove-cleaner, who keeps a small shop in the Rue St. Roch. M. Nioche lives up six pair of stairs, across the court, in and out of whose ill-swept doorway Miss Noémie has been flitting for the last five years. The little glove-cleaner was an old acquaintance; she used to be the friend of a friend of mine, whose follies, poor fellow, have been quenched in matrimony. I often saw her in his society. As soon as I espied

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her behind her clear little window-pane, I recollected her. I had on a spotlessly fresh pair of gloves, but I went in and held up my hands, and said to her, 'Dear mademoiselle, what will you ask me for cleaning these?' 'Dear count,' she answered immediately, 'I will clean them for you for nothing.' She had instantly recognized me, and I had to hear her history for the last six years. But after that, I put her upon that of her neighbors. She knows and admires Noémie, and she told me what I have just repeated."

A month elapsed without M. Nioche reappearing, and Newman, who every morning read two or three suicides in the Figaro, began to suspect that, mortification proving stubborn, he had sought a balm for his wounded pride in the waters of the Seine. He had a note of M. Nioche's address in his pocket-book, and finding himself one day in the *quartier*, he determined in so far as he might to clear up his doubts. He repaired to the house in the Rue St. Roch which bore the recorded number, and observed in a neighboring basement, behind a dangling row of natty inflated gloves, the attentive physiognomy of Bellegarde's informant — a sallow person in a dressing-gown — peering into the street as if she were expecting that amiable nobleman to pass again. But it was not to her that Newman applied; he simply asked of the portress if M. Nioche were at home. She replied, as the portress invariably replies, that her lodger had gone out barely three minutes before; but then, through the little square hole of her lodge-window taking the measure of Newman's fortunes, and seeing them, by an unspecified process, refresh the dry places of servitude to occupants of fifth floors on courts, she added that M. Nioche would have had just time to reach the Café de la Patrie, round the second corner to the left, at which establishment he regularly spent his afternoons. Newman thanked her for the information, took the second corner to the left, and arrived at the Café de la Patrie. He felt a momentary hesitation to go in; was it not rather mean to "follow up" poor old Nioche at that rate? But there passed across his vision an image of a haggard little septuagenarian taking measured sips of a glass of sugar and water, and finding them quite impotent to sweeten his desolation. He opened the door and entered, perceiving nothing at first but a dense cloud of tobacco smoke. Across this, however, in a corner, he presently descried the figure of M. Nioche, stirring the contents of a deep glass, with a lady seated in front of him. The lady's back was turned to Newman, but M. Nioche very soon perceived and recognized his visitor. Newman had gone toward him, and the old man rose slowly, gazing at him with a more blighted expression even than usual.

"If you are drinking hot punch," said Newman, "I suppose you are not dead. That 's all right. Don't move."

M. Nioche stood staring, with a fallen jaw, not daring to put out his hand. The lady, who sat facing him, turned round in her place and glanced upward with a spirited toss of her head, displaying the agreeable features of his daughter. She looked at Newman sharply, to see how he was looking at her; then — I don't know what she discovered — she said graciously, "How d' ye do, monsieur? won't you come into our little corner?"

"Did you come — did you come after me?" asked M. Nioche, very softly.

"I went to your house to see what had become of you. I thought you might be sick," said Newman.

"It is very good of you, as always," said the old man. "No, I am not well. Yes, I am *seek*."

"Ask monsieur to sit down," said Mademoiselle Nioche. "*Garçon*, bring a chair."

"Will you do us the honor to *seat?*" said M. Nioche, timorously, and with a double foreignness of accent.

Newman said to himself that he had better see the thing out, and he took a chair at the end of the table, with Mademoiselle Nioche on his left, and her father on the other side. "You will take something, of course," said Miss Noémie

who was sipping a glass of madeira. Newman said that he believed not, and then he turned to her papa with a smile. "What an honor, eh? he has come only for us." Nioche drained his pungent glass at a long draught, and looked out from eyes more lachrymose in consequence. "But you did n't come for me, eh?" Mademoiselle Noémie went on. "You did n't expect to find me here?"

Newman observed the change in her appearance. She was very elegant and prettier than before, she looked a year or two older, and it was noticeable that, to the eye, she had only gained in respectability. She looked "lady-like." She was dressed in quiet colors, and she wore her expensively inobtrusive toilet with a grace that might have come from years of practice. Her present self-possession and *aplomb* struck Newman as really infernal, and he inclined to agree with Valentin de Bellegarde that the young lady was very remarkable. "No, to tell the truth, I did n't come for you," he said, "and I did n't expect to find you. I was told," he added in a moment, "that you had left your father."

"*Quelle horreur!*" cried Mademoiselle Nioche with a smile. "Does one leave one's father? You have the proof of the contrary."

"Yes, convincing proof," said Newman, glancing at M. Nioche. The old man caught his glance obliquely, with his faded, deprecating eye, and then, lifting his empty glass, pretended to drink again.

"Who told you that?" Noémie demanded. "I know very well. It was M. de Bellegarde. Why don't you say yes? You are not polite."

"I am embarrassed," said Newman.

"I set you a better example. I know M. de Bellegarde told you. He knows a great deal about me — or he thinks he does. He has taken a great deal of trouble to find out, but half of it is n't true. In the first place, I have n't left my father; I am much too fond of him. Is n't it so, little father? M. de Bellegarde is a charming young man; it is impossible to be cleverer. I know a good deal about him too; you can tell him that when you next see him."

"No," said Newman, with a sturdy grin; "I won't carry any messages for you."

"Just as you please," said Mademoiselle Nioche. "I don't depend upon you, nor does M. de Bellegarde either. He is very much interested in me; he can be left to his own devices. He is a contrast to you."

"Oh, he is a great contrast to me, I have no doubt," said Newman. "But I don't exactly know how you mean it."

"I mean it in this way. First of all, he never offered to help me to a *dot* and a husband." And Mademoiselle Nioche paused, smiling. "I won't say that is in his favor, for I do you justice. What led you, by the way, to make me such a queer offer? You did n't care for me."

"Oh yes, I did," said Newman.

"How so?"

"It would have given me real pleasure to see you married to a respectable young fellow."

"With six thousand francs of income!" cried Mademoiselle Nioche. "Do you call that caring for me? I 'm afraid you know little about women. You were not *galant;* you were not what you might have been."

Newman flushed, a trifle fiercely. "Come!" he exclaimed, "that 's rather strong. I had no idea I had been so shabby."

Mademoiselle Nioche smiled as she took up her muff. "It is something, at any rate, to have made you angry."

Her father had leaned both his elbows on the table, and his head, bent forward was supported in his hands, the thin white fingers of which were pressed over his ears. In this position he was staring fixedly at the bottom of his empty glass, and Newman supposed he was not hearing. Mademoiselle Noémie buttoned her furred jacket and pushed back her chair, casting a glance charged with the consciousness of an expensive appearance first down over her flounces and then up at Newman.

"You had better have remained an honest girl," Newman said, quietly.

M. Nioche continued to stare at the bottom of his glass, and his daughter got up, still bravely smiling. "You mean that I look so much like one? That 's more than most women do nowadays. Don't judge me yet a while," she added. "I mean to succeed; that 's what I mean to do. I leave you; I don't mean to be seen in cafés, for one thing. I can't think what you want of my poor father; he 's very comfortable now. It is n't his fault, either. *Au revoir*, little father." And she tapped the old man on the head with her muff. Then she stopped a minute, looking at Newman. "Tell M. de Bellegarde, when he wants news of me, to come and get it from *me!*" And she turned and departed, the white-aproned waiter, with a bow, holding the door wide open for her.

M. Nioche sat motionless, and Newman hardly knew what to say to him. The old man looked dismally foolish. "So you determined not to shoot her, after all," Newman said, presently.

M. Nioche, without moving, raised his eyes and gave him a long, peculiar look. It seemed to confess everything, and yet not to ask for pity, nor to pretend, on the other hand, to a rugged ability to do without it. It might have expressed the state of mind of an innocuous insect flat in shape and conscious of the impending pressure of a boot-sole, and reflecting that he was perhaps too flat to be crushed. M. Nioche's gaze was a profession of moral flatness. "You despise me terribly," he said, in the weakest possible voice.

"Oh no," said Newman, "it is none of my business. It 's a good plan to take things easily."

"I made you too many fine speeches," M. Nioche added. "I meant them at the time."

"I am sure I am very glad you did n't shoot her," said Newman. "I was afraid you might have shot yourself. That is why I came to look you up." And he began to button his coat.

"Neither," said M. Nioche. "You despise me, and I can't explain to you. I hoped I should n't see you again."

"Why, that 's rather shabby," said Newman. "You should n't drop your friends that way. Besides, the last time you came to see me I thought you particularly jolly."

"Yes, I remember," said M. Nioche, musingly; "I was in a fever. I did n't know what I said, what I did. It was delirium."

"Ah, well, you are quieter now."

M. Nioche was silent a moment. "As quiet as the grave," he whispered softly.

"Are you very unhappy?" asked Newman.

M. Nioche rubbed his forehead slowly, and even pushed back his wig a little, looking askance at his empty glass. "Yes — yes. But that 's an old story. I have always been unhappy. My daughter does what she will with me. I take what she gives me, good or bad. I have no spirit, and when you have no spirit you must keep quiet. I shan't trouble you any more."

"Well," said Newman, rather disgusted at the smooth operation of the old man's philosophy, "that 's as you please."

M. Nioche seemed to have been prepared to be despised, but nevertheless he made a feeble movement of appeal from Newman's faint praise. "After all," he said, "she is my daughter, and I can still look after her. If she will do wrong, why, she will. But there are many different paths, there are degrees. I can give her the benefit — give her the benefit" — and M. Nioche paused, staring vaguely at Newman, who began to suspect that his brain had softened — "the benefit of my experience," M. Nioche added.

"Your experience?" inquired Newman, both amused and amazed.

"My experience of business," said M. Nioche, gravely.

"Ah, yes," said Newman, laughing, "that will be a great advantage to her." And then he said good-by, and offered the poor, foolish old man his hand.

M. Nioche took it and leaned back

against the wall, holding it a moment and looking up at him. "I suppose you think my wits are going," he said. "Very likely; I have always a pain in my head. That 's why I can't explain, I can't tell you. And she 's so strong, she makes me walk as she will, anywhere! But there 's this — there 's this." And he stopped, still staring up at Newman. His little white eyes expanded and glittered for a moment like those of a cat in the dark. "It 's not as it seems. I have n't forgiven her. Oh, no!"

"That 's right; don't," said Newman. "She 's a bad case."

"It 's horrible, it 's terrible," said M. Nioche; "but do you want to know the truth? I hate her! I take what she gives me, and I hate her more. To-day she brought me three hundred francs; they are here in my waistcoat pocket. Now I hate her almost cruelly. No, I have n't forgiven her."

"Why did you accept the money?" Newman asked.

"If I had n't," said M. Nioche, "I should have hated her still more. That 's what misery is. No, I have n't forgiven her."

"Take care you don't hurt her," said Newman, laughing again. And with this he took his leave. As he passed along the glazed side of the café, on reaching the street, he saw the old man motioning the waiter, with a melancholy gesture, to replenish his glass.

One day, a week after his visit to the Café de la Patrie, he called upon Valentin de Bellegarde, and by good fortune found him at home. Newman spoke of his interview with M. Nioche and his daughter, and said he was afraid Valentin had judged the old man correctly. He had found the couple hobnobbing together in all amity; the old gentleman's rigor was purely theoretic. Newman confessed that he was disappointed; he should have expected to see M. Nioche take high ground.

"High ground, my dear fellow," said Valentin, laughing; "there is no high ground for him to take. The only perceptible eminence in M. Nioche's horizon is Montmartre, which is not an edifying quarter. You can't go mountaineering in a flat country."

"He remarked, indeed," said Newman, "that he had not forgiven her. But she 'll never find it out."

"We must do him the justice to suppose he does n't like the thing," Valentin rejoined. "Mademoiselle Nioche is like the great artists whose biographies we read, who at the beginning of their career have suffered opposition in the domestic circle. Their vocation has not been recognized by their families, but the world has done it justice. Mademoiselle Nioche has a vocation."

"Oh, come," said Newman, impatiently, "you take the little baggage too seriously."

"I know I do; but when one has nothing to think about, one must think of little baggages. I suppose it is better to be serious about light things than not to be serious at all. This little baggage entertains me."

"Oh, she has discovered that. She knows you have been hunting her up and asking questions about her. She is very much tickled by it. That 's rather annoying."

"Annoying, my dear fellow," laughed Valentin; "not the least."

"Hanged if I should want to have a little adventuress like that know I was giving myself such pains about her!" said Newman.

"A pretty woman is always worth one's pains," objected Valentin. "Mademoiselle Nioche is welcome to be tickled by my curiosity, and to know that I am tickled that she is tickled. She is not, by the way, so much."

"You had better go and tell her," said Newman. "She gave me a message for you, of some such drift."

"Bless your quiet imagination," said Valentin, "I have been to see her — three times in five days. She is a charming hostess; we talk of Shakespeare and the musical glasses. She is extremely clever and a very curious type; not at all coarse nor wanting to be coarse; determined not to be. She means to take very good care of herself. She is extremely perfect; she is as hard and clear-

cut as some little figure of a sea-nymph in an antique *intaglio*, and I will warrant that she has not a grain more of sentiment or heart than if she were scooped out of a big amethyst. You can't scratch her even with a diamond. Extremely pretty, — really, when you know her, she is wonderfully pretty, — intelligent, determined, ambitious, unscrupulous, capable of looking at a man strangled without changing color, she is, upon my honor, extremely entertaining."

"It's a fine list of attractions," said Newman; "they would serve as a police-detective's description of a favorite criminal. I should sum them up by another word than 'entertaining.'"

"Why, that is just the word to use. I don't say she is laudable or lovable. I don't want her as my wife or my sister. But she is a very curious and ingenious piece of machinery; I like to see it in operation."

"Well, I have seen some very curious machines, too," said Newman; "and once, in a needle factory, I saw a gentleman from the city, who had stepped too near one of them, picked up as neatly as if he had been prodded by a fork, swallowed down straight, and ground into small pieces."

Reëntering his domicile, late in the evening, three days after Madame de Bellegarde had made her bargain with him — the expression is sufficiently correct — touching the entertainment at which she was to present him to the world, he found on his table a card of goodly dimensions bearing an announcement that this lady would be at home on the 27th of the month, at ten o'clock in the evening. He stuck it into the frame of his mirror and eyed it with some complacency; it seemed an agreeable emblem of triumph, documentary evidence that his prize was gained. Stretched out in a chair, he was looking at it lovingly, when Valentin de Bellegarde was shown into the room. Valentin's glance presently followed the direction of Newman's, and he perceived his mother's invitation.

"And what have they put into the corner?" he asked. "Not the customary 'music,' 'dancing,' or 'tableaux vivants'? They ought at least to put 'An American.'"

"Oh, there are to be several of us," said Newman. "Mrs. Tristram told me to-day that she had received a card and sent an acceptance."

"Ah, then, with Mrs. Tristram and her husband you will have support. My mother might have put on her card 'Three Americans.' But I suspect you will not lack amusement. You will see a great many of the best people in France. I mean the long pedigrees and the high noses, and all that. Some of them are awful idiots; I advise you to take them up cautiously."

"Oh, I guess I shall like them," said Newman. "I am prepared to like every one and everything in these days; I am in high good-humor."

Valentin looked at him a moment in silence and then dropped himself into a chair with an unwonted air of weariness. "Happy man!" he said with a sigh. "Take care you don't become offensive."

"If any one chooses to take offense, he may. I have a good conscience," said Newman.

"You are really in love, then, with my sister."

"Yes, sir!" said Newman, after a pause.

"And she also?"

"I guess she likes me," said Newman.

"What is the witchcraft you have used?" Valentin asked. "How do *you* make love?"

"Oh, I have n't any general rules," said Newman. "In any way that seems acceptable."

"I suspect that, if one knew it," said Valentin, laughing, "you are a terrible customer. You walk in seven-league boots."

"There is something the matter with you to-night," Newman said in response to this. "You are vicious. Spare me all discordant sounds until after my marriage. Then, when I have settled down for life, I shall be better able to take things as they come."

"And when does your marriage take place?"

"About six weeks hence."

Valentin was silent a while, and then he said, "And you feel very confident about the future?"

"Confident. I knew what I wanted, exactly, and I know what I have got."

"You are sure you are going to be happy?"

"Sure?" said Newman. "So foolish a question deserves a foolish answer. Yes!"

"You are not afraid of anything?"

"What should I be afraid of? You can't hurt me unless you kill me by some violent means. That I should indeed consider a tremendous sell. I want to live and I mean to live. I can't die of illness, I am too thundering tough; and the time for dying of old age won't come round yet awhile. I can't lose my wife, I shall take too good care of her. I may lose my money, or a large part of it; but that won't matter, for I shall make twice as much again. So what have I to be afraid of?"

"You are not afraid it may be rather a mistake for an American man of business to marry a French countess?"

"For the countess, possibly; but not for the man of business, if you mean me! But my countess shall not be disappointed; I warrant the article!" And as if he felt the impulse to celebrate his happy certitude by a bonfire, he got up to throw a couple of logs upon the already blazing hearth. Valentin watched for a few moments the quickened flame, and then, with his head leaning on his hand, gave a melancholy sigh. "Got a headache?" Newman asked.

"*Je suis triste*," said Valentin, with simplicity.

"You are sad, eh? Is it about the lady you said the other night that you adored and that you could n't marry?"

"Did I really say that? It seemed to me afterwards that the words had escaped me. Before Claire it was bad taste. But I felt gloomy as I spoke, and I feel gloomy still. Why did you ever introduce me to that girl?"

"Oh, it 's Mademoiselle Nioche, is it? Lord deliver us! You don't mean to say you are lovesick about her?"

"Lovesick, no; it 's not a grand passion. But the cold-blooded little demon sticks in my thoughts; she has bitten me with those even little teeth of hers; I feel as if I might turn rabid and do something crazy, in consequence. It 's very low; it 's disgustingly low. She 's the most mercenary little jade in Europe. Yet she really affects my peace of mind; she is always running in my head. It 's a striking contrast to your noble and virtuous attachment, — a vile contrast. It is rather pitiful that it should be the best I am able to do for myself at my present respectable age. I am a nice young man, eh, *en somme?* You can't warrant my future, as you do your own."

"Drop that girl, short," said Newman; "don't go near her again, and your future will do. Come over to America and I will get you a place in a bank."

"It is easy to say drop her," said Valentin, with a light laugh. "You can't drop a pretty woman like that. One must be polite, even with Mademoiselle Nioche. Besides, I 'll not have her suppose I am afraid of her."

"So, between politeness and vanity, you will get deeper into the mud? Keep them both for something better. Remember, too, that I did n't want to introduce you to her; you insisted. I had a sort of uneasy feeling about it."

"Oh, I don't reproach you," said Valentin. "Heaven forbid! I would n't for the world have missed knowing her. She is really extraordinary. The way she has already spread her wings is amazing. I don't know when a woman has amused me more. But excuse me," he added in an instant; "she does n't amuse you, at second hand, and the subject is an impure one. Let us talk of something else." Valentin introduced another topic, but within five minutes Newman observed that, by a bold transition, he had reverted to Mademoiselle Nioche, and was giving pictures of her manners and quoting specimens of her *mots*. These were very witty, and, for a young woman who six months before had been painting the most artless madonnas, startlingly cynical. But at last, abrupt-

ly, he stopped, became thoughtful, and for some time afterwards said nothing. When he rose to go it was evident that his thoughts were still running upon Mademoiselle Nioche. "Yes, she's a frightful little monster!" he said.

XVI.

The next ten days were the happiest that Newman had ever known. He saw Madame de Cintré every day, and never saw either old Madame de Bellegarde or the elder of his prospective brothers-in-law. Madame de Cintré at last seemed to think it becoming to apologize for their never being present. "They are much taken up," she said, "with doing the honors of Paris to Lord Deepmere." There was a smile in her gravity as she made this declaration, and it deepened as she added, "He is our seventh cousin, you know, and blood is thicker than water. And then, he is so interesting!" And with this she laughed.

Newman met young Madame de Bellegarde two or three times, always roaming about with graceful vagueness, as if in search of an unattainable ideal of amusement. She always reminded him of a painted perfume bottle with a crack in it; but he had grown to have a kindly feeling for her, based on the fact of her owing conjugal allegiance to Urbain de Bellegarde. He pitied M. de Bellegarde's wife, especially since she was a silly, thirstily-smiling little brunette, with a suggestion of an unregulated heart. The small marquise sometimes looked at him with an intensity too marked not to be innocent, for coquetry is more finely shaded. She apparently wanted to ask him something or tell him something; he wondered what it was. But he was shy of giving her an opportunity, because, if her communication bore upon the aridity of her matrimonial lot, he was at a loss to see how he could help her. He had a fancy, however, of her coming up to him some day and saying (after looking round behind her), with a little passionate hiss, "I know you detest my husband; let me have the pleasure of assuring you for once that you are right. Pity a poor woman who is married to a clock-image in *papier-mâché!*" Possessing, however, in default of a competent knowledge of the principles of etiquette, a very downright sense of the "meanness" of certain actions, it seemed to him to belong to his position to keep on his guard; he was not going to put it into the power of these people to say that in their house he had done anything unpleasant. As it was, Madame de Bellegarde used to give him news of the dress she meant to wear at his wedding, and which had not yet, in her creative imagination, in spite of many interviews with the tailor, resolved itself into its composite totality. "I told you pale blue bows on the sleeves, at the elbows," she said. "But to-day I don't see my blue bows at all. I don't know what has become of them. To-day I see pink — a tender pink. And then I pass through strange, dull phases in which neither blue nor pink says anything to me. And yet I must have the bows."

"Have them green or yellow," said Newman.

"*Malheureux!*" the little marquise would cry. "Green bows would break your marriage — your children would be illegitimate!"

Madame de Cintré was calmly happy before the world, and Newman had the felicity of fancying that before him, when the world was absent, she was almost agitatedly happy. She said very tender things. "I take no pleasure in you. You never give me a chance to scold you, to correct you. I bargained for that, I expected to enjoy it. But you won't do anything dreadful; you are dismally inoffensive. It is very stupid; there is no excitement for me; I might as well be marrying some one else."

"I am afraid it 's the worst I can do," Newman would say in answer to this. "Kindly overlook the deficiency." He assured her that he, at least, would never scold her; she was perfectly satisfactory. "If you only knew," he said, "how exactly you are what I wanted! And I am beginning to understand why

I wanted it; the having it makes all the difference that I expected. Never was a man better pleased with his bargain; never was a man more certain of having secured a 'high class of goods.'"

"Ah, I'm a high class of goods?" said Madame de Cintré.

"You are the best thing in the market. That was what I wanted. You have been holding your head for a week past just as I wanted my wife to hold hers. You say just the things I want her to say. You walk about the room just as I want her to walk. You have just the taste in dress that I want her to have. In short, you come up to the mark, and, I can tell you, my mark was high."

These observations seemed to make Madame de Cintré rather grave. At last she said, "Depend upon it, I don't come up to the mark; your mark is too high. I am not all that you suppose; I am a much smaller affair. She is a magnificent woman, your ideal. Pray, how did she come to such perfection?"

"She was never anything else," Newman said.

"I really believe," Madame de Cintré went on, "that she is better than my own ideal. Do you know that is a very handsome compliment? Well, sir, I will make her my own!"

Mrs. Tristram came to see her dear Claire after Newman had announced his engagement, and she told our hero the next day that his good fortune was simply absurd. "For the ridiculous part of it is," she said, "that you are evidently going to be as happy as if you were marrying Miss Smith or Miss Thompson. I call it a brilliant match for you, but you get brilliancy without paying any tax upon it. Those things are usually a compromise, but here you have everything, and nothing crowds anything else out. You will be brilliantly happy as well." Newman thanked her for her pleasant, encouraging way of saying things; no woman could encourage or discourage better. Tristram's way of saying things was different; he had been taken by his wife to call upon Madame de Cintré, and he gave an account of the expedition.

"You don't catch me giving an opinion on your countess this time," he said; "I put my foot in it once. That's a d—d underhand thing to do, by the way — coming round to sound a fellow upon the woman you are going to marry. You deserve anything you get. Then of course you rush and tell her, and she takes care to make it pleasant for the poor, spiteful wretch the first time he calls. I will do you the justice to say, however, that you don't seem to have told Madame de Cintré; or if you have she's uncommonly magnanimous. She was very nice; she was tremendously polite. She and Lizzie sat on the sofa, pressing each other's hands and calling each other *chère belle*, and Madame de Cintré sent me with every third word a magnificent smile, as if to give me to understand that I too was a handsome dear. She quite made up for past neglect, I assure you; she was very pleasant and sociable. Only in an evil hour it came into her head to say that she must present us to her mother, — her mother wished to know your friends. I didn't want to know her mother, and I was on the point of telling Lizzie to go in alone and let me wait for her outside. But Lizzie, with her usual infernal ingenuity, guessed my purpose and reduced me by a glance of her eye. So they marched off arm in arm, and I followed as I could. We found the old lady in her arm-chair, twiddling her aristocratic thumbs. She looked at Lizzie from head to foot; but at that game Lizzie, to do her justice, was a match for her. My wife told her we were great friends of Mr. Newman. The marquise stared a moment, and then said, 'Oh, Mr. Newman! My daughter has made up her mind to marry a Mr. Newman.' Then Madame de Cintré began to fondle Lizzie again, and said it was this dear lady that had planned the match and brought them together. 'Oh, 't is you I have to thank for my American son-in-law,' the old lady said to Mrs. Tristram. 'It was a very clever thought of yours. Be sure of my gratitude.' And then she began to look at me and presently said, 'Pray, are you en-

gaged in some species of manufacture?' I wanted to say that I manufactured broomsticks for old witches to ride on, but Lizzie got in ahead of me. 'My husband, Madame la Marquise,' she said, 'belongs to that most unfortunate class of persons who have no profession and no business, and do very little good in the world.' To get her poke at the old woman she did n't care where she shoved me. 'Dear me,' said the marquise, 'we all have our duties.' 'I am sorry mine compel me to take leave of you,' said Lizzie. And we bundled out again. But you have a mother-in-law, in all the force of the term."

"Oh," said Newman, "my mother-in-law desires nothing better than to let me alone."

Betimes, on the evening of the 27th, he went to Madame de Bellegarde's ball. The old house in the Rue de l'Université looked strangely brilliant. In the circle of light projected from the outer gate a detachment of the populace stood watching the carriages roll in; the court was illumined with flaring torches and the portico carpeted with crimson. When Newman arrived there were but a few people present. The marquise and her two daughters were at the top of the staircase, where the sallow old nymph in the angle peeped out from a bower of plants. Madame de Bellegarde, in purple and fine laces, looked like an old lady painted by Vandyke; Madame de Cintré was dressed in white. The old lady greeted Newman with majestic formality, and, looking round her, called several of the persons who were standing near. They were elderly gentlemen, of what Valentin de Bellegarde had designated as the high-nosed category; two or three of them wore cordons and stars. They approached with measured alertness, and the marquise said that she wished to present them to Mr. Newman, who was going to marry her daughter. Then she introduced successively three dukes, three counts, and a baron. These gentlemen bowed and smiled most agreeably, and Newman indulged in a series of impartial handshakes, accompanied by a "Happy to make your acquaintance, sir." He looked at Madame de Cintré, but she was not looking at him. If his personal self-consciousness had been of a nature to make him constantly refer to her, as the critic before whom, in company, he played his part, he might have found it a flattering proof of her confidence that he never caught her eyes resting upon him. It is a reflection Newman did not make, but we may nevertheless risk it, that in spite of this circumstance she probably saw every movement of his little finger. Young Madame de Bellegarde was dressed in an audacious toilet of crimson crape, bestrewn with huge silver moons — thin crescents and full disks.

"You don't say anything about my dress," she said to Newman.

"I feel," he answered, "as if I were looking at you through a telescope. It is very strange."

"If it is strange it matches the occasion. But I am not a heavenly body."

"I never saw the sky at midnight that particular shade of crimson," said Newman.

"That is my originality; any one could have chosen blue. My sister-in-law would have chosen a lovely shade of blue, with a dozen little delicate moons. But I think crimson is much more amusing. And I give my idea, which is moonshine."

"Moonshine and bloodshed," said Newman.

"A murder by moonlight," laughed Madame de Bellegarde. "What a delicious idea for a toilet! To make it complete, there is the silver dagger, you see, stuck into my hair. But here comes Lord Deepmere," she added in a moment. "I must find out what he thinks of it." Lord Deepmere came up, looking very red in the face, and laughing. "Lord Deepmere can't decide which he prefers, my sister-in-law or me," said Madame de Bellegarde. "He likes Claire because she is his cousin, and me because I am not. But he has no right to make love to Claire, whereas I am perfectly *disponible*. It is very wrong to make love to a woman who is engaged,

but it is very wrong not to make love to a woman who is married."

"Oh, it 's very jolly making love to married women," said Lord Deepmere, "because they can't ask you to marry them."

"Is that what the others do, the spinsters?" Newman inquired.

"Oh dear, yes," said Lord Deepmere; "in England all the girls ask a fellow to marry them."

"And a fellow brutally refuses," said Madame de Bellegarde.

"Why, really, you know, a fellow can't marry every girl that asks him," said his lordship.

"The countess won't ask you. She is going to marry Mr. Newman."

"Oh, that 's a very different thing!" laughed Lord Deepmere.

"You would have accepted *her*, I suppose. That makes me hope that after all you prefer me."

"Oh, when things are nice I never prefer one to the other," said the young Englishman. "I take them all."

"Ah, what a horror! I won't be taken in that way; I must be kept apart," cried Madame de Bellegarde. "Mr. Newman is much better; he knows how to choose. Oh, he chooses as if he were threading a needle. He prefers Madame de Cintré to any conceivable creature or thing."

"Well, you can't help my being her cousin," said Lord Deepmere to Newman, with candid hilarity.

"Oh no, I can't help that," said Newman, laughing back. "Neither can she!"

"And you can't help my dancing with her," said Lord Deepmere, with sturdy simplicity.

"I could prevent that only by dancing with her myself," said Newman. "But unfortunately I don't know how to dance."

"Oh, you may dance without knowing how; may you not, milord?" said Madame de Bellegarde. But to this Lord Deepmere replied that a fellow ought to know how to dance if he did n't want to make an ass of himself; and at this same moment Urbain de Bellegarde joined the group, slow-stepping and with his hands behind him.

"This is a very splendid entertainment," said Newman, cheerfully. "The old house looks very bright."

"If *you* are pleased, we are content," said the marquis, lifting his shoulders and bending them forward.

"Oh, I guess every one is pleased," said Newman. "How can they help being pleased when the first thing they see as they come in is your sister, standing there as beautiful as an angel?"

"Yes, she is very beautiful," rejoined the marquis, solemnly. "But that is not so great a source of satisfaction to other people, naturally, as to you."

"Yes, I am satisfied, marquis, I am satisfied," said Newman, with his protracted modulation. "And now tell me," he added, looking round, "who some of your friends are."

M. de Bellegarde looked about him in silence, with his head bent and his hand raised to his lower lip, which he slowly rubbed. A stream of people had been pouring into the *salon* in which Newman stood with his host, the rooms were filling up, and the spectacle had become brilliant. It borrowed its splendor chiefly from the shining shoulders and profuse jewels of the women, and from the voluminous elegance of their dresses. There were no uniforms, as Madame de Bellegarde's door was inexorably closed against the myrmidons of the upstart power which then ruled the fortunes of France, and the great company of smiling and chattering faces was not graced by any very frequent suggestion of harmonious beauty. It is a pity, nevertheless, that Newman had not been a physiognomist, for a great many of the faces were irregularly agreeable, expressive, and suggestive. If the occasion had been different they would hardly have pleased him; he would have thought the women not pretty enough and the men too simpering; but he was now in a humor to receive none but agreeable impressions, and he looked no more narrowly than to perceive that every one was brilliant, and to feel that the sum of their brilliancy

was a part of his credit. "I will present you to some people," said M. de Bellegarde after a while. "I will make a point of it, in fact. You will allow me?"

"Oh, I will shake hands with any one you want," said Newman. "Your mother just introduced me to half a dozen old gentlemen. Take care you don't tackle the same parties again."

"Who are the gentlemen to whom my mother presented you?"

"Upon my word, I forget them," said Newman, laughing. "The people here look very much alike."

"I suspect they have not forgotten you," said the marquis. And he began to walk through the rooms. Newman, to keep near him in the crowd, took his arm; after which, for some time, the marquis walked straight along, in silence. At last, reaching the farther end of the suite of reception-rooms, Newman found himself in the presence of a lady of monstrous proportions, seated in a very capacious arm-chair, with several persons standing in a semicircle round her. This little group had divided as the marquis came up, and M. de Bellegarde stepped forward and stood for an instant silent and obsequious, with his hat raised to his lips, as Newman had seen some gentlemen stand in churches as soon as they had entered their pews. The lady, indeed, bore a very fair likeness to a reverend effigy in some idolatrous shrine. She was monumentally stout and imperturbably serene. Her aspect was to Newman almost formidable; he had a troubled consciousness of a triple chin, a small piercing eye, a vast expanse of uncovered bosom, a nodding and twinkling tiara of plumes and gems, and an immense circumference of satin petticoat. With her little circle of beholders this remarkable woman reminded him of the Fat Lady at a fair. She fixed her small, unwinking eyes at the new-comers.

"Dear duchess," said the marquis, "let me present you our good friend Mr. Newman, of whom you have heard us speak. Wishing to make Mr. Newman known to those who are dear to us, I could not possibly fail to begin with you."

"Charmed, dear marquis; charmed, monsieur," said the duchess in a voice which, though small and shrill, was not disagreeable, while Newman executed his obeisance. "I came on purpose to see monsieur. I hope he appreciates the compliment. You have only to look at me to do so, sir," she continued, sweeping her person with a much-encompassing glance. Newman hardly knew what to say, though it seemed that to a duchess who joked about her corpulence one might say almost anything. On hearing that the duchess had come on purpose to see Newman, the gentlemen who surrounded her turned a little and looked at him with sympathetic curiosity. The marquis with supernatural gravity mentioned to him the name of each, while the gentleman who bore it bowed; they were all what are called in France *beaux noms*. "I wanted extremely to see you," the duchess went on. "*C'est positif*. In the first place, I am very fond of the person you are going to marry; she is the most charming creature in France. Mind you treat her well, or you shall hear some news of me. But you look as if you were good. I am told you are very remarkable. I have heard all sorts of extraordinary things about you. *Voyons*, are they true?"

"I don't know what you can have heard," said Newman.

"Oh, you have your *légende*. We have heard that you have had a career the most checkered, the most bizarre. What is that about your having founded a city some ten years ago in the great West, a city which contains to-day half a million of inhabitants? Is n't it half a million, messieurs? You are exclusive proprietor of this flourishing settlement, and are consequently fabulously rich, and you would be richer still if you did n't grant lands and houses free of rent to all new-comers who will pledge themselves never to smoke cigars. At this game, in three years, we are told, you are going to be made president of America."

The duchess recited this amazing "legend" with a smooth self-possession which gave the speech, to Newman's

mind, the air of being a bit of amusing dialogue in a play, delivered by a veteran comic actress. Before she had ceased speaking he had burst into loud, irrepressible laughter. "Dear duchess, dear duchess," the marquis began to murmur, soothingly. Two or three persons came to the door of the room to see who was laughing at the duchess. But the lady continued with the soft, serene assurance of a person who, as a duchess, was certain of being listened to, and, as a garrulous woman, was independent of the pulse of her auditors. "But I know you are very remarkable. You must be, to have endeared yourself to this good marquis and to his admirable mother. They don't bestow their esteem on all the world. They are very exacting. I myself am not very sure at this hour of really possessing it. Eh, marquis? To please you, I see, one must be an American millionaire. But your real triumph, my dear sir, is pleasing the countess; she is as difficult as a princess in a fairy tale. Your success is a miracle. What is your secret? I don't ask you to reveal it before all these gentlemen, but come and see me some day and give me a specimen of your talents."

"The secret is with Madame de Cintré," said Newman. "You must ask her for it. It consists in her having a great deal of charity."

"Very pretty!" said the duchess. "That 's a very nice specimen, to begin with. What, marquis, are you already taking monsieur away?"

"I have a duty to perform, dear friend," said the marquis, pointing to the other groups.

"Ah, for you I know what that means. Well, I have seen monsieur; that is what I wanted. He can't persuade me that he is n't very strong. Farewell."

As Newman passed on with his host, he asked who the duchess was. "The greatest lady in France," said the marquis. M. de Bellegarde then presented his prospective brother-in-law to some twenty other persons of both sexes, selected apparently for their typically august character. In some cases this character was written in a good round hand upon the countenance of the wearer; in others Newman was thankful for such help as his companion's impressively brief intimation contributed to the discovery of it. There were large, majestic men, and small, demonstrative men; there were ugly ladies in yellow lace and quaint jewels, and pretty ladies with white shoulders from which jewels and everything else was absent. Every one gave Newman extreme attention, every one smiled, every one was charmed to make his acquaintance, every one looked at him with that soft hardness of good society which puts out its hand but keeps its fingers closed over the coin. If the marquis was going about as a bear-leader, if the fiction of Beauty and the Beast was supposed to have found its companion-piece, the general impression appeared to be that the bear was a very fair imitation of humanity. Newman found his reception among the marquis's friends very "pleasant;" he could not have said more for it. It was pleasant to be treated with so much explicit politeness; it was pleasant to hear neatly turned civilities, with a flavor of wit, uttered from beneath carefully-shaped mustaches; it was pleasant to see clever Frenchwomen — they all seemed clever — turn their backs to their partners to get a good look at the strange American whom Claire de Cintré was to marry, and reward the object of the exhibition with a charming smile. At last, as he turned away from a battery of smiles and other amenities, Newman caught the eye of the marquis looking at him heavily; and thereupon, for a single instant, he checked himself. "Am I behaving like a d—d fool?" he asked himself. "Am I stepping about like a terrier on his hind legs?" At this moment he perceived Mrs. Tristram at the other side of the room, and he waved his hand in farewell to M. de Bellegarde and made his way toward her.

"Am I holding my head too high?" he asked. "Do I look as if I had the lower end of a pulley fastened to my chin?"

"You look like all happy men, very

ridiculous," said Mrs. Tristram. "It 's the usual thing, neither better nor worse. I have been watching you for the last ten minutes, and I have been watching M. de Bellegarde. *He* does n't like it."

"The more credit to him for putting it through," replied Newman. "But I shall be generous. I shan't trouble him any more. But I *am* very happy. I can't stand still here. Please to take my arm and we will go for a walk."

He led Mrs. Tristram through all the rooms. There were a great many of them, and, decorated for the occasion and filled with a stately crowd, their somewhat tarnished nobleness recovered its lustre. Mrs. Tristram, looking about her, dropped a series of softly-incisive comments upon her fellow-guests. But Newman made vague answers; he hardly heard her; his thoughts were elsewhere. They were lost in a cheerful sense of success, of attainment and victory. His momentary care as to whether he looked like a fool passed away, and left him simply with a rich sense of contentment. He had got what he wanted. The savor of success had always been highly agreeable to him, and it had been his fortune to know it often. But it had never before been so sweet, been associated with so much that was brilliant and suggestive and entertaining. The lights, the flowers, the music, the crowd, the splendid women, the jewels, the strangeness even of the universal murmur of a clever foreign tongue, were all a vivid symbol and assurance of his having grasped his purpose and driven along his groove. If Newman's smile was larger than usual, it was not tickled vanity that pulled the strings; he had no wish to be shown with the finger or to achieve a personal success. If he could have looked down at the scene, invisible, from a hole in the roof, he would have enjoyed it quite as much. It would have spoken to him about his own prosperity, and deepened that easy feeling about life to which, sooner or later, he made all experience contribute. Just now the cup seemed full.

"It is a very pretty party," said Mrs. Tristram, after they had walked a while. "I have seen nothing objectionable except my husband leaning against the wall and talking to an individual whom I suppose he takes for a duke, but whom I more than suspect to be the functionary who attends to the lamps. Do you think you could separate them? Knock over a lamp!"

I doubt whether Newman, who saw no harm in Tristram's conversing with an ingenious mechanic, would have complied with this request; but at this moment Valentin de Bellegarde drew near. Newman, some weeks previously, had presented Madame de Cintré's younger brother to Mrs. Tristram, for whose merits Valentin professed a discriminating relish and to whom he had paid several visits.

"Did you ever read Keats's Belle Dame sans Merci?" asked Mrs. Tristram. "You remind me of the hero of the ballad: —

> 'Oh, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
> Alone and palely loitering?' "

"If I am alone, it is because I have been deprived of your society," said Valentin. "Besides, it is good manners for no man except Newman to look happy. This is all to his address. It is not for you and me to go before the curtain."

"You promised me last spring," said Newman to Mrs. Tristram, "that six months from that time I should get into a monstrous rage. It seems to me the time 's up, and yet the nearest I can come to doing anything rough now is to offer you a *café glacé*."

"I told you we should do things grandly," said Valentin. "I don't allude to the cafés glacés. But every one is here, and my sister told me just now that Urbain had been adorable."

"He 's a good fellow, he 's a good fellow," said Newman. "I love him as a brother. That reminds me that I ought to go and say something polite to your mother."

"Let it be something very polite indeed," said Valentin. "It may be the last time you will feel so much like it!"

Newman walked away, almost disposed to clasp old Madame de Bellegarde

round the waist. He passed through several rooms and at last found the old marquise in the first saloon, seated on a sofa, with her young kinsman, Lord Deepmere, beside her. The young man looked somewhat bored; his hands were thrust into his pockets and his eyes were fixed upon the toes of his shoes, his feet being thrust out in front of him. Madame de Bellegarde appeared to have been talking to him with some intensity and to be waiting for an answer to what she had said, or for some sign of the effect of her words. Her hands were folded in her lap, and she was looking at his lordship's simple physiognomy with an air of politely suppressed irritation.

Lord Deepmere looked up as Newman approached, met his eyes, and changed color.

"I am afraid I disturb an interesting interview," said Newman.

Madame de Bellegarde rose, and her companion rising at the same time, she put her hand into his arm. She answered nothing for an instant, and then, as he remained silent, she said with a smile, "It would be polite for Lord Deepmere to say it was very interesting."

"Oh, I 'm not polite!" cried his lordship. "But it *was* interesting."

"Madame de Bellegarde was giving you some good advice, eh?" said Newman; "toning you down a little?"

"I was giving him some excellent advice," said the marquise, fixing her fresh, cold eyes upon our hero. "It 's for him to take it."

"Take it, sir, — take it," Newman exclaimed. "Any advice the marquise gives you to-night must be good. For to-night, marquise, you must speak from a cheerful, comfortable spirit, and that makes good advice. You see everything going on so brightly and successfully round you. Your party is magnificent; it was a very happy thought. It is much better than that thing of mine would have been."

"If you are pleased I am satisfied," said Madame de Bellegarde. "My desire was to please you."

"Do you want to please me a little more?" said Newman. "Just drop our lordly friend; I am sure he wants to be off and shake his heels a little. Then take my arm and walk through the rooms."

"My desire was to please you," the old lady repeated. And she liberated Lord Deepmere, Newman rather wondering at her docility. "If this young man is wise," she added, "he will go and find my daughter and ask her to dance."

"I have been indorsing your advice," said Newman, bending over her and laughing, "I suppose I must swallow that!"

Lord Deepmere wiped his forehead and departed, and Madame de Bellegarde took Newman's arm. "Yes, it 's a very pleasant, sociable entertainment," the latter declared, as they proceeded on their circuit. "Every one seems to know every one and to be glad to see every one. The marquis has made me acquainted with ever so many people, and I feel quite like one of the family. It 's an occasion," Newman continued, wanting to say something thoroughly kind and comfortable, "that I shall always remember, and remember very pleasantly."

"I think it is an occasion that we shall none of us forget," said the marquise, with her pure, neat enunciation.

People made way for her as she passed, others turned round and looked at her, and she received a great many greetings and pressings of the hand, all of which she accepted with the most delicate dignity. But though she smiled upon every one, she said nothing until she reached the last of the rooms, where she found her elder son. Then, "This is enough, sir," she declared with measured softness to Newman, and turned to the marquis. He put out both his hands and took both hers, drawing her to a seat with an air of the tenderest veneration. It was a most harmonious family group, and Newman discreetly retired. He moved through the rooms for some time longer, circulating freely, overtopping most people by his great height,

renewing acquaintance with some of the groups to which Urbain de Bellegarde had presented him, and expending generally the surplus of his equanimity. He continued to find it all extremely agreeable; but the most agreeable things have an end, and the revelry on this occasion began to deepen to a close. The music was sounding its ultimate strains, and people were looking for the marquise, to make their farewells. There seemed to be some difficulty in finding her, and Newman heard a report that she had left the ball, feeling faint. "She has succumbed to the emotions of the evening," he heard a lady say. "Poor, dear marquise; I can imagine all that they may have been for her!" But he learned immediately afterwards that she had recovered herself and was seated in an arm-chair near the doorway, receiving parting compliments from great ladies who insisted upon her not rising. He himself set out in quest of Madame de Cintré. He had seen her move past him many times in the rapid circles of a waltz, but in accordance with her explicit instructions he had exchanged no words with her since the beginning of the evening. The whole house having been thrown open, the apartments of the *rez-de-chaussée* were also accessible, though a smaller number of persons had gathered there. Newman wandered through them, observing a few scattered couples to whom this comparative seclusion appeared grateful, and reached a small conservatory which opened into the garden. The end of the conservatory was formed by a clear sheet of glass, unmasked by plants, and admitting the winter starlight so directly that a person standing there seemed to have passed into the open air. Two persons stood there now, a lady and a gentleman; the lady Newman, from within the room and although she had turned her back to it, immediately recognized as Madame de Cintré. He hesitated as to whether he would advance, but as he did so she looked round, feeling apparently that he was there. She rested her eyes on him a moment and then turned again to her companion.

"It is almost a pity not to tell Mr. Newman," she said softly, but in a tone that Newman could hear.

"Tell him if you like!" the gentleman answered, in the voice of Lord Deepmere.

"Oh, tell me by all means!" said Newman, advancing.

Lord Deepmere, he observed, was very red in the face, and he had twisted his gloves into a tight cord, as if he had been squeezing them dry. These, presumably, were tokens of violent emotion, and it seemed to Newman that the traces of a corresponding agitation were visible in Madame de Cintré's face. The two had been talking with much vivacity. "What I should tell you is only to my lord's credit," said Madame de Cintré, smiling frankly enough.

"He would n't like it any better for that!" said my lord, with his awkward laugh.

"Come; what 's the mystery?" Newman demanded. "Clear it up. I don't like mysteries."

"We must have some things we don't like, and go without some we do," said the ruddy young nobleman, laughing still.

"It 's to Lord Deepmere's credit, but it is not to every one's," said Madame de Cintré. "So I shall say nothing about it. You may be sure," she added; and she put out her hand to the Englishman, who took it half shyly, half impetuously. "And now go and dance!" she said.

"Oh yes, I feel awfully like dancing!" he answered. "I shall go and get tipsy." And he walked away with a sort of gloomy guffaw.

"What has happened between you?" Newman asked.

"I can't tell you — now," said Madame de Cintré. "Nothing that need make you unhappy."

"Has the little Englishman been trying to make love to you?"

She hesitated, and then she uttered a grave "No! he 's a very honest little fellow."

"But you are agitated. Something is the matter."

"Nothing, I repeat, that need make you unhappy. My agitation is over. Some day I will tell you what it was; not now. I can't now!"

"Well, I confess," remarked Newman, "I don't want to hear anything unpleasant. I am satisfied with everything — most of all with you. I have seen all the ladies and talked with a great many of them; but I am satisfied with you." Madame de Cintré covered him for a moment with her large, soft glance, and then turned her eyes away into the starry night. So they stood silent a moment, side by side. "Say you are satisfied with me," said Newman.

He had to wait a moment for the answer; but it came at last, low yet distinct: "I am very happy."

It was presently followed by a few words from another source, which made them both turn round. "I am sadly afraid my lady will take a chill. I have ventured to bring a shawl." Mrs. Bread stood there, softly solicitous, holding a white drapery in her hand.

"Thank you," said Madame de Cintré, "the sight of those cold stars gives one a sense of frost. I won't take your shawl, but we will go back into the house."

She passed back and Newman followed her, Mrs. Bread standing respectfully aside to make way for them. Newman paused an instant before the old woman, and she glanced up at him with a silent greeting. "Oh, yes," he said, "you must come and live with us."

"Well then, sir, if you will," she answered, "you have not seen the last of me!"

Henry James, Jr.

INTERLUDES.

I.

An Old Castle.

1.

The gray arch crumbles,
And totters, and tumbles;
The bat has built in the banquet hall.
In the donjon-keep
Sly mosses creep;
The ivy has scaled the southern wall.
No man-at-arms
Sounds quick alarms
Atop of the cracked martello tower;
The drawbridge chain
Is broken in twain;
The bridge will neither rise nor lower.
Not any manner
Of broidered banner
Flaunts at a blazoned herald's call.
Lilies float
In the stagnant moat;
And fair they are, and tall.

II.

Here, in the old
Forgotten springs,
Was wassail held by queens and kings;
Here at the board
Sat clown and lord,
Maiden fair and lover bold,
Baron fat and minstrel lean,
The prince with his stars,
The knight with his scars,
The priest in his gabardine.

III.

Where is she
Of the fleur-de-lys,
And that true knight who wore her gages?
Where are the glances
That bred wild fancies
In curly heads of my lady's pages?
Where are those
Who, in steel or hose,
Held revel here, and made them gay?
Where is the laughter
That shook the rafter —
Where is the rafter, by the way?
Gone is the roof,
And perched aloof
Is an owl, like a friar of orders gray.
(Perhaps 't is the priest
Come back to feast —
He had ever a tooth for capon, he!
But the capon 's cold,
And the steward 's old,
And the butler 's lost the larder-key!)

The doughty lords
Sleep "the sleep of swords."
Dead are the dames and damosels.
The king in his crown
Hath laid him down,
And the jester with his bells.

IV.

All is dead here:
Poppies are red here,
Vines in my lady's chamber grow —
If 't was her chamber
Where they clamber
Up from the poisonous weeds below.
All is dead here,
Joy is fled here;

Let us hence. 'T is the end of all!
The gray arch crumbles,
And totters, and tumbles,
And Silence sits in the banquet hall.

II.

Barberries.

In scarlet clusters o'er the gray stone wall
The barberries lean in thin autumnal air:
Just when the fields and garden-plots are bare,
And ere the green leaf takes the tint of fall,
They come, to make the eye a festival!
Along the road, for miles, their torches flare.
Ah, if your deep-sea coral were but rare
(The damask rose might envy it withal),
What bards had sung your praises long ago,
Called you fine names in honey-worded books, —
The rosy tramps of turnpike and of lane,
September's blushes, Ceres' lips aglow,
Little Red Ridinghoods, — for your sweet looks!
But your plebeian beauty is in vain.

III.

A Snow-Flake.

Once he sang of summer,
Nothing but the summer;
Now he sings of winter,
Of winter bleak and drear:
Just because there 's fallen
A snow-flake on his forehead,
He must go and fancy
'T is winter all the year!

IV.

To Launt Thompson in Florence.

You by the Arno shape your marble dream,
Under the cypress and the olive trees,
While I, this side the wild, wind-beaten seas,
Unrestful by the Charles's placid stream,
Long once again to catch the golden gleam
Of Brunelleschi's dome, and lounge at ease
In those pleached gardens and fair galleries.
And yet, perhaps, you envy me, and deem

My star the happier, since it holds me here.
Even so, one time, beneath the cypresses
My heart turned longingly across the sea,
Aching with love for thee, New England dear!
And I 'd have given all Titian's goddesses
For one poor cowslip or anemone.

V.

Epitaphs.

"HONEST Iago." When his breath was fled,
Doubtless those words were carven at his head.
Such lying epitaphs are like a rose
That in unlovely earth takes root and grows.

From the Spanish.

To him that hath, we are told,
Shall be given. Yes, by the Cross!
To the rich man fate sends gold,
To the poor man loss on loss.

Grace and Strength.

MANOAH'S son, in his blind rage malign,
Tumbling the temple down upon his foes,
Did no such feat as yonder delicate vine
That day by day untired holds up a rose.

VI.

"Even this will pass away."

TOUCHED with the delicate green of early May,
Or later, when the rose unveils her face,
The world hangs glittering in star-strewn space,
Fresh as a jewel found but yesterday.
And yet 't is very old; what tongue may say
How old it is? Race follows upon race,
Forgetting and forgotten; in their place
Sink tower and temple; nothing long may stay.
We build on tombs, and live our day, and die;
From out our dust new towers and temples start;
Our very name becomes a mystery.
What cities no man ever heard of lie
Under the glacier, in the mountain's heart,
In violet glooms beneath the moaning sea!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

MUNICIPAL INDEBTEDNESS.

PRIOR to the war of the rebellion the people of the United States, whether in their general collective capacity as a nation or in their more limited aggregations by States, counties, or local municipalities, scarcely knew either debt or taxation in the proper sense of those terms, as they were understood elsewhere, and as they are now understood by ourselves. The American statesman had little need to occupy himself with problems into which in other civilized countries these horrible factors entered, bringing in their train difficult and perplexing incidents of administration. For a long series of years the duties on imports furnished a more than ample revenue to the national treasury. The state governments generally found the means of covering their moderate expenditure by some special method of indirect taxation; at least this was the case in Massachusetts, where the "bank-tax," as it was called, an assessment of one per cent. on the amount of the capital stock of the incorporated banks in the State, collected as an equivalent for the privilege granted to those institutions of issuing notes for currency, was found in most years sufficient for the purpose. The ordinary sources of internal taxation were thus left at the exclusive disposal of the local municipal bodies, and the lightness of the burden of local taxation, resulting from the comparative insignificance of the sums necessary to be raised, allowed the crudities of the system to pass without attracting special attention.

The period of fifteen years since the outbreak of the war has almost wholly changed this state of things. The people of the United States have submitted, with an alacrity which has been the wonder of the world, to a burden of national expenditure of enormous magnitude. This expenditure involved the creation of an immense national debt. Within the last ten years more than five hundred millions of the capital of the debt has been extinguished. Within the same period three times this sum has been paid in interest on the debt. We have in these two items an aggregate exceeding two thousand millions of dollars required from the people of the country within the last ten years for national purposes, and this is almost precisely the amount which in the same period has been contributed to the national treasury by taxation within the country. With so heavy a strain placed upon sources of revenue formerly applicable exclusively to purposes of local taxation, we need not be surprised to find that to meet these latter (the necessary expenditure for which has at the same time been very largely enhanced) recourse has been had somewhat freely to financial expedients but little practiced previously, when the need for them was lightly felt.

It is not strange, therefore, that local debts have arisen in many of the cities and towns of the United States, most of which before the war of the rebellion had never found occasion to obtain money for municipal purposes by borrowing. Moreover, the process of borrowing, once resorted to under a pressure of seeming necessity, is by a well-known law of human nature easily repeated. From these causes has resulted an aggregate municipal indebtedness of formidable proportions. The frequency and light-heartedness with which cities and towns now resort to the expedient of borrowing, on occasions for which debts are unnecessary or improper, deservedly excites remark, and it is desirable that the disposition should be checked.

Perhaps in no other matter is there greater danger in dealing with aggregate sums. The debts of all the cities and towns of the country, as we have said, amount to a very formidable sum. So also is the aggregate wealth of the country, subject to taxation, very large;

and so also is the facility with which this property responds to taxation very great. It is only by a just comparison of these three elements, namely, the debt, the valuation, and the tax levy in any particular city or town, that a correct idea of the subject can be obtained. When these elements are aggregated, the proportions which they may bear to each other in particular cases are lost from view.

The aggregates, however, must be stated as a natural introduction to our discussion of the subject. But it is exceedingly difficult to obtain trustworthy figures for this purpose. The compilers of the national census of 1870, admitting this difficulty to the full, presented their statements with candid hesitation; according to their best information, they represented the three elements at that date by the following figures: —

Assessed valuation of the property of cities and towns, subject to taxation	$14,178,986,732
Which they increased by estimate to allow for undervaluations to the sum of	30,068,518,507
Town and city annual taxation	134,794,108
Town and city aggregate indebtedness	40,233,534

There are no later figures which can be safely made the basis for any serious consideration of the subject, but it is necessary to admit that the aggregate municipal indebtedness has augmented out of all proportion to the other two elements with regard to which it should maintain a certain relation. According to one statement which has been put in circulation, this aggregate is now $687,342,570; according to another, affecting less precision, it is $823,000,000. Meantime the valuation of the cities and towns has probably not increased more than one quarter or one third; while the annual taxation has perhaps doubled on the whole, although in several of the great cities it has been increased in a larger proportion. These estimates are of course crude, but we use them as a basis for comparison. We assume, then, as the figures for the present time: —

Assessed valuation	$20,000,000,000
Corrected valuation . . .	40,000,000,000
Annual taxation	$270,000,000
Municipal indebtedness . . .	823,000,000

With these figures it will be seen that the aggregate municipal indebtedness is now about four per cent. of the assessed valuation, or two per cent. of the true valuation, and that it is little more than three times the annual yield of municipal taxation. Moreover, assuming the whole of it to have been contracted since the outbreak of the war of the rebellion, it is considerably less than half the sum which has been contributed by the people in internal revenue and direct taxes to the United States government within the same period.

Those who propose to limit municipal indebtedness to a fixed proportion of the valuation generally admit that five per cent., or certainly three per cent., is a safe margin. Whether we adopt this criterion or, what is certainly more logical, that of fixing a proportion between the debt and the revenue annually derivable from taxation, the preceding figures, notwithstanding the crudeness of the estimates on which they are based, are enough to show that, so far as aggregates are concerned, the indebtedness of the cities and towns of the United States, although very large, is not so large as necessarily to cause alarm. It would be a mistake to assume as permanent the high rate of increase in the proportion of debt to valuation. The increase may be explained by the growing proneness among the cities and towns to adopt the expedient of borrowing. The enormous percentage of increase in the rate of population which a thriving town shows in the successive years of its infancy is not maintained afterwards; the population may continue to increase, but not at the same rate as at first.

Passing from the figures of the indebtedness of all the cities and towns in the United States, taken together, to examine those of the single State of Massachusetts, we find ourselves in possession of more exact statistics, of which we present a brief review, although this again illustrates the unsatisfactory nature of any consideration of the subject based upon aggregates. An attempt to

obtain a statement of the indebtedness of the several cities and towns of the State of Massachusetts was made by a legislative committee in 1865; and since 1870 an annual return has been required by law. These returns, at first, were probably somewhat incomplete and inexact, but those for the last two years have been more full and trustworthy. Each city and town now returns its debt according to a prescribed classification intended to show the objects for which the debt was incurred, and also returns a table of its assets according to the same classification of objects. Although the aggregate of these assets exceeds that of the indebtedness, it would be a mistake to suppose that the difference is a true statement of the surplus of the value of the municipal property of the cities and towns above their respective indebtedness. By including a valuation of property obtained before the system of borrowing was resorted to, the aggregate of assets would appear larger. This, however, is not material, as such assets for the most part are not available for the payment of debt. Meanwhile, beginning with the year 1861, every city or town in the State has made a return of its valuation of both real and personal property, the amount of money raised by taxation, and the rate of taxation in each year. There are means also of ascertaining the exact sums raised by taxation in each year for state and county purposes, and by deducting these it is easy to perceive what has been the precise burden of taxation for strictly municipal purposes in each city or town. These statistics possess a high degree of interest for the inhabitants of Massachusetts, and by reason of their completeness for a series of years might be studied with advantage by those of other States desirous of obtaining thorough information on the kindred subjects of municipal expenditure and municipal indebtedness, with the latter of which we are at present occupied. We must refrain, however, from crowding our pages with the mass of figures which would be necessary for a complete view,[1] and content ourselves with presenting some aggregates in which for the two years last past the classification of municipal assets and indebtedness is preserved.

VALUATION, TAXATION, ASSETS, AND LIABILITIES, AS RETURNED BY 340 CITIES AND TOWNS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

	1874.	1875.
Valuation	$1,831,601,165	$1,840,732,706
Amount raised by Taxation	28,700,605	27,712,396
Assets.		
School-Houses	17,612,657	20,613,789
Public Library	1,557,465	1,588,865
Other Public Buildings	12,866,404	15,270,427
Public Grounds and Park	1,914,720	1,875,650
Cemeteries	2,518,576	2,728,840
Other Real Estate	1,919,152	1,809,289
Water Works	21,777,018	27,690,245
Sewerage	1,784,527	2,508,796
Fire Apparatus	2,155,496	2,293,839
Trust Funds	1,677,845	2,438,099
Other Assets	23,393,831	23,015,680
	$89,177,691	$101,828,519
Liabilities.		
School-Houses	6,201,855	5,589,354
Public Library	142,400	78,000
Other Public Buildings	4,098,061	3,871,778
Public Grounds and Park	503,875	737,475
Cemeteries	74,846	129,058
Other Real Estate	388,073	96,941
Water Works	19,408,055	20,786,774
Sewerage	87,086	275,086
Fire Apparatus	191,651	221,925
Trust Funds	880,109	1,879,510
Other Debts	48,529,392	54,396,507
	$80,505,403	$88,062,408

	1874.	1875.
Towns having no indebtedness	48	51
Debt less than 1 per cent. of valuation	63	56
Debt over 1 and less than 2 per cent.	68	63
" 2 " " 3 "	59	56
" 3 " " 4 "	36	24
" 4 " " 5 "	30	32
" 5 " " 6 "	13	26
" 6 " " 7 "	17	15
" 7 " " 8 "	10	9
" 8 " " 9 "	3	7
" 9 " " 10 "	3	0
" 12 " " 13 "	0	1

[1] The aggregates of polls, property, and taxes, as assessed each year, are printed in a document of the public series under the direction of the secretary of the commonwealth, and the statistics of municipal assets and indebtedness form each year a part of the annual report of the deputy tax commissioner, generally printed as a document of the House series.

SUMMARY.

	1865.	1875.
Valuation	$991,841,901	$1,840,732,706
Taxation	16,800,332	27,712,396
Debt	34,691,348 [1]	88,062,408

The amount of indebtedness as thus stated is excessive in the respect that it makes no allowance for the sinking funds, which in some of the cities and towns (and notably in the city of Boston) are maintained in a method expected to provide for all the indebtedness as it matures, and of which the present value at least might fairly be offset against the present amount of debt. The amount also includes water debts. Taking it, however, without deduction, it appears that the indebtedness of all the cities and towns in Massachusetts is four and eight tenths per cent. of the valuation, and that it represents something more than three times the amount raised by taxation in a single year. This result corresponds very nearly with that already obtained (from data much less exact) with reference to all the cities and towns in the United States. If allowance were made for sinking funds and water debts, the proportion of debt to valuation would be considerably reduced.

Although the figures for Massachusetts show an increase in aggregate indebtedness from the year 1874 to the year 1875, it appears from an examination of the separate particulars, for the details of which we have no space, that an absolute reduction was effected within the year in more than half the towns having debts at the former date; and this reduction, in many cases, was made in a proportion which if maintained will wipe out the whole municipal debt in a very short interval of time.[2] Indeed, in many cases the speedy extinction of the whole town debt is a mere question of increasing the rate of taxation to a degree by no means excessively burdensome. For a single illustration we may mention the little town of Westhampton, in Hampshire County, a town not growing in either population or wealth. This town had a debt of $3492 on the first of March, 1872. By the first of March, 1874, the debt had been reduced to $2700, and by the first of March, 1876, to $500. The valuation of the town for the year 1875, in which a reduction of the debt amounting to $1400 was effected, was $303,169, and the rate of taxation in that year was $1.40 in the hundred dollars.

It is held to be the law of Massachusetts that cities and towns, without any special authorization of the legislature, may incur debts for any purposes of public expenditure for which they may lawfully raise money by taxation, and that the individual inhabitants of each city and town are liable for the city or town debt. That this is the law has never been questioned within the State, and there has accordingly been no occasion for judicial decision to establish it. For the satisfaction of foreign capitalists, when resort to London has been had by the city of Boston in the negotiation of some of its larger loans, use has been made of the following opinions, to which we give place as appropriate to the subject: —

BOSTON, *May* 18, 1852.
Office of the City Solicitor.

In the opinion of the undersigned, the private estates of the citizens of Boston are liable for debts lawfully contracted by the city, and whenever judgment is rendered against the said city, on account of any such debt, the execution may be levied upon the property of any inhabitant.

[Signed] P. W. CHANDLER,
City Solicitor.

[Indorsed on the preceding.]

The foregoing opinion of Mr. Chandler, the city solicitor, is undoubtedly in conformity with the law of Massachusetts.

[Signed] DANIEL WEBSTER.

[1] This sum includes an amount of $8,554,113 of "war expenses unpaid" in the several cities and towns, together with $26,137,234, the amount of city and town debts then existing.

[2] These gratifying reductions should doubtless be ascribed, in large degree, to the attention called to the subject of municipal indebtedness in Massachusetts by the passage of an act relating thereto by the legislature of the State at the session of 1875.

BOSTON, *October* 16, 1869.
City Solicitor's Office, 46 Court Street.

I certify that, by the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, all debts of any city or town in said commonwealth are a lien upon all the estate, real or personal, of every inhabitant of the debtor city or town; and all such estate may be levied upon to satisfy such debts if the city or town fail to make payment when it is due.

[Signed] JOHN P. HEALY,
City Solicitor.

It is, of course, the easiest thing in the world to lay down the general principle that debt is a thing to be avoided by communities as well as by individuals; that "Pay as you go" is in all respects a safe maxim. This principle is simple and safe, and most people readily give it their assent as a general rule.

But it cannot escape the most ordinary observation that the principle admits of very great qualifications. In the first place, it is one that certainly is not insisted upon in the transactions of private individuals. However loudly young men on their start in life are exhorted to avoid debt, nobody pretends that it is inconsistent with the highest prudence for a young man who has laid the foundation for a family by marrying, if he has accumulated only a very little money, to buy the house in which he lives, putting mortgages upon it for the greater part of the purchase-money. If he pays the installments of interest as they fall due, and succeeds at regular intervals in making deductions from the principal of his indebtedness, the transaction does not impair his character for integrity or for wise financial management, but the reverse. So in matters of business; if the dictum were to be insisted upon that no enterprises should be undertaken until the capital required in carrying them out had first been accumulated, the country would not show the wonderful progress it has made in material growth. When the proprietors of a newspaper find their circulation increasing, they may wisely borrow the money to buy the faster printing-press which will enable them to satisfy the public demand. It would be superfluous to multiply illustrations of the obvious exceptions which must be admitted in private affairs to qualify the general principle that debt is to be avoided.

This, however, is the smallest part of the argument. Although inferences from the analogy of private affairs, in treating of methods of dealing with public business, are so apparently conclusive that resort is constantly had to them, it is certain that such inferences are not always safe. The present case affords a good illustration. When an individual borrows money, it is the same man (or his heirs) who must pay the money, and that within a limited time. The credit of no individual is so strong as to enable him to make a loan for a long series of years, except by giving a permanent security, and a loan thus secured after all scarcely falls within the proper definition of debt. But when a city or town government creates a debt, at any rate under the system existing in Massachusetts, the term of payment may be deferred for a considerable interval, and the rate of interest is certainly no higher than that which individual tax-payers must pay in private transactions. If within this interval the city or town grows in population and in wealth, whether as a consequence of public improvements made by the expenditure of the money that is borrowed, or otherwise, the payment of the debt falls upon a more numerous as well as a more wealthy community than that which incurred it.

This is a consideration of no insignificant importance. If we are forced to recur to an analogy taken from private affairs, we might instance the case of a club having a reading-room or library. An addition to the conveniences of the club might be made within a single year of such a nature as would double the membership. The expense of this addition might be unduly heavy if borne by the present members exclusively; but if, as we have supposed, a twofold augmentation of the membership results from making the improvement, the borrowing of the money necessary to make it

would reduce by one half the cost to the original members.

The extraordinary growth in population and in wealth of our American towns and cities is a fact so conspicuous that it cannot be left out of sight in considering this subject of municipal indebtedness. It is scarcely safe to illustrate it by statistics, since the figures in many cases go far in advance of the inference which reasonable men would dare to ground on them. This is especially true with the growing towns at the West. Even in the older and more densely settled parts of the country, although, as is well known, there are great inequalities in this respect, the prosperous cities and towns show a rate of increase in population and in wealth that should tend in large degree to remove apprehensions on account of their local debts, if they adhere to sound principles in the management of such debts.

If we take as an illustration the city of Boston, the figures are certain and accessible, and the comparison is easy. The report of the auditor in that city, for several years past, contains each year a statement prepared by the assessors, showing the valuation of real and personal property in the city, taken as the basis of taxation on the first day of May in each year, from the year 1835, arranged in a table to show the amount and percentage of increase by periods of ten years, beginning with every successive year. A table thus constructed has the advantage of showing permanent averages, and is not subject to any uncertainty resulting from accidental or temporary circumstances. It is demonstrated that in the great majority of the decennial intervals thus exhibited, from 1835 to 1867 (in which latter year the annexations of adjoining cities and towns were begun), the increase in the old city was at a greater rate than fifty per cent.; in many of these intervals exceeding eighty per cent., and often approaching one hundred per cent.; while in a few only (those ending in the successive years 1861, 1862, 1863, and 1864) is the average shown less than fifty per cent., and in these it is but little less than that rate. Since the annexations, partly of course by reason of the actual addition of territory, the increase in property has been at a rate always exceeding one hundred per cent. for each decennial period. It rose as high as one hundred and forty-seven per cent. for the ten years from 1862 to 1872. It appears, therefore, that (excepting a period of four years in which the rate of increase was slightly less) the wealth of the city in each year has been twice as much as it was twenty years previously; and the burden of any expenditure was accordingly reduced one half by the expedient of borrowing the money for the usual term of twenty years. In saying this of course interest is left out of the question, on the assumption that the rate paid by the city was a fair one, and lower than the rate at which individuals in the community could borrow separately for themselves.

The figures are not easily accessible for so exact a comparison with regard to the other growing cities and towns in Massachusetts, but we believe it to be quite within bounds to infer twenty years as a maximum average term for doubling the valuation of those cities and towns of which the growth in population and wealth has not already been arrested. It is frequently much shorter. In one of them (Somerville) the valuation has doubled in the short space of four years, from 1872 to 1876. It is not necessary for our present purpose to maintain that the increase of wealth in these places is due to particular improvements, whether carried out with borrowed money or otherwise. We merely call attention to the circumstance that the probable growth in the wealth of a prosperous city or town is an element deserving of weight in considering its ability to create or maintain a debt; cities and towns whose future growth is doubtful should hesitate to incur new debts, and should be seriously concerned to take due measures for the extinguishment of debts now outstanding.

On the other hand, of course, it must always be borne in mind that to those citizens whose taxes are paid out of cur-

rent earnings, taxation for a payment deferred is augmented by the taxation meanwhile for interest. The taxes of such citizens, however, form an inconsiderable item in the whole contribution to the fund raised by taxation even under the present system, and under an improved system the proportion would be less.

It is obvious that it is a matter of the greatest possible consequence whether municipal debts are incurred for productive or unproductive purposes. We have already intimated that debts of the former class, undertaken to provide money for genuine public improvements, the expenditures for which are carefully measured, can scarcely be considered as properly included within the designation of debts. To this class, it is almost universally admitted, belong debts created for the construction of water works. An ample supply of pure water is not so much a luxury as a necessity of modern civilized life; and for people living in cities such a supply cannot be obtained except by the construction of costly works, to bring the water from a distance and to distribute it among the houses of the city. The construction of such works may be undertaken by a private company of share-holders, subscribing the necessary capital and looking to a profit on the investment. But a far more satisfactory method is the construction of the works by the municipal government itself.

The original cost of the Cochituate Water Works, bringing water a distance of about twenty miles for the supply of the city of Boston, was about four millions of dollars. Of this sum, two millions were borrowed in London for the term of twenty years, at four and a half per cent. annual interest, and an equal amount at home at five per cent. The annual interest on the original debt was accordingly $190,000. Within five years after the time when the distribution of water was begun, the annual rents for its use equaled this sum. The account has been complicated by the continual extension of the works, involving new expenditures of money, a great part of which has been obtained by additional loans; but the increase of water rents has more than kept pace, in due proportion, with the cost of these extensions. At the present time the receipts into the city treasury from the water works are more than a million of dollars annually ($1,013,483.27 in the year ended April 30, 1875), while the payment of interest on the portions of the water loans still outstanding, including considerable sums for the gold premium on payments made in London, was $540,858.77 in the year ended April 30, 1875.

A still more striking illustration of the wisdom of such undertakings, in a financial point of view, is afforded by the Mystic Water Works, which were constructed for the supply of the city of Charlestown, now merged in the city of Boston. By these works the water is brought a distance of about six and a half miles. Their cost was about a million and a half of dollars, for which the money was borrowed at five and six per cent. The receipts for the year ended April 30, 1875, were $284,897.61. The payments for interest during the same year were $101,856.33. It is easy to see that a debt of this character is not a burden, but a relief, to municipal finances.

It is almost superfluous to point out that the possession of a system of water works by any city or town is an object which justifies municipal expenditure to a certain degree, without reference to compensation in money derived from water rents. Considered merely as a protection against fire, water works may almost be regarded as essential to the existence of the place. In another point of view, it may be a condition making habitancy possible. This is the case, for instance, in all those parts of the city of Boston where land for houses has been obtained by reclamation from the sea. Some of the houses erected on such land are of the most expensive construction, and are assessed at a high valuation, making a large annual return in taxes. If the city government had not been prepared to furnish water to these houses, it is easy to see that they

would never have been built. It has not accorded with the prevalent ideas of public policy for the government of any city to make a considerable profit in dealing with the supply of water to the inhabitants, and in some of the cities and towns of Massachusetts an indifference is exhibited to obtaining a return in water rents sufficient to cover the current expenses of the maintenance of the works, after providing for the interest on their cost. When the deficiency is supplied from the annual taxes, it does not fall within the province of the present paper to criticise this policy. The legislative act of 1846, under which the original system of water works for the city of Boston was constructed, contained very careful provisions with a view to the maintenance of water rates on a scale which should not only render the works self-supporting, but should provide gradually for the extinguishment of the indebtedness incurred for their construction. Thus, it was provided that if the surplus income and receipts for the use of water at the prices established by the city council, after deducting all expenses and charges of distribution, should for any two successive years be insufficient to pay the accruing interest on the water loan, the supreme judicial court should have authority, on the petition of one hundred or more of the legal voters of the city, to appoint commissioners to "raise and increase" the prices, if proper in their judgment, so far as necessary for these purposes and no further. On the other hand, if the surplus income and receipts, computed in the same way, were found for any two successive years more than sufficient to pay the interest, a similar machinery might be set in motion for the reduction of the price. By way of safeguard against any frivolous attempt to set the machinery in motion for the purpose of either increasing or decreasing the prices, a provision was inserted in the act giving the court discretion to order the costs on such petitions to be paid in whole or in part by either of the parties. In point of fact, no action has been taken under these provisions of law. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that they have been useless. They have served to establish the principle which should control the city government in the management of water rates. Similar provisions have been inserted in many of the acts authorizing the construction of water works at public expense in other cities and towns of the commonwealth.

When municipal expenditure is incurred for objects of general concern and permanent value other than water works, and especially for those that require the disbursement at once of large sums, the policy of borrowing money to meet such expenditure might be defended by the experience which justifies water debts; but the number of such objects is comparatively small, and none of them, it is believed, possess in common with water works the feature of productiveness, in yielding an absolute revenue of money which can be applied directly to the payment of interest, or to the reduction of an outstanding debt. Expenditures for a comprehensive system of sewers, of street widening and extensions; for public parks when required by the concentration of large masses of population within narrow limits; for the erection of a city or town hall, of school-houses or other necessary public buildings, and perhaps a very few others, approach the nearest to water works in this respect, because such outlays once made with due foresight and prudence may save the necessity for current expenses for the same objects in following years. But it is clear that cautious use should be made of reasoning which would justify debts for such purposes, especially when the amount of disbursement necessary therefor in a single year is not very considerable.

But no respectable process of reasoning can justify the borrowing of money by cities and towns to make good a deficit, originating apparently by accident, but caused in fact by a neglect to assess in each year the full amount of tax required for current expenses, including with such expenses those which, although not exactly "ordinary," are such as ought to be covered by taxation

as soon as they arise. Carelessness or neglect in this respect is the true origin of most municipal debts, as it is also of the indebtedness of many private individuals. Those authors who undertake the instruction of the people by tales of fiction, "with a moral," are never tired of pointing out the mischief of debt; but they are too apt to make the falling into debt appear as an act of the will, more or less deliberate; arising, perhaps, from the imprudent indorsement of a note for a friend, from a foolish resolve to take a larger house and thus embark on a scale of personal and family expenditure larger than one's income justifies, or from some other cause that might have been avoided by a firm exercise of the will when the occasion arose. Such moral stories, however, omit to put their readers on their guard against the subtle advances of debts which result from a careless miscalculation of resources, whereby household bills paid promptly at first, from money already earned and in hand, come frequently to await payment until the period arrives when income is available, then fall hopelessly into arrears, and at last, perhaps, take the form of notes payable to tradesmen. Cities and towns drop accidentally into indebtedness in a similar way with still greater ease than individuals, because their credit enables them to borrow money without inconvenience to bridge over an emergency apparently temporary. There is always somebody very glad to take the town's note; and the manner in which municipal affairs are usually conducted contemplates the occasional borrowing of money for current expenses in anticipation of the current revenue. In our New England towns, the municipal year is almost universally the year extending from one annual town meeting to the next. The town meetings are held in the spring. The taxes are assessed as of the first day of May, but it is generally past midsummer when the valuation is settled, and the tax-bills are made out for distribution as soon thereafter as may be; payment of taxes is seldom exacted before the first day of September, more often not until the first of October, and, unless heavy penalties are attached to delay in payment, a considerable portion remains uncollected until nearly the close of the municipal year; indeed, there is always a balance that is not collected at all within the same municipal year, the magnitude of this balance depending in some degree upon "hard times;" for if the market rate of interest is high, there are sure to be some long-headed tax-payers who think it wise to defer to the most remote period possible a payment which is always disagreeable.

While the town revenue thus accrues almost wholly in the latter part of the municipal year, the town expenses for the most part are payable at regular intervals throughout the year; the borrowing of money to meet them as they become due is a matter of course. It follows that if there has been a failure to provide a sufficient tax, there will be a deficit at the end of the year, represented by town notes for "hired money," as with charming simplicity it is called in the town accounts. Such a deficit is the nucleus of a town debt. If the careless policy be maintained, — as it too often is, — if the tax for the next and following years is assessed with the same disregard of the actual amount necessary to maintain an equilibrium in the town finances, the deficit at the end of each year, represented by town notes outstanding, is of course larger and larger. The annual deficiency is really increasing against the town by compound interest, and before the people are really aware of it, they may find themselves saddled with a debt of somewhat formidable proportions; and yet they have never wittingly given a vote to authorize the creation of a town debt.

We have spoken of "towns" in the preceding paragraphs. Unfortunately in the larger communities, which have adopted the form of a "city" government, the process of insensibly running into debt is even easier. There is the same facility, arising from the same cause, as has been described in the case of the towns. In towns, however, the appropriations are generally voted at

the annual town meeting at the beginning of the municipal year, and the amount to be raised by taxation is — or ought to be — fixed with reference to the expenditures authorized at the same time; and unless one or more special town meetings are afterwards held within the year, there is no opportunity for augmenting the amount of expenditures thus expressly authorized. In cities, on the other hand, the two branches of the city council, in which the control of the public purse is vested, are in regular session throughout nearly the whole year. They take, perhaps, a short vacation in the summer months, but with that exception their meetings recur every week. It is almost impossible that occasions should not be found at these meetings for authorizing new expenditures; rarely for saving anything out of appropriations already made. When an occasion for new expenditure arises at any time within the municipal year after the amount to be raised by taxation has been fixed, the means of covering the expenditure can be found only in some general appropriation for "contingencies" that may have been providently made at the outset, or by a transfer from some appropriation, if there be any such, which appears to have been made larger than was necessary, that is to say, by reducing some previous appropriation. If neither of these resources is available (and except for inconsiderable sums, generally neither is available), there is nothing that can be done except to direct that the money be borrowed.

It is easy to see that in such cases the money ought to be borrowed temporarily, and, unless in a case of such a nature as to justify a permanent debt, the amount should be included in the amount raised by taxation in the following year. Unfortunately it has too often been the custom to put such loans in the form of permanent additions to the funded city debt.

In order that the system of meeting current expenses by current taxation may be faithfully carried out, the beginning and end of the municipal year should be exactly defined. Lack of precision in this particular conspires to make easy the insensible creation of debt. But if due care be taken, no city or town need have any debts except such as may be deliberately created for particular purposes; and these purposes should never be of a temporary or frivolous character. And if any city or town finds itself incumbered with a debt already incurred by previous neglect in any degree of the principles which ought to be observed in such matters, the inhabitants should steadily set themselves at work to provide for its extinguishment.

In the management of debts which are necessary, or which, having been already incurred, must be tolerated until they are extinguished, the institution of the sinking fund demands notice. There undoubtedly exists a prejudice against sinking funds, and it is often declared that the theory upon which they are founded has been disproved; "exploded" is the favorite word. Such wholesale denunciation is unreasonable and mischievous. It is generally derived from the failure of the well-intended experiments made in the last century for the reduction of the British national debt. These experiments failed, not from any fault in the theory of a sinking fund, but because the necessities of the government required the continued borrowing of more money than the aggregate of the savings that could be made available for the reduction of debt, whether used for a sinking fund or otherwise. The part which compound interest plays in the scheme of a sinking fund is always exaggerated. The accumulation at compound interest of money saved for the payment of debt no doubt produces wonderful results; but on the other side of the account, indebtedness, with the interest thereon, will also accumulate with equal rapidity, unless kept down by current payments. It is a mistake to regard a sinking fund as a contrivance which will in itself extinguish a debt; a debt cannot be paid unless money is found somewhere for its payment. The sinking fund is merely a convenient piece of machinery by

which whatever resources are possible for the payment of debt may be husbanded and rendered available to the greatest advantage.

That sinking funds, viewed in this light, have proved wise and useful instruments of finance is well illustrated by two conspicuous instances, that have been cited in the recent discussions of the subject. In 1836 the State of Massachusetts subscribed for ten thousand shares in the capital stock of the corporation established for the construction of the line of railroad westward from Worcester to Albany. The money to pay for these shares was obtained by borrowing a million of dollars, for twenty years, at five per cent. interest. At the same time provision was made for a sinking fund to meet this debt at maturity. The nucleus of the sinking fund was the premium received on the sale of the state scrip; the fund was also fed by whatever dividends were received upon the shares of stock; but besides these sources of revenue incident to the object for which the debt was incurred, one half the proceeds of sales of land in Maine belonging to the State was regularly paid into the fund. It accordingly resulted that, seven years before the maturity of the debt, the fund arising from these payments, together with the accumulations of interest thereon, was already as large as the amount of the debt it was established to redeem. After the year 1850 the annual income of the fund, instead of being added to the principal, was set at liberty, flowing into the treasury to be used as a part of the ordinary revenue of the State for current expenses; and on the 15th of July, 1857, when the debt of $1,000,000 became due, the fund amounted to $1,079,756.35, sufficient to extinguish the whole debt, leaving a handsome surplus available for other purposes.

In the other instance the sinking fund had less assistance from extrinsic contribution. Not content with the subscription for which means were obtained in the manner already described, in pursuit of the policy of aiding in the construction of the railroad throughout the length of the State, the legislature of Massachusetts, by a series of acts passed in the years 1838, 1839, and 1841, authorized loans to the railroad corporation amounting in the aggregate to four millions of dollars, by means of issues of state scrip redeemable in thirty years. The debt, although represented by state scrip, was really the debt of the corporation. In order to insure the ability of the corporation to meet it at maturity, provision was made for a sinking fund, of which the nucleus, as before, was the premium derived from the sale of the first issues of state scrip; but its chief source of nourishment was an annual payment into the fund by the corporation, after the railroad was opened for use, of an amount equal to one per cent. of the principal of the debt. The fund began with the amount of $55,550.35 on the 1st of January, 1839. On the 31st of December, 1844, the railroad having been opened for use, the sum of $40,000 was paid in by the corporation, and a similar payment was made annually thereafter for twenty-six years. These payments, with the accumulations of interest, made a fund from which the first portions of the debt, amounting to more than one half of the whole, were discharged as they became due in 1868. For the payment of the remaining portions of the debt it would have been necessary to continue the fund a few years longer than the term originally contemplated; but an arrangement was finally made with the corporation, under which, by the use of the residue of the sinking fund, the whole of the state scrip was canceled by the 31st of December, 1871. It is worthy of note that the commissioners in their final report were able to state, "No losses have occurred on any of the securities in which the fund was invested, for the last twenty years, and but a very small amount before that time; nor has the fund ever been subjected to any expenses whatever for its management." A similar sinking fund had been established with reference to a loan of one million of dollars made to the same railroad corporation by the city of Albany. Debts for which a state or city guarantee had been obtained, amounting

to five millions of dollars, a sum equal to the original capital stock of the corporation, were thus discharged from resources provided by the corporation itself, but husbanded and made available by the contrivance of the sinking fund.

The amount of annual contribution to a sinking fund necessary to insure the accumulation of a specific sum at a particular date in the future is a matter of exact calculation, depending of course upon the rate of interest assumed for the investments, and it is essential also that there should be no losses, and that no expenses chargeable to the fund should be incurred in its management. Such expenses should be provided for otherwise. It is therefore quite possible to establish and maintain a sinking fund which shall prove adequate for the extinguishment of any municipal debt of which the creation is justifiable. It is now generally held in Massachusetts, in the management of both state and city finances, that a sinking fund may best be invested in the same description of securities as those which it is established to cancel. In such case, the institution of the sinking fund amounts to little more than a very particular engagement to contribute a certain sum by annual taxation towards the extinction of the debt. Such an engagement is the very essence of integrity in the financial operations of cities and towns when they borrow, and, especially when the sums to be dealt with are comparatively small, the desired result may be attained without the cumbrous machinery of a sinking fund, if the city or town will take care to raise by taxation every year, and apply to the extinguishment of its indebtedness (in addition of course to the payment of all current interest), a stated proportion of the principal outstanding. In order to avoid too minute calculations, in cases in which the establishment of a regular sinking fund is deemed inadvisable, ten per cent. might very well be assumed as a convenient proportion. Any city or town which steadily effects a reduction of its debt to this extent, year after year, is not likely to find itself encumbered with a troublesome burden. Meanwhile the taxation must also be made sufficient to meet current expenditure, including each year any deficit coming forward from the preceding year.

If cities and towns will act upon this principle, there seems little occasion for adopting an arbitrary proportion between debt and valuation, although this may perhaps be regarded as an additional safeguard. The obvious objections to such a limit are the seeming authority that it gives to the creation of indebtedness within the limit, and the difficulty of establishing the valuation upon a certain and uniform basis. It must also be regarded as another objection that there is no logical reason for any particular proportion. Three per cent. or five per cent., which have been proposed as proper limits upon the indebtedness of cities and towns, are proportions of debt in some cases larger than cities or towns ought to assume, and, on the other hand, are proportions very much within the limits thought prudent for corporations of a different character. Thus, every railroad corporation in Massachusetts is authorized by law to issue bonds to the amount of one hundred per cent. of its capital, and by the law of Congress any national bank with half a million of capital may issue notes (secured, no doubt, by the pledge of government bonds) to the amount of ninety per cent. of its capital. With the aid of their deposits many national banks maintain their loans to an amount exceeding double their capital. Prudent financiers, in considering the security offered by municipal loans, will regard rather the proportion they bear to the annual tax-levy; not, of course, because it is supposed that the whole tax-levy for three or four years could be actually applied to the exclusive object of paying the municipal debt, but because the ability and willingness to bear taxation is an illustration likewise of the ability and willingness to pay off indebtedness. We have already seen that taken in the aggregate and measured by these tests the indebtedness of the cities and towns in the United States, although amounting to

a formidable sum, is not dangerous; and although some cities and towns have suffered debts to arise which are larger than could be desired, an examination of particular cases will show few, if any, in which the immediate adoption of safe and prudent measures will not enable the city or town to extricate itself promptly from a position likely to cause either present or future embarrassment.

Charles Hale.

THE CANVASSER'S TALE.

Poor, sad-eyed stranger! There was that about his humble mien, his tired look, his decayed-gentility clothes, that almost reached the mustard-seed of charity that still remained, remote and lonely, in the empty vastness of my heart, notwithstanding I observed a portfolio under his arm, and said to myself, Behold, Providence hath delivered his servant into the hands of another canvasser.

Well, these people always get one interested. Before I well knew how it came about, this one was telling me his history, and I was all attention and sympathy. He told it something like this:

My parents died, alas, when I was a little, sinless child. My uncle Ithuriel took me to his heart and reared me as his own. He was my only relative in the wide world; but he was good and rich and generous. He reared me in the lap of luxury. I knew no want that money could satisfy.

In the fullness of time I was graduated, and went with two of my servants — my chamberlain and my valet — to travel in foreign countries. During four years I flitted upon careless wing amid the beauteous gardens of the distant strand, if you will permit this form of speech in one whose tongue was ever attuned to poesy; and indeed I so speak with confidence, as one unto his kind, for I perceive by your eyes that you too, sir, are gifted with the divine inflation. In those far lands I reveled in the ambrosial food that fructifies the soul, the mind, the heart. But of all things, that which most appealed to my inborn æsthetic taste was the prevailing custom there, among the rich, of making collections of elegant and costly rarities, dainty *objets de vertu*, and in an evil hour I tried to uplift my uncle Ithuriel to a plane of sympathy with this exquisite employment.

I wrote and told him of one gentleman's vast collection of shells; another's noble collection of meerschaum pipes; another's elevating and refining collection of undecipherable autographs; another's priceless collection of old china; another's enchanting collection of postage-stamps — and so forth and so on. Soon my letters yielded fruit. My uncle began to look about for something to make a collection of. You may know, perhaps, how fleetly a taste like this dilates. His soon became a raging fever, though I knew it not. He began to neglect his great pork business; presently he wholly retired and turned an elegant leisure into a rabid search for curious things. His wealth was vast, and he spared it not. First he tried cow-bells. He made a collection which filled five large *salons*, and comprehended all the different sorts of cow-bells that ever had been contrived, save one. That one — an antique, and the only specimen extant — was possessed by another collector. My uncle offered enormous sums for it, but the gentleman would not sell. Doubtless you know what necessarily resulted. A true collector attaches no value to a collection that is not complete. His great heart breaks, he sells his hoard, he turns his mind to some field that seems unoccupied.

Thus did my uncle. He next tried

brickbats. After piling up a vast and intensely interesting collection, the former difficulty supervened; his great heart broke again; he sold out his soul's idol to the retired brewer who possessed the missing brick. Then he tried flint hatchets and other implements of Primeval Man, but by and by discovered that the factory where they were made was supplying other collectors as well as himself. He tried Aztec inscriptions and stuffed whales — another failure, after incredible labor and expense. When his collection seemed at last perfect, a stuffed whale arrived from Greenland and an Aztec inscription from the Cundurango regions of Central America that made all former specimens insignificant. My uncle hastened to secure these noble gems. He got the stuffed whale, but another collector got the inscription. A real Cundurango, as possibly you know, is a possession of such supreme value that, when once a collector gets it, he will rather part with his family than with it. So my uncle sold out, and saw his darlings go forth, never more to return; and his coal-black hair turned white as snow in a single night.

Now he waited, and thought. He knew another disappointment might kill him. He was resolved that he would choose things next time that no other man was collecting. He carefully made up his mind, and once more entered the field — this time to make a collection of echoes.

"Of what?" said I.

Echoes, sir. His first purchase was an echo in Georgia that repeated four times; his next was a six-repeater in Maryland; his next was a thirteen-repeater in Maine; his next was a nine-repeater in Kansas; his next was a twelve-repeater in Tennessee, which he got cheap, so to speak, because it was out of repair, a portion of the crag which reflected it having tumbled down. He believed he could repair it at a cost of a few thousand dollars, and, by increasing the elevation with masonry, treble the repeating capacity; but the architect who undertook the job had never built an echo before, and so he utterly spoiled this one. Before he meddled with it, it used to talk back like a mother-in-law, but now it was only fit for the deaf and dumb asylum. Well, next he bought a lot of cheap little double-barreled echoes, scattered around over various States and Territories; he got them at twenty per cent. off by taking the lot. Next he bought a perfect Gatling gun of an echo in Oregon, and it cost a fortune, I can tell you. You may know, sir, that in the echo market the scale of prices is cumulative, like the carat-scale in diamonds; in fact, the same phraseology is used. A single-carat echo is worth but ten dollars over and above the value of the land it is on; a two-carat or double-barreled echo is worth thirty dollars; a five-carat is worth nine hundred and fifty; a ten-carat is worth thirteen thousand. My uncle's Oregon echo, which he called the Great Pitt Echo, was a twenty-two carat gem, and cost two hundred and sixteen thousand dollars — they threw the land in, for it was four hundred miles from a settlement.

Well, in the mean time my path was a path of roses. I was the accepted suitor of the only and lovely daughter of an English earl, and was beloved to distraction. In that dear presence I swam in seas of bliss. The family were content, for it was known that I was sole heir to an uncle held to be worth five millions of dollars. However, none of us knew that my uncle had become a collector, at least in anything more than a small way, for æsthetic amusement.

Now gathered the clouds above my unconscious head. That divine echo, since known throughout the world as the Great Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Repetitions, was discovered. It was a sixty-five-carat gem. You could utter a word and it would talk back at you for fifteen minutes, when the day was otherwise quiet. But behold, another discovery was made at the same time: another echo-collector was in the field. The two rushed to make the purchase. The property consisted of a couple of small hills with a shallow swale between, out yonder among the back settlements of New York State. Both men arrived

on the ground at the same time, and neither knew the other was there. The echo was not all owned by one man; a person by the name of Williamson Bolivar Jarvis owned the east hill, and a person by the name of Harbison J. Bledso owned the west hill; the swale between was the dividing line. So while my uncle was buying Jarvis's hill for three million two hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars, the other party was buying Bledso's hill for a shade over three million.

Now, do you perceive the natural result? Why, the noblest collection of echoes on earth was forever and ever incomplete, since it possessed but the one half of the king echo of the universe. Neither man was content with this divided ownership, yet neither would sell to the other. There were jawings, bickerings, heart-burnings. And at last, that other collector, with a malignity which only a collector can ever feel toward a man and a brother, proceeded to cut down his hill!

You see, as long as he could not have the echo, he was resolved that nobody should have it. He would remove his hill, and then there would be nothing to reflect my uncle's echo. My uncle remonstrated with him, but the man said, "I own one end of this echo; I choose to kill my end; you must take care of your own end yourself."

Well, my uncle got an injunction put on him. The other man appealed and fought it in a higher court. They carried it on up, clear to the Supreme Court of the United States. It made no end of trouble there. Two of the judges believed that an echo was personal property, because it was impalpable to sight and touch, and yet was purchasable, salable, and consequently taxable; two others believed that an echo was real estate, because it was manifestly attached to the land, and was not removable from place to place; other of the judges contended that an echo was not property at all.

It was finally decided that the echo was property; that the hills were property; that the two men were separate and independent owners of the two hills, but tenants in common in the echo; therefore defendant was at full liberty to cut down his hill, since it belonged solely to him, but must give bonds in three million dollars as indemnity for damages which might result to my uncle's half of the echo. This decision also debarred my uncle from using defendant's hill to reflect his part of the echo, without defendant's consent; he must use only his own hill; if his part of the echo would not go, under these circumstances, it was sad, of course, but the court could find no remedy. The court also debarred defendant from using my uncle's hill to reflect *his* end of the echo, without consent. You see the grand result! Neither man would give consent, and so that astonishing and most noble echo had to cease from its great powers; and since that day that magnificent property is tied up and unsalable.

A week before my wedding day, while I was still swimming in bliss and the nobility were gathering from far and near to honor our espousals, came news of my uncle's death, and also a copy of his will, making me his sole heir. He was gone; alas, my dear benefactor was no more. The thought surcharges my heart even at this remote day. I handed the will to the earl; I could not read it for the blinding tears. The earl read it; then he sternly said, "Sir, do you call this wealth? — but doubtless you do in your inflated country. Sir, you are left sole heir to a vast collection of echoes — if a thing can be called a collection that is scattered far and wide over the huge length and breadth of the American continent; sir, this is not all; you are head and ears in debt; there is not an echo in the lot but has a mortgage on it; sir, I am not a hard man, but I must look to my child's interest; if you had but one echo which you could honestly call your own, if you had but one echo which was free from incumbrance, so that you could retire to it with my child, and by humble, painstaking industry cultivate and improve it, and thus wrest from it a maintenance, I would not say you nay; but I cannot marry my child to a beggar.

Leave his side, my darling; go, sir; take your mortgage-ridden echoes and quit my sight forever."

My noble Celestine clung to me in tears, with loving arms, and swore she would willingly, nay, gladly marry me, though I had not an echo in the world. But it could not be. We were torn asunder, she to pine and die within the twelvemonth, I to toil life's long journey sad and lone, praying daily, hourly, for that release which shall join us together again in that dear realm where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Now, sir, if you will be so kind as to look at these maps and plans in my portfolio, I am sure I can sell you an echo for less money than any man in the trade. Now this one, which cost my uncle ten dollars, thirty years ago, and is one of the sweetest things in Texas, I will let you have for —

"Let me interrupt you," I said. "My friend, I have not had a moment's respite from canvassers this day. I have bought a sewing machine which I did not want; I have bought a map which is mistaken in all its details; I have bought a clock which will not go; I have bought a moth poison which the moths prefer to any other beverage; I have bought no end of useless inventions, and now I have had enough of this foolishness. I would not have one of your echoes if you were even to give it to me. I would not let it stay on the place. I always hate a man that tries to sell me echoes. You see this gun? Now take your collection and move on; let us not have bloodshed."

But he only smiled a sad, sweet smile, and got out some more diagrams. You know the result perfectly well, because you know that when you have once opened the door to a canvasser, the trouble is done and you have got to suffer defeat.

I compromised with this man at the end of an intolerable hour. I bought two double-barreled echoes in good condition, and he threw in another, which he said was not salable because it only spoke German. He said, "She was a perfect polyglot once, but somehow her palate got down."

Mark Twain.

CITY WINDOWS.

THROUGH many an evening, while my spirit gains,
Amid the populous city's ebb and flow,
A keener sense of solitude than they know
Who dwell on desolate hills or houseless plains,
I thrid long streets where flickering dimness reigns,
Where bright inscrutable windows calmly glow,
And with mysterious pleasure, as I go,
Shape weird conjectures from the illumined panes.

In yonder room two amorous hearts may thrill —
Some fiery quarrel, here, may grow apace —
There may some vigilant mother, pale and still,
Bend in deep agony o'er a wasting face —
And here a murderess by some bed may spill
The deadly colorless drop that leaves no trace!

Edgar Fawcett.

A COLORADO ROAD.

WHAT a new singer or a new play is to the city man, a new road is to the man of the wilderness.

I fancy the parallel might be drawn out and amplified, much to the exaltation of the new road, if the man of the wilderness chose to boast, and if people were sensible enough to value pleasures as they do other fabrics, by their wear. It would be cruel, however, to make the city man discontented. Poor fellow, he is joined to his idols of stone, buried alive above them now, and soon he will be buried dead below them. Let him alone! It is no part of my purpose in this paper to enter the lists in defense of my joys, or to make an attack upon his. It is merely to describe our new road, and my pronoun "our" is by no means a narrow one; it is a big plural, taking in some four thousand souls, all the dwellers in the town of Colorado Springs and its near neighborhood.

The "new road" is up and across Cheyenne Mountain. Cheyenne Mountain is the southernmost peak of the grand range which lies six miles west of our town. Only those who dwell at the feet of great mountain ranges know how like a wall they look, what sense of fortified security they give; people who come for a day to gaze and pass by, or even people who stay and paint the hills' portraits, know very little. A mountain has as much personality as a man; you do not know one any more than you know the other until you have summered and wintered him. You love one and are profoundly indifferent to another, just as it is with your feeling towards your neighbors, and it is often as hard to give good and sufficient reason for your preference in the one case as in the other. But no lover of Cheyenne was ever at loss to give reasons for his love. The mountain is so unique in its grandeur and dignity that one must be blind and stolid indeed not to feel its influence.

As I said, it is the southernmost peak of the range lying west of Colorado Springs. This is as if I said, it is the southern bastion of our western wall. It is only two or three thousand feet above the town (the town, be it remembered, lies six thousand feet above the sea). Pike's Peak, a few miles farther north, in the same range, is nearly twice as high, so it is not by reason of height that Cheyenne is so grand. Pausing now, with my pen in my hand, I look out of my south window at its majestic front, and despair of being loyal to the truth I would like to tell of this mountain. Is it that its eastern outline from the summit down to the plain is one slow, shady, in-curving slope, broken only by two rises of dark timber lands, which round like billows? and that this exquisite hollowing curve is forever outlined against the southern sky? Is it that the heavily cut and jagged top joins this eastern slope at a sharp angle, and stretches away to the northwest in broken lines as rugged and strong as the eastern slope is graceful and harmonious, and that the two lines together make a perpetual, vast triangulation on the sky? Is it that when white clouds in our heavens at noon journey south, they always seem to catch on its eastern slope, and hang and flutter there, or nestle down in an island-like bank, reaching half-way up the mountain? Is it that the dawn always strikes it some moments earlier than it reaches the rest of the range, turning it glowing red from plains to sky, like a great illumined cathedral? Is it that the setting sun also loves it, and flings back mysterious broken prisms of light on its furrowed western slopes, long after the other peaks are black and grim? Is it that it holds canyons where one can climb, among fir-trees and roses and clematis and columbine and bluebells and ferns and mosses, to wild pools and cascades in which snow-fed brooks

tumble and leap? These questions are only like the random answers of one suddenly hard pressed for the explanation of a mystery which has long since ceased to be a mystery to him; ceased to be a mystery not because it has been fathomed, but because it has become familiar and dear. No lover of Cheyenne but will say that Cheyenne is better than all these, that no one of all these is quite truly and sufficiently told; and I myself in the telling feel like one stammering in a language but half learned, the great mountain all the while looking down on me in serene and compassionate silence. At this moment it looks like a gigantic mountain of crystals, purple and white. Every smallest ridge slope fronting to the east or south is of a red purple like the purple of a Catawba grape overripe; every smallest ridge slope to the north or west is white like the white of alabaster, and soft with the softness of snow. The plains are a clear, pale yellow, and the space where the slope melts into the level, and the purple melts into the yellow, is a triumph of shape and color from which men who build and men who paint might well turn away sorrowful.

Knowing well, as I do, just where among these crystalline ridges our new road winds, I yet look up incredulous at the sharp precipices and ledges. But it is there, — bless it! — our new uplifter, revealer, healer, nearer link of approach to a nearer sky! The workmen know it as the road over to ——, and they think they have built it for purposes of traffic, and for bringing down railroad ties; it is a toll-road, and the toll-gatherer takes minute reckoning of all he can see passing his door. But I think there will always be a traffic which the workmen will not suspect, and a viewless company which will elude the toll-gatherer, on this new road of ours.

It was on one of our tropical midwinter days that I first climbed it. A mile southward from the town, then a sharp turn to the west, fronting the mountains as directly as if our road must be going to pierce their sides, across brooks where the ice was so thick that our horses' hoofs and our wheels crunched slowly through, up steep banks on which there were frozen glares of solid ice, and across open levels where the thin snow lay in a fine tracery around every separate grass stalk, — one, two, three miles of this and we were at the base of the mountain, and saw the new road, a faint brown track winding up the yellow slope and disappearing among the pines.

As we turned into the road we saw, on our right, two ranch-men leaning, in the Sunday attitude, against a fence, and smoking. As we passed, one of them took his pipe from his mouth and said, nonchalantly, "S'pose ye *know* this 'ere 's a toll-road." The emphasis on the word "know" conveyed so much that we laughed in his face. Clever monosyllable, it stood for a whole paragraph.

"Oh, yes," we said, "we know it. It 's worth fifty cents, is n't it, to get high up on Cheyenne Mountain?"

"Well, yes," he replied, reflectively, "s'pose 't is. It 's a mighty good road, anyhow. Found blossom rock up there yesterday," he added, with the odd, furtive, gleaming expression which I have so often seen in the eyes of men who spoke of a possible or probable mine; "true blossom rock. The assayer, he was up, an' he says it 's the real mineral, no mistake," he continued, and there seemed a fine and unconscious scorn in the way he fingered the dingy and torn paper half dollar with which we had paid for the right to drive over what might be chambers of silver and gold.

"Blossom rock," I said, "why 'blossom'?" To call this particular surface mineral the flower of the silver root lying below is a strange fancy, surely; it seems a needlessly poverty-stricken device for nature's realms to borrow names from each other.

A few rods' steep climb and we have left the foot-hill and are absolutely on the mountain. The road tacks as sharply as a ship in a gale; we are facing north instead of south, and are already on a ledge so high that we have the sense of looking over as well as of looking off. The plains have even now the pale pink flush which only distance gives,

and our town, though it is only four miles away, looks already like a handful of yellow and white pebbles on a sand beach, so suddenly and so high are we lifted above it. We are not only on the mountain, we are among the rocks, — towering rocks of bright red sandstone, thick-grown in spaces with vivid yellow-green lichen. They are almost terrible in spite of their beauty of color, so high, so straight, so many-pointed are they. The curves of the road would seem to be more properly called loops, so narrow are they, so closely do they hug the sharp projections round which they turn and wind and turn and wind. One is tempted to say that the road has lassoed the mountain and caught it, like a conquered Titan, in a tangle of coils. At every inner angle of the curves is a wide turn-out, where we wait to give the horses breath and to watch if there be any one coming down. Round the outer angles we go at a slow pace, praying that there may be no one just the other side. When we face northward, the mountain shuts off all sun and we are in cold shadow; the instant we double the outer point of the ridge and face southward, we are in full sunshine; thus we alternate from twilight to high noon and from high noon to twilight in a swift and bewildering succession. On our right we look down into chasms bristling with sharp rocks and pointed tops of fir-trees; on our left the mountain-side rises, now abruptly like a wall, now in sloping tiers. After a mile of these steep ascents we come out on a very promontory of precipices. Here we turn the flank of the mountain, and a great vista to the west and north opens up before us, peak rising above peak with softer hills crowding in between; below us, canyon after canyon, ridge after ridge, a perfect net-work of ins and outs and ups and downs, and our little brown thread of a road swinging along at easy levels above it all. There is no more hard climbing. There are even down slopes on which the horses trot, in the shade of high pine-trees on either hand, now and then coming upon a spot where the ridge has widened sufficiently for the trees to dispose themselves in a more leisurely and assured fashion like a lowland grove, instead of clinging at a slant on steep sides, as they are for the most part driven to do; now and then coming out on opens, where a canyon lies bare and yawning like a great gash in the mountain's side, its slopes of fine red or yellow gravelly sand seeming to be in a perpetual slide from top to bottom, only held in place by bowlders here and there, which stick out like grotesque heads of rivets with which the hill had been mended. Here we find the kinnikinnick in its perfection, enormous mats of it lying compact, glossy, green and claret-tinted, as if enameled, on the yellow sand. Painters have thought it worth while to paint over and over again some rare face or spot whose beauty perpetually eluded their grasp and refused to be transferred to canvas. Why should I not be equally patient and loyal to this exquisite vine, of which I have again and again, and always vainly, tried to say what it is like, and how beautiful is the mantle it flings over bare and stony places?

Imagine that a garden border of box should lay itself down and behave like a blackberry vine, — run, and scramble, and overlap, and send myriads of long tendrils out in all directions, — and you will have a picture of the shape, the set of the leaf, the thick matting of the branches, and the utter unrestrainedness of a root of kinnikinnick. Add to this the shine of the leaf of the myrtle, the green of green grass in June, and the claret-red of the blackberry vine in November, and you will have a picture of its lustrousness and its colors. The solid centres of the mats are green; the young tendrils run out more and more vivid red to their tips. In June it is fragrant with clusters of small pink and white bells, much like the huckleberry blossom. In December it is gay with berries as red as the berries of the holly. Neither midsummer heat nor midwinter cold can tarnish the sheen nor shrivel the fullness of its leaf. It has such vitality that no barrenness, no drought, deters it; in fact, it is more luxuriant on

the bare gravelly slopes of which I was just now speaking, than I have ever seen it elsewhere. Yet its roots seem to take slight hold of the soil. You may easily, by a little care in loosening the tendrils, pull up solid mats five to seven feet long. Fancy these at Christmas in one's house. I look up, as I write, at one upon my own wall. It has a stem an inch in diameter, gnarled and twisted like an old cedar — the delight of an artistic eye, the surprise and scorn of the Philistine, to whom it looks merely like fire-wood. From this gnarled bough bursts a great growth of luxuriant green branches, each branch claret-red at its tips and vivid green at its centre. It has hung as a crown of late dower over the head of my Beatrice Cenci for two months, and not a leaf has fallen. It will hang there unchanged until June, if I choose. This virtue is partly its own, partly the spell of the wonderful dryness of our Colorado air, in which all things do as Mrs. Stowe says New Englanders do when they are old, "dry up a little and then last."

Still running westward along the north side of the mountain, the road follows the ridge lines of the huge, furrow-like canyons which cleave the mountain from its base to its summit. These make a series of triangles piercing the solid mass, and we zigzag up one side, round the sharp inner corner, and down the other side, then round the outer point and then up and down just such another triangle, and so on for miles. The sight of these great gorges is grand: a thousand feet down to their bottom on the one hand, and a thousand feet up to their top on the other. Looking forward or back across them we see the line of our road like a narrow ledge on the precipice; a carriage on it looks as if it had been let down by ropes from the top. Soon we come to great tracts of pines and firs growing scantily at incredible angles on these steep slopes; many trees have been cut and are lying about on the ground, as if giants had been playing jackstraws and had gone away leaving their game unfinished. They call these trees "timber;" that is "corpse" for a tree. A reverent sadness always steals on my thoughts when I see a dead tree lying where the ax slew it. The road winds farther and farther into a labyrinth of mountain fastnesses; gradually these become clear to the eye, a certain order and system in their succession. The great Cheyenne Canyon stretches like a partially hewn pathway between the mountain we are on and the rest of the range lying to north of it. This northward wall is rocky, seamed, and furrowed; bare, water-worn cliffs hundreds of feet high alternate with intervals of pine forest, which look black and solid in the shade, but in full sunlight are seen to be sparse, so that even from the other side of the canyon you may watch every tree's double of black shadow thrown on the ground below, making a great rafter-work floor, as it were, from which the trees seem to rise like columns. Above this, stretch away endless tiers of peaks and round hills, more than one can count, because at each step some of them sink out of sight and new ones crop up. Some are snow-topped; some have a dark, serrated line of firs over their summits; some look like mere masses of bowlders and crags, their upper lines standing clear out against the sky, like the jagged top of a ruined wall; on all the slopes leading down into the canyons are rows of pines, like besiegers climbing up, and on most of the upper connecting ridges lies a fine white line of snow, like a silver thread knitting peak to peak. From all the outer points of these gorges, as we look back to the east, we have exquisite glimpses of the plains, framed always in a triangle made by sloping canyon walls. I doubt if it would be possible to render one of these triangle pictures as we get them from between these intersecting and over-lapping walls. A yucca plant ten inches high may happen to come into the near foreground so that it helps to frame them; and yet their upper horizon line is miles and miles away. I have never seen so marvelous a blending of the far and the near as they give.

Still the road winds and winds, and the sense of remoteness grows stronger and stronger. The silence of the wilder-

ness, what is there like it? The silence of the loneliest ruin is silence only because time has hushed the sounds with which the ruin was once alive. This is silence like that in which the world lay pregnant before time began.

Just as this grand, significant silence was beginning to make us silent too, we came suddenly upon a little open where the wilderness was wilderness no longer. One man had tamed it. On our right hand stood his forge, on our left his house. Both forge and house were of a novel sort; nowhere but in the heart of the Rocky Mountains would they have been called by such names. The forge consisted of a small pine-tree, a slender post some four feet distant from it, a pile of stones and gravel, a log, and a pair of bellows. The house was perhaps eight feet high; the walls reached up one third that height: first three logs, then two planks; there the wall ended. One front post was a pine-tree, the other a rough cedar stump; from the ridge-pole hung a sail-cloth roof which did not meet the walls; very airy must be the blacksmith's house on a cold night, in spite of the southeast winds being kept off by a huge bowlder twenty feet high. On one side stood an old dead cedar-tree with crooked arms, like some marine monster; one of the arms was the blacksmith's pantry, and there hung his dinners for a week or more, a big haunch of venison. A tomtit not much larger than a humming-bird was feasting on it by snatches. The tiny creature flew from the topmost branch of the tree down to the venison, took a bite, and was back again safe on the upper bough in far less time than I take to write his name; less than a second a trip he took, I think; never once did he pause for a second bite, never once rest on a lower branch; he fairly seemed to buzz in the air, so fast he flew up and down.

"So you board the tomtit, do you?" we said to the blacksmith, who stood near by, piling boughs on a big fire.

"Yes; he 's so little I can afford to keep him," replied the blacksmith, with a quiet twinkle in his eye and the cheery tone of a good heart in his voice; "he jest about lives in that tree, an' there 's generally suthin' there for him."

It was a spot to win a man's love, the spot the blacksmith had chosen for his temporary home, the little open had so sheltered and sheltering a look: to the south, east, north, mountain walls; to the west a vista, a suggestion of outlet, and a great friendliness of pine-trees. Two small brooks ran across the clearing. A thick line of bare, gray cotton-woods marked them now; in the summer they would be bowers of green, and the little bridges across them would be hid in thickets of foliage. The upper line of the southern mountain wall stood out against the sky in bold and fantastic shapes, endlessly suggestive. That rocks not hewn by men's hands should have such similitudes is marvelous. I have seen photographs of ruins in Edom and Palmyra which seem to be almost reproductions of these rocky summit outlines of some of our Colorado peaks.

A half-mile farther on we came upon the camp of the men who were building the road. "Camp" is an elastic word. In this case it meant merely a small pine grove, two big fires, and some piles of blankets. Here the road ceased. As we halted, three dogs came bounding towards us, barking most furiously. One of them stopped suddenly, gave one searching look at me, put her tail between her legs, and with a pitiful yelp of terror turned and fled. I walked slowly after her; she would look back over her shoulder, turn, make one or two lunges at me, barking shrilly, then with the same yelp of terror run swiftly away; at last she grew brave enough to keep her face toward me, but continually backed away, alternating her bark of defiance with her yelp of terror in a way which was irresistibly ludicrous. We were utterly perplexed by her behavior until her master, as soon as he could speak for laughing, explained it.

"Yer see, that 'ere dog 's never seen a woman afore! She was reared in the woods, an' I hain't never took her nowheres, an' thet 's jest the fact on 't; she dunno what to make of a woman."

It grew droller and droller. The

other dogs were our good friends at once, leaped about us, snuffed us, and licked our hands as we spoke to them. Poor Bowser hung back and barked furiously with warning and menace whenever I patted one of the other dogs, but if I took a step nearer her she howled and fled in the most abject way.

Two men were baking bread, and there seemed a good-natured rivalry between them.

"I 've got a leetle too much soda in it," said one, as I peered curiously into his big bake kettle, lifting the cover, "but his'n 's all burnt on the top," with a contemptuous cock of his eye towards his fellow-baker. It is said to be very good, this impromptu bread, baked in a shapeless lump in an iron kettle, with coals underneath and coals on the lid above. It did not look so, however. I think I should choose the ovens of civilization.

The owner of my canine foe was a man some fifty-five or sixty years old. He had a striking face, a clear blue-gray eye, with a rare mixture of decision and sentiment in it, a patriarchal gray beard, and a sensitive mouth. He wore a gray hat, broader-brimmed even than a Quaker's, and it added both picturesqueness and dignity to his appearance. His voice was so low, his intonation so good, that the uncultured speech seemed strangely out of place on his lips. He had lived in the woods "nigh eight year," sometimes in one part of the Territory, sometimes in another. He had been miner, hunter, farmer, and now road-builder. A very little talk with men of this sort usually draws from them some unexpected revelations of the motives or the incidents of their career. A long lonely life produces in the average mind a strange mixture of the taciturn and the confidential. The man of the wilderness will journey by your side whole days in silence; then, of a sudden, he will speak to you of matters of the most secret and personal nature, matters which it would be, for you, utterly impossible to mention to a stranger. We soon learned the secret of this man's life in the woods. Nine years ago his wife had died. That broke up his farm home, and after that "all places seemed jest alike" to him, and "somehow" he "kinder took to the woods." What an unconscious tribute there is in that phrase to nature's power as a beneficent healer.

"There was another reason, too," he added. "My wife, she died o' consumption, hereditary, an' them two boys 'd ha' gone the same way ef I had n't kep' 'em out-o'-doors," pointing to two stalwart young men perhaps eighteen and twenty. "They hain't slep' under a roof for eight year, an' now they 're as strong an' hearty as you 'd wish to see." They were, indeed, and they may thank their father's wisdom for it.

Just beyond this camp was a cabin of fir boughs. Who that has not seen can conceive of the fragrant loveliness of a small house built entirely of fir boughs? It adds to the spice and the green and the airy lightness and the shelter of the pine-tree a something of the compactness and deftness and woven beauty of a bird's nest. I never weary of looking at it, outside and in: outside, each half-confined twig lifting its cross of soft, plumy ends and stirring a little in the wind, as it used to do when it grew on the tree; inside, the countless glints of blue sky showing through the boughs, as when one lies on his back under a low pine-tree and looks up. This cabin has only three sides built of boughs. The fourth is a high bowlder, which slants away at just the right angle to make a fire-place. The stone is of a soft, friable kind, and the fire has slowly eaten its way in, now and then cracking off a huge slice, until there is quite a fine "open Franklin" for the cabin. It draws well when the wind is in the right direction, as I can testify, for I have made fires in it. If the wind is from the east, it smokes, but I never heard of an open Franklin that did n't.

The coming down over our new road is so unlike the going up that the very road seems changed. The beautiful triangular pictures of the distant plains are constantly before our eyes, widening at each turn, and growing more and

more distinct at each lower level we reach. The blue line of the divide in the northern horizon looks always like a solid line of blue. By what process a stretch of green timber land turns into a wall of lapis lazuli, does the science of optics teach?

It is nearly sunset as we descend. The plains look boundless. Their color is a soft mingling of pink and yellow and gray; each smallest hollow and hill has a tint of its own, and hills and hollows alike seem dimples on the smooth expanse. Here and there patches of plowed land add their clear browns with a fine effect of dark mosaics on the light surface.

As we pass the bare slopes where the kinnikinnick is richest and greenest, we load our carriage with its lovely, shining mats. Below, on the soft pink plains, is a grave we love. It lies in the shade of great pines, on a low hill to the west of the town. Surely, never did a little colony find ready to its hand a lovelier burial-place than this.

Long ago there must have been water-courses among these low hills, else these pines could never have grown so high and strong. The water-courses are dried now, and only barren sands lie around the roots of the great trees, but still they live and flourish, as green in December as in June, and the wind in their branches chants endless chants above the graves.

This grave that we love lies, with four pines guarding it closely, on a westward slope which holds the very last rays of the setting sun. We look up from it to the glorious, snow-topped peaks which pierce the sky, and the way seems very short over which our friend has gone. The little mound is kept green with the faithful kinnikinnick vines, and we bring them, now, from the highest slopes which our new road reaches, on the mountain our friend so loved.

H. H.

TOO FINE FOR MORTAL EAR.

"HEARD melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter," sang a poet dreamer well:
And somewhere in Arabia lives a bird
Whose little throat seems evermore to swell
With music, while her tender golden tongue
Throbs in its parted beak as if she sung,
Though ne'er by sound the brooding air is stirred
Save when on almond-trees she folds her wings.
Yet men do follow her, and cry, "She sings;
Yea, alway sings, had we but ears to hear."
And when across the vacant morning clear
Her rare and rapturous melody she flings,
"Ah God," they cry, low listening 'neath her tree,
"How ravishing sweet the unheard notes must be!"

Helen Barron Bostwick.

DANIEL DERONDA: A CONVERSATION.

THEODORA, one day early in the autumn, sat on her piazza with a piece of embroidery, the design of which she invented as she proceeded, being careful, however, to have a Japanese screen before her, to keep her inspiration at the proper altitude. Pulcheria, who was paying her a visit, sat near her with a closed book, in a paper cover, in her lap. Pulcheria was playing with the little dog, rather idly, but Theodora was stitching, steadily and meditatively. "Well," said Theodora, at last, "I wonder what he accomplished in the East." Pulcheria took the little dog into her lap and made him sit on the book. "Oh," she replied, "they had tea-parties at Jerusalem, — exclusively of ladies, — and he sat in the midst and stirred his tea and made high-toned remarks. And then Mirah sang a little, just a little, on account of her voice being so weak. Sit still, Fido," she continued, addressing the little dog, "and keep your nose out of my face. But it 's a nice little nose, all the same," she pursued, "a nice little short snub nose, and not a horrid big Jewish nose. Oh, my dear, when I think what a collection of noses there must have been at that wedding!" At this moment Constantius steps out upon the piazza from the long parlor window, hat and stick in hand and his shoes a trifle dusty. He has some steps to take before he reaches the end of the piazza where the ladies are sitting, and this gives Pulcheria time to murmur, "Talk of snub noses!" Constantius is presented by Theodora to Pulcheria, and he sits down and exclaims upon the admirable blueness of the sea, which lies in a straight band across the green of the little lawn; comments too upon the pleasure of having one side of one's piazza in the shade. Soon Fido, the little dog, still restless, jumps off Pulcheria's lap and reveals the book, which lies title upward. "Oh," says Constantius, "you have been finishing Daniel Deronda?" Then follows a conversation which it will be more convenient to present in another form.

Theodora. Yes, Pulcheria has been reading aloud the last chapters to me. They are wonderfully beautiful.

Constantius (after a moment's hesitation). Yes, they are very beautiful. I am sure you read well, Pulcheria, to give the fine passages their full value.

Theodora. She reads well when she chooses, but I am sorry to say that in some of the fine passages of this last book she took quite a false tone. I could n't have read them aloud, myself; I should have broken down. But Pulcheria, — would you really believe it? — when she could n't go on, it was not for tears, but for — the contrary.

Constantius. For smiles? Did you really find it comical? One of my objections to Daniel Deronda is the absence of those delightfully humorous passages which enlivened the author's former works.

Pulcheria. Oh, I think there are some places as amusing as anything in Adam Bede or The Mill on the Floss: for instance, where, at the last, Deronda wipes Gwendolen's tears and Gwendolen wipes his.

Constantius. Yes, I know what you mean. I can understand that situation presenting a slightly ridiculous image; that is, if the current of the story does not swiftly carry you past that idea.

Pulcheria. What do you mean by the current of the story? I never read a story with less current. It is not a river; it is a series of lakes. I once read of a group of little uneven ponds resembling, from a bird's-eye view, a looking-glass which had fallen upon the floor and broken, and was lying in fragments. That is what Daniel Deronda would look like, on a bird's-eye view.

Theodora. Pulcheria found that comparison in a French novel. She is always reading French novels.

Constantius. Ah, there are some very good ones.

Pulcheria (perversely). I don't know; I think there are some very poor ones.

Constantius. The comparison is not bad, at any rate. I know what you mean by Daniel Deronda lacking current. It has almost as little as Romola.

Pulcheria. Oh, Romola is unpardonably slow; it absolutely stagnates.

Constantius. Yes, I know what you mean by that. But I am afraid you are not friendly to our great novelist.

Theodora. She likes Balzac and George Sand and other impure writers.

Constantius. Well, I must say I understand that.

Pulcheria. My favorite novelist is Thackeray, and I am extremely fond of Miss Austen.

Constantius. I understand that, too. You read over The Newcomes and Pride and Prejudice.

Pulcheria. No, I don't read them over, now; I think them over. I have been making visits for a long time past to a series of friends, and I have spent the last six months in reading Daniel Deronda aloud. Fortune would have it that I should always arrive by the same train as the new number. I am considered a frivolous, idle creature; I am not a disciple in the new school of embroidery, like Theodora; so I was immediately pushed into a chair and the book thrust into my hand, that I might lift up my voice and make peace between all the impatiences that were snatching at it. So I may claim at least that I have read every word of the work. I never skipped.

Theodora. I should hope not, indeed!

Constantius. And do you mean that you really did n't enjoy it?

Pulcheria. I found it protracted, pretentious, pedantic.

Constantius. I see; I can understand that.

Theodora. Oh, you understand too much! Here is the twentieth time you have used that formula.

Constantius. What will you have? You know I must try to understand, it 's my trade.

Theodora. He means he writes reviews. Trying *not* to understand is what I call that trade!

Constantius. Say, then, I take it the wrong way; that is why it has never made my fortune. But I do try to understand; it is my — my — (He pauses.)

Theodora. I know what you want to say. Your strong side.

Pulcheria. And what is his weak side?

Theodora. He writes novels.

Constantius. I have written *one*. You can't call that a side.

Pulcheria. I should like to read it, — not aloud!

Constantius. You can't read it softly enough. But you, Theodora, you did n't find our book too "protracted"?

Theodora. I should have liked it to continue indefinitely, to keep coming out always, to be one of the regular things of life.

Pulcheria. Oh, come here, little dog! To think that Daniel Deronda might be perpetual when you, little short-nosed darling, can't last at the most more than eight or nine years!

Theodora. A book like Daniel Deronda becomes part of one's life; one lives in it or alongside of it. I don't hesitate to say that I have been living in this one for the last eight months. It is such a complete world George Eliot builds up; it is so vast, so much-embracing! It has such a firm earth and such an ethereal sky. You can turn into it and lose yourself in it.

Pulcheria. Oh, easily, and die of cold and starvation!

Theodora. I have been very near to poor Gwendolen and very near to dear little Mirah. And the dear little Meyricks, also; I know them intimately well.

Pulcheria. The Meyricks, I grant you, are the best thing in the book.

Theodora. They are a delicious family; I wish they lived in Boston. I consider Herr Klesmer almost Shakespearian, and his wife is almost as good. I have been near to poor, grand Mordecai —

Pulcheria. Oh, reflect, my dear; not too near.

Theodora. And as for Deronda him-

self, I freely confess that I am consumed with a hopeless passion for him. He is the most irresistible man in the literature of fiction.

Pulcheria. He is not a man at all!

Theodora. I remember nothing more beautiful than the description of his childhood, and that picture of his lying on the grass in the abbey cloister, a beautiful seraph-faced boy, with a lovely voice, reading history and asking his Scotch tutor why the Popes had so many nephews. He must have been delightfully handsome.

Pulcheria. Never, my dear, with that nose! I am sure he had a nose, and I hold that the author has shown great pusillanimity in her treatment of it. She has quite shirked it. The picture you speak of is very pretty, but a picture is not a person. And why is he always grasping his coat-collar, as if he wished to hang himself up? The author had an uncomfortable feeling that she must make him do something real, something visible and sensible, and she hit upon that awkward device. I don't see what you mean by saying you have been *near* those people; that is just what one is not. They produce no illusion. They are described and analyzed to death, but we don't see them or hear them or touch them. Deronda clutches his coat-collar, Mirah crosses her feet, and Mordecai talks like the Bible; but that does n't make real figures of them. They have no existence outside of the author's study.

Theodora. If you mean that they are nobly imaginative, I quite agree with you; and if they say nothing to your own imagination, the fault is yours, not theirs.

Pulcheria. Pray don't say they are Shakespearian again. Shakespeare went to work another way.

Constantius. I think you are both in a measure right; there is a distinction to be drawn. There are in Daniel Deronda the figures based upon observation and the figures based upon invention. This distinction, I know, is rather a rough one. There are no figures in any novel that are pure observation and none that are pure invention. But either element may preponderate, and in those cases in which invention has preponderated George Eliot seems to me to have achieved at the best but so many brilliant failures.

Theodora. And are *you* turning severe? I thought you admired her so much.

Constantius. I defy any one to admire her more, but one must discriminate. Speaking brutally, I consider Daniel Deronda the weakest of her books. It strikes me as very sensibly inferior to Middlemarch. I have an immense opinion of Middlemarch.

Pulcheria. Not having been obliged by circumstances to read Middlemarch to other people, I did n't read it at all. I could n't read it to myself. I tried, but I broke down. I appreciated Rosamond, but I could n't believe in Dorothea.

Theodora (very gravely). So much the worse for you, Pulcheria. I have enjoyed Daniel Deronda *because* I had enjoyed Middlemarch. Why should you throw Middlemarch up against her? It seems to me that if a book is fine it is fine. I have enjoyed Deronda deeply, from beginning to end.

Constantius. I assure you, so have I. I can read nothing of George Eliot's without enjoyment. I even enjoy her poetry, though I don't approve of it. In whatever she writes I enjoy her mind — her large, luminous, airy mind. The intellectual brilliancy of Daniel Deronda strikes me as very great, in excess of anything the author had done. In the first couple of numbers of the book this ravished me. I delighted in its tone, its deep, rich English tone, in which so many notes seemed melted together.

Pulcheria. The tone is not English, it is German.

Constantius. I understand that — if Theodora will allow me to say so. Little by little I began to feel that I cared less for certain notes than for others. I say it under my breath — I began to feel an occasional temptation to skip. Roughly speaking, all the Jewish burden of the story tended to weary me; it is this part

that produces the small illusion which I agree with Pulcheria in finding. Gwendolen and Grandcourt are admirable. Gwendolen is a masterpiece. She is known, felt, and presented, psychologically, altogether in the grand manner. Beside her and beside her husband — a consummate picture of English brutality refined and distilled (for Grandcourt is before all things brutal) — Deronda, Mordecai, and Mirah are hardly more than shadows. They and their fortunes are all improvisation. I don't say anything against improvisation. When it succeeds it has a surpassing charm. But it must succeed. With George Eliot it seems to me to succeed only partially, less than one would expect of her talent. The story of Deronda's life, his mother's story, Mirah's story, are quite the sort of thing one finds in George Sand. But they are really not so good as they would be in George Sand. George Sand would have carried it off with a lighter hand.

Theodora. Oh, Constantius, how can you compare George Eliot's novels to that woman's? It is sunlight and moonshine.

Pulcheria. I really think the two writers are very much alike. They are both very voluble, both addicted to moralizing and philosophizing *à tout bout de champ*, both inartistic!

Constantius. I see what you mean. But George Eliot is solid and George Sand is liquid. When occasionally George Eliot liquefies, — as in the history of Deronda's birth, and in that of Mirah, — it is not to as crystalline a clearness as the author of Consuelo and André. Take Mirah's long narrative of her adventures, when she unfolds them to Mrs. Meyrick. It is arranged, it is artificial, old-fashioned, quite in the George Sand manner. But George Sand would have done it better. The false tone would have remained, but it would have been more persuasive. It would have been a fib, but the fib would have been neater.

Theodora. I don't think fibbing neatly a merit; and I don't see what is to be gained by such comparisons. George Eliot is pure and George Sand is impure; how can you compare them? As for the Jewish element in Deronda, I think it a very fine idea; it 's a noble subject. Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon would not have thought of it, but that does not condemn it. It shows a large conception of what one may do in a novel. I heard you say, the other day, that most novels were so trivial — that they had no general ideas. Here is a general idea, the idea interpreted by Deronda. I have never disliked the Jews, as some people do; I am not like Pulcheria, who sees a Jew in every bush. I wish there were one; I would cultivate shrubbery! I have known too many clever and charming Jews; I have known none that were not clever.

Pulcheria. Clever, but not charming!

Constantius. I quite agree with you as to Deronda's going in for the Jews and turning out a Jew himself being a fine subject, and this quite apart from the fact of whether such a thing as a Jewish revival is at all a possibility. If it is a possibility, so much the better — so much the better for the subject, I mean.

Pulcheria. A la bonne heure!

Constantius. I rather suspect it is not a possibility; that the Jews in general take themselves much less seriously than that. They have other fish to fry! George Eliot takes them as a person outside of Judaism — picturesquely. I don't believe that is the way they take themselves.

Pulcheria. They have the less excuse, then, for keeping themselves so dirty.

Theodora. George Eliot must have known some delightful Jews!

Constantius. Very likely; but I should n't wonder if the most delightful of them had smiled a trifle, here and there, over her book. But that makes nothing, as Herr Klesmer would say. The subject is a noble one. The idea of depicting a nature able to feel and worthy to feel the sort of inspiration that takes possession of Deronda, of depicting it sympathetically, minutely, and intimately — such an idea has great elevation. There is something very fascinating in

the mission that Deronda takes upon himself. I don't quite know what it means, I don't understand more than half of Mordecai's rhapsodies, and I don't perceive exactly what practical steps could be taken. Deronda could go about and talk with clever Jews — not an unpleasant life.

Pulcheria. All that seems to me so unreal that when at the end the author finds herself confronted with the necessity of making him start for the East by the train, and announces that Sir Hugo and Lady Mallinger have given his wife "a complete Eastern outfit," I descend to the ground with a ludicrous jump.

Constantius. Unreal if you please; that is no objection to it; it greatly tickles my imagination. I like extremely the idea of Mordecai believing, without ground of belief, that if he only waits, a young man on whom nature and society have centred all their gifts will come to him and receive from his hands the precious vessel of his hopes. It is romantic, but it is not vulgar romance; it is finely romantic. And there is something very fine in the author's own feeling about Deronda. He is a very generous creation. He is, I think, a failure — a brilliant failure; if he had been a success I would call him a splendid creation. The author meant to do things very handsomely for him; she meant, apparently, to make a faultless human being.

Pulcheria. She made a dreadful prig.

Constantius. He *is* rather priggish, and one wonders that so clever a woman as George Eliot should n't see it.

Pulcheria. He has no blood in his body. His attitude at moments absolutely trenches on the farcical.

Theodora. Pulcheria likes the little gentlemen in the French novels who take good care of their attitudes, which are always the same attitude, the attitude of "conquest," and of a conquest that tickles their vanity. Deronda has a contour that cuts straight through the middle of all that. He is made of a stuff that is n't dreamt of in their philosophy.

Pulcheria. Pulcheria likes very much a novel which she read three or four years ago, but which she has not forgotten. It was by Ivan Tourguéneff, and it was called On the Eve. Theodora has read it, I know, because she admires Tourguéneff, and Constantius has read it, I suppose, because he has read everything.

Constantius. If I had no reason but that for my reading, it would be small. But Tourguéneff is my man.

Pulcheria. You were just now praising George Eliot's general ideas. The tale of which I speak contains in the portrait of the hero very much such a general idea as you find in the portrait of Deronda. Don't you remember the young Bulgarian student, Inssaroff, who gives himself the mission of rescuing his country from its subjection to the Turks? Poor man, if he had foreseen the horrible summer of 1876! His character is the picture of a race-passion, of patriotic hopes and dreams. But what a difference in the vividness of the two figures. Inssaroff is a man; he stands up on his feet; we see him, hear him, and touch him. And it has taken the author but a couple of hundred pages — not eight volumes — to do it!

Theodora. I don't remember Inssaroff at all, but I perfectly remember the heroine, Elena. She is certainly most remarkable, but, remarkable as she is, I should never dream of calling her so wonderful as Gwendolen.

Constantius. Tourguéneff is a magician, which I don't think I should call George Eliot. One is a poet, the other is a philosopher. One cares for the reason of things and the other cares for the aspect of things. George Eliot, in embarking with Deronda, took aboard, as it were, a far heavier cargo than Tourguéneff with his Inssaroff. She proposed, consciously, to strike more notes.

Pulcheria. Oh, consciously, yes!

Constantius. George Eliot wished to show the possible picturesqueness — the romance, as it were — of a high moral tone. Deronda is a moralist, a moralist with a rich complexion.

Theodora. It is a most beautiful nature. I don't know anywhere a more

complete, a more deeply analyzed portrait of a great nature. We praise novelists for wandering and creeping so into the small corners of the mind. That is what we praise Balzac for when he gets down upon all fours to crawl through the Père Goriot or the Parents Pauvres. But I must say I think it a finer thing to unlock with as firm a hand as George Eliot some of the greater chambers of human character. Deronda is in a manner an ideal character, if you will, but he seems to me triumphantly married to reality. There are some admirable things said about him; nothing can be finer than those pages of description of his moral temperament in the fourth book — his elevated way of looking at things, his impartiality, his universal sympathy, and at the same time his fear of their turning into mere irresponsible indifference. I remember some of it verbally: "He was ceasing to care for knowledge — he had no ambition for practice — unless they could be gathered up into one current with his emotions."

Pulcheria. Oh, there is plenty about his emotions. Everything about him is "emotive." That bad word occurs on every fifth page.

Theodora. I don't see that it is a bad word.

Pulcheria. It may be good German, but it is poor English.

Theodora. It is not German at all; it is Latin. So, my dear!

Pulcheria. As I say, then, it is not English.

Theodora. This is the first time I ever heard that George Eliot's style was bad!

Constantius. It is admirable; it has the most delightful and the most intellectually comfortable suggestions. But it is occasionally a little too long-sleeved, as I may say. It is sometimes too loose a fit for the thought, a little baggy.

Theodora. And the advice he gives Gwendolen, the things he says to her, they are the very essence of wisdom, of warm human wisdom, knowing life and feeling it. "Keep your fear as a safeguard, it may make consequences passionately present to you." What can be better than that?

Pulcheria. Nothing, perhaps. But what can be drearier than a novel in which the function of the hero — young, handsome, and brilliant — is to give didactic advice, in a proverbial form, to the young, beautiful, and brilliant heroine?

Constantius. That is not putting it quite fairly. The function of Deronda is to have Gwendolen fall in love with him, to say nothing of falling in love himself with Mirah.

Pulcheria. Yes, the less said about that the better. All we know about Mirah is that she has delicate rings of hair, sits with her feet crossed, and talks like a book.

Constantius. Deronda's function of adviser to Gwendolen does not strike me as so ridiculous. He is not nearly so ridiculous as if he were lovesick. It is a very interesting situation — that of a man with whom a beautiful woman in trouble falls in love, and yet whose affections are so preoccupied that the most he can do for her in return is to enter kindly and sympathetically into her position, pity her, and talk to her. George Eliot always gives us something that is strikingly and ironically characteristic of human life; and what savors more of the essential crookedness of human fortune than the sad cross-purposes of these two young people? Poor Gwendolen's falling in love with Deronda is part of her own luckless history, not of his.

Theodora. I do think he takes it to himself rather too little. No man had ever so little vanity.

Pulcheria. It is very inconsistent, therefore, as well as being extremely impertinent and ill-mannered, his buying back and sending to her her necklace at Leubronn.

Constantius. Oh, you must concede that; without it there would have been no story. A man writing of him, however, would certainly have made him more peccable. As George Eliot lets herself go about him she becomes delightfully, almost touchingly feminine. It is like her making Romola go to house-

keeping with Tessa, after Tito Melema's death; like her making Dorothea marry Will Ladislaw. If Dorothea had married any one after her misadventure with Casaubon, she would have married a hussar!

Theodora. Perhaps some day Gwendolen will marry Rex.

Pulcheria. Pray, who is Rex?

Theodora. Why, Pulcheria, how can you forget?

Pulcheria. Nay, how can I remember? But I recall such a name in the dim antiquity of the first or second book. Yes, and then he is pushed to the front again at the last, just in time not to miss the falling of the curtain. Gwendolen will certainly not have the audacity to marry any one we know so little about.

Constantius. I have been wanting to say that there seems to me to be two very distinct elements in George Eliot — a spontaneous one and an artificial one. There is what she is by inspiration, and what she is because it is expected of her. These two heads have been very perceptible in her recent writings; they are much less noticeable in her early ones.

Theodora. You mean that she is too scientific? So long as she remains the great literary genius that she is, how can she be too scientific? She is simply permeated with the highest culture of the age.

Pulcheria. She talks too much about the "dynamic quality" of people's eyes. When she uses such a phrase as that in the first sentence in her book she is not a great literary genius, because she shows a want of tact. There can't be a worse limitation.

Constantius (laughing). The "dynamic quality" of Gwendolen's glance has made the tour of the world.

Theodora. It shows a very low level of culture on the world's part to be agitated by a term perfectly familiar to all decently-educated people.

Pulcheria. I don't pretend to be decently educated; pray tell me what it means.

Constantius (promptly). I think Pulcheria has hit it in speaking of a want of tact. In the manner of Daniel Deronda, throughout, there is something that one may call a want of tact. The epigraphs in verse are a want of tact; they are sometimes, I think, a trifle more pretentious than really pregnant; the importunity of the moral reflections is a want of tact; the very diffuseness of the book is a want of tact. But it comes back to what I said just now about one's sense of the author writing under a sort of external pressure. I began to notice it in Felix Holt; I don't think I had before. She strikes me as a person who certainly has naturally a taste for general considerations, but who has fallen upon an age and a circle which have compelled her to give them an exaggerated attention. She does not strike me as naturally a critic, less still as naturally a skeptic; her spontaneous part is to observe life and to feel it, to feel it with admirable depth. Contemplation, sympathy, and faith, — something like that, I should say, would have been her natural scale. If she had fallen upon an age of enthusiastic assent to old articles of faith, it seems to me possible that she would have had a more perfect, a more consistent and graceful development, than she has actually had. If she had cast herself into such a current, — her genius being equal, — it might have carried her to splendid distances. But she has chosen to go into criticism, and to the critics she addresses her work; I mean the critics of the universe. Instead of feeling life itself, it is "views" upon life that she tries to feel.

Pulcheria. Pray, how can you feel a "view"?

Constantius. I don't think you can; you had better give up trying.

Pulcheria. She is the victim of a first-class education. I am so glad!

Constantius. Thanks to her admirable intellect she philosophizes very sufficiently; but meanwhile she has given a chill to her genius. She has come near spoiling an artist.

Pulcheria. She has quite spoiled one. Or rather I should n't say that, because there was no artist to spoil. I maintain that she is not an artist. An art-

ist could never have put a story together so monstrously ill. She has no sense of form.

Theodora. Pray, what could be more artistic than the way that Deronda's paternity is concealed till almost the end, and the way we are made to suppose Sir Hugo is his father?

Pulcheria. And Mirah his sister. How does that fit together? I was as little made to suppose he was not a Jew as I cared when I found out he was. And his mother popping up through a trap-door and popping down again, at the last, in that scrambling fashion! His mother is very bad.

Constantius. I think Deronda's mother is one of the unvivified characters; she belongs to the cold half of the book. All the Jewish part is at bottom cold; that is my only objection. I have enjoyed it because my fancy often warms cold things; but beside Gwendolen's history it is like the full half of the lunar disk beside the empty one. It is admirably studied, it is imagined, it is understood; but it is not realized. One feels this strongly in just those scenes between Deronda and his mother; one feels that one has been appealed to on rather an artificial ground of interest. To make Deronda's reversion to his native faith more dramatic and profound, the author has given him a mother who on very arbitrary grounds, apparently, has separated herself from this same faith, and who has been kept waiting in the wing, as it were, for many acts, to come on and make her speech and say so. This moral situation of hers we are invited retrospectively to appreciate. But we hardly care to do so.

Pulcheria. I don't *see* the princess, in spite of her flame-colored robe. Why should an actress and prima-donna care so much about religious matters?

Theodora. It was not only that; it was the Jewish race she hated, Jewish manners and looks. You, my dear, ought to understand that.

Pulcheria. I do, but I am not a Jewish actress of genius; I am not what Rachel was. If I were, I should have other things to think about.

Constantius. Think now a little about poor Gwendolen.

Pulcheria. I don't care to think about her. She was a second-rate English girl who spoke of her mother as "my mamma," and got into a flutter about a lord.

Theodora. I don't see that she is worse than if she were a first-rate American girl, who should speak of her female parent as "mother," and get into exactly the same flutter.

Pulcheria. It would n't be the same flutter, at all; it would n't be any flutter. She would n't be afraid of the lord.

Theodora. I am sure I don't perceive whom Gwendolen was afraid of. She was afraid of her misdeed, — her broken promise, — after she had committed it, and through that fear she was afraid of her husband. Well she might be! I can imagine nothing more vivid than the sense we get of his absolutely *clammy* selfishness.

Pulcheria. She was not afraid of Deronda when, immediately after her marriage, and without any but the most casual acquaintance with him, she begins to hover about him at the Mallingers', and to drop little confidences about her conjugal woes. That seems to me very indelicate; ask any woman.

Constantius. The very purpose of the author is to give us an idea of the sort of confidence that Deronda inspired — its irresistible potency!

Pulcheria. A lay father-confessor. Dreadful!

Constantius. And to give us an idea also of the acuteness of Gwendolen's depression, of her haunting sense of impending trouble.

Theodora. It must be remembered that Gwendolen was in love with Deronda from the first, long before she knew it. She did n't know it, poor girl, but that was it.

Pulcheria. That makes the matter worse. It is very disagreeable to have her rustling about a man who is indifferent to her, in that fashion.

Theodora. He was not indifferent to her, since he sent her back her necklace.

Pulcheria. Of all the delicate atten-

tion to a charming girl that I ever heard of, that little pecuniary transaction is the most felicitous.

Constantius. You must remember that he had been *en rapport* with her at the gaming table. She had been playing in defiance of his observation, and he, continuing to observe her, had been in a measure responsible for her loss. There was a tacit consciousness of this between them. You may contest the possibility of tacit consciousness going so far, but that is not a serious objection. You may point out two or three weak spots in detail; the fact remains that Gwendolen's whole history is superbly told. And see how the girl is known, inside out, how thoroughly she is felt and understood! It is the most *intelligent* thing in all George Eliot's writing, and that is saying much. It is so deep, so true, so complete, it holds such a wealth of psychological detail, it is more than masterly.

Theodora. I don't know where the perception of character has sailed closer to the wind.

Pulcheria. The portrait may be admirable, but it has one little fault. You don't care a straw for the original. Gwendolen is not an interesting girl, and when the author tries to invest her with a deep tragic interest she does so at the expense of consistency. She has made her at the outset too light, too flimsy; tragedy has no hold on such a girl.

Theodora. You are hard to satisfy. You said this morning that Dorothea was too heavy, and now you find Gwendolen too light. George Eliot wished to give us the perfect counterpart of Dorothea. Having made one portrait she was worthy to make the other.

Pulcheria. She has committed the fatal error of making Gwendolen vulgarly, pettily, dryly selfish. She was *personally* selfish.

Theodora. I know nothing more personal than selfishness.

Pulcheria. I am selfish, but I don't go about with my chin out like that; at least I hope I don't. She was an odious young woman, and one can't care what becomes of her. When her marriage turned out ill she would have become still more hard and positive; to make her soft and appealing is very bad logic. The second Gwendolen does n't belong to the first.

Constantius. She is perhaps at the first a little childish for the weight of interest she has to carry, a little too much after the pattern of the unconscientious young ladies of Miss Yonge and Miss Sewell.

Theodora. Since when is it forbidden to make one's heroine young? Gwendolen is a perfect picture of youthfulness — its eagerness, its presumption, its preoccupation with itself, its vanity and silliness, its sense of its own absoluteness. But she is extremely intelligent and clever, and therefore tragedy *can* have a hold upon her. Her conscience does n't make the tragedy; that is an old story, and, I think, a secondary form of suffering. It is the tragedy that makes her conscience, which then reacts upon it; and I can think of nothing more powerful than the way in which the growth of her conscience is traced, nothing more touching than the picture of its helpless maturity.

Constantius. That is perfectly true. Gwendolen's history is admirably typical — as most things are with George Eliot; it is the very stuff that human life is made of. What is it made of but the discovery by each of us that we are at the best but a rather ridiculous fifth wheel to the coach, after we have sat cracking our whip and believing that we are at least the coachman in person? We think we are the main hoop to the barrel, and we turn out to be but a very incidental splinter in one of the staves. The universe, forcing itself with a slow, inexorable pressure into a narrow, complacent, and yet after all extremely sensitive mind, and making it ache with the pain of the process — that is Gwendolen's story. And it becomes completely characteristic in that her supreme perception of the fact that the world is whirling past her is in the disappointment not of a base, but of an exalted passion. The very chance to embrace

what the author is so fond of calling a "larger life" seems refused to her. She is punished for being narrow and she is not allowed a chance to expand. Her finding Deronda preëngaged to go to the East and stir up the race-feeling of the Jews strikes one as a wonderfully happy invention. The irony of the situation, for poor Gwendolen, is almost grotesque, and it makes one wonder whether the whole heavy structure of the Jewish question in the story was not built up by the author for the express purpose of giving its proper force to this particular stroke.

Theodora. George Eliot's intentions are extremely complex. The mass is for each detail and each detail is for the mass.

Pulcheria. She is very fond of deaths by drowning. Maggie Tulliver and her brother are drowned, Tito Melema is drowned, Mr. Grandcourt is drowned. It is extremely unlikely that Grandcourt should not have known how to swim.

Constantius. He did, of course, but he had a cramp. It served him right. I can't imagine a more consummate representation of the most detestable kind of Englishman — the Englishman who thinks it low to articulate. And in Grandcourt the type and the individual are so happily met: the type with its sense of the proprieties, and the individual with his absence of all sense. He is the apotheosis of dryness, a human expression of the simple idea of the perpendicular.

Theodora. Mr. Casaubon in Middlemarch was very dry, too; and yet what a genius it is that can give us two disagreeable husbands who are so utterly different.

Pulcheria. You must count the two disagreeable wives, too — Rosamond Vincy and Gwendolen. They are very much alike. I know the author did n't mean it; it proves how common a type the worldly, *pincée*, illiberal young Englishwoman is. They are both disagreeable; you can't get over that.

Constantius. There is something in that, perhaps. I think, at any rate, that the secondary people here are less delightful than in Middlemarch; there is nothing so good as Mary Garth and her father, or the little old lady who steals sugar, or the parson who is in love with Mary, or the country relatives of old Mr. Featherstone. Rex Gascoigne is not so good as Fred Vincy.

Theodora. Mr. Gascoigne is admirable, and Mrs. Davilow is charming.

Pulcheria. And you must not forget that you think Herr Klesmer "Shakespearian." Would n't "Wagnerian" be high enough praise?

Constantius. Yes, one must make an exception with regard to the Klesmers and the Meyricks. They are delightful, and as for Klesmer himself, and Hans Meyrick, Theodora may maintain her epithet. Shakespearian characters are characters that are born out of the *overflow* of observation, characters that make the drama seem multitudinous, like life. Klesmer comes in with a sort of Shakespearian "value," as a painter would say, and so, in a different tone, does Hans Meyrick. They spring from a much-peopled mind.

Theodora. I think Gwendolen's confrontation with Klesmer one of the finest things in the book.

Constantius. It is like everything in George Eliot, it will bear thinking of.

Pulcheria. All that is very fine, but you cannot persuade me that Deronda is not a very awkward and ill-made story. It has nothing that one can call a subject. A silly young girl and a heavy, overwise young man who *don't* fall in love with her! That is the *donnée* of eight monthly volumes. I call it very flat. Is that what the exquisite art of Thackeray and Miss Austen and Hawthorne has come to? I would as soon read a German novel outright.

Theodora. There is something higher than form — there is spirit.

Constantius. I am afraid Pulcheria is sadly æsthetic. She had better confine herself to Mérimée.

Pulcheria. I shall certainly to-day read over the Double Méprise.

Theodora. Oh, my dear, don't!

Constantius. Yes, I think there is little art in Deronda, but I think there is

a vast amount of life. In life without art you can find your account; but art without life is a poor affair. The book is full of the world.

Theodora. It is full of beauty and sagacity, and there is quite art enough for me.

Pulcheria (to the little dog). We are silenced, darling, but we are not convinced, are we? (The dog begins to bark.) No, we are not even silenced. It's a young woman with two band-boxes.

Theodora. Oh, it must be our muslins.

Constantius (rising to go). I see what you mean!

Henry James, Jr.

THE RIVER RALDIVVIR.

In Hindostan runneth a river,
A river that runs from a region
As holy and dread
As Vishnu's own head;
Its mystical name is Raldivvir,
Raldivvir the Red,
And broad as the ranks of a legion
It flows o'er its bed.

Far back ere the world was yet weary,
While Aryan tribes were still roaming,
No river ran there,
But, arid and bare,
A desolate desert lay dreary
And burning and dry;
No wild beast that fled with mouth foaming;
Fled there but to die.

A tribe that had wandered and wandered
Far into the desert, were dying
Beneath the fierce sun,
The blinding, fierce sun,
While round them the hot sand-storms thundered.
They died one by one;
The wild sand-storms round them were flying,
Escape there was none.

Then out spake the chieftain Volezert,
The chief of the gray-bearded sages:
"O Vishnu, I pray
Thou lead us the way
From out of this terrible desert,
And lo! I will build
A shrine that shall show through the ages
Thy glory fulfilled."

He bowed to the ground and he waited,
But all that he heard was the creeping
Of sand in the wind,
Till, choking and blind,
"My children," he said, "we are fated,
And near is the end."
Then wild with despair and with weeping
Friend held unto friend.

They cried to their gods, but no answer
Came forth from the darkness, sand-laden,
When swift as a glance,
Erect as a lance,
Up started Raldivvir the dancer,
A maiden so fair,
So pure and so fair, that no maiden
With her could compare.

"O Vishnu, I come to thee, lowly;
No shrine can I build to thy glory,
But now would I die,
That all here may fly
From death, and, O Vishnu the holy,
I call on thy name."
She ceased, and the sages, the hoary
Old men, flushed with shame.

They gazed at the kneeling Raldivvir,
Then shouted, "Her prayer is availing!"
For leaping to light,
A rivulet bright
Sprang forth and it grew to a river;
It grew all the day.
They builded them boats and went sailing
Away, far away.

And now the tall, swaying pomegranate
Bends low o'er the banks of the river.
The tiger is there,
Crouched low in his lair,
Where swiftly beneath the red planet
The waves run as red
As blood of the maiden Raldivvir,
Raldivvir the dead.

John G. Wilson.

CRUMBS OF TRAVEL.

THE BRITISH BOARDING-HOUSE.

THE British boarding-house is built of brick, originally of a meek, unobtrusive mud color, but long since converted to surly, hopeless dinginess by innumerable layers of London fog and smoke. If the building were of Pentelican marble, and had originally glittered like the countenance of an angel, this grimy atmosphere would have changed it to the complexion of a sickly demon.

The position of this particular British boarding-house is admirable, almost commanding, and not unworthy of a palace. It overlooks a noble street, bordered by broad and superb footways; beyond this, and slightly elevated, stretch the magnificent carriage-way and riding-way and granite parapets of the great Thames Embankment; and a little below, but plainly visible, rolls the potent, the world-famous, the historic Thames.

Leaning out of his ramshackle bow-window, the impressed American boarder can discern, in one direction, the countless pinnacles and enormous towers of the Houses of Parliament. Turning in the other direction, he can see as far as the Tower of London, where William the Conqueror held court and garrison, where the royal children were murdered and Anne Boleyn was beheaded. Here and there, above and below, the renowned river is spanned by graceful giants of bridges, some of iron and some of granite. Up and down it fly perpetually the swift, sharp, black hulls of steam ferry-boats, touching and rebounding from dozens of costly piers, like humming-birds darting from flower to flower. When the tide is full, the boarder can see the decks of these vessels crowded with passengers; when the tide is low, their funnels scarcely appear above the parapet of the quay. For fourpence they will transport him from Chelsea to Greenwich, through eight miles or more of monstrous, massive London.

But the interior of the British boarding-house is also worthy of attention. In the first place, it has existed through such a lengthy though unknown period of time! The sojourner from the setting sun has never inquired when the edifice was built; but to his eyes, accustomed to frequent emissions of a shin-plaster architecture, it looks old enough to be fit for pulling down; and he has even a vague, superstitious feeling that its destruction would be an act of mercy, setting free many generations of ghosts which now tenant it, and permitting them to find places of rest. Indeed, if one may venture such a disrespectful statement, the edifice has not borne its years well. There is a looseness and also a clatteringness about its fittings which reminds one of machinery, and sets one to marveling what unearthly web and woof is being woven by the spirits of the invisible. There is a certain chamber door which rattles to that degree that the occupant frequently shouts "Come in," when nobody is there but a lost breeze which has stumbled into the house by some cranny and is fumbling in all directions to get out again. That occupant proudly believes that nothing in the world can out-rattle his door, except his windows. These last, especially when the wind blows from the southward side, have an ague which transports him with a mixture of admiration and pity. He would caulk them up with coats and trousers, only that he has other uses for those articles.

Everything within the room corresponds with these symptoms of senility. An antiquarian would fall down and worship before a certain bleared and tottering washstand which has, to all appearance, been in steady use for a matter of five or ten centuries. A shaky, worm-eaten bedstead, which the Plantagenets may have had the nightmare on, would fill the right kind of a soul with pensive joy. This bedstead, by the

way, is so lofty that, if the boarder tumbles off it, he will dash himself to atoms on the grimiest of carpets. Into the composition of the bedding — the mere, sheer, complex, miscellaneous bedding — there is at least one man who has never dared to explore exhaustively. He knows, however, that it contains not only springs and mattresses, but also feathers. Furthermore, he has noted that what should be a bolster is simply a roll of threadbare blanket, ambuscaded under the sheet. The curtains are of a very venerable fabric, matching in color the grimy exterior of the building. In one corner of the room (and only to be discovered by pulling idiotically at the wall-paper) is a totally improbable closet which smells as though it might have been a locker in Noah's ark, so strong is the perfume of antediluvian bilge-water.

Yet this chamber is as fine as any of the others. Indeed, it is much fresher in the particular of atmosphere than certain ones which look dimly rearward upon a cramped and gloomy court, or rather pit, walled in by other equally sombre houses. Even the great parlor below stairs, though something like thirty feet long by fifteen high, is little less musty than an old beer-hogshead. One marvels, by the way, at finding such a saloon in such a place. But the dwelling was once aristocratic, as the transatlantic lodger constantly hears from his landlady, and as he frequently believes. All the rooms are wainscoted and garnished with deep moldings around the ceilings and with other architectural embellishments. Only, it is a decayed, besooted, befogged, stained, peeled, pock-marked, and musty grandeur. The gilt of the once gorgeous wall-paper has acquired a dusky glory, like that of stale gingerbread. The marble of the mantels looks several ages older than that of the Parthenon. The mahogany of the furniture belongs to an extinct species, and exhibits the infirmities which must attend even a sturdy old age. The eye cannot discover an object which has not been more or less nibbled and discolored by time and pitiless use.

Yet here, unless the genial landlady is an inventor of pleasing fictions, once abode wealth and rank and fashion; here many and many a night (one can't believe it all the time) the great Nelson and his officers have danced till morning. This starred and gartered and epauletted tradition has been repeated to the American boarder day by day, and has by him been compared doubtingly with the shabby decadence and brick exterior of the old dwelling, until the mighty admiral has come to assume in his mind a semi-fabulous character, as if he were Sir Launcelot or Jack the Giant-Killer. More than once he has been tempted to get rid of his bewilderments by affirming to the hostess that there never was such a person as Lord Nelson. But he has restrained himself through fear of producing an astonishment ending in paralysis.

The landlady, it must be deferentially understood, is a lady of the old school. She adores the queen, the royal family, the established church, and the city of London. Every day she has something new to tell about the most august personages of the realm. She knows all the particulars; she has read them in the morning papers. It is very surprising to stumble upon this last fact, after having walked for a while in the belief that the prince and the duchess were her condescending friends and sometimes dropped in to let her know of their health and doings. By the way, strange as it may seem to residents of the setting sun, multitudes of people on this island are thus worshipful-minded. There are millions of English men and English women who, if there were no longer an aristocracy to prattle about, would feel that they had lost one of the greatest pleasures of their lives.

"Did you ever see Sothern in Lord Dundreary?" a republican boarder once maliciously inquired of this loyal lady.

"I went to see him," she replied, gravely, as one might speak in confessing a lamentable error. "But I left at the hend of the first hact, just as soon as I saw what the play meant. I must say that I cannot bear to see *those matters* made light of."

By "those matters" she undoubtedly meant the intelligence and dignity of the British aristocracy.

"Are you fortunate enough to be the proprietor of this house?" was another query.

"I'll 'ave you to understand that my landlord is the Duke of ——!" she responded, curiously proud of the fact that her home was owned by a greater than herself.

To none of the naughty stories concerning the Prince of Wales did she lend an atom of faith.

"He is a good son of a good mother," she declared summarily. "These anecdotes are the invention of low people and mischievous radicals."

Once it seemed as if she would burst into tears while talking of the mighty capital of England.

"I know I love London," she murmured with a quavering voice. "I know I am an adorer. I love it only too well. I know it."

On a certain memorable day the Prince of Saxe-Weimar (the queen's cousin, if one is not painfully mistaken) called at the British boarding-house to inspect a fine service of Sèvres (valued at only seven thousand pounds sterling) which was held on sale by one of the lodgers.

"His Highness was struck with your parlor, madam," said the urbane fictile gentleman at dinner. "He remarked that he was quite surprised, after passing your modest entrance, to come upon so fine a *salon*."

It was really ennobling and purifying to see the expression of calm, brimming satisfaction which filled the loyal matron's countenance. She could not, or at least did not speak; she merely bowed her acknowledgments; but she was clearly in a state of beatitude. In passing, one may remark that this little speech of the prince's seems to show him a thorough gentleman, disposed to make his humbler fellow-creatures more content with themselves. He could not say much for the grandeur of the time-worn habitation, but what little he could say, he did.

It may excite lowly wonder that a lady so familiar with the aristocracy, at least in spirit, should occasionally drop her "aitches." Well, she did not spill a great many of them; there was no need of sweeping them up with a dust-pan. It was only now and then, more especially in dealing with local names and such-like very familiar words, that she lost her grip on the aspirate. One might observe, for instance, that she generally said Igh Olborn, instead of High Holborn. By the way, it is an odd fact that Holborn once had no H, having started in life simply as Old Burn, that is to say, Old Brook. The cockneys added an aspirate to it, and, now that it is on, they take it off. It seems to be necessary for them to know how to write a word in order to know exactly how to mispronounce it.

The mistress of the British boarding-house speaks French, as she has good need to do. Her hostelry is a cosmopolitan resort, not only for English and Americans, but also for people of various continental nations. There are guests from Honduras, from India, from France, Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland. The pale lady who sits opposite the American lodger, and who weeps at him because he resembles her brother who died in the Dutch East India army, is a native of Hamburg. The pretty brunette, farther down, ran away last year from Cologne with her preferred lover, and is now taking him back from Chicago to present him as her husband to the forgiving old people. The graciously spoken gentleman who owns the service of Sèvres is half Hungarian, half Viennese, and seems to be equally at home in German, French, and Italian. There are days when English is the tongue least used at the dinner-table. Bottles of bordeaux and champagne are more frequent than bottles of ale and porter. The waiters are to a man Germans. Yet this is not the foreign part of the city; it is a mile or so from Leicester Square. The explanation is that London is a world-capital, and also that the house sets forth good claret at a fair price.

The daily charge for board, lodging,

service, and lights is eight shillings. A man can live cheaper than that in London, but if he does he is likely to live noticeably worse. The meals furnished are two: a breakfast whenever one calls for it, and a dinner at six. The breakfast consists of bacon and eggs, as much cold mutton as one chooses to cut from delicious joints, and a vast abundance of excellent tea and respectable toast, or tolerable bread with unsurpassable butter. The dinner generally presents soup, fish, a roast, two *entrées*, vegetables, dessert, fruit, and coffee. It is the copiousness and the meritorious cookery of this fare which induces many a lodger to stay on and on, while daily grumbling at the uninviting character of the sleeping accommodations and the mustiness of the atmosphere. A man soon learns, too, that, if he should go otherwheres, he would not be housed much better. Nothing is more remarkable about the boarding-houses or "private hotels" of London than their saddening uniformity of ancient perfumes and slovenly bedding.

By the way, it filled the American lodger with wonder to discover that ham and eggs is the usual breakfast of prosperous John Bull. He had supposed that this inexpensive nourishment was peculiar to his own native land, and especially to the hotels of North Carolina and adjoining regions. But the bird of freedom did not invent it; he inherited it from the British lion, or perhaps the unicorn. When the traveling Yankee Doodle, eager for culinary novelties, sets out for "merrie Englaunde," let him prepare himself for an exhaustless supply of what I once heard a Briton speak of emphatically as "some 'am and some heggs."

THE BRITISH BEER SHOP.

The British beer shop is a manifold, a mighty, a terrible, a pathetic phenomenon.

Go where you will in England, but particularly in the larger and more prosperous cities, this hydra every now and then thrusts up one of its countless heads before you, all so similar in features that you can hardly distinguish between one and another, with the result that you are impressed at last with a fearful sense of multitude, of unescapable power, and of a power which is evil.

There is nothing terrifying in the staring sign, the great, gleaming windows, and other recognizable characteristics of a single London or Liverpool drinking saloon. Tired, perhaps, with sight-seeing, you are rather pleased to find such a haven in your way, and you rush in gladly to revive your forces with a draught of pale ale or porter. But after you have seen a thousand, after you have seen ten thousand, all more or less alike in physiognomy, all gushing from morn till midnight with malt liquors and fiery ardent spirits, all frequented and often crowded by drinking men and women and even infants, you begin to feel a sentiment of doubt and distrust which is capable of rising to something like terror. It seems to the imagination as if some immeasurable beast underlay all England, shooting up through the crust of the island innumerable glittering and drooling muzzles, all eager to poison and devour. You wonder how long the sturdy human breed here established can withstand this incessant hunger of a measureless monster. If you do not wish that there were no beer shops at all, you do perhaps come to desire that there might be fewer.

While they are many, they are little, these gin palaces, or whatever one chooses to call them; at least they seem small to an American by comparison with the continental bar-rooms which he can find in his native land. Exteriorly there is often a notable splendor of vast windows, sometimes of gilding, and by night of abundant gas. But you enter and the scene changes: the varnish and other embellishments have become soiled by hard, low use; the floors are either muddy or gritty, and scored with the tramping of numberless customers; the seats, if there be any, show the rubbing and grime of much dirty clothing. Over all the place there is a rude, uncompromising look of plain busi-

ness, paying a high rent and figuring close for profits. Few are the decorative decanters, and numerous the work-aday junk bottles in their rusty green or black. In many cases, also, the after-part of the room exhibits vast mounds of barrels and hogsheads, as if some Joseph had laid up granaries of ale and whisky against a coming *septennat* of droughty years.

Usually a beer shop has two or three massive, thudding doors, secured from slamming by straps; and each one of them is labeled in large, distinct letters to indicate a special style of customers. At the very least there is a "public entrance" and a "jug and bottle entrance." Sometimes this last is styled the "private entrance," or, in rakish irony, as it would seem, the "family entrance." To correspond with these doors the room within is divided into compartments by high oaken or mahogany partitions which run from the wall to the bar. Behind the bar stand the servitors, sometimes men, but very often women, and these mostly young women. The traveler is tempted at times to declare that all the pretty girls in England are picked out for bar maids and shop girls.

I ventured to inquire of one of these buxom Hebes what were her hours of labor. She told me that she was at her post from nine in the morning until eleven at night; that she had an hour's nooning, one day out every fortnight, and the whole of Sunday until six, afternoon. She was a strong, solid, fair-faced girl of twenty, with some color in her cheeks, the cool-lighted English blue eye, and hair of straight chestnut. Beside her toiled a comrade who was evidently her sister; also a woman of thirty who seemed to be the lady superior of the establishment; also a young man of twenty-five. They all had a brisk, business-like, overworked seriousness, unlighted by juvenile gayety or flirtishness. While we were talking, a soldier of the guards, a tall, martial, neat, and indeed dandified hero, stood beside me, wrestling with a pot of porter. Presently he said, very civilly, but also rather grandly, like a man who knows his own dignity, "Miss, please, will you oblige me with a chew of tobacco?"

The luxury was provided from a plug apparently kept ready for the purpose. The guardsman gave thanks like a born gentleman, addressed me with a few cleanly pronounced words as to the wet weather, and took his departure with the characteristic strut of the household troops. I have been given solemnly to understand that every publican feels bound to "treat" these select champions and defenders of the British regalia.

The fluids most copiously drawn are the malt liquors. Are they worthy of this preference and of their world-wide repute? Every one knows that they contribute no inconsiderable body to the fame as well as to the wealth of England. But the sad truth is that good British beer is one thing, and average British beer quite another thing. Without dwelling upon the tales of adulteration and intricate poisoning which may be found in the newspapers, I will venture to hint that this last-named beverage is not so praiseworthy as it is abundant. It even seemed to me inferior to what it was when I visited John Bull in his home years ago. In the mean time the German malt drinks have improved wonderfully. The amber Tilsner of Berlin and the brown beer of Bavaria are now liquids which by their purity, sparkle, and enlivening qualities remind one of champagne. In comparison with these Lutheran refreshments, Anglican porter and ale are heavy, ropy, and, as a Frenchman phrased it to me, greasy (*huileuse*). Of course it must be understood that these are not the exhaustive judgments of an experienced taster, but only the passing impressions of a somewhat random sipper.

But let us glance at the customers. Through the jug and bottle door there is a frequent entry and exit of purchasers bearing various kinds of vessels: there is the pot-boy from the neighboring workshop; the seedy gentleman whose wine-cellar consists of his private bottle; the servant-maid who has come

for her mistress's regular quart; the ragged child heavily laden with the parental jug. In the public compartment you see men chiefly, and those of all grades of society, from the chance dandy to the rude carter. They drink from wine glasses, from glass goblets, from pewter mugs, each according to his whim or his special liquor. Pale ale, bitter beer, porter, 'alf 'an 'alf, sherry, claret, brandy, and whisky of various nationalities are called for by the miscellaneous appetite of a thirsty swarm.

On one of the oaken benches which line the alcove sit three veteran tipplers, sharing successive pewter quarts between them, and discussing the labor problem, or some other matter which they fail to understand, with a stolidness closely resembling the metal wherein they dip their unquenchable nozzles. On another bench a mechanic, in his holiday suit, is dividing another quart with his strong and rather coarse but tidy wife. A slouching woman, bearing a nursling in her arms, enters hurriedly, calls for whisky and water, drinks with gusto, and gives a startling portion to her pale, whimpering offspring. The youngster is certainly not old enough to talk, and yet swallows his fiery ration with willingness, as if used to it. How can he fail to grow up a drunkard, and beat his mother if she lives long enough, and perhaps kill his wife? Near by trembles and reels an image of this same infant, advanced to middle age. He is a ghastly, ragged laborer, whose hand is scarcely steady enough to carry a glass of whisky to his quivering lips, slinking up to the bar with the air of a man who has left none of his wages to his wife and children.

Of conversation in these places it is difficult to catch a note worth echoing. In one particular drinking-resort, however, I did hear a dialogue characteristic of commonplace John Bull and reminding me of certain passages in Dickens's novels. A gentleman who had the port and air of Mr. Pumblechook was entertaining three of his friends — a surly, silent young man, and two open-hearted young women. They all exhibited great thirst, and spoke English without aspirates. The elder female seemed to be what one might venture to describe as an old maid, while the younger was a freshly inaugurated widow. Either they drank too freely, or they were not used to it, for both soon became garrulous and showed excitement. Presently the old maid commenced narrating what a bad man the other's late husband was, and how he ran grievously in debt and died without leaving his wife a penny, all because he was a Frenchman. This was ostensibly in pity, but it was easy to detect a tone of envious triumph in it, and moreover it was spun out to an irritating length. At last the widow could bear it no longer; she felt, perhaps, that her one prize in life could not be thus belittled without reflecting upon herself; at all events, she spoke up sharply in defense of the departed one: —

"You may go on in that way as much as hever you like, Jane. But precious little do you know about it, and 'ave got little to do with it. Free am Hi to admit that my man 'ad 'is faults. He loved a drop of drink now and then, and he was irregular at his work. But w'at he 'ad freely he give to me, and he was a noble, 'igh-'earted fellow; and *Hi* was the fool not to know it while he was a-livin', and to keep up a-quarrelin' with him. Again Hi say that he was a better man nor I deserved, and as bearable a man as women in general gets. Which my brother, who is a-sittin' there, knows I speak the truth."

Whereupon her brother, who was a-sittin' there, responded surlily, "Nancy, you know you are a-lyin'."

Here, I think, the two women came near pulling caps, but Mr. Pumblechook interfered and poured some of his "hoil" upon the troubled waters, and eventually there ensued a sort of glum, funereal peace, or perhaps armistice. The widow softened into tears, while the old maid dropped asleep with her mouth open, as if bent upon mischief to the flies. Seeing that nothing was likely to happen, I left them with sincere regret.

It is customary to lay on the gritty and grimy thresholds of the beer shops,

or gin palaces, of England pretty much all the violent crimes which occur in the island. Patriotic Britons especially are fond of saying that, if it were not for strong drink, they would never punch each other's heads and whip their own wives. There is something in this, and even a great deal in it; no doubt the coroner's verdict might often be, "Rum done it." It is an easy, virtuous explanation of the frightful amount of fisticuffing in the United Kingdom, and I found that my own mind naturally turned to it in endeavoring to account for deeds of maniacal violence. As I read day after day, in the London and Liverpool journals, how some muscular Bill Sykes had knocked down his helpmeet, stripped her naked and kicked her black and blue, jumped on her with his hobnailed shoes and broken her ribs, finally leaving her mangled, senseless, and perhaps dying, I could hardly help wheeling amazedly upon the barkeeper and saying, Thou art the man!

But on sober reflection I must vary, or rather I must adulterate, this judgment. The Anglo-Saxons and the Irish and the Welsh are all pugnacious peoples. Not only their men, but also their women and their children, naturally love a fight, and would a thousand times rather be troopers and amazons than Quakers. I fancy that Mrs. Sykes, for instance, often sauces Bill insupportably, and provokes him to wrath even when he is off his liquor. Moreover, she is quite capable, physically and morally, of pulling his hair and exchanging hard knocks with him, though likely in the end to come off second best by reason of his superior muscle, in which case alone the event gets into the papers and causes horror. After cautious inspection of the low quarters of several British cities, I am sure that they contain many heroines whom I should be afraid of.

Nobody can remain long in England without observing symptoms of that combativeness which has given the race so many fields of victory, and which, for example, carried it gloriously through the heroic riot of Inkerman under the anarchic tactics of Donnybrook Pennyfather. Near London Bridge I was stricken with respectful wonder over a stubborn battle waged by an urchin of nine or ten against a younker of seventeen. Without the least provocation big boy runs his hand-barrow into little boy. Thereupon little boy pertinaciously follows up big boy with insults and missile warfare. Big boy repeatedly leaves his barrow and punches the head of little boy, who will not run for him, and retaliates as well as he can with feet and fists. Little boy's countenance rapidly gets hammered out of shape, and looks like a miscellaneous assemblage of swollen features, slightly streaked with blood. Crowd gathers, but does not interfere with big boy's privileges, perhaps taking him for little boy's brother. Tall policeman eventually interferes and sternly disperses little boy.

What struck me most in this scene was the Roman, the truly amphitheatrical phlegm of the spectators, and, still more, the gladiatorial pluck of the junior youth in taking his punishment. And yet he had had nothing to drink, nor had his aggressive and brutal antagonist. The whole thing was a plain, unassisted outcome of that national pugnacity which must share with alcohol the responsibility of English wife-beatings and other ruffianisms.

The mighty Teutonic race has always been famous for hard drinking and for hard fighting. In the days of Tacitus the legions recruited in Germania astonished Italy with their wine-bibbing, and at the same time were reckoned the most formidable troops in the empire. The unsurpassable toping and battling of the Goths and Northmen are equally renowned. It would all seem to be a result of climate; the cold which hardens body and spirit also incites to strong liquors: hence the Vikings and their alehorns, Inkerman, wife-beating, and the beer shop.

A NIGHT IN EDINBURGH.

Very interesting, very picturesque, and very beautiful is Edinburgh. Excepting that marvelous collection of

mountains of architecture which men call Paris, it is probably the best built city in Europe, which is the same thing as saying it is the best built city in the world.

But Edinburgh, like many another earthly paradise, has certain features which do not remind one of the New Jerusalem. The landlord of my hotel, discovering that our party was eager for out-of-the-way matters of interest, offered to show us certain spectacles which he believed to be little known to the majority of travelers.

It was near dusk when we strolled into a tavern of the olden time, such a tavern as Scotsmen put up at, or put up with, in the days when Dr. Johnson reviled their ways of living: a most wonderful labyrinth of little, herding bedrooms, intermixed and intercommunicating as if flung together by accident; bedrooms piled on bedrooms and jammed behind bedrooms without any preface or introduction of hall or passage; bedrooms which seemed to squeeze each other out of shape like soap-bubbles in a basin, and which climbed on each other's shoulders like animals in a drove. In those days slumber could not have thought of demanding seclusion, and Peeping Tom must have rejoiced in many a groping opportunity. The inhabitants of the farthermost retreats in this huge puzzle-box no doubt often wandered jeeringly or wrathfully through the snorings of fellow-lodgers. I could easily imagine that countless Mr. Pickwicks had here fallen utterly bewildered, and stumbled into chambers where they had no right to repose.

Antiquity haunted the place in all sorts of shapes and odors. Venerable bedsteads, most of them solid enough to support Og, king of Bashan, some built of a superb red mahogany better known to our grandfathers than to us, upheld dimmed canopies and faded draperies which had long since given up being gorgeous. The scent of worm-eaten and dry-rotted wainscoting was everywhere. It was not foulness which pervaded the atmosphere, but the pathetic perfume, the majestic must, of "auld lang syne." Dead and long since buried, and for the most part long since forgotten, were all the people who rested and frolicked and gave thanks and grumbled in this hostelry when it was new. It seemed entirely natural to believe that their ghosts still haunted it, far more natural than to regard it as inhabited only by the living. A spectre which should promenade these moldering floors in full-bottomed wig and gold-laced coat would seem a more suitable guest than any material gentleman in a tweed suit.

But, barring this supposable and altogether credible presence of extinct grandees, the glory and high fashion of the house have passed away. It is still a hotel, but the lordly carriage no longer thunders up to the door, and even the commercial traveler is unaware of it, or scorns it. The canny Hielandman, the wandering sailor of decent inclinations, and the widow with the slender purse drift hither to find their modest lodgings. Its most abundant and important guests are plain drovers, hardy and shrewd and economically prosperous men, who come from the pasture-lands of Scotland to sell cattle in the marts of Edinburgh.

Of a sudden, while we were in the profoundest perplexities of the labyrinth of chambers, our landlady set down her candle and slipped through a doorway, saying with a laugh, "Now find your way out." Many a person put to this proof has groped for half an hour before discovering an egress. It often happens, we were told, that guests of the house get lost in it, and have to shout out of the windows for somebody to come and find them. We were luckier. In the course of two or three minutes we emerged from our maze, but it was mainly because there were four of us and we sagaciously explored in different directions.

From this confounding tavern, where even a teetotaller might easily imagine himself bewildered by drink, we emerged into the evening and soon entered the Cowgate.

Probably a vast majority of the staid burghers of Edinburgh do not know, nor so much as suspect, the horrors

which exist within a short walk of their comfort and decorousness. The Cowgate is topographically a street and morally a sewer. It is a deep gash cut through the old town for half a mile or more; so deeply cut that there are streets on either side which lead down into it by stairways, and all the deeper and darker because it is lined by houses of eight and ten and twelve stories. Into this architectural ravine has drifted a population of the poorest and vilest of both sexes, a population of termagants, harlots, paupers, drunkards, thieves, and murderers.

It was Saturday evening. Such men and women as had earned aught that week were furnished and ripe for a debauch. On every side, glaring out of foul bedroom windows, standing in soiled doorways of hideous tenements or vile drinking shops, reeling along the sidewalks or through the middle of the street, swarmed such a brutish, horrible people as I had never before seen or imagined. It was a sombre, filthy, pugnacious, scolding, shrieking Billingsgate. The air, like that of Dante's Inferno, rang with "confused outcries and accents of wrath and the sound of fists." It seemed as if all these wild creatures were looking with one contentious accord for a pretext to inflict or receive bodily damage. Conflicts arose in heedlessness or jest, and turned swiftly to brutal earnest. A sluttish girl of twenty struck a man of twenty-five on the shoulder, not, as it seemed to me, in wrath, but in mere gleeful provocation. He turned and pursued her. She ran away, laughing defiantly. He caught her by the arm and twisted it till she fell on her knees. She still laughed, but hoarsely, like one in pain. He continued to twist until she rolled on the pavement and screamed in undisguisable agony. As we passed onward we heard her howls far behind us, and knew that the beast was continuing his ferocious horse-play.

Then a crazed mass of rags — a youth almost without human features, a mere tatter of a man, defaced by life-long drunkenness — caught sight of us. The spectacle of four decently dressed strangers appeared to inflame him to fury. He uttered no sound, but he rushed with his whole staggering strength against our group, and lurched through it, scattering the sparks of our pacific cigars in all directions. Then he turned, shaking his fists and offering battle, still without a word. Our guide caught him by the arm and held him firmly, saying very quietly, "Keep cool, my lad. It's all right. Keep cool."

The steady mien and the temperate words had their due effect. The red-eyed, glaring, grimacing tatterdemalion reeled away on a run and sought other means of attaining the joys of battle.

Presently we saw a tall, personable, decorous man in uniform, and were introduced to an inspector of police.

"Have you help within call?" asked one of our party. "I should think you would need it in this bedlam."

"I can see five of my people from where I stand," was the reply.

"Your flock seems to be a noisy one."

The inspector smiled. He glanced with a not unkindly eye upon the drunken wretches who were lurching and shrieking around us, more like a host of souls in pain than like human beings.

"Oh, they are just out for a little of their fun," he said. "They don't mean any harm."

We walked onward, attended by the inspector and a couple of roundsmen, until we had nearly reached the end of the Cowgate.

"You must see one of our aldermen," said our landlord. He turned into a small drinking shop, a mere bar with an alley four feet wide, crammed with loafers, soldiers, women, and children, all demanding ale or liquors. Place was made for us in a little alcove at the end, and we sat down on a well-used wooden bench in company with two or three favored customers, gentlemen who had the refined and noble air of New York city politicians. Presently a man of middle stature, with enormous shoulders and herculean limbs, his coat off and his shirt-sleeves rolled up, crowded in among

us. This was the alderman, one of the civic officers of Puritan Edinburgh, and owner of three grogshops. It occurred to me that I need not have left my privileged native land to find just such a city father.

"Look at that!" he laughed, handing the inspector a common pocket-knife. "I just knocked that out of a fellow's hand as he was making a stab at another man. Do you want to know how I hit him? I took him with the back of my hand across the wrist, and he dropped his stabber as if I had cut his arm off. That 's an ugly little knife, now."

The Hercules was evidently pleased with his dexterity, and proud of his enormous strength.

Next followed a conversation about such drunken feats of valor as are enacted in the Cowgate. Meantime the thirsty rabble at the bar was snarling and scuffling to decide who should be served first. Twice the muscular city father was obliged to sally out and restore order by main force. Watching this scene of brutish revelry was but a woful pastime, and I soon sickened of it. Scarcely were we in the street when a thickset, bullet-headed Irishman reeled up to the inspector, shouting, "I want to spake till ye."

"Well, my man?"

"Fwhat do ye think av the emperor av Jarmanee?" demanded this perhaps ironical drunkard.

"I think you are making a fool of yourself," replied the officer, pushing onward.

"Fwhat!" roared Paddy in a fury, and ready to give battle. But a second glance at the majesty of uniform cooled his courage, and he dashed away at full speed, doubtless to be violently foolish elsewhere.

Then came a pretty young woman, reeling drunk, who tottered up to us with a scornful leer and jeered in the inspector's face. "You don't say so!"

"Go along with you, or you will be taken care of," he said.

Our party divided. I was weary of horrors, and turned toward my hotel. While I strolled on with the chief, my comrades joined themselves to the alderman, and eventually made a midnight tour of the criminal quarters of the city, guided by a detective and protected by successive relays of policemen. A frightful tale they had to tell me in the morning; a tale of garrets and cellars and dens and lairs crowded with filthy, wretched, and wicked sleepers; men and women and children festering together in the same foul, steaming, unlawful beds; the whole ending in a wild rush to the body of a man who had apparently been strangled to death, a man with staring eyes and purple face and tongue protruding from his frothing mouth. It was, take it all in all, a sight worth seeing — and worth evading.

J. W. De Forest.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XVII.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET,
Friday, October 1, 1830.

DEAREST H——: I have risen very early, for what with excitement, and the wakefulness always attendant with me upon a new bed, I have slept but little, and I snatch this first hour of the day, the only one I may be able to command, to tell you that I have heard from my brother, and that he is safe and well, for which, thank God! Further I know nothing. He talks vaguely of being with us towards the end of the winter, but in the mean time, unless he finds some means of conveying tidings of his welfare to me, I must remain in utter igno-

rance of his circumstances and situation; and though a dread of uncertain events is foreign to my nature, which has a tendency always to be absorbed in whatever is present to me, there are reasonable fears, suggested by his abode and occupation at this moment, which must haunt and harass me in the absence of all regular communication with him, which it is vain to hope for, in spite of the gratitude I feel for his preservation hitherto, and the hopes it encourages of his future safety. Your letter, which was to welcome me to my new home, arrived there two days before I did, and was forwarded to me into Buckinghamshire. A few days there, — taking what interest I could in the sporting and fishing, the country quiet of the place, and above all the privilege of taking the sacrament, which, had I remained at Heaton, I should have had no opportunity of doing, — gave me a breathing-time and a sense of mental repose before entering again upon that busy life whose demands are already besieging me in the inexorable form of half a dozen new stage dresses to be devised, ordered, and executed in the shortest imaginable time.

October 3d.

You see how truly I prophesied at the beginning of this letter, when I said that the hour before breakfast was perhaps the only one I should be able to command that day. I might have said that week, for this is the first instant I have been able to call my own since then. I rehearsed Juliet yesterday, and shall do so again to-morrow morning; the theatre opens with it to-morrow night. I have a new nurse, and I am rehearsing for her, poor woman! She is dreadfully alarmed at taking Mrs. Davenport's place, who certainly was a very great favorite. I am half crazy with the number of new dresses to be got; for though, thanks to the kindness and activity of my mother, none of the trouble of devising them ever falls on me, yet the bare catalogue of silks and satins and velvets, hats and feathers and ruffs, fills me with amazement and trepidation. I fancy I shall go through all the old parts, and then come out in a new tragedy. I shall be most horribly frightened, but I hope I shall do well, for the sake of the poor author, who is a young man of great abilities, and to whom I wish every success. The subject of his play is taken from a Spanish one, called The Jew of Aragon, and the whole piece is of a new and unhackneyed order. My father and I play a Jewish father and daughter; this and the novelty of the story itself will perhaps be favorable to the play; I hope so with all my heart.

Mrs. Henry Siddons has taken a house in London for six months; I have not seen her yet, but am most anxious to do so. Anxiety and annoyance, I fear, have just caused her a severe indisposition, but she is a little better now. I cannot see her till Tuesday, and so must be patient. My cousins have just been here; Harry has come from Chatham, and Willy, her youngest, from Switzerland, that they may be all together some little time before Harry goes to India. What a dreadful trial that will be to her! I cannot bear to think of it, but she is very strong. Mrs. Siddons is much better. She is staying at Leamington at present. I was truly rejoiced to find from your letter that E—— had not suffered from the spite of the elements, and much amused at her assertion that nothing but her exerting the "energy of will" had preserved her from being seasick; how I honor her!

[This was a phrase which Holcroft, Godwin's eccentric actor friend, was fond of using; and when he broke one of his ribs in a fall from his horse, he assured the surgeon who pronounced that he had done so that it was impossible he should have sustained any injury whatever, as he was quite conscious of having exerted the "energy of will" as he fell.]

Dearest H——, returning from Buckinghamshire, the other day, I passed Cassiobury, the grove, the little lane leading down to Heath Farm, and Miss M——'s cottage, and the first days of our acquaintance came back to my memory. I suppose I should have liked and

loved you wherever I had met you, but you come in for a share of my love and liking of Cassiobury, and the spring, the beautiful season in which we met first. I send you the long-promised lock of my hair; you will be surprised at the lightness of the shade; at least I was. It was cut from my forehead, and I think it is a nice bit; tell me that you get it safe.

Henry is staying in Buckinghamshire in all the ecstasy of a young cockney's first sporting days. When he was quite a child and was asked what profession he intended to embrace, he replied that he would be "*a gentleman and wear leather breeches*," and I think it is the very destiny he is fitted to fill. He is the perfect picture of happiness when in his shooting-jacket and gaiters, with his gun on his shoulder and a bright day before him; and although we were obliged to return to town, my mother was unwilling to curtail his pleasure, and left him to murder pheasants and hares, and amuse himself in a manly fashion.

I did not like the place at which they were staying as much as they did, for though the country was very pretty, I had during my summer tour seen so much that surpassed it that I saw it at a disadvantage. Then, I have no fancy for gypsying, and the greatest taste for all the formal proprieties of life, and what I should call "silver fork existence" in general; and the inconveniences of a small country inn, without really affecting my comfort, disturb my decided preference for luxury. The principal diversion my ingenious mind discovered to while away my time with was a *fiddle* (an elderly one), which I routed out of a lumber closet, and from which, after due invocations to St. Cecilia, I drew such diabolical sounds as I flatter myself were never excelled by Tartini or his master, the devil himself. I must now close this, for it is tea-time. Take me with you sometimes when you go down to the sea-shore; how we will walk, and ride, and read, and talk, and swim, if I am with you next year. Good-by, dearest H——.

The play of The Jew of Aragon, the first dramatic composition of a young gentleman of the name of Wade, of whose talent my father had a very high opinion, which he trusted the success of his piece would confirm, I am sorry to say failed entirely. It was the first time and the last that I had the distress of assisting in damning a piece, and what with my usual intense nervousness in acting a new part, my anxiety for the interests of both the author and the theatre, and the sort of indignant terror with which, instead of the applause I was accustomed to, I heard the hisses which testified the distaste and disapprobation of the public and the failure of the play, I was perfectly miserable when the curtain fell, and the poor young author, as pale as a ghost, came forward to meet my father at the side scene, and bravely holding out his hand to him said, "Never mind for me, Mr. Kemble; I'll do better another time." And so indeed he did; for he wrote a charming play on the old pathetic story of Griselda, in which that graceful actress, Miss Jarman, played his heroine, and my father the hero, and which had an entire and well-deserved success. I am obliged to confess that I retain no recollection whatever of the ill-fated play of The Jew of Aragon, or my own part in it, save the last *scene* alone; this, I recollect, was a magnificent Jewish place of worship, in which my father, who was the high priest, appeared in vestments such as I believe the Jewish priests still wear in their solemn ceremonies, and which were so closely copied from the description of Aaron's sacred pontifical robes that I felt a sense of impropriety in such a representation (purely historical, as it was probably considered, and in no way differing from the costume accepted on the French stage in Racine's Jewish plays). And I think it extremely likely that the failure of the piece, which had been imminent all through, found its climax in the unfavorable impression made upon the audience by this very scene, in spite of my father's noble and picturesque appearance.

I never heard hisses on the stage before or since; and though I was very well aware that on this occasion they were addressed neither to me nor to my performance, I think if they had been the whistling of bullets (which I have also heard nearer than was pleasant) I could not have felt more frightened and furious.

Young Wade's self-control and composure during the catastrophe of this play reminds me, by contrast, of a most ludicrous story my father used to tell of some unfortunate authoress, who, in an evil hour for herself and some friendly provincial manager, persuaded him to bring out an original drama of hers.

The audience (not a very discriminating or numerous one) were sufficiently appreciative to object extremely to the play, and large enough to make their objections noisily apparent.

The manager, in his own distress not unmindful of his poor friend, the authoress, sought her out to console her, and found her seated at the side-scene with a glass of stiff brandy and water that some commiserating friend had administered to her for her support, rocking herself piteously to and fro, and, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, uttering between sobs and sips, in utter self-abasement, her *peccavi* in the form of oaths and imprecations of the finest Billingsgate vernacular (all, however, addressed to herself), that would have made a dragoon shake in his shoes. The original form of which *mea culpa* seized the worthy manager with such an irresistibly ludicrous effect that he left the poor, guilty authoress without being able to address a syllable to her, lest he should explode in peals of laughter instead of decent words of condolence.

To accompany an author or authoress (I should think especially the latter) on the first night of the representation of their piece is by no means a pleasant act of duty or friendship. I remember my mother, whose own nervous temperament certainly was extremely ill adapted for such an undertaking, describing the intolerable distress she had experienced on the occasion of the first representation of a piece called, I think, Father and Son, taken from a collection of interesting stories entitled The Canterbury Tales, and adapted to the stage by one of the Misses Lee, the sister authoresses of the Tales. The piece was very fairly successful, but my mother said that though, according to her very considerable experience, the actors were by no means more imperfect in their parts than usual on a first night, her nervous anxiety was kept almost at fever height by poor Miss Lee's incessant running commentary of "Ah! very pretty, no doubt — very fine, I dare say — *only I never wrote a word of it!*"

Lord Byron took the same story for the subject of his powerful play of Werner, in which Mr. Macready acted so finely, and with such great success.

I cannot imagine what possessed me in an unguarded hour to consent, as I did, to go with my friends, Messrs. Tom Taylor and Charles Reade, to see the first representation of a play of theirs called, I think, The King's Wager, in which Charles the Second, Nell Gwynn, and the Plague were prominent characters. Accidental circumstances prevented one of the gentlemen from coming with me, and I have often since wondered at my temerity in having placed myself in such a trying situation.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET,
October 24, 1830.

DEAR H——: I have been too busy to answer your last sooner, but this hour before bedtime, the first quiet one for some time, shall be yours. I have heard nothing more of my brother, and am ignorant where he is or how engaged at present. You asked me whether I think he still retains his purpose of going into the church. I have not the least notion, but his present views and interests appear to me so incompatible with such an intention, that if he has not renounced all idea of becoming a clergyman, I think that he ought to do so. You judged rightly with respect to the impossibility of longer keeping my mother in ignorance of his absence from England. The result was pretty much what I had ap-

prehended; but her feelings have now become somewhat calmer on the subject. We are careful, however, as much as possible, to avoid all mention of or reference to my brother in her presence, for she is in a very cruel state of anxiety about him.

With regard to H—— and D—— nothing has been determined; the former is to study, I believe, at the London University, and my mother is still in communication with a lady who has applied as governess to my sister.

Mrs. Harry has taken a house in London for the next six months. Her health is at present very indifferent. Harry goes out to India in the spring, and although this parting is the result of his own choice of a profession, to gratify which she has sacrificed her own feeling, yet even her unselfish paramount sense of duty cannot entirely blunt the pain of losing her son; and I believe this impending separation, together with recent annoyances, has really tended to enfeeble her health. I do not see as much of them as I should wish; for in order to be near my aunt Siddons they have taken up their quarters so far from us that it is quite a journey to and fro, and takes up a great deal of time.

I am endeavoring as much as possible to follow my studies with some regularity. I have forsworn paying and receiving morning visits; so that, when no rehearsal interferes, I get my practicing, my singing, and my reading in tolerable peace.

I have had a key of Russell Square offered me, which privilege I shall most thankfully accept. Walking regularly is, of course, essential, and though I rather dread the idea of solitarily turning round and round that dreary emblem of eternity, a circular gravel walk, over-*gloomed* with soot-blackened privet bushes, I am sure I ought, and I mean to do it every day for an hour. We do not dine till six, when I do not act, and when I do, I do not go to the theatre till that hour; so that from ten in the morning, when breakfast is over, I get a tolerably long day. I have obtained my father's leave to learn drawing and German, and as soon as our house is a little more comfortably settled, I shall begin both. I do not know whether I have the least talent for drawing, but I have so strong a desire to possess that accomplishment that I think, by the help of a good master and patience and hard work, I must succeed to some decent degree. I wish to provide myself with every possible resource against the engrossing excitement of my profession while I remain in it, and to fill its place whenever I leave it, or it leaves me; all my occupations are with that view and to that end.

My father has promised me to speak to Mr. Murray about publishing my play and my verses. I am anxious for this for several reasons, some of which I believe I mentioned to you; and to these I have since added a great wish to have some good prints I possess framed, for my little room, and I should not scruple to apply part of the money so earned to that purpose. You asked me which is my room. You remember the bath-room, next to what was my uncle John's bedroom, on the third floor; the room above that my mother has fitted up beautifully for me, and I inhabit it all day long with great complacency and a sort of comfortable, Alexander Selkirk feeling. And this suggests a question which has seldom been out of my mind, and which I wish to recall to yours. When do you intend to come and see me? I can offer you a nest on the *fourth story*, which is excellent for your health, as free a circulation of air as a London lodging can well afford, and as fine a combination of chimney-pots as even your love of the picturesque could desire.

Dear H——, will you not come and pass a month with us? Now stop a bit, and I will point out to you one by one the inducements to and advantages of such a step. In the first place, my father and mother both request and wish it, and you know how truly happy it would make me. Your own people can well spare you for a month, and I am sure will be the more inclined to do so from the consideration that change of air and

scene will be good for you, and that, though your stock of original ideas is certainly extraordinary, yet you cannot be expected to go on forever, like a spider, existing mentally in the midst of your own weavings, without every now and then recruiting your strength and taking in a new supply of material.

You shall come to London, that huge mass of matter for thought and observation, and to me, in whom you find so interesting an epitome of all the moods, tenses, and conjugations of every regular and irregular form of "to do, to be, and to suffer;" and when you have been sufficiently *smoked*, *fogged*, astonished, and edified, you shall return home with one infallible result of your stay with us — increased value for a peaceful life, quiet companions, a wide sea-view, and potatoes roasted in their skins; not but what you shall have the last-mentioned luxury here, if you will but come.

Your taste for chimney-pots I have already promised to gratify; your predilection for heavy paste puddings and pies I dare say the cook will do her best to indulge; as to your Theseus-like musical mania, I fear I cannot promise you the yelping matins of a pack of hounds, but A—— and I will exert ourselves to supply that deficiency. What can a human being do more? You shall sit by yourself, when you don't want company; you shall have mine when you do; you shall stay at home the nights I act, or go to see me if you wish to do so, or, what I should like better, sit with me in a comfortable dressing-room while I am not on the stage, and without me while I am.

Now, dear H——, I wish this very much, but promise to bear your answer reasonably well; I depend upon your indulging me if you can, and shall try not to behave ill if you don't; so do me justice, and do not give way to your shyness and habits of retirement. I want you to come here before the 20th of November, and then I will let you go in time to be at home for Christmas. So now my cause is in your hands — *avisez-vous*.

I wonder whether you have heard that my father has been threshing the editor of the Age newspaper, who, it seems, took offense at my father's not appearing on sufficiently familiar terms with him somewhere or other when they met, in revenge for which "coldness" (as he styles it) he has not ceased for the last six months abusing us, every week, in his paper. From what I hear I was the especial mark of his malice; of course I need not tell you that, knowing the character of this publication, I should never have looked at it, and the circumstance of my name appearing in its columns would hardly have been an inducement to me to do so. I knew nothing, therefore, of my own injuries, but heard general expressions of indignation against Mr. Westmacott, and saw that my father was extremely exasperated upon the subject. The other night they were all going to the play, and pressed me very much to go too, but I had something I wished to write, and remained at home. On their return my father appeared to me much excited, and I was informed that having unluckily come across Mr. Westmacott, his wrath had got the better of his self-command, and he had bestowed a severe beating upon that individual. I could not help looking very grave at this; for though I should have been very well satisfied if it could have *rained* a good threshing upon Mr. Westmacott from the sky, yet, as I do not approve of returning injuries by injuries, I could not rejoice that my father had done so. I suppose he saw that I had no great satisfaction in the event, for he said, "The law affords no redress against such attacks as this paper makes on people, and I thought it time to take justice in my own hands when my daughter is insulted." He then repeated some of the language made use of with reference to me in The Age, and I could not help blushing with indignation to my fingers' ends.

Perhaps, under the circumstances, it is not surprising that my father has done what he has, but I think I should have admired him more if he had not. Mr. Westmacott means to bring an action against him, and I am afraid he will

have to pay dearly for his momentary indulgence of temper.

I must have done writing, though I had a good deal more to say. God bless you, dear. If you answer this letter directly, I will write you a better, next time.

Ever yours, F. A. K.

The majority of parents — mothers, I believe I ought to say — err in one or other excess with regard to their children. Love either blinds them absolutely to their defects, or makes them so terribly alive to them as to exaggerate every imperfection. It is hard to say which of the errors is most injurious in its effects. I suppose according as the temperament is desponding and diffident, or sanguine and self-sufficient, the one system or the other is likely to do most harm.

My mother's intensely nervous organization, acute perceptions, and exacting taste made her in everything most keenly alive to our faults and deficiencies. The unsparing severity of the sole reply or comment she ever vouchsafed to our stupidity, want of sense, or want of observation, — "I hate a fool," — has remained almost like a cut with a lash across my memory. Her wincing sensitiveness of ear made it all but impossible for me to practice either the piano or singing within hearing of her exclamations of impatient anguish at my false chords and flat intonations; and I suppose nothing but my sister's *unquenchable* musical genius would have sustained her naturally timid, sensitive disposition under such discipline.

Two of our family, my eldest brother and myself, were endowed with such robust self-esteem and elastic conceit as not only defied repression but, unfortunately for us, could never be effectually snubbed; with my sister and my younger brother the case was entirely different, and encouragement was rather what they required. How well it is for the best and wisest, as well as the least good and least wise, of trainers of youth, that God is above all. I do not myself understand the love that blinds one to the defects of those dear to one; their faults are part of themselves, without which they could not be themselves, no more to be denied or dissembled, it seems to me, than the color of their eyes or hair. I do not feel the scruple which I observe in others, in alluding to the failings of those they love. The mingled good and evil qualities in my friends make up their individual identity, and neither from myself, nor from them, nor from others does it ever occur to me that half that identity should or could be concealed. I could as soon imagine them without their arms or their legs as without their peculiar moral characteristics, and could no more think of them without their faults than without their virtues.

Many were the pleasant hours, in spite of my misgivings, that I passed with a book in my hand, mechanically pacing the gravel walks of Russell Square. Certain readings of Shakespeare's plays, Othello and Macbeth especially, in lonely absorption of spirit, I associate forever with that place. I remember, too, reading at my father's request, during those peripatetic exercises, two plays written by Sheil for his amiable countrywoman, Miss O'Neill, in which she won deserved laurels: Evadne or the Statue, and The Apostate. I never had the pleasure of seeing Miss O'Neill act; but the impression left on my mind by those plays was that her abilities must have been very great to have given them the effect and success they had. I do not think, however, that their popularity survived her performance of them; I have never seen them or heard of their being revived since her day. As for me, as usual, of course, my reply to my father was a disconsolate "I am sure *I* can do nothing with them."

My friend H—— S——, in coming to us in Russell Street, came to a house that had been almost a home to her and her brother when they were children, in the life of my uncle and Mrs. John Kemble, by whom they were regarded with great affection, and whom they visited and stayed with as if they had been young relations of their own.

My hope of learning German and

drawing was frustrated by the engrossing calls of my theatrical occupations. The first study was reserved for a long-subsequent season, when I had recourse to it as a temporary distraction in perplexity and sorrow, from which I endeavored to find relief in some sustained intellectual effort; and I mastered it sufficiently to translate without difficulty Schiller's Mary Stuart and some of his minor poems.

As for drawing, that I have once or twice tried to accomplish, but the circumstances of my unsettled and restless life have been unfavorable for any steady effort to follow it up, and I have got no further yet than a passionate desire to know how to draw. If (as I sometimes imagine) in a future existence undeveloped capacities and persistent yearnings for all kinds of good may find expansion and exercise, and not only our moral but also our intellectual being put forth new powers and achieve progress in new directions, then in some of the successive heavens to which, perhaps, I may be allowed to climb (if to any) I shall be a painter of pictures; a mere idea that suggests a heavenly state of long-desired capacity, to possess which, here on earth, I would give at once the finger of either hand least indispensable to an artist. Of the two pursuits, a painter's or a musician's, considered not as arts but as accomplishments merely, the former appears to me infinitely more desirable, for a woman, than the latter far more frequently cultivated one. The one is a sedative, the other an acute stimulant to the nervous system. The one is a perfectly independent and always to be commanded occupation; the other imperatively demands an instrument, utters an audible challenge to attention, and must either command solitude or disturb any society not inclined to become an audience. The one cultivates habits of careful, accurate observation of nature, and requires patient and precise labor in reproducing her models; the other appeals powerfully to the imagination and emotions, and charms almost in proportion as it excites its votaries. With regard to natural aptitude, the most musical of nations — the German — shows by the impartial training of its common schools how universal it considers a certain degree of musical capacity.

I am persuaded that to the same degree (of course I am not speaking of that high order of endowment which is always exceptional) the artistic faculty exists in every child. I do not think there are more inaccurate eyes than imperfect ears, or heavy fingers for the pencil and the brush than for the strings or keys of instruments, nor do I suppose a defective sense of color more common than a defective sense of sound. And considering what time and money are lavished in cultivating very inadequately a naturally poor musical endowment among English and American girls, the frequent neglect of the simplest elementary training in drawing can hardly be justified merely upon the ground of deficient natural capacity. Up to a certain point every child can be taught music and drawing. But it is curious how much more general among us *now* unmusical English the one capacity is considered to be than the other, which I believe to be possessed in at least the same degree and cultivable to the same extent in quite as many individuals. I have used the term "now unmusical English" because formerly we were decidedly a musical nation. Our musical literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the glees, madrigals, rounds, and catches, requiring considerable skill and familiarly performed formerly in the country-houses and home circles of our gentry, and the noble church music of our cathedral choirs, bear witness to a high musical inspiration, and thorough musical training in their composers and executants.

We seem to have lost this vein of original national music; the Lancashire weavers and spinners are still good choristers, but among the German half of our common Teutonic race, the real feeling for and knowledge of music continues to flourish, while with the Anglo-Saxons of Britain and America it has dwindled and decayed.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
November 8, 1830. }

DEAREST H——: I received your note, for I cannot honor the contents of your last with the name of a letter (whatever title the shape and quantity of the paper it was written on may claim), together with Mrs. K——'s. You know I was glad to get the first, and will guess I was pleased with her kindness in remembering and writing to me. I shall acknowledge the obligation to herself, however; but what pleased me best in her letter was that she said she thought you would come to us.

I have made up my mind to let you make up yours, without urging you further upon the subject; but I must reply to one thing. You say to me, could you bring with you a strip of sea-shore, a corner of blue sky, or half a dozen waves, you would not hesitate. Allow me to say that whereas by the sea-side or under a bright sky your society enhances the pleasure derived from them, I now desire it (not having these) as delightful in itself, increasing my enjoyment in the beauties of nature, and compensating for their absence. But I have done; only if Mrs. K—— has held out a false hope to me, she is ferocious and atrocious, and that is all, and so pray tell her.

I had left myself so little room to tell you about this disagreeable business of the Age newspaper, in my last, that I thought what I said of it would be almost unintelligible to you. I do not really deserve the sympathy you express for my feelings in the matter, for partly from being totally ignorant of the nature and extent of my injuries — having never, of course, read a line of that scurrilous newspaper — and partly from my indifference to everything that is said about me, I really have felt no annoyance or distress on the subject, beyond, as I told you, one moment's feminine indignation at a coarse expression which was repeated to me, but which in strict truth did not and could not apply to me; and considerable regret that my father should have touched Mr. Westmacott even with a stick, or a "pair of tongs." That individual intends bringing a suit for damages, which makes me very anxious to have my play and rhymes published, if I can get anything for them, as I think the profits derived from my "scribbles" (as good Queen Anne called her letters) would be better bestowed in paying for that little ebullition of my father's temper than in decorating my tiny sanctum. What does my poor, dear father expect, but that I shall be bespattered if I am to live on the highway?

Mr. Murray has been kind enough to say he will publish my very original compositions, and I am preparing them for him. I am sorry to say I have heard nothing from my brother; *of* him I have heard, for his whereabout is known and talked of, so much so, indeed, that my father says further concealment is at once useless and ridiculous. I may therefore now tell you that he is at this moment in Spain, trying to levy troops for the cause of the constitutionalists. I have by this time grown familiar with the idea, but you can conceive my utter surprise and dismay when I received his letter informing me that, instead of being quietly in Norfolk, preparing himself for ordination, he was in Gibraltar, acting in some capacity of trust and secrecy for Torrijos and the Spanish patriots. I need not tell you, dearest H——, how much I regret this, because you will know how deeply I must disapprove of it. I might have thought any young man Quixotic who thus mistook a restless, turbulent spirit, eager to embrace a quarrel not his own, for patriotism and self-devotion to a sacred cause; but in my brother, who had professed aims and purposes so opposed to tumult and war and bloodshed, it seems to me a subject of much more serious regret. Heaven only knows what plans he has formed for the future! His present situation affords anxiety enough to warrant our not looking further in anticipation of vexation, but even if the present is regarded with the best hope of success in his undertaking, the natural consideration must be, as far as he is concerned, "What follows?" It is rather a melancholy consideration that such abilities should be wasted and misap-

plied. The public reports of the affairs of Spain and the progress of the constitutionalists are so very various and contradictory that I know not what to believe, nor am I indeed very eager in observing or reading them; his safety is the only interest I feel in their expedition, and while praying earnestly for it I endeavor to remember that he is in the keeping of that Providence which does not measure its care of us by our deservings. Our own country is in a perilous state of excitement, and these troubled times make politicians of us all. Of course the papers will have informed you of the risings in Kent and Sussex; London itself is in an unquiet state that suggests the heaving of a volcano before an eruption. It is said the Duke of Wellington must resign; I am ignorant, but it appears to me that whenever he does it will be a bad day's work for England. The alarm and anxiety of the aristocracy is extreme, and exhibits itself, even as I have had opportunity of observing in society, in the half-angry, half-frightened tone of their comments on public events. If one did not sympathize with their apprehensions, their mode of expressing them would sometimes be amusing.

The aspect of public affairs is injurious to the theatre, and these graver interests thin our houses while they crowd the houses of Parliament. However, when we played The Provoked Husband before the king and queen the other night, the theatre was crammed from floor to ceiling, and presented a most beautiful *coup d'œil*. I have just come out in Mrs. Haller. It seems to have pleased the people very much. I need not tell you how much I dislike the play; it is the quintessence of trashy sentimentalism; but our audiences cry and sob at it till we can hardly hear ourselves speak on the stage, and the public in general rejoices in what the servant-maids call "something deep." My father acts the Stranger with me, which makes it very trying to my nerves, as I mix up all my own personal feelings for him with my acting, and the sight of his anguish and sense of his displeasure is really very dreadful to me, though it is only all about "stuff and nonsense" after all.

I must leave off writing; I am excruciated with the toothache, which has tormented me without respite all day. I will inclose a line to Mrs. K——, which I will beg you to convey to her.

With kindest love to all your circle, believe me ever yours, F. A. K.

I inclose you the lines you asked me for; they are from Southey's Roderick; I am fond of them: —

"If ye would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, 't is shown ye there.
Look yonder at that cloud which through the sky
Sailing alone doth cross in her career
The rolling moon. I watched it as it came,
And deem'd the deep opaque would blot her beams;
But melting like a wreath of snow it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb in richer beauties than her own,
Then, passing, leaves her in her light serene."

Thank you for your delicious French comic song; you should come to London to hear how admirably I sing it.

Dear Mrs. K——: You have asked H—— a question in your letter to her which I feel myself quite as competent to answer as she is, and as it particularly regards me, perhaps you will not be offended or disappointed at my replying to it *in propria persona*. You ask H—— how I think and feel at this moment with reference to my first work's becoming known to the public. Much as I did soon after I had written it, and ever since, while it has lain in my desk. The extreme delight and self-satisfaction I felt for a day or two after the completion of my play very soon gave way to a more sober and no doubt truer estimate of my performance, and from the opinion I then came to of its defects and merits I do not think the approbation or censure of others would now move me. I have been more than liberally endowed by nature with self-esteem, which, fortunately for me, is tolerably balanced by a pretty steady conscientiousness (you see I speak to you in the phrenological language of our common friend, Mr. Combe), and, however high my estimate of my own powers may be, I think my perception of my deficiencies keeps pace with it. I am not easily influenced

by any standard of right but my own, but I labor to make and keep that as just a one as I can. This is a wonderful piece of egotism, but your question about me to H—— was put much in the fashion of one engaged in experimental science of mental philosophy, and I have answered it instead of letting her do so, and as candidly as I am able, without any view but that of assisting your observation and study of human nature in general by my individual "manifestations." Your son was kind enough to procure me an entrance to the House of Commons last night, where I slept profoundly until roused by the most unearthly voice I ever heard, pouring forth with wonderful rapidity and fire a shrill stream of brogue. It was Sheil, whom I am glad to have heard, though he did not speak upon any subject of particular interest.[1]

I must not pass the narrow bounds of my paper, which just equals my allowance of time. I am glad you do not altogether forget me, and am ever truly yours, F. K.

Mrs. K—— was a Miss Dawson, sister of the Right Honorable George Dawson, and the wife of an eminent member of the Irish bar. She was a woman of great mental cultivation and unusual information upon subjects which are generally little interesting to women. She was a passionate partisan of Owen the philanthropist and Combe the phrenologist, and entertained the most sanguine hopes of the regeneration of the whole civilized world through the means of the theories of these benevolent reformers. Except Queen Elizabeth, of glorious memory, I do not think a woman can have existed who combined the love of things futile and serious to the same degree as Mrs. K——. Her feminine taste for fashionable society and the frivolities of dress, together with her sober and solid studies of the gravest sort and her devotion to the speculations of her friends Owen and Combe, constituted a rare union of contrasts. She was a remarkable instance of the combination exemplified by more than one eminent person of her sex, of a capacity for serious study, solid acquirements, and enlightened and liberal views upon the most important subjects, with a decided inclination for those more trifling pursuits supposed to be the paramount interests of the female mind. She was the dear friend of my dear friend Miss S——, and corresponded with her upon the great subject of social progress with a perfect enthusiasm of theoretical reform.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET,
November 14th.

DEAREST H——: Thank you a thousand times for your kindness in consenting to come to us. We are all very happy in the hope of having you, nor need you be for a moment nervous or uncomfortable from the idea that we shall receive or treat you otherwise than as one of ourselves. I have left my mother and my aunt in the room which is to be yours, devising and arranging matters for you. It is a very small roost, dear H——, but it is the only spare room in our house, and although it is three stories up, it is next to mine, and I hope good neighborhood will atone for some deficiencies. With regard to interfering with the routine or occupations of the family, they are of a nature which, fortunately for your scruples, renders that impossible. There is but one thing in your letter which rather distressed me: you allude to the inconveniences of a woman traveling in mail-coaches in December, and I almost felt, when I read the sentence, what my aunt Dall told me after I had requested you to come to us now, that it was a want of consideration in me to have invited you at so ungenial a season for traveling. I had one reason for doing so which I hope will excuse the apparent selfishness of the arrangement. Towards the end of the spring I shall be leaving town, I

[1] My visit to the House of Commons here referred to was made in the days of female exclusion from the national deliberative assembly, the only place to which women were then admitted to hear the parliamentary debates being the "lantern" of the house, the ventilator, in fact, through which its foul air escaped.

hope to come nearer your land, and the beginning of our spring is seldom much more mild and inviting or propitious for traveling than the winter itself. Then, too, the early spring is the time when our engagements are unavoidably very numerous; to decline going into society is not in my power, and to drag you to my balls (which I love dearly) would, I think, scarce be a pleasure to you (whom I love more), and to go to them when I might be with you would be to run the risk of destroying my taste for the only form of intercourse with my fellow-creatures which is not at present irksome to me. Think, dear H——, if ceasing to dance I should cease to care for universal humanity, — indeed, take to hating it, and become an absolute misanthropist! What a risk! So, you see, I really did for the best, though "bad is the best," as is too often the case in this best of all possible worlds. I feel very deeply the effort you are making in coming to us, dearest H——, and I trust that, what with the warmth of our reception and the prospect we have of continued mild weather, you will not have reason to reproach me very bitterly for my selfish barbarity.

I have heard nothing more of or from John, but the newspaper reports of the proceedings are rather more favorable than they have been, though I fear one cannot place much reliance on them. I do not know how the papers you see speak of the aspect of affairs in England at this moment; the general feeling seems to be one of relief, and that, whatever apprehensions may have been entertained for the tranquillity of the country, the storm has blown over for the present. Everything is quiet again in London and promises to remain so, and there seems to be a sort of "drawing of a long breath" sensation in the state of the public mind, though I cannot myself help thinking not only that we have been, but that we still are, on the eve of some great crisis. There are reports without end that the Duke of Wellington is to go out, and new ministries are hatched daily in every political imagination in this big, busy town; but from a conversation I heard the other morning among persons intimately connected with the Duke of Wellington, there seems to be quite as little truth in all these confident assertions as is usual in such reports. The king has expressed the most unbounded confidence in him, and it was asserted that the duke had said that he would not resign, for the only cause of his unpopularity is that while he is at the head of the government the mob will never be able to get the upper hand. To the suppressing of everything like mob supremacy I suppose we should all cry "amen," for power wielded by ignorance must always be violent, ill-judged, and despotic, in proportion as it is new, strange, and exciting to it.

Mrs. Haller is going on very well; it is well spoken of, I am told, and upon the whole it seems to have done me credit, though I am surprised it has, for there is nothing in the part that gives me the least satisfaction. My next character, I hear, is to be of a very different order of frailty — Calista, in The Fair Penitent. However odious both play and part are, there are powerful situations in it, and many opportunities for fine acting, but I am afraid I am quite unequal to such a *turpissime* termagant, with whom my aunt did such tremendous things.

My performance of The Fair Penitent was entirely ineffective, and did neither me nor the theatre any service; the play itself is a feeble adaptation of Massinger's powerful drama of The Fatal Dowry, and, as generally happens with such attempts to fit our old plays to our modern stage, the fundamentally objectionable nature of the story could not be reformed without much of the vigorous and terrible effect of the original treatment evaporating in the refining process. Mr. Macready revived Massinger's fine play with considerable success, but both the matter and the manner of our dramatic ancestors is too robust for the audiences of our day, who nevertheless will go and see Diane de Lys, by a French company of actors, without wincing. Of Mrs. Siddons's Mrs. Haller, one of her admirers once told me that her majestic

and imposing person, and the commanding character of her beauty, militated against her effect in the part. "No man, alive or dead," said he, "would have dared to take a liberty with her; wicked she might be, but weak she could not be, and when she told the story of her ill-conduct in the play, nobody believed her." While another of her devotees, speaking of The Fair Penitent, said that it was worth sitting out the piece for her scene with Romont alone, and to see "such a splendid animal in such a magnificent rage."

Frances Anne Kemble.

GARDEN STATUES.

I.

Eros.

O NAKED baby Love among the roses,
Watching with laughing gray-green eyes for me,
Who says that thou art blind? Who hides from thee?
Who is it in his foolishness supposes
That ever a bandage round thy sweet face closes
Thicker than gauze? I know that thou canst see!
Thy glances are more swift and far more sure
To reach their goal than any missile is,
Except that one which never yet did miss,
Whose slightest puncture not even Death can cure,
Whose stroke divides the heart with such a bliss
As even the strongest trembles to endure —
Thine arrow that makes glad the saddest weather
With the keen rustle of its purple feather!

II.

Aphrodite.

AND thou whose tresses like straw-colored gold
Above the scarlet gladiole float and shine —
Whose comely breasts, whose shoulders fair and fine,
Whose fathomless eyes and limbs of heavenly mold
Thrill me with pains and pleasures manifold,
Racy of earth yet full of fire divine —
Art thou unclean as that old Paphian dream?
I know thou art not; for thou camest to me
Out of the white foam-lilies of the sea,

Out of the salt-clear fountain's clearest stream,
The embodiment of purest purity,
As healthful as the sun's directest beam,
So life-giving that up beneath thy feet,
Wherever thou goest, the grass-flowers bubble sweet!

III.

Psyche.

And thou among the violets lying down,
With gracile limbs curled like a sleeping child's,
And dewy lips, and cheeks drawn back with smiles,
And bright hair wrapped about thee for a gown,
Does some implacable fate with scowl and frown
Weave for thy feet its dark, insidious wiles?
Not so, for I have known thee from thy youth
A singer of sweet tunes and sweeter words,
To merry tinkling of soft cithern chords.
Thine is the way of happiness and truth,
And all thy movements are as swift and smooth
As through the air the strongest-flying bird's.
Infinite joy about thy presence clings,
Unspeakable hope falls from thy going wings!

IV.

Persephone.

And thou that by the poppy bloom dost stand,
Robed in the dusky garments of the south,
With slumber in thine eyes and on thy mouth,
Sandaled with silence, having in thy hand
A philter for Death and a sleep-bearing wand,
Bringest thou the immitigable fire and drouth?
No; for thy shadowy hair is full of balm,
Thy philter is delight, thy wand gives rest.
See, now I fold my hands upon my breast!
Come, touch me with thy cool and soothing palm,
Lull me to measureless sleep, ineffable calm,
And bear me to thy garden in the west,
Beyond whose ever-clouded confine lies
A sweet, illimitable paradise!

Maurice Thompson.

SIR WILLIAM PHIPS'S ATTACK ON QUEBEC.

THE plan of a combined attack on Canada in 1690 seems to have been first proposed by the Iroquois, and New York and the several governments of New England, smarting under French and Indian attacks, hastened to embrace it. Early in May a congress of their delegates was held in the city of New York. It was agreed that the colony of that name should furnish four hundred men, and Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut three hundred and fifty-five jointly, while the Iroquois afterwards added their worthless pledge to join the expedition with nearly all their warriors. The colonial militia were to rendezvous at Albany and thence advance upon Montreal by way of Lake Champlain. Mutual jealousies made it difficult to agree upon a commander; but Winthrop of Connecticut was at length placed at the head of the feeble and discordant band.

While Montreal was thus assailed by land, Massachusetts and the other New England colonies were invited to attack Quebec by sea, a task formidable in difficulty and in cost, and one that imposed on them an inordinate share in the burden of the war. Massachusetts hesitated. She had no money, and she was already engaged in a less remote and less critical enterprise. During the winter her commerce had suffered from French cruisers which found convenient harborage at Port Royal, whence also the hostile Indians were believed to draw supplies. Seven vessels with two hundred and eighty-eight sailors were impressed, and from four to five hundred militiamen were drafted for the service. That rugged son of New England, Sir William Phips, was appointed to the command. He sailed from Nantasket at the end of April, reached Port Royal on the 11th of May, landed his militia, and summoned Meneval, the governor, to surrender. The fort, though garrisoned by about seventy soldiers, was scarcely in condition to repel an assault, and Meneval yielded without resistance, first stipulating, according to French accounts, that private property should be respected, the church left untouched, and the troops sent to Quebec or to France. It was found, however, that during the parley a quantity of goods belonging partly to the king and partly to merchants of the place had been carried off and hidden in the woods. Phips thought this a sufficient pretext for plundering the merchants, imprisoning the troops, and desecrating the church. "We cut down the cross," writes one of his followers, "rifled their church, pulled down their high altar, and broke their images." The houses of the two priests were also pillaged. The people were promised security to life, liberty, and property, on condition of swearing allegiance to King William and Queen Mary, "which," says the journalist, "they did with great acclamations," and thereupon they were left unmolested.

Phips now sent Captain Alden, who had already taken possession of Saint Castine's post at Penobscot, to seize upon La Hêve, Chedabucto, and other stations on the southern coast. Then, after providing for the reduction of the settlements at the head of the Bay of Fundy, he sailed with the rest of the fleet for Boston, where he arrived triumphant on the 18th of May, bringing with him as prisoners the French governor, fifty-nine soldiers, and the two priests, Petit and Trouvé. Massachusetts had made an easy conquest of all Acadia, a conquest, however, which she had neither the men nor the money to secure by sufficient garrisons.

The conduct of the New England commander in this affair does him no credit. It is true that no blood was split and no revenge taken for the repeated butcheries of unoffending and defenseless settlers. It is true, also, that the French appear to have acted in bad

faith, but Phips, on the other hand, displayed a scandalous rapacity. Charlevoix says that he robbed Meneval of all his money; but Meneval himself affirms that he gave it to the English commander for safe-keeping, and that Phips and his wife would return neither the money nor various other articles belonging to the captive governor, whereof the following are specified: "six silver spoons; six silver forks; one silver cup in the shape of a gondola; a pair of pistols; three new wigs; a gray vest, entirely new; four pair of silk garters; two dozen of shirts; six vests of dimity; four night-caps with lace edgings; all my table service of fine tin; all my kitchen linen," and many other items which give an amusing insight into Meneval's housekeeping.

As Phips was to play a conspicuous part in the events which immediately followed, some notice of him will not be amiss. He is said to have been one of twenty-six children, all of the same mother; and was born in 1650 at a rude border settlement, since called Woolwich, on the Kennebec. His parents were ignorant and poor, and till eighteen years of age he was employed in keeping sheep. Such a life ill suited his active and ambitious nature. To better his condition he learned the trade of ship-carpenter, and in the exercise of it came to Boston, where he married a widow with some property, beyond him in years and much above him in station. About this time he learned to read and write, though not too well, for his signature is like that of a peasant. Still aspiring to greater things, he promised his wife that he would one day command a king's ship and own a "fair brick house in the Green Lane of North Boston," a quarter then occupied by citizens of the better class, He kept his word at both points. Fortune was inauspicious to him for several years, till at length under the pressure of reverses he conceived the idea of conquering fame and wealth at one stroke, by fishing up the treasure said to be stored in a Spanish galleon wrecked fifty years before, somewhere in the West Indian seas. Full of this project he went to England, where, through influences which do not plainly appear, he gained a hearing from persons in high places and induced the admiralty to adopt his scheme. A frigate was given him and he sailed for the West Indies, whence after a long search he returned unsuccessful, though not without adventures which proved his mettle. It was the epoch of the buccaneers, and his crew, tired of a vain and toilsome search, came to the quarter-deck armed with cutlasses and demanded of their captain that he should turn pirate with them. Phips, a tall and powerful man, instantly fell upon them with his fists, knocked down the ringleaders, and awed them all into submission. Not long after there was a more formidable mutiny; but with great courage and address he quelled it for a time, and held his crew to their duty till he had brought the ship into Jamaica and exchanged them for better men.

Though the leaky condition of the frigate compelled him to abandon the search, it was not till he had gained information which he thought would lead to success; and on his return he inspired such confidence that the Duke of Albemarle, with other noblemen and gentlemen, gave him a fresh outfit and dispatched him again on his Quixotic errand. This time he succeeded, found the wreck, and took from it gold, silver, and jewels to the value of three hundred thousand pounds sterling. The crew now leagued together to seize the ship and divide the prize, and Phips, pushed to extremity, was compelled to promise that every man of them should have a share in the treasure, even if he paid it himself. On reaching England he kept his pledge so well that after redeeming it only sixteen thousand pounds were left as his portion, which, however, was an ample fortune in the New England of that day. He gained, too, what he valued almost as much, the honor of knighthood. Tempting offers were made him of employment in the royal service, but he had an ardent love for his own country, and thither he presently returned.

Phips was a rude sailor, bluff, prompt, and choleric. He never gave proof of intellectual capacity, and such of his success in life as he did not owe to good luck was due probably to an energetic and adventurous spirit, aided by a blunt frankness of address that pleased the great and commended him to their favor. Two years after the expedition to Port Royal, the king, under the new charter, made him governor of Massachusetts, a post for which, though totally unfit, he had been recommended by the elder Mather, who, like his son Cotton, expected to make use of him. He carried his old habits into his new office, cudgeled Brinton, the collector of the port, and belabored Captain Short of the royal navy with his cane. Far from trying to hide the obscurity of his origin, he leaned to the opposite foible and was apt to boast of it, delighting to exhibit himself as a self-made man. New England writers describe him as honest in private dealings, but in accordance with his coarse nature he seems to have thought that anything was fair in war. On the other hand, he was warmly patriotic and was almost as ready to serve New England as to serve himself.[1]

When he returned from Port Royal, he found Boston alive with martial preparation. A bold enterprise was afoot. Massachusetts of her own motion had resolved to attempt the conquest of Quebec. She and her sister colonies had not yet recovered from the exhaustion of Philip's War, and still less from the disorders that attended the expulsion of the royal governor and his adherents. The public treasury was empty, and the recent expeditions against the eastern Indians had been supported by private subscription. Worse yet, New England had no competent military commander. The Puritan gentlemen of the original emigration, some of whom were as well fitted for military as for civil leadership, had passed from the stage, and by a tendency which circumstances made inevitable they had left none behind them equally qualified. The great Indian conflict of fifteen years before had, it is true, formed good partisan chiefs, and proved that the New England yeoman, defending his family and his hearth, was not to be surpassed in stubborn fighting; but since Andros and his soldiers had been driven out there was scarcely a single man in the colony of the slightest training or experience in regular war. Up to this moment New England had never asked help of the mother country. When thousands of savages burst on her defenseless settlements, she had conquered safety and peace with her own blood and her own slender resources; but now, as the proposed capture of Quebec would inure to the profit of the British crown, Bradstreet and his council thought it not unfitting to ask for a supply of arms and ammunition, of which they were in great need. The request was refused, and no aid of any kind came from the English government, whose resources were engrossed by the Irish war.

While waiting for the reply, the colonial authorities urged on their preparations in the hope that the plunder of Quebec would pay the expenses of its conquest. Humility was not among the New England virtues, and they considered it a sin to doubt that God would give his chosen people the victory over papists and idolaters; still, they spared no pains to insure the divine favor. A proclamation was issued calling the people to repentance, a day of fasting was ordained, and, as Mather expresses it, "the wheel of prayer was kept in continual motion." The chief difficulty was to provide funds. An attempt was made to collect a part of the money by private subscription, but as this plan failed, the provisional government, already in debt, strained its credit yet further and borrowed the needful sums. Thirty-two trading and fishing vessels, great and small, were impressed for the service. The largest was a ship called the Six Friends, engaged in the dangerous West India trade and carrying forty-four guns. A call was made for volunteers and many enrolled themselves; but as more were wanted a press was ordered

[1] An excellent account of Phips will be found in Professor Bowen's biographical notice. His Life by Cotton Mather is excessively eulogistic.

to complete the number. So vigorously was it applied that, what with voluntary and enforced enlistment, one town, that of Gloucester, was deprived of two thirds of its fencible men. There was not a moment of doubt as to the choice of a commander, for Phips was imagined to be the very man for the work. One John Walley, a respectable citizen of Barnstable, was made second in command, with the modest rank of major, and a sufficient number of ship-masters, merchants, master-mechanics, and substantial farmers were commissioned as subordinate officers. About the middle of July the committee charged with the preparations reported that all was ready. Still there was a long delay. The vessel sent early in spring to ask aid from England had not returned. Phips waited for her as long as he dared, and the best of the season was over when he resolved to put to sea. The rustic warriors, duly formed into companies, were sent on board, and the fleet sailed from Nantasket on the 9th of August. Including sailors, it carried twenty-two hundred men, with provisions for four months, but insufficient ammunition and no pilot for the St. Lawrence.

While Massachusetts had been making ready to conquer Quebec by sea, the militia of the land expedition against Montreal had mustered at Albany. Their strength was even less than was at first proposed, for after the disaster at Casco, Massachusetts and Plymouth had recalled their contingents to defend their frontiers. The rest, decimated by dysentery and small-pox, began their march to Lake Champlain with bands of Mohawk, Oneida, and Mohegan allies. The western Iroquois were to join them at the lake, and the combined force was then to attack the head of the colony while Phips struck at its heart.

Frontenac was at Quebec during most of the winter and the early spring. During the winter he had employed gangs of men in cutting timber in the forests, hewing it into palisades, and dragging it to Quebec. Nature had fortified the Upper Town on two sides by cliffs almost inaccessible; but it was open to attack in the rear, and Frontenac, with a happy prevision of approaching danger, gave his first thoughts to strengthening this its only weak side. The work began as soon as the frost was out of the ground, and before midsummer it was well advanced. At the same time he took every precaution for the safety of the settlements in the upper parts of the colony, stationed detachments of regulars at the stockade forts which Denonville had built in all the parishes above Three Rivers, and kept strong scouting parties in continual movement in all the quarters most exposed to attack. Troops were detailed to guard the settlers at their work in the fields, and officers and men were enjoined to use the utmost vigilance. Nevertheless the Iroquois war parties broke in at various points, burning and butchering, and spreading such terror that in some districts the fields were left untilled and the prospects of the harvest ruined.

Towards the end of July Frontenac left Major Prévost to finish the fortifications, and, with the Intendant Champigny, went up to Montreal, the chief point of danger. Here he arrived on the 31st, and, a few days after, the officer commanding the fort at La Chine sent him a messenger in hot haste with the startling news that Lake St. Louis was "all covered with canoes." Nobody doubted that the Iroquois were upon them again. Cannon were fired to call in the troops from the detached posts, when alarm was suddenly turned to joy by the arrival of other messengers to announce that the new-comers were not enemies, but friends. They were the Indians of the Upper Lakes descending from Michilimackinac to trade at Montreal.

On the next day they all came down the rapids and landed near the town. There were fully five hundred of them, Hurons, Ottawas, Ojibways, Pottawattamies, Crees, and Nipissings, with a hundred and ten canoes laden with beaver skins to the value of nearly a hundred thousand crowns. Nor was this all, for a few days after La Durantaye, late commander at Michilimacki-

nac, arrived with fifty-five more canoes, manned by French traders and freighted with valuable furs. The stream of wealth, dammed back so long, was flowing upon the colony at the moment when it was most needed. Never had Canada known a more prosperous trade than now in the midst of her danger and tribulation. It was a triumph for Frontenac. If his policy had failed with the Iroquois, it had found a crowning success among the tribes of the lakes.

Having painted, greased, and befeathered themselves, the Indians mustered for the grand council which always preceded the opening of the market. The Ottawa orator spoke of nothing but trade, and with a regretful memory of the cheapness of English goods begged that the French would sell them at the same rate. The Huron touched upon politics and war, declaring that he and his people had come to visit their old father and listen to his voice, being well assured that he would never abandon them as others had done, nor fool away his time like Denonville in shameful negotiations for peace; and he exhorted Frontenac to fight not the English only but the Iroquois also, till they were brought to reason. "If this is not done," he said, "my father and I shall both perish; but, come what may, we will perish together."

All seemed eager for war except the Ottawas, who had not forgotten their late dalliance with the Iroquois. A Christian Mohawk of the Saut St. Louis called them to another council and demanded that they should explain clearly their position. Thus pushed to the wall they no longer hesitated, but promised like the rest to do all that their father should ask.

Their sincerity was soon put to the test. An Iroquois convert called La Plaque, a notorious reprobate though a good warrior, had gone out as a scout in the direction of Albany. On the day when the market opened and trade was in full activity, the buyers and sellers were suddenly startled by the sound of the death yell. They snatched their weapons, and for a moment all was confusion, when La Plaque, who had probably meant to amuse himself at their expense, made his appearance and explained that the yells proceeded from him. The news that he brought was, however, sufficiently alarming. He declared that he had been at Lake St. Sacrement, or Lake George, and had seen there a great number of men making canoes as if about to advance on Montreal.

The men whom La Plaque had seen were a part of the combined force of Connecticut and New York destined to attack Montreal. They had made their way along Wood Creek to the point where it widens into Lake Champlain, and here they had stopped. Disputes between the men of the two colonies, intestine quarrels in the New York militia, — who were divided between the two factions engendered by the late revolution, — the want of provisions, the want of canoes, and the ravages of small-pox had ruined an enterprise which had been mismanaged from the first. It was impossible to advance, and Winthrop, the commander, gave orders to return to Albany, leaving Phips to conquer Canada alone. But first, that the campaign might not seem wholly futile, he permitted Captain John Schuyler to make a raid into Canada with a band of volunteers. Schuyler left the camp at Wood Creek with twenty-nine whites and a hundred and twenty Indians, passed Lake Champlain, descended the Richelieu to Chambly, and fell suddenly on the settlement of La Prairie, whence Frontenac had just withdrawn with his forces. Soldiers and inhabitants were reaping in the wheat fields. Schuyler and his followers killed or captured twenty-five, including several women. He wished to attack the neighboring fort, but his Indians refused; and after burning houses, barns, and hay ricks, and killing a great number of cattle, he seated himself with his party at dinner in the adjacent woods, while cannon answered cannon from Chambly, La Prairie, and Montreal, and the whole country was astir. "We thanked the governor of Canada," writes Schuyler, "for

his salute of heavy artillery during our meal."

The English had little to boast in this affair, the paltry termination of an enterprise from which great things had been expected. Nor was it for their honor to adopt the savage and cowardly mode of warfare in which their enemies had led the way. The blow that had been struck was less an injury to the French than an insult; but, as such, it galled Frontenac excessively, and he made no mention of it in his dispatches to the court. A few more Iroquois attacks and a few more murders kept Montreal in alarm till the 10th of October, when matters of deeper import engaged the governor's thoughts.

A messenger arrived in haste at three o'clock in the afternoon and gave him a letter from Prévost, town major of Quebec. It was to the effect that an Abenaki Indian had just come overland from Acadia with news that some of his tribe had captured an English woman near Portsmouth, who told them that a great fleet had sailed from Boston to attack Quebec. Frontenac, not easily alarmed, doubted the report. Nevertheless he embarked at once with the intendant in a small vessel, which proved to be leaky and was near foundering with all on board. He then took a canoe, and towards evening set out again for Quebec, ordering some two hundred men to follow him. On the next day he met another canoe bearing a fresh message from Prévost, who announced that the English fleet had been seen in the river and that it was already above Tadoussac. Frontenac now sent back Captain de Ramsay with orders to Callières, governor of Montreal, to descend immediately to Quebec with all the force at his disposal, and to muster the inhabitants on the way. Then he pushed on with the utmost speed. The autumnal storms had begun and the rain pelted him without ceasing; but on the morning of the 14th he neared the town. The rocks of Cape Diamond towered before him; the St. Lawrence lay beneath them, lonely and still; and the basin of Quebec outspread its broad bosom, a solitude without a sail. Frontenac had arrived in time.

He landed at the Lower Town, and the troops and the armed inhabitants came crowding to meet him. He was delighted at their ardor. Shouts and cheers and the waving of hats greeted the old man as he climbed the steep ascent of Mountain Street. Fear and doubt seemed banished by his presence. Even those who hated him rejoiced at his coming and hailed him as a deliverer. He went at once to inspect the fortifications. Since the alarm a week before, Prévost had accomplished wonders, and not only completed the works begun in the spring, but added others, to secure a place which was a natural fortress in itself. On two sides the Upper Town scarcely needed defense. The cliffs along the St. Lawrence and those along the tributary river, St. Charles, had three accessible points, guarded at the present day by the Prescott Gate, the Hope Gate, and the Palace Gate. Prévost had secured them by barricades of heavy beams and casks filled with earth. A continuous line of palisades ran along the strand of the St. Charles, from the great cliff called the Saut au Matelot to the palace of the intendant. At this latter point began the line of works constructed by Frontenac to protect the rear of the town. They consisted of a line of palisades strengthened by a ditch and embankment and flanked at frequent intervals by square towers of stone. Passing behind the garden of the Ursulines they extended to a windmill on a hillock called Mount Carmel, and thence to the brink of the cliffs in front. Here there was a battery of eight guns, near the present Public Garden. Two more, each of three guns, were planted at the top of the Saut au Matelot, another at the barricade of the Palace Gate, and another near the windmill of Mount Carmel, while a number of light pieces were held in reserve for such use as occasion might require. The Lower Town had no defensive works; but two batteries, each of three eighteen and twenty-four pounders, were placed here at the edge of the river.

Two days passed in completing these defenses under the eye of the governor. Men were flocking in from the parishes far and near, and on the evening of the 15th about twenty-seven hundred regulars and militia were gathered within the fortifications, besides the armed peasantry of Beauport and Beaupré, who were ordered to watch the river below the town and resist the English should they attempt to land. At length, before dawn on the morning of the 16th, the sentinels on the Saut au Matelot could descry the slowly moving lights of distant vessels. At daybreak the fleet was in sight. Sail after sail passed the Point of Orleans and glided into the basin of Quebec. The excited spectators on the rock counted thirty-four of them. Four were large ships, several others were of considerable size, and the rest were brigs, schooners, and fishing craft, all thronged with men.

The delay at Boston, waiting aid from England that never came, was not propitious to Phips, nor were the wind and the waves. The voyage to the St. Lawrence was a long one, and when he began, without a pilot, to grope his way up the unknown river, the weather seemed in league with his enemies. He appears, moreover, to have needlessly wasted time. What was most vital to his success was rapidity of movement, yet, whether by his fault or his misfortune, he remained for three weeks within three days' sail of Quebec. While anchored off Tadoussac with the wind ahead, he passed the idle hours in holding councils of war and framing rules for the government of his men; and when at length the wind veered to the east, it is doubtful if he made the best use of his opportunity.

He presently captured a small vessel commanded by Granville, an officer whom Prévost had sent to watch his movements. He had already captured near Tadoussac another vessel, having on board Madame Lalande and Madame Joliet, the wife and the mother-in-law of the discoverer of the Mississippi.[1] When questioned as to the condition of Quebec they told him that it was imperfectly fortified, that its cannon were dismounted, and that it had not two hundred men to defend it. Phips was greatly elated, thinking that, like Port Royal, the capital of Canada would fall without a blow. The statement of the two prisoners was true for the most part when it was made; but the energy of Prévost soon wrought a change.

Phips imagined that the Canadians would gladly renounce despotism under French rule for freedom under another flag, for some of the Acadians had felt the influence of their New England neighbors and shown an inclination towards them. It was far otherwise in Canada, where the English heretics were regarded with abhorrence. Whenever the invaders tried to land at the settlements along the shore, they were met by a rebuff.

At the river Ouelle, Francheville, the curé, put on a cap and capote, took a musket, led his parishioners to the river, and hid with them in the bushes. As the English boats approached their ambuscade they gave the foremost a volley which killed nearly every man on board. It was the same when the fleet neared Quebec. Bands of militia, vigilant, agile, and well commanded, followed it along the shore and repelled with showers of bullets every attempt of the enemy to touch Canadian soil.

When, after his protracted voyage, Phips sailed into the basin of Quebec, one of the grandest scenes on the western continent opened upon his sight: the wide expanse of waters; the lofty promontory beyond, and the opposing heights of Levi; the cataract of Montmorenci; the distant range of the Laurentian Mountains; the warlike rock, with its diadem of walls and towers; the roofs of the Lower Town clustering on the strand beneath; the Château St. Louis perched at the brink of the cliff, and over all the white banner, spangled with *fleurs-de-lis*, flaunting defiance in the clear autumnal air. Perhaps as he

[1] "Les demoiselles Lalande et Joliet." The title of *madame* was at this time restricted to married women of rank. The wives of the *bourgeois*, and even of the lesser nobles, were called *demoiselles*.

gazed a suspicion seized him that the task he had undertaken was less easy than he had thought; but he had conquered once by a simple summons to surrender, and he resolved to try its virtue again.

The fleet anchored a little below Quebec, and towards ten o'clock the French saw a boat put out from the admiral's ship, bearing a flag of truce. Four canoes went from the Lower Town and met it midway. It brought a subaltern officer who announced himself as the bearer of a letter from Sir William Phips to the French commander. He was taken into one of the canoes and paddled to the quay after being completely blindfolded by a bandage which covered half his face. Prévost received him as he landed, and ordered two sergeants to take him by the arms and lead him to the governor. His progress was neither rapid nor direct. They drew him hither and thither, delighting to make him clamber in the dark over every possible obstruction, while a noisy crowd hustled him and laughing women called him Colin Maillard, the name of the chief player in blind-man's-buff. Amid a prodigious hubbub, intended to bewilder him and impress him with a sense of immense warlike preparation, they dragged him over the three barricades of Mountain Street, and brought him at last into a large room of the château. Here they took the bandage from his eyes. He stood for a moment with an air of astonishment and some confusion. The governor stood before him, haughty and stern, surrounded by French and Canadian officers — Maricourt, Sainte Helène, Longeuil, Villebon, Valrenne, Bienville, and many more — bedecked with gold lace and silver lace, perukes and powder, plumes and ribbons, and all the martial foppery in which they took delight, and regarding the envoy with keen, defiant eyes. After a moment he recovered his breath and his composure, saluted Frontenac, and, expressing a wish that the duty assigned him had been of a more agreeable nature, handed him the letter of Phips. Frontenac gave it to an interpreter, who read it aloud in French, that all might hear. It ran thus: —

> Sir William Phips, Knight, General, and Commander-in-Chief in and over their Majesties' Forces of New England by Sea and Land, to Count Frontenac, Lieutenant-General and Governor for the French King at Canada; or, in his absence, to his Deputy, or him or them in chief command at Quebeck: —
>
> The war between the crowns of England and France doth not only sufficiently warrant, but the destruction made by the French and Indians, under your command and encouragement, upon the persons and estates of their Majesties' subjects of New England, without provocation on their part, hath put them under the necessity of this expedition for their own security and satisfaction. And although the cruelties and barbarities used against them by the French and Indians might, upon the present opportunity, prompt unto a severe revenge, yet, being desirous to avoid all inhumane and unchristian-like actions, and to prevent shedding of blood as much as may be,
>
> I, the aforesaid William Phips, Knight, do hereby, in the name and in behalf of their most excellent Majesties, William and Mary, King and Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defenders of the Faith, and by order of their said Majesties' government of the Massachuset' colony in New England, demand a present surrender of your forts and castles, undemolished, and the King's and other stores, unembezzled, with a seasonable delivery of all captives; together with a surrender of all your persons and estates to my dispose: upon the doing whereof you may expect mercy from me, as a Christian, according to what shall be found for their Majesties' service and the subjects' security. Which, if you refuse forthwith to do, I am come provided, and am resolved, by the help of God, in whom I trust, by force of arms to revenge all wrongs and injuries offered, and bring you under subjection to the crown of England, and, when too

late, make you wish you had accepted of the favour tendered.

Your answer positive in an hour, returned by your own trumpet, with the return of mine, is required upon the peril that will ensue.[1]

When the reading was finished, the Englishman pulled his watch from his pocket and handed it to the governor. Frontenac could not, or pretended that he could not, see the hour. The messenger told him that it was ten o'clock, and that he must have his answer before eleven. A general cry of indignation arose, and Valrenne called out that Phips was nothing but a pirate and that his man ought to be hanged. Frontenac contained himself for a moment and then said to the envoy, —

"I will not keep you waiting so long. Tell your general that I do not recognize King William, and that the Prince of Orange, who so styles himself, is a usurper who has violated the most sacred laws of blood in attempting to dethrone his father-in-law. I know no King of England but King James. Your general ought not to be surprised at the hostilities which he says that the French have carried on in the colony of Massachusetts, for, as the king my master has taken the King of England under his protection, and is about to replace him on his throne by force of arms, he might have expected that his Majesty would order me to make war on a people who have rebelled against their lawful prince." Then, turning with a smile to the officers about him, "Even if your general offered me conditions a little more gracious, and if I had a mind to accept them, does he suppose that these brave gentlemen would give their consent, and advise me to trust a man who broke his agreement with the governor of Port Royal, or a rebel who has failed in his duty to his king and forgotten all the favors he had received from him, to follow a prince who pretends to be the Liberator of England and the Defender of the Faith, and yet destroys the laws and privileges of the kingdom and overthrows its religion? The divine justice which your general invokes in his letter will not fail to punish such acts severely."

The messenger seemed astonished and startled; but he presently asked if the governor would give him his answer in writing.

"No," returned Frontenac, "I will answer your general only by the mouths of my cannon, that he may learn that a man like me is not to be summoned after this fashion. Let him do his best, and I will do mine;" and he dismissed the Englishman abruptly. He was again blindfolded, led over the barricades, and sent back to the fleet by the boat that brought him.

Phips had often given proof of personal courage, but for the past three weeks his conduct seems that of a man conscious that he is charged with a work too large for his capacity. He had spent a good part of his time in holding councils of war; and now, when he heard the answer of Frontenac, he called another to consider what should be done. A plan of attack was at length arranged. The militia were to be landed on the shore of Beauport, which was just below Quebec, though separated from it by the St. Charles. They were then to cross this river by a ford practicable at low water, climb the heights of St. Généviève, and gain the rear of the town. The small vessels of the fleet were to aid the movement by ascending the St. Charles as far as the ford, holding the enemy in check by their fire, and carrying provisions, ammunition, and intrenching tools for the use of the land troops. When these had crossed and were ready to attack Quebec in the rear, Phips was to cannonade it in front, and land two hundred men under cover of his guns to effect a diversion by storming the barricades. Some of the French prisoners, from whom their captors appear to have received a great deal of cor-

[1] See the letter in Mather, Magnalia, i. 186. The French kept a copy of it, which, with an accurate translation, in parallel columns, was sent to Versailles, and is still preserved in the Archives de la Marine. The text answers perfectly to that given by Mather.

rect information, told the admiral that there was a place a mile or two above the town where the heights might be scaled and the rear of the fortifications reached from a direction opposite to that proposed. This was precisely the movement by which Wolfe afterwards gained his memorable victory; but Phips chose to abide by the original plan.

While the plan was debated, the opportunity for accomplishing it ebbed away. It was still early when the messenger returned from Quebec; but before Phips was ready to act, the day was on the wane and the tide was against him. He lay quietly at his moorings when, in the evening, a great shouting, mingled with the roll of drums and the sound of fifes, was heard from the Upper Town. The English officers asked their prisoner, Granville, what it meant. "Ma foi, messieurs," he replied, "you have lost the game. It is the Governor of Montreal with the people from the country above. There is nothing for you now but to pack and go home." In fact, Callières had arrived with seven or eight hundred men, many of them regulars. With these were bands of *coureurs des bois* and other young Canadians, all full of fight, singing and whooping with martial glee as they passed the western gate and trooped down St. Louis Street.

The next day was gusty and blustering and still Phips lay quiet, waiting on the winds and the waves. A small vessel with sixty men on board, under Captain Ephraim Savage, ran in towards the shore of Beauport to examine the landing, and stuck fast in the mud. The Canadians plied her with bullets and brought a cannon to bear on her. They might have waded out and boarded her, but Savage and his men kept up so hot a fire that they forbore the attempt, and when the tide rose she floated again.

There was another night of tranquillity; but at about eleven on Wednesday morning, the French heard the English fifes and drums in full action, while repeated shouts of "God save King William!" rose from all the vessels. This lasted an hour or more, after which a great number of boats loaded with men put out from the fleet and rowed rapidly towards the shore of Beauport. The tide was low and the boats grounded before reaching the landing-place. The French on the rock could see the troops through telescopes, looking in the distance like a swarm of black ants, as they waded through mud and water and formed in companies along the strand. They were some thirteen hundred in number and were commanded by Major Walley. Frontenac had sent three hundred sharpshooters, under Sainte Helène, to meet them and hold them in check. A battalion of troops followed; but long before they could reach the spot, Sainte Helène's men, with a few militia from the neighboring parishes and a band of Huron warriors from Lorette, threw themselves into the thickets along the front of the English and opened a distant but galling fire upon the compact bodies of the enemy. Walley ordered a charge. The New England men rushed in a disorderly manner but with great impetuosity up the rising ground, received two volleys which failed to check them, and drove back the assailants in some confusion. They turned, however, and fought in Indian fashion with courage and address, leaping and dodging among trees, rocks, and bushes, firing as they retreated, and inflicting more harm than they received. Towards evening they disappeared, and Walley, whose men had been much scattered in the desultory fight, drew them together as well as he could and advanced towards the St. Charles, in order to meet the vessels which were to aid him in passing the ford. Here he posted sentinels and encamped for the night. He had lost four killed and about sixty wounded, and imagined that he had killed twenty or thirty of the enemy. In fact, however, their loss was much less, though among the killed was a valuable officer, the Chevalier de Clermont; and among the wounded, the veteran captain of Beauport, Juchereau de Saint Denis, more than sixty-four years of age. In the evening a deserter came to the English camp and brought the unwelcome intel-

ligence that there were three thousand armed men in Quebec.

Meanwhile Phips, whose fault hitherto had not been an excess of promptitude, grew impatient and made a premature movement inconsistent with the preconcerted plan. He left his moorings, anchored his largest ships before the town, and prepared to cannonade it; but the fiery veteran who watched him from the Château St. Louis anticipated him and gave him the first shot. Phips replied furiously, opening fire with every gun that he could bring to bear, while the rock paid him back in kind, and belched flame and smoke from all its batteries. So fierce and rapid was the firing that La Hontan compares it to the volleying of musketry, and old officers who had seen many sieges declared that they had never known the like. The din was prodigious, reverberated from the surrounding heights and rolled back from the distant mountains in one continuous roar. On the part of the English, however, surprisingly little was accomplished beside noise and smoke. The practice of their gunners was so bad that many of their shot struck harmlessly against the face of the cliff. Their guns, too, were very light, and appear to have been charged with a view to the most rigid economy of gunpowder, for the balls failed to pierce the stone walls of the buildings and did so little damage that, as the French boasted, twenty crowns would have repaired it all. Night came at length and the turmoil ceased.

Phips lay quiet till daybreak, when Frontenac sent a shot to waken him, and the cannonade began again. Sainte Helène had returned from Beauport, and he, with his brother, Maricourt, took charge of the two batteries of the Lower Town, aiming the guns in person, and throwing balls of eighteen and twenty-four pounds with excellent precision against the four largest ships of the fleet. One of their shots cut the flag-staff of the admiral, and the cross of St. George fell into the river. It drifted with the tide towards the north shore, whereupon several Canadians paddled out in a birch canoe, secured it, and brought it back in triumph. On the spire of the cathedral in the Upper Town had been hung a picture of the Holy Family as an invocation of divine aid. The Puritan gunners wasted their ammunition in vain attempts to knock it down. That it escaped their malice was ascribed to miracle, but the miracle would have been greater if they had hit it.

At length one of the ships which had suffered most hauled off and abandoned the fight. That of the admiral had fared little better, and now her condition grew desperate. With her rigging torn, her main-mast half cut through, her mizzen-mast splintered, her cabin pierced, and her hull riddled with shot, another volley seemed likely to sink her, when Phips ordered her to be cut loose from her moorings, and she drifted out of fire, leaving cable and anchor behind. The remaining ships soon gave over the conflict and withdrew to stations where they could neither do harm nor suffer it.

Phips had thrown away nearly all his ammunition in this futile and disastrous attack, which should have been deferred till the moment when Walley with his land force had gained the rear of the town. Walley lay in his camp, his men wet, shivering with cold, famished, and sickening with the small-pox. Food and all other supplies were to have been brought him by the small vessels which should have entered the mouth of the St. Charles and aided him to cross it. But he waited for them in vain. Every vessel that carried a gun had busied itself in cannonading, and the rest did not move. There appears to have been insubordination among the masters of these small craft, some of whom, being owners or part owners of the vessels they commanded, were probably unwilling to run them into danger. Walley was no soldier, but he saw that to attempt the passage of the river without aid, under the batteries of the town and in the face of forces twice as numerous as his own, was not an easy task. Frontenac, on his part, wished that he should do so, confident that the attempt would ruin him. The New England men were eager to push on; but the night of Thurs-

day, the day of Phips's repulse, was so cold that ice formed more than an inch in thickness, and the half-starved militia suffered intensely. Six field-pieces with their ammunition had been sent ashore, but they were nearly useless, as there were no means of moving them. Half a barrel of musket powder and one biscuit for each man were also landed, and with this meagre aid Walley was left to capture Quebec. He might, had he dared, have made a dash across the ford on the morning of Thursday and assaulted the town in the rear while Phips was cannonading it in front; but his courage was not equal to so desperate a venture. The firing ceased and the possible opportunity was lost. The citizen soldier despaired of success, and on the morning of Friday he went on board the admiral's ship to explain his situation. While he was gone his men put themselves in motion and advanced along the borders of the St. Charles towards the ford. Frontenac, with three battalions of regular troops, went to receive them at the crossing, while Sainte Helène, with his brother Longueuil, passed the ford with a body of Canadians and opened fire on them from the neighboring thickets. Their advance parties were driven in and there was a hot skirmish, the chief loss falling on the New England men, who were fully exposed. On the side of the French, Sainte Helène was mortally wounded, and his brother was hurt by a spent ball. Towards evening the Canadians withdrew and the English encamped for the night. Their commander presently rejoined them. The admiral had given him leave to withdraw them to the fleet, and boats were accordingly sent to bring them off, but as these did not arrive till about daybreak, it was necessary to defer the embarkation till the next night.

At dawn, Quebec was all astir with the beating of drums and the ringing of bells. The New England drums replied, and Walley drew up his men under arms, expecting an attack, for the town was so near that the hubbub of voices from within could plainly be heard. The noise gradually died away, and except by a few shots from the ramparts the invaders were left undisturbed. Walley sent two or three companies to beat up the neighboring thickets, where he suspected that the enemy was lurking. On the way they had the good luck to find and kill a number of cattle, which they cooked and ate on the spot, whereupon, being greatly refreshed and invigorated, they dashed forward in complete disorder and were soon met by the fire of the ambushed Canadians. Several more companies were sent to their support, and the skirmishing became lively. Three detachments from Quebec had crossed the river, and the militia of Beauport and Beaupré had hastened to join them. They fought like Indians, hiding behind trees or throwing themselves flat among the bushes, and laying repeated ambuscades as they slowly fell back. At length they all made a stand on a hill behind the buildings and fences of a farm, and here they held their ground till night, while the New England men shouted curses at them for cowards who would never fight except under cover.

Walley, who with his main body had stood in arms all day, now called in the skirmishers and fell back to the landing place, where as soon as it grew dark the boats arrived from the fleet. The sick men, of whom there were many, were sent on board, and then, amid floods of rain, the whole force embarked in noisy confusion, leaving behind them in the mud five of their cannon. Hasty as was their parting, their conduct on the whole had been creditable, and La Hontan, who was in Quebec at the time, says of them, "They fought vigorously, though as ill disciplined as men gathered together at random could be; for they did not lack courage, and, if they failed, it was by reason of this entire ignorance of discipline and because they were exhausted by the fatigues of the voyage." Of Phips he speaks with contempt, and says that he could not have served the French better if they had bribed him to stand all the while with his arms folded. Some allowance should, nevertheless, be made him for the unmanageable character of

the force under his command, the constitution of which was fatal to military subordination.

On Sunday, the morning after the re-embarkation, Phips called a council of officers; and it was resolved that the men should rest for a day or two, that there should be a meeting for prayer, and that, if ammunition enough could be found, another landing should be attempted; but the rough weather prevented the prayer-meeting, and the plan of a new attack was fortunately abandoned.

Quebec remained in agitation and alarm till Tuesday, when Phips weighed anchor and disappeared with all his fleet behind the Island of Orleans. He did not go far, as indeed he could not, but stopped four leagues below to mend rigging, fortify wounded masts, and stop shot-holes. Subercase had gone with a detachment to watch the retiring enemy, and Phips was repeatedly seen among his men, on a scaffold at the side of his ship, exercising his old trade of carpenter. This delay was turned to good use by an exchange of prisoners. Chief among those in the hands of the French was Captain Davis, late commander at Casco Bay, and there were also two young daughters of Lieutenant Clark, who had been killed at the same place. Frontenac himself had humanely ransomed these children from the Indians, and Madame de Champigny, wife of the intendant, had with equal kindness bought from them a little girl named Sarah Gerrish, and placed her in charge of the nuns at the Hôtel Dieu, who had become greatly attached to her, while she on her part left them with reluctance. The French had the better in these exchanges, receiving able-bodied men, and returning, with the exception of Davis, only women and children.

The heretics were gone and Quebec breathed freely again. Her escape had been a narrow one; not that three thousand men, in part regular troops, defending one of the strongest positions on the continent and commanded by Frontenac, could not defy the attacks of two thousand raw fishermen and farmers led by an ignorant civilian; but the numbers which were a source of strength were at the same time a source of weakness. Nearly all the adult males of Canada were gathered at Quebec, and there was imminent danger of starvation. Cattle from the neighboring parishes had been hastily driven into the town, but there was little other provision, and before Phips retreated the pinch of famine had begun. Had he come a week earlier or stayed a week later, the French themselves believed that Quebec would have fallen; in the one case for want of men, and in the other for want of food.

The Lower Town had been abandoned by its inhabitants, who bestowed their families and their furniture within the solid walls of the seminary. The cellars of the Ursuline convent were filled with women and children, and many more took refuge at the Hôtel Dieu. The beans and cabbages in the garden of the nuns were all stolen by the soldiers, and their wood-pile was turned into bivouac fires. "We were more dead than alive when we heard the cannon," writes Mother Juchereau; but the Jesuit Fremin came to console them, and their prayers and their labors never ceased. On the day when the firing was heaviest, twenty-six balls fell into their yard and garden, and were sent to the gunners at the batteries, who returned them to their English owners. At the convent of the Ursulines the corner of a nun's apron was carried off by a cannon shot as she passed through her chamber. The sisterhood began a *novena*, or nine days' devotion, to St. Joseph, St. Ann, the angels, and the souls in purgatory, and one of their number remained day and night in prayer before the images of the Holy Family. The bishop came to encourage them, and his prayers and his chants were so fervent that they thought their last hour was come.

One great anxiety still troubled the minds of the victors. Three ships, bringing large sums of money and the yearly supplies for the colony, were on their way to Quebec, and nothing was

more likely than that the retiring fleet would meet and capture them. Messengers had been sent down the river, who passed the English in the dark, found the ships at St. Paul's Bay, and warned them of the danger. They turned back and hid themselves within the mouth of the Saguenay, but not soon enough to prevent Phips from discovering their retreat. He tried to follow them, but thick fogs arose, with a persistent tempest of snow, which completely baffled him, and after waiting five days he gave over the attempt.

Phips returned crest-fallen to Boston late in November, and one by one the rest of the fleet came straggling after him, battered and weather-beaten. Some did not appear till February, and three or four never came at all. The autumn and early winter were unusually stormy. Captain Rainsford with sixty men was wrecked on the Island of Anticosti, where more than half their number died of cold and misery. In the other vessels, some were drowned, some frost-bitten, and above two hundred killed by small-pox and fever.

Francis Parkman.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FAIR.

V.

After all, those who weathered the summer out in Philadelphia, had compensations which those who have seen the Exhibition only in the spring and autumn have missed. It is true that July began at the solstice and raged on for nearly five weeks, gathering an intensity of caloric which had not been known in such duration for upwards of eighty years; that after a week of cool and cloudy weather August stretched us upon the rack again, or rather upon St. Lawrence's gridiron, suffocating and smothering us with a heaviness of heat from which the burning days of July had been free. The earth seemed calcined, literally reduced to dust and ashes; the buds shrank and dried, the fruit and vegetables shriveled, the brooks turned into steam and left bare the stones and baked mud of their channels. Only the brimming river, filled from distant mountain-cups, and the dense umbrageous foliage set the sun at defiance. Yet Philadelphia did not empty; the streets, ordinarily silent and deserted after the Fourth of July, have been busy and noisy day and night with the footsteps of crowds; the secluded avenues of the park were as lively with riding and driving as the Bois de Boulogne in May; those who remained in town from choice or necessity did not feel as if they had been abandoned to their fate, which is the ordinary state of mind there during the summer months. It is true that the graceful forms and fashions of the women at the Exhibition collapsed miserably and hid themselves in the disguise of a dust-cloak, beneath which and their veils they moved about as if in domino at a carnival of dowdiness; it is true that the horrid little restaurants at each side of the Main Building began to diffuse a stale, sickening steamboat odor in their vicinity; true that the fewness and languor of the visitors made them look like the last flies in autumn, and led me to inquire in dismay at the gates how many of them there might be crawling about, when I was told that the daily attendance had fallen to a mere handful, — seventeen or eighteen thousand. The Italians and Spaniards declared that never in Naples or Madrid had they suffered so much, and found the shortest way to the sea; the calm, contemplative Orientals, who despise nothing so much as loss of self-control, fell into fury under the combined trials of the heat and Occidental grossness; they screamed

inarticulately, and gnashed their teeth upon the tormentors who would handle their wares without purchasing, and ask questions in a unknown language, yet which were unmistakably and pointedly personal. Those who were not at the Centennial grounds during the great blaze did not see that, and it was curious and worth seeing. The fiercest expressions and gestures of the Turks, the demoniac grimaces and contortions of the Chinese and Japanese, together with their hoarse, angry, unintelligible threats and curses, did not frighten the smallest American monkey who was fingering the fans and beads; whereas I have noticed that the "damn" of an irate Englishman or American will put to flight the most importunate Latin or Asiatic, however unacquainted with our tongue. But for this fiery interlude I should never have known what a humbug the Turkish *café* is. I repaired thither on the hottest day of all, supposing that the inhabitants of the warmest climates had the most cooling refections; called for sherbet, and got a glass of tepid tamarind-water, or something like it; called for coffee to take away the taste of the sherbet, and was fain to fall back on the sherbet to take away the taste of the coffee. It has been doubted whether the trousered and turbaned attendants were genuine Turks; I have no doubt that they were, or Smyrniotes, which does just as well, but I do wonder very much whether they bawl at one another in their native cafés as they did here; they had one and all an impudent swagger and an air of being openly engaged in a gigantic swindle.

It was astonishing how well the grounds bore the heat; under the scorching rays which burnt holes in the lawns of all the adjacent country-places, those clay banks which excited derision in May clad themselves in the brightest, tenderest green; wherever the sunlight smote upon the long slopes and stretches of sward, it brought out that peculiar emerald gleam which only the softest turf emits; the flowers bloomed on as if in a perennial spring, and although with the course of the season hyacinths and crocuses passed away, more brilliant and bountiful flowers took their place. There were flowers everywhere, but the long parterre which extends for nearly a quarter of a mile in front of the Horticultural Building was like a great mosaic of living bloom. The most beautiful scene of all, perhaps, was the view from the rear of the Women's Department; here the ground falls and rises in a series of the happiest accidents, under the shade of some of the finest trees in the park; the eye roamed over acres of splendid blossoms, great rustling velvet-leaved plants, waving feathery grasses, amid the sheen of the close, smooth grass; any horticulturist might be proud of such a result for ten years' gardening. It testified to the fertilizing properties of Peruvian guano, as you learned from a little gaudy pagoda which blinked in the midst of this paradise. It was mere advertisement, all this lovely rivalry of greenery and bloom, except the pretty gardens which had been planted for the embellishment of separate buildings; but what a charming mode of advertising!

The Japanese bazar is another feature of the Exhibition which developed late. By degrees the delicate little structure of lattice and bamboo wove itself into completion, and the grounds about it spread into an absurd imitation of landscape gardening on a tiny scale: there were hills, cliffs, ravines, and table-land, laid out in winding walks, planted with the famous dwarf trees, hoary little abortions not three feet high, gnarled and twisted like any monarch of the forest, a pleasaunce for a palace of puppets; here and there a stone seat of the peculiar shape seen on fans and screens, suited to the size of ordinary mortals, threw all this doll-work into its true proportion, while a single American oak overcanopied the whole park. Behind the bazar there was a small flower-menagerie of superb Japanese lilies, spotted like pards; the close railing which shut this off was about as stout as a sandal-wood fan, and if this is what they use for fences in Japan, their beasts must be as gentle as the lilies of the field. The bazar was the most seductive of shops, where might be bought china, bronze,

lacquer, trays, fans, dress-goods; the guileful innocents who sold, asked with equal simplicity and miscalculation a dollar for something for which we would readily give five, and fifty cents for something else which despite our ignorance we know not to be worth ten. The Algerine bazar is another gorgeous growth of the midsummer. By way of the utmost contrast it had sprung up beside the homely New England log-cabin, which had a beauty all its own.

The Exhibition was the coolest spot within ten miles of Philadelphia; although the asphalt was as melted pitch to the feet and eyes, there was always a breeze, a most reviving breeze, on those windy heights, and in the large buildings, excepting the art galleries, it was delightfully shady and airy; refreshing currents and draughts met you at every corner, fountains plashed on all sides with a sound that fanned the sense; the Eastern courts exhaled delicious whiffs of attar of roses, scented woods and clays, and that strange, sweet, stimulating perfume which must be the breath of Orient, for I never could identify it with any one object, natural or manufactured, but wherever there is a heap of Turkish, Algerine, Japanese, or Indian things, it gives forth the faint, intoxicating aroma. If one steeled one's self to oblique glances and took a rolling chair, there was not only comfort but luxury in the hours passed at the great show. It was in one of those hours that I began to realize the vast size of the globe we inhabit. I find that my experience coincides with that of most people who have taken time to study the Exhibition properly. On the first visit or two one is overwhelmed, is ready to give up the idea of ever seeing it thoroughly; in half a dozen so much has been accomplished, so many departments have been seen, that we say to ourselves cheerfully that after all there is not so much to see, we know the principal part already, the rest will soon be disposed of; but each day we discover that besides what we were aware of not having looked at, there is something that we had not even heard of before, which must be examined another time. When the tour of the Main Building has been finally achieved, and we feel as if we had been round the world in eighty days, we wake up to the fact that although this is the *main* portion of the Exhibition, it is by no means the whole of it; there are, besides the machinery, agricultural, horticultural, art, medical, and United States government buildings and their annexes, some of which are nearly as large as the principal edifice, a host of smaller ones which start up from ambush in the foliage. All these duly visited, we return with relief to the Main Building to take a leisurely survey of what we liked best there before, and behold, half a dozen countries have uncovered new show-cases and thrown open closed corridors, so that it looks as if we should have to begin over again. And besides, what is this? In our progress through the parent countries we have overlooked the colonies, and here are New Zealand, Tasmania, Java, the Orange Free State, all Australia, Oceanica, — another world, in fact. We begin to feel as if it were the universe, instead of our own planet, which we have to explore. It is curious to see how much sameness there is in the productions of these out-of-the-way places of creation, however remote they may be from each other; forgetting the art, industry, mechanics, and science behind us, we exclaim with a sense of rest that the range of human invention in primitive circumstances is extremely limited. Feather and shell flowers, straw work, simple woolen, cotton, hempen, or linen fabrics with bright stripes and borders, rude weapons and utensils, coral, strange roots and fruits, formed the aboriginal staples of them all. From New Zealand there was a sumptuous feather blanket, the gala or perhaps regal robe of a Maori chief, the ground green and purple like a peacock, tufted all over with little soft white plumes; it is too magnificent for any purpose I could think of in past or present times, except to lie by Cleopatra's bedside. The Sandwich Islanders make big, simple, shining wooden bowls, very handsomely polished, which seem intended as a substitute for crockery; but they also

exhibited excellent rice and sugar, which, in view of the Hawaiian treaty, have a painful interest for some of our countrymen. The most decidedly barbarous of all these nooks and corners was the Orange Free State, with its brave show of ostrich plumes and eggs; in this section there were some specimens of infant art, but not, I should think, native — probably the work of Dutch settlers: a row of small wooden figures cut with a penknife. They are rude but expressive, representing for the most part domestic scenes; the best was an old pastor seated in an arm-chair reading the Word of God; it was full of quaint character; the features were not negro, rather Norse, on the contrary. The gem of the collection from another point of view was a clumsy little female figure about six inches long, clad only a shift, holding a garland and flying heavily past what looked like an orange about as big as herself; this symbolized the transit of Venus.

Canada cannot be spoken of as a colony, and her very large and fine exhibition was to be judged on a par with that of any independent country. The Australasian continent took the lead in all that pertains to farming; the eclogue was here in the grandeur of an epic. South Australia, besides very numerous samples of beautiful grain, wool, and silk, had two series of photographs well worth examination; they were not large but very clear and distinct, and illustrated the various processes of mining and grazing. The latter, with its flocks and herds, its scenes of sheep-shearing, its likenesses of single lordly rams, carried one into a new phase of civilization; in the history of nations it is recent for an enlightened people (in the old geographical meaning of the term) to adopt the pastoral life, and this with modern modifications is what the English are doing out there. They do not live in tents nor wander and migrate, but their wealth is in their deep-fleeced flocks and the cattle upon a thousand hills. The result of the experiment will be as interesting as it is important, in the development not only of this mode of livelihood but of the human creature himself. Those British colonists are situated in many ways as we were a century ago; their representative men were born in England, or are but one generation or so removed from her; they hold their traditions and codes from the mother-country, but from her pure creed, not her corrupt practice; they are no longer squeezed by overcrowded communities, nor stunted by inelastic, outgrown molds; they have a wider verge, in which every man has room and a chance. Yet it is not mere impatience of restraint, or of the burden of superiority, social or other, which fits a man for success in these new fields; he needs energy, enterprise, perseverance, courage, fortitude; the intelligence to divine what new growths may be grafted on an old stock; the judgment to decide what to keep and what to cast away; the constant, conscientious thought for a future which every day helps to fashion. It is impossible to come into contact with their vigorous, independent, yet not rash manhood without the reflection that of such stuff were the founders of our country made. These have not all the difficulties with which those had to contend; it is to be hoped that they and their descendants may escape the sloughs and pitfalls through which we are floundering.

At the end of three months I had seen the Exhibition. Then I drew a long breath and said I would not go there for some time. But in a week I was back again, finding an unsuspected attraction constantly drawing me thither. So monstrous an agglomeration in such close proximity to one's sphere must exercise a sort of attraction of gravitation and divert us a little from our orbit; it is a sphere in itself, with an average population of fifty thousand. During my short absence there had been a beneficent change of temperature, and the little open cars of the narrow-gauge railway, like verandas on wheels, were again running about the grounds packed like excursion-trains; wilted womankind had blossomed afresh like the rose; the camping-ground, which had received the West Point cadets, and since them many

bodies of military or militia, was once more white with tents; soldiers or associations were incessantly parading through the crowded streets of the town, and then scattering like the colored spangles of a rocket over the surface of the Exhibition. The prettiest of the uniforms was an indigo-blue jacket, all but black, and violet trousers, both faced with crimson, surmounted by a black hat rather of the Rubens shape, with a ravishing plume of soft crimson shading into pink, like the old-fashioned flower called prince's-feather. The wearers were almost as fine as the charming Turk I met there one day, a small, delicate-featured, dark man, dressed loosely in white, with scarlet fez and stockings, a richly striped sash, and a dull blue vest beneath his open jacket; during the whole summer there had been no more superb apparition than he. Indeed, such figures would lose much of their effect but for the contrast against a sad-colored crowd. About the homeliest visitors were the Germans of the lower classes, who came on pleasure bent, frugally provided with luncheon; they installed themselves at their national restaurant, called for a glass of beer, which cost them five cents, unwrapped a newspaper parcel, and ate its contents. This economy is respectable; perhaps their example and the pinch of the times may teach us the lesson which every German, Frenchman, and Italian knows — the difference between thrift and parsimony, saving a penny not for itself but for what it will bring. We have too long trifled in habits of extravagance and waste, our sole idea of economy being a stern self-denial which cuts off luxury and enjoyment alike and reduces life to a grim, pleasureless level.

The Exhibition itself and the streets of Philadelphia, which for the time being played the part of a great annex, constantly presented groups which at any less crowded and cosmopolite season would strike us as strange; from the first there were parties of blacks and whites, in most cases evidently strangers who had come together from a distance, though whence there was no means of ascertaining except by a direct question. I do not mean the familiar group of Southerners with a colored nurse in tow. Generally speaking, they were women only, and the negresses were the most smartly dressed of the company; sometimes men only; most seldom, yet not infrequently, men and women. In some instances I thought I could detect the citizenship of the white women, who were on these occasions always of what is called a superior sort, but the subject is too delicate to permit of classification by guess. When Mademoiselle de la Vallière came up to court from the country, ignorant of Paris fashions, she wore green and blue together, a combination until then condemned, which during her sway became the rage and was called "*préjugé vaincu;*" perhaps this new association of colors may mark another prejudice conquered, in some quarters at least. Among the singular figures to be met occasionally in the motley concourse of our World's Fair were foreign peasant women of the rudest, most untutored class. One in particular I saw twice at least, a dark, spare creature of middle height, with some remains of a wild, coarse beauty; she had not animation enough for an Italian and was probably a Spaniard, or from one of the South American Spanish countries; she wore no national costume, yet her dress was so dissimilar both in material and make from anything to be found in this country, even among Carolina crackers, that it alone singled her out as a foreigner; the garments were shabby and dingy; they looked like ordinary working clothes. There had been no attempt at a toilet; even her thick dark hair was frowzy, although she wore no covering of any sort on her head. She held by the hand an extremely dirty, dark-eyed child, not past the toddling stage, to whom she paid no attention whatever; she paid no attention to the crowd either, but wandered about among the show-cases as if unaware that there was anybody but herself in the passages; her movements were so slow that she was not jostled, but they had the stupid slowness of a cow's, and her expression, but for a sleeping spark in her eyes, was not unlike a cow's; it was

ruminative rather than contemplative. When I saw her last she was standing before Vollmer's elaborately furnished bed-room, looking at the bed and wash-stand with deep surprise, devoid of curiosity or speculation; yet her face was not blank, and gave one the idea that on some subjects, a limited class no doubt, she had her mind and could speak it. Where she came from, how she got there, and above all how she got back, was the puzzle. The most striking party were three French workmen whom I found looking about them intelligently in the United States government building. Them, too, their dress at once marked as foreigners, although it was difficult to point to the particulars in which it differed from ours; they were as neat and cleanly as possible, which stamped them for Frenchmen, as the working classes of other European nations have not this grace. One was a large, hale young fellow, fresh-colored, good-humored, with a rather broad Alsatian face, but he was from Lyons. The next was a small, slight man, with sharp-cut features and lustrous dark eyes; his hair, whiskers, and mustache were curly even to his eye-lashes; his expression was amiable and intensely vivacious, his movements alert and agile; he was from Paris, but assuredly the blood in his veins was pure Provençal. The third was tall, thin, stooping, pale, quiet, and discontented-looking; he was from one of the northern departments, but had been two or three years in America. His two comrades were members of the delegation sent by their own class in France, and received with communistic ceremonies at Newark, New Jersey. They had only twenty-two days to be in this country, and were looking with all their eyes, seemingly well pleased, although they had arrived at the hottest of the heat, and one of their party had died from it. They were full of interest, eagerness, and expectation, and probably considered all they beheld, including high wages, the gas and bath-rooms of their boarding-house, the Exhibition itself, as direct results of unrestrained radicalism. The pale companion knew better; he had lived in Utopia and had lost his illusions; he looked as if it had soured him. He was civil but somewhat reserved; the other two answered our questions with the delightful readiness and good breeding which are to be found almost invariably among French artisans. It would have been very interesting to go about with them and hear their comments and conclusions, but we respected their time and privacy.

The varieties of our own people became more and more numerous and worth studying as autumn approached. Southerners came in flocks; it is said by themselves that within their recollection so many never came to the North in one season, even before the war. In most cases they have been able to do so only by saving all they could spare from their straitened means for a long time past, and by strict economy while here. What they saw must have filled them with amazement, especially the generation which has grown up since 1861 and had never been this side the Potomac before. There were a great many cordial and complimentary exclamations, many brave and candid admissions. "We have lived too long in ruts and grooves," said one, "not looking over the sides." "Perhaps our worst mistakes and misfortunes might have been avoided," said another, "if we had known more about the rest of the world." A third humorously described his visit to the New England log-cabin, his looking on all sides for what drew the crowd; he could see nothing but what he had seen all his life and every day of his life; suddenly a Yankee remarked, "And this was the sort of house we lived in two hundred years ago." "Then I saw it," said the Southron, "and I began to wonder whether we were two hundred years behind them in everything." All three had gone into the Confederate army as lads and left an honorable record on the archives of the lost cause. There was a warm welcome for them and all like them. Their openness of mind and courageous frankness assured those who talked with them that one of the highest

and most heart-felt hopes which the Centenary fostered has not been disappointed. The West, too, sent its quota, long, slow, and pithy, or hale, florid, and communicative; moreover, a type which Mr. Bret Harte's stories have introduced to us, — the quiet, too well-dressed man, with regular, clear-cut profile, calm, deadly eye, and thin-soled boots.

The state excursions, when our neighbors came corporately by special trains, were very amusing and characteristic. The twenty-five cent days brought multitudes when the weather was good; there were a great many Germans, of course (was it German fancy, by the way, which covered the Brewers' Hall with garlands of flourishing hop-vines? If not, it was one of those notions, half practical, half poetical, which we owe them), for Americans and the Irish in America prefer paying full to half price; may the hard times teach them better. But among ninety-five thousand visitors the majority could hardly be immigrants of any one nation, and there was another opportunity, of which the summer has given so many, of seeing an American crowd with its necessary ingredients. Without the curiosity of the opening day, or the enthusiasm of the Fourth, these twenty-five cent spectators made a more contented concourse, for there was no tending to one point or another, no trying in vain to hear or see something, no disappointment, no rush or crush, except at the railway stations. There the scene was at once comical and frightful: from five to seven o'clock the steps and platform of the Reading Railroad depot were simply a solid, struggling mass of humanity, which the interminable train starting every minute, with passengers jammed into the aisles and clinging to the hand-rails, did not diminish visibly one jot. They poured out from the Centennial grounds faster than the cars could carry them off, everybody afraid of missing his passage, which hundreds undoubtedly did by each train, while other hundreds, too frantic to read the placards, jumped madly into the wrong train. The pushing, scrambling, leaping, and hanging on to the overloaded, moving trains was alarming to behold and feel; every mother had brought her last-born, and the cries of these innocents were heart-rending, for when strong men felt themselves torn limb from limb, what could be the fate of infants? There was no loss of life, however, on these afternoons, only a prodigious loss of babies, — thirty on one day, who were all restored to their parents (including a young lady of twenty, whose helplessness seemed rather mature). On all these days, except in the desperation of getting away, the Centennial buildings and grounds preserved the universal decency and sobriety which was so striking and honorable a characteristic of the 10th of May and 4th of July; there was a delightful deal of philandering to be observed, for which the art-galleries were the favorite resorts, but no impropriety; plenty of conviviality at the restaurants and cafés, but no tipsiness.

Any account of the Centennial summer, however incomplete, would be more so without a mention of the amusements, national and international, which have gone on since the beginning of the season. There was less cricket than usual, and that little was tame. This has caused some disappointment, for Philadelphia is the head-quarters of the game in this country and the Young America the champion club, and a festival which brought so many people together promised well for the sport. The few matches which were played caused no excitement, however, for nobody was willing to leave the banks of the Schuylkill and the pretty cricket ground is miles inland. The only one which roused any interest did so from extraneous reasons; it was played early in September by the Philadelphia and Germantown elevens against a club from Virginia composed of young Englishmen of birth who have come out to re-settle the Old Dominion, repeating the history of three centuries ago. There are among others members of the old families of Fitzwilliam, Powis, A'Court, and Manning, which last name already belongs to Virginia from earlier days, no doubt the F. F. V.'s climb their own

genealogical trees actively for the benefit of these patrician squatters. It is a spirited, manly experiment on the part of these young gentlemen, and considering the difference in life at home between now and 1584 it must be about as rough for them as it was for their predecessors, who had to do battle with the savage primeval forest and the terrors of the unknown. The latter, however, must play no inconsiderable part in what they have to encounter, for they came to Philadelphia bringing a set of rude wickets made at Lynchburg and a spliced bat, under the impression that the implements of the game were not to be had here, and they were rather staggered at the sight of the Germantown ground and club-house. They do not play four times a year, themselves, scattered as they are over the wild distances of their Virginia farms, but with true British fatuity they supposed they had come up to play a scrub-match and win an easy victory over a set of greenhorns. They took their beating like men from the second-rate clubs, and went home wiser and, let us hope, not sadder. Cricket is so exclusively the game of Philadelphians that a very pretty match of La Crosse did not attract the attention it deserved. This is a Canadian game and was taught by the French to the Indians, or perhaps *vice versa*, in the early days of the settlements. It is the same sport which served as a blind for the Indian massacre at Fort Mackinaw on the breaking out of the conspiracy of Pontiac in June, 1763. It is identical with shinny, or hockey as they call it in England, except that the stick has a racket, or network shaped somewhat like a battledore, at the curved end, on which the ball is caught up and borne away by the players of one side, while the others pursue, trying to knock it off; it is simpler and less scientific than cricket, but more animated from the incessant running. The sides here were Iroquois against Canadians, and the dark-visaged, straight-limbed Indians, whose motions were curiously different from the white mens', gave great picturesqueness to the field, dressed as they were in bright colors, and garments as close and succinct as a rope-dancer's, with little skull-caps stuck full of gay feathers.

In latter August began the regatta, which lasted until the 9th of September. There were all sorts of races, collegiate, national, and international, the best crews from all parts of this country being present, and from across the Atlantic the Dublin University, London Rowing Club, and first crew from Trinity College, Cambridge. Some of the best races were broken up by sudden illness among the men; the fortnight previous had been the most trying of the summer, and the Britons, who had been rowing and training steadily to learn the river, were being exhausted by it very fast before the tug came. Some of the days were sweltering, the heat of that sickening weight peculiar to Philadelphia, which even people from other parts of the country find insufferable. In one or two cases boats had to withdraw at the hour of starting; in many, men fainted at the oar in the very moment of victory, and the distanced rivals swept by to the goal.

Decidedly the most attractive and entertaining race to the general public was that of the whalers of New England. The boats were large and rather heavy-looking, evidently built with a view to safety rather than pace. Besides the coxswain and the harpooner, each crew consisted of five rowers, three on the starboard side and two on the port. Why this inequality, only those conversant with whalers and their boats can tell. In order to somewhat balance the difference of power, the coxswain, who steers with a long oar, has to assist in propelling the boat with his steering oar, and his efforts to give help to the weaker side, and yet at the same time to attend to his special duties as cox, produced the most remarkable contortions of the body; he seemed to be bowing to the right and left, swaying his body to and fro, and waving one hand about as if quite overcome by the rapturous applause of the assembled multitude. The men's picturesque dress, — one in particular having a blue nightcap on his head and broad blue

sash round his waist, with hanging ends, — their stalwart figures and fine bronzed faces, together with the quaintness of their boats and the eccentricity of their movements produced a striking effect, and caused one almost to fancy that one was beholding crews of corsairs in hot pursuit of some wealthy Levantine merchantman. Three boats took part in the race, Centennial, Sixth Ward, and Vesta; and they showed an earnestness and persistency in the effort which was not apparent in the long, even strokes of the more rapid four-oared outriggers. The crowds on the banks were much amused and excited, cheering the rowers lustily and encouraging them with shouts of "Whale ahead!" "There she goes!" "There she blows!" After a sharply contested race the Vesta came in first.

AN ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1876.[1]

I. 1.

ENTRANCED I saw a vision in the cloud
That loitered dreaming in yon sunset sky,
Full of fair shapes, half creatures of the eye,
Half chance-evoked by the wind's phantasy
In golden mist, an ever-shifting crowd:
There, 'mid unreal forms that came and went
In robes air-spun, of evanescent dye,
A woman's semblance shone preëminent,
Not armed like Pallas, not like Hera proud,
But, as on household diligence intent,
Beside her visionary wheel she bent
Like Aretë or Bertha, nor than they
Less queenly in her port: about her knee
Glad children clustered confident in play:
Placid her pose, the calm of energy;
And over her broad brow in many a round
(That loosened would have gilt her garment's hem),
Succinct, as toil prescribes, the hair was wound
In lustrous coils, a natural diadem.
The cloud changed shape, obsequious to the whim
Of some transmuting influence felt in me,
And, looking now, a wolf I seemed to see
Limned in that vapor, gaunt and hunger-bold,
Threatening her charge: resolve in every limb,
Erect she flamed in mail of sunwove gold,
Penthesilea's self for battle dight;
One arm uplifted grasped a spear,
And one her adamantine shield made light;
Her face, helm-shadowed, grew a thing to fear,

[1] This ode was intended for delivery at Taunton, whose good people had honored the author with an invitation Unable to finish it to his satisfaction then or since, he offers it to that fair creation of prefaces, the Indulgent Reader, urged by a natural desire not to defer its publication till our Centenary year had closed.

And her fierce eyes, by danger challenged, took
Her trident-sceptred mother's dauntless look.
"I know thee now, O goddess-born!" I cried,
And turned with loftier brow and firmer stride;
For in that spectral cloud-work I had seen
Her image, bodied forth by love and pride,
The fearless, the benign, the mother-eyed,
The coming world's toil-consecrated queen.

I. 2.

What shape by exile dreamed elates the mind
Like hers whose hand, a fortress of the poor,
No blood in lawful vengeance spilt bestains?
Who never turned a suppliant from her door?
Whose conquests are the gains of all mankind?
To-day her thanks shall fly on every wind,
Unstinted, unrebuked, from shore to shore,
One love, one hope, and not a doubt behind!
Cannon to cannon shall repeat her praise,
Banner to banner flap it forth in flame;
Her children shall rise up to bless her name,
And wish her harmless length of days,
The mighty mother of a mighty brood,
Blessed in all tongues and dear to every blood,
The beautiful, the strong, and, best of all, the good!

I. 3.

Stormy the day of her birth:
Was she not born of the strong,
She, the last ripeness of earth,
Beautiful, prophesied long?
Stormy the days of her prime:
Hers are the pulses that beat
Higher for perils sublime,
Making them fawn at her feet.
Was she not born of the strong?
Was she not born of the wise?
Daring and counsel belong
Of right to her confident eyes:
Human and motherly they,
Careless of station or race:
Hearken! her children to-day
Shout for the joy of her face.

II. 1.

No praises of the past are hers,
No fanes by hallowing time caressed,
No broken arch that ministers
To some sad instinct in the breast:

She has not gathered from the years
Grandeur of tragedies and tears,
Nor from long leisure the unrest
That finds repose in forms of classic grace:
These may delight the coming race
Who haply shall not count it to our crime
That we who fain would sing are here before our time.
She also hath her monuments;
Not such as stand decrepitly resigned
To ruin-mark the path of dead events
That left no seed of better days behind,
The tourist's pensioners that show their scars
And maunder of forgotten wars;
She builds not on the ground, but in the mind,
Her open-hearted palaces
For larger-thoughted men with heaven and earth at ease:
Her march the plump mow marks, the sleepless wheel,
The golden sheaf, the self-swayed commonweal;
The happy homesteads hid in orchard trees
Whose sacrificial smokes through peaceful air
Rise lost in heaven, the household's silent prayer;
What architect hath bettered these?
With softened eye the westward traveller sees
A thousand miles of neighbors side by side,
Holding by toil-won titles fresh from God
The lands no serf or seigneur ever trod,
With manhood latent in the very sod,
Where the long billow of the wheat-field's tide
Flows to the sky across the prairie wide,
A sweeter vision than the castled Rhine,
Kindly with thoughts of Ruth and Bible-days benign.

II. 2.

O ancient commonwealths, that we revere
Haply because we could not know you near,
Your deeds like statues down the aisles of Time
Shine peerless in memorial calm sublime,
And Athens is a trumpet still, and Rome;
Yet which of your achievements is not foam
Weighed with this one of hers (below you far
In fame, and born beneath a milder star),
That to Earth's orphans, far as curves the dome,
Of death-deaf sky, the bounteous West means home,
With its dear precedence of natural ties
That stretch from roof to roof and make men gently wise?
And if the nobler passions wane,
Distorted to base use, if the near goal
Of insubstantial gain
Tempt from the proper race-course of the soul
That crowns their patient breath

Whose feet, song-pinioned, are too fleet for Death,
Yet may she claim one privilege urbane
And haply first upon the civic roll,
That none can breathe her air nor grow humane.

II. 3.

Oh, better far the briefest hour
Of Athens self-consumed, whose plastic power
Hid Beauty safe from Death in words or stone;
Of Rome, fair quarry where those eagles crowd
Whose fulgurous vans about the world had blown
Triumphant storm and seeds of polity;
Of Venice, fading o'er her shipless sea,
Last iridescence of a sunset cloud;
Than this inert prosperity,
This bovine comfort in the sense alone!
Yet art came slowly even to such as those,
Whom no past genius cheated of their own
With prudence of o'er-mastering precedent;
Petal by petal spreads the perfect rose,
Secure of the divine event;
And only children rend the bud half-blown
To forestall Nature in her calm intent:
Time hath a quiver full of purposes
Which miss not of their aim, to us unknown,
And brings about the impossible with ease:
Haply for us the ideal dawn shall break
From where in legend-tinted line
The peaks of Hellas drink the morning's wine,
To tremble on our lids with mystic sign
Till the drowsed ichor in our veins awake
And set our pulse in tune with moods divine:
Long the day lingered in its sea-fringed nest,
Then touched the Tuscan hills with golden lance
And paused; then on to Spain and France
The splendor flew, and Albion's misty crest:
Shall Ocean bar him from his destined West?
Or are we, then, arrived too late,
Doomed with the rest to grope disconsolate,
Foreclosed of Beauty by our modern date?

III. 1.

Poets, as their heads grow gray,
Look from too far behind the eyes,
Too long-experienced to be wise
In guileless youth's diviner way;
Life sings no more, but prophesies;
Time's shadows they no more behold,

But, under them, the riddle old
That mocks, bewilders, and defies:
In childhood's face the seed of shame,
In the green tree an ambushed flame,
In Phosphor a vaunt-guard of Night,
They, though against their will, divine,
And dread the care-dispelling wine
Stored from the Muse's vintage bright,
By age imbued with second-sight.
From Faith's own eyelids there peeps out,
Even as they look, the leer of doubt;
The festal wreath their fancy loads
With care that whispers and forebodes:
Nor this our triumph-day can blunt Megæra's goads.

III. 2.

Murmur of many voices in the air
Denounces us degenerate,
Unfaithful guardians of a noble fate,
And prompts indifference or despair:
Is this the country that we dreamed in youth,
Where wisdom and not numbers should have weight,
Seed-field of simpler manners, braver truth,
Where shams should cease to dominate
In household, church, and state?
Is this Atlantis? This the unpoisoned soil,
Sea-whelmed for ages and recovered late,
Where parasitic greed no more should coil
Round Freedom's stem to bend awry and blight
What grew so fair, sole plant of love and light?
Who sit where once in crowned seclusion sate
The long-proved athletes of debate
Trained from their youth, as none thinks needful now?
Is this debating-club where boys dispute,
And wrangle o'er their stolen fruit,
The Senate, erewhile guerdon of the few,
Where Clay once flashed and Webster's cloudy brow
Brooded those bolts of thought that all the horizon knew?

III. 3.

Oh, as this pensive moonlight blurs my pines —
Here as I sit and meditate these lines —
To gray-green dreams of what they are by day,
So would some light, not reason's sharp-edged ray,
Trance me in moonshine as before the flight
Of years had won me this unwelcome right
To see things as they are, or shall be soon,
In the frank prose of undissembling noon!

III. 4.

Back to my breast, ungrateful sigh!
Whoever fails, whoever errs,
The penalty be ours, not hers!
The present still seems vulgar, seen too nigh;
The golden age is still the age that's past:
I ask no drowsy opiate
To dull my vision of that only State
Founded on faith in man and therefore sure to last.
For, oh, my country, touched by thee,
The gray hairs gather back their gold;
Thy thought sets all my pulses free;
The heart refuses to be old;
The love is all that I can see.
Not to thy natal-day belong
Time's prudent doubt or age's wrong,
But gifts of gratitude and song:
Unsummoned crowd the thankful words,
As sap in spring-time floods the tree,
Foreboding the return of birds,
For all that thou hast been to me!

IV. 1.

Flawless his heart and tempered to the core
Who, beckoned by the forward-leaning wave,
First left behind him the firm-footed shore,
And, urged by every nerve of sail and oar,
Steered for the Unknown which gods to mortals gave,
Of thought and action the mysterious door,
Bugbear of fools, a summons to the brave:
Strength found he in the unsympathizing sun,
And strange stars from beneath the horizon won,
And the dumb ocean pitilessly grave:
High-hearted surely he;
But bolder they who first off-cast
Their moorings from the habitable Past
And ventured chartless on the sea
Of storm-engendering Liberty:
For all earth's width of waters is a span,
And their convulsed existence mere repose,
Matched with the unstable heart of man,
Shoreless in wants, mist-girt in all it knows,
Open to every wind of sect or clan,
And sudden-passionate in ebbs and flows.

IV. 2.

They steered by stars the elder shipmen knew,
And laid their courses where the currents draw
Of ancient wisdom channeled deep in law,
The undaunted few

Who changed the Old World for the New,
And more devoutly prized
Than all perfection theorized
The more imperfect that had roots and grew.
They founded deep and well,
Those danger-chosen chiefs of men
Who still believed in Heaven and Hell,
Nor hoped to find a spell,
In some fine flourish of a pen,
To make a better man
Than long-considering Nature will or can,
Secure against his own mistakes,
Content with what life gives or takes,
And acting still on some fore ordered plan,
A cog of iron in an iron wheel,
Too nicely poised to think or feel,
Dumb motor in a clock-like commonweal.
They wasted not their brain in schemes
Of what man might be in some bubble-sphere,
As if he must be other than he seems
Because he was not what he should be here,
Postponing Time's slow proof to petulant dreams:
Yet herein they were great
Beyond the incredulous lawgivers of yore,
And wiser than the wisdom of the shelf,
That they conceived a deeper-rooted state,
Of hardier growth, alive from rind to core,
By making man sole sponsor of himself.

IV. 3.

God of our fathers, Thou who wast,
Art, and shalt be when the eye-wise who flout
Thy secret presence shall be lost
In the great light that dazzles them to doubt,
We, sprung from loins of stalwart men
Whose strength was in their trust
That Thou would'st make thy dwelling in their dust
And walk with them a fellow-citizen
Who build a city of the just,
We, who believe Life's bases rest
Beyond the probe of chemic test,
Still, like our fathers, feel Thee near,
Sure that, while lasts the immutable decree,
The land to Human Nature dear
Shall not be unbeloved of Thee.

James Russell Lowell.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Colonel Waring's book[1] is a timely and valuable contribution to the sanitary literature of the day. Parts of it appeared originally in The Atlantic Monthly, and the great interest with which they were received led the author to a more detailed treatment of the subject in a permanent form, "addressed more especially to the average citizen and householder." In this work he has succeeded exceedingly well; for there is certainly no other one treatise which deals with the difficult problems of filth-removal in so fair and comprehensive a manner, while the clear and forcible style of the writer and the skill of the publishers have united to make it thoroughly readable and even attractive.

The first chapter is devoted entirely to the strictly sanitary aspect of the question, the effect of filth in its various forms upon health. In this the writer carefully avoids the discussion of mooted theories, contenting himself with quotations from a few recognized authorities and the bare recital of a number of well-chosen facts illustrative of the causation of disease by filth, showing, too, how all but universal are the evils of bad drainage and sewerage in our houses, towns, and cities, and how general is the apathy of even the intelligent portion of the community in regard to a matter so seriously affecting their most vital interests. In illustration of these points, Boston receives sharp but well-deserved criticism. In some places the epigrammatic style is used with very telling effect; as, for instance, "We accustom ourselves to withstanding the attacks of an infected atmosphere wonderfully well; but for all that we are constantly in the presence of danger, and, though insensibly resisting, are too often insensibly yielding to it;" "The victims of typhoid fever die, not by the act of God, but by the act of man." Thus far, in this country at least, the relations between disease and carelessness in the removal of filth have often been considered refinements in medical speculation rather than practical applications of well-known laws; and Colonel Waring's conclusions are therefore especially valuable, coming, as they do, from one who is in the position of an impartial observer of facts collected by men who are not commonly looked upon as "practical," and who might be thought by many to be influenced by professional bias. As regards this chapter and portions of a later one on the sizes of sewers, the statement in the preface is too modest, that the professional engineer and the architect will not find much to instruct them.

The next two hundred pages, the bulk of the book, are devoted to descriptions of the ordinary and some of the unusual defects in the sanitary arrangements of houses and towns, to suggestions for improvements, and to general directions for meeting the requirements of each case, so full that there can be hardly a householder in the State, whether rural or urban, who would not be benefited by a careful study of them. Under the head of drainage, the removal of dampness from houses by securing dry cellars and foundations receives the first place, as its importance deserves; for certainly, in a new country like ours, soil-moisture is one of the most prolific sources of disease. The author has done wisely throughout this part of his book in not attempting to deal so fully in particulars as to allow the reader to think that he may himself become a self-made engineer or a self-made architect — a fallacy that has cost many a man lives dear to him, because he thought it superfluous to consult an expert in a matter so apparently common and simple, and yet so difficult and of such vital importance, as the proper location and arrangement of soil-pipes, water-closets, etc. From this very desire, however, to omit details not suited to the character of the book, the author has given hardly importance enough to the internal arrangements of houses, whereby the entrance of deleterious gases should be prevented. It would be impossible, indeed, to discuss, except in a special treatise, all the complex points for consideration in making a dwelling safe from sewer-exhalations, and that would hopelessly confuse the unprofessional reader; but some persons might be misled by the plate on page 188, and by the statement

[1] *The Sanitary Drainage of Houses and Towns.* By George E. Waring, Jr., Consulting Engineer for Agricultural and Sanitary Work. New York: Hurd and Houghton; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1876.

on page 152 that "a continuous movement of the air in one direction or the other carries away and dilutes sewer-gases, and, if they contain the germs of organic disease capable of infecting the human blood, these are believed to be destroyed by oxidation or otherwise," into a false sense of security by making him suppose that dilution and oxidation alone would *always* render sewer-gases innocuous, which is probably not meant, as the decision of the International Sanitary Congress at Vienna had already been quoted, that the contagium of the infectious diseases is all but indestructible (except by *sufficient* heat). According to Dr. George Buchanan, too, the experience of Croydon, which is quoted somewhat at length, has just shown by a severe epidemic of typhoid fever (in 1875) that the best ventilation possible of sewers and drains is inadequate to produce safety in time of an epidemic, unless it be such as to sever the air of the sewer from that of the house-drain. The advisability of this precaution is indeed intimated on pages 188 and 189, but, we think, not insisted upon with sufficient force. Nor would all sanitarians agree that "sewage-matters, though offensive, are not dangerous until two or three days after their production." And many of them would be unwilling, even on the high authority of Colonel Waring, to follow his example in storing in their cellars the contents of earth-closets, "where they become sufficiently dry, after a month or so, to be used again;" especially since Dr. Ballard, one of the medical inspectors of the local government board of England, has attributed the spread of enteric fever in West Riding to "infection probably spread by infected earth supplied to earth-closets," a chance which Pettenkofer predicted some years ago.

The ninth chapter consists of an interesting account of Captain Liernur's ingenious pneumatic sewerage system as used in parts of towns in Holland, upon which the author evidently looks with some favor; at least he finds in it many excellent features which he considers worthy of further trial, and possibly of more general use.

In the last chapter, on the disposal of sewage, Mr. Rogers Field's admirable system of flush-tanks and sub-irrigation is described. The latter alone has been used with admirable results by the author on his farm at Newport for many years, and he has hopes of still better success from the addition of the flush-tank. This is recommended as the best method for the harmless and offenseless removal of liquid refuse where there are no sewers, where there is a small lot of land available, and where the winter cold is not too great. For public buildings, small towns, or portions of towns, under favorable circumstances, it seems to offer a complete solution of the question. Of course some system of dry removal is necessary, besides; and, although the earth-closets do not justify all that was said of them when Colonel Waring introduced them into this country, they have always been found efficient and valuable if properly cared for. The disposal of sewage in the case of large towns is one of such great difficulty, and under any of the methods now in use so costly, that it is not considered at length here. Enough is said to indicate that no method of utilizing sewage on a large scale has yet been made profitable and uniformly satisfactory, and no disposal of it is so free from objections as its discharge into a large body of water, which will dilute or remove it beyond any possibility of danger or offense. In this connection the admirable remarks in a previous chapter on the "dry conservancy system" should be read with that careful and thoughtful attention which the importance of the subject in many of our cities and towns now demands.

The distinguished translator of the Mécanique Céleste has said that it is impossible for the human mind to come into contact with figures without making mistakes. In the book before us we have found only two, where the death-rate of England (page 18) and the amount of night-soil removed by carts in Boston (page 65) are placed too high. The latter mistake is a natural one, from the fact that the catch-basins of the street gullies in Boston are commonly called cess-pools.

— The sympathetic reader, familiar with the course of Mr. Browning's poetry, will find it easy to adopt as his own the temper in which many of the poems in the collection just published are conceived;[1] by degrees, the poet, as if roughly casting off the public, has come to address himself more exclusively to the special audience which he has trained to like his poetry, and in this volume has taken them into his confidence in several instances. That is to say, while the dramatist is as interested as ever in the vivid persons who start into life with such

[1] *Pacchiarotto and how he Worked in Distemper: with other Poems.* By Robert Browning. Boston. J. R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

flashes of fiery force, he inclines more than formerly to cry to his friends, This is a part of me; when this man bleeds, look, I suffer too; this dramatizing is not something outside of me; all of it I have seen, part of it I am. One should speak hesitatingly of one's friend growing old, but there are touches in this volume which with all their vigor of expression betray a restless, poetic mind beginning to turn upon itself with a somewhat sorrowful rage. Why, else, all this fuming at critics: this angry repetition of the hard names with which his poetry has been called any time the past forty years: this constant return to the questionings which might come to one when his work was over? Pacchiarotto and how he Worked in Distemper is the story of a painter in Siena who turned reformer, and for a trial of his skill at dialectics first covered the walls of his studio with figures representing all classes and ranks, when he in turn harangued and defended them; finding this fantastic procedure rather stimulating than satisfying, he left his paints and his painted men and women for reform in the actual city, and shortly met with the customary reception of reformers, escaping only by lying concealed in a tomb and crawling out thence to find refuge in a monastery, where he easily declares his discovery, made when lying in the tomb, that his reform was all vanity, and cries, —

> " So, Father, behold me in sanity!
> I 'm back to the paint-brush and mahl-stick;
> And as for man, let each and all stick
> To what was prescribed them at starting!
> Once planted as fools, no departing
> From folly one inch, *sæculorum*
> *In sæcula!* "

This is Pacchiarotto's conclusion. Again, in the two poems headed Pisgah Sights, where one is imagined as overlooking the world, something of the same strain recurs in another measure: —

> " Man, — wise and foolish,
> Lover and scorner,
> Docile and mulish, —
> Keep each his corner! "

So, in the strange, complicated poem, Bifurcation, which one reads again and again as a fascinating riddle, at least this can be made out — the final solution of questions of duty which were confused by possible self-deception.

In a subtler form there are poems in the book which turn upon thoughts not often put into syllables by a poet. Such is the very tender and surprising poem, Fears and Scruples, which Donne might have written with but slight change of phrase. The Prologue also contains the breath of an inspiration which attentive readers have never missed from Browning's poetry since he married, and now is warm with a spiritual fervor which refines the language into the subtlest shape. The same influence, though more vague and unsatisfactory, seems to attend Numpholeptos, which we shall have to read again before we understand it, and with no great confidence in another reading either.

There are, besides, two or three poems which betray a poetical self-consciousness that is rather the irritability of age than the very profound questionings of an eager, strong man. In the poem, At the Mermaid, he dramatizes Shakespeare with his friends, and makes the great poet object to any crowning of him which supposes a comparison of genius. In the lively poem, House, he asks, —

> " Shall I sonnet-sing you about myself?
> Do I live in a house you would like to see?
> Is it scant of gear, has it store of pelf?
> ' Unlock my heart with a sonnet-key? '
>
> " Invite the world, as my betters have done?
> ' Take notice: this building remains on view,
> Its suites of reception every one,
> Its private apartment and bedroom too;
>
> " ' For a ticket, apply to the Publisher.'
> No; thanking the public, I must decline.
> A peep through my window, if folks prefer;
> But, please you, no foot over threshold of mine!
> . . . . . .
> " ' Hoity toity! a street to explore,
> Your house the exception! " *With this same key*
> *Shakespeare unlocked his heart*," once more! '
> Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he! "

As we intimated above, the less agreeable side of the revelation of the poet's personality is in the repeated onslaught which he makes upon the critics. He turns upon them unexpectedly at the end of Pacchiarotto, and one fails to find the occasion which that poem gives except as introducing one more book; he devotes pretty much the whole of his Epilogue to them, and to the world of readers that finds fault with his poetry. It is the kind of familiar talk which one would hear from the poet in his own house, and find him all the more human for it, but hears in his poetry with mixed feelings of regret and amusement.

It may be urged that Browning himself, even in some of the verses we have quoted, protests against this attempt at identifying

the poet with his poetic creation, but it is in the fact of the protest and in the choice of subjects that we find evidence of this impatience of a restless age which we heartily wish out of his poetry. Yet it is just these little speeches by the actor after the play is over which will tighten the personal cords already attaching him to his friends, and this volume will doubtless come to many readers of Browning almost as an autograph letter. When all this is said and we have made our friendly complaint, we take up the book again and read the more artistic and impersonal poems with renewed ardor. Hervé Riel is here, already taking its place as one of the great minor poems of the language, and there is a very powerful and finely sustained poem, Forgiveness, while two or three half-serious, half-grotesque stories bear out Browning's reputation as a consummate painter in fresco. After all, who of our poets is so full-minded as he, pouring without stint from treasures which run over with richness? The alertness, the compression of thought, the riotous expansion of fancy, the plunge into torrents of life, the sudden calm of an awed mind, all these are here in this book as in his earlier poems, and we have no fears that Browning will really grow old any faster than we do.

— The most obvious criticism of the second volume in the No Name Series[1] is that the poem recalls decidedly and at all points the manner of Mr. Morris. It is a kind of dwarfed epic; it wears that quaint air of being a translation or a modernized version, which Mr. Morris's poems have; twice it admits at the end of a line that very characteristic expression, "waters wan," which the author of The Earthly Paradise is fond of using in the same position; and even the author's descriptions are, like Mr. Morris's, conventionalized as if for purposes of decoration, by the use of certain general adjectives and the omission of the article. The metre, we should have premised, is the same, namely, the heroic; and it is a trait of this author and of Mr. Morris carefully to avoid feminine rhymes. The occasional use of these would, we think, have lent Deirdrè a much-needed variety of movement. Its most marked fault, after the resemblance just touched upon, is a kind of monotony which weighs upon the reader in spite of the rapid action, stirring incident, and gay coloring; and this effect is perhaps increased by the writer's partiality for expanded similes. But when we have made these exceptions there remains much that is admirable in the book. The anonymous writer deserves credit for invading with so much spirit and grace this untrodden domain of old Irish legend, and still more for the exuberance of feeling and the energy of fancy with which he treats his subject. Very charming is the portion that relates the building of the palace and Deirdrè's imprisoned childhood in the garden; though the author's best strength, it seems to us, is put forth in the passages of war that abound in the poem. The battling in the last book, The Tragedy of the House of the Red Branch, is painted with real power; and here is a description of one of the Usnanian heroes which is extremely good: —

"Haughty he strode and looked. As he came on,
Fierce in his mighty panoply he shone,
Of high-ridged brazen helm and linkèd mail,
That oft had cast aside the rattling hail
Of arrows from his broad breast and great heart;
Of orbèd shield that, wrought with curious art,
In gold work on its field for blazon wore
The semblance of a mighty forest boar
Rushing with bristling back from out his den,
Deep in the wood, on struggling dogs and men;
Of ponderous sword hung low upon his thigh,
Whose huge hilt sparkled like a starlit sky
With many a gem; of spear whose dreadful blade,
All battle-notched, of swarthy bronze was made,
Whose tapering shaft in beauty once bloomed bright
A fair young ash by old Ardsalla's height, —
Oft 'mid its green leaves in the happy spring
Did the winds whisper and the wild birds sing,
Oft 'neath its shadow on the daisied grass
The lovers fond their blissful hours would pass, —
Now — hapless change! — instead of leaves and buds
Gleamed rings and brazen clasps and silver studs,
And that terrific blade wherefrom the blood,
As down the echoing path the hero strode,
Still dript upon the shaft with ruddy hue."

The measures italicized illustrate a power of penetrating a matter by force of some rich metaphor which is several times exerted with great effect in other places, as in these lines: —

"The world's great shining plains spread out so far, —
Oh, farther than the slender glittering bar
Of cloud that oft in windless nights of June
Lies like a golden lance athwart the moon!"

The poet shows himself master of a good vocabulary, notwithstanding the fact that he is often content with ordinary, or careless, or on the other hand sophomoric expression. In the first canto he permits himself, in describing the ravages of a she-bear among children, this needlessly physical hideousness: —

[1] *No Name Series. Deirdrè.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

"And slew them, till the smooth green's grassy ground
Was all one mass of steaming flesh and gore
And echoing to her loud, remorseless roar!"

But then, he is also capable of a movement of pure strength like the following: —

"But hark! I hear the war-horn's stormy breath
Making the still eve shudder with its blare,
Telling that all is ready!"

The narrative drags a little in the seventh canto, and the author does himself injustice in the thinness of the monologues there ascribed to Deirdrè; but he comes to his own rescue very effectually in the closing book, and it is an exquisite pathos with which he describes how at the death of the heroes

"rose the shrill voice of despair
From Deirdrè, over all sounds rising high
And piercing, like a wounded sea-gull's cry
Heard 'mid the roar of storms."

That, in our estimation, is the finest thing in the poem. It seems to argue rare capabilities on the part of the author; but it must be observed that the passages which we have chosen for commendation belong to a group of perhaps a dozen, scattered through more than four thousand lines. The number of verses that stamp themselves at once on the mind is very small, and the singer appears scarcely aware of that strength of wing which lifts him into his most spirited and resounding flights. We would not have him *conscious* of them, but if he respected his possibilities enough to use a greater reserve and compression, he could assuredly do better than he has done. Still, Deirdrè will reward the reader; the story is romantic and picturesque, and is told with both passion and poetic skill.

— In the present day, when historians are trying with considerable success to make their histories as interesting as novels, writers of fiction are holding themselves well aloof from entering into rivalry by putting any instruction into their books, so that the hybrid historical novel is apt to go begging for readers. The abuse of the word "centennial" also has saddened some once cheerful hearts, so that a romance that is both historical and centennial is likely in its double-barreled pomp to frighten off a good many readers. In this way The Spur of Monmouth[1] is pretty heavily handicapped, but those who rise superior to such whimsical objections and who do not look too closely for faultless execution will find here a novel that, whatever its faults, is certainly readable. There are some new versions given to the minor incidents of the revolutionary war, which do not exceed the license that custom allows the writer of romances. It is claimed that they are true, that the facts are gathered by the ex-pension agent while distributing his dole among the survivors of the war, but however that may be, and it is not a matter of vast importance, it is fair to imagine that the romantic story would not have suffered if it had been let pass for pure fiction.

The novel is clumsily put together, and is marred by such expressions as are to be found in two consecutive lines on page 73: "the other States similarly located as to latitude. Inquired of, as to his full name, Marc Antony would have answered;" but there is yet a great deal of vigor in the way the separate scenes are sketched, while there is the proof of great inexperience in the lack of connection between them. Although the value of the new material is but slight for the historian, the reader gets the advantage of it in the general verisimilitude of the book. General Washington is one of the prominent characters of the romance, and is well drawn, except perhaps in the scene where he is talking with his wife about the miseries of Valley Forge. Nothing could equal the solemnity and stiffness of that conversation, which would do credit to the pen of a "centennial dramatist," though sadly out of place here. For the rest there is a good deal to praise: the people talk naturally and less as one is apt to imagine one's ancestors talked, that is to say, as if they were human beings and not pictures or graven images; and there is a good deal of amusement to be got from the minor characters. As to the romantic story of Catharine Trafford and Colonel George Vernon opinions will differ; all will agree, however, that there is no lack of romance about it. Indian John is an accomplished hero of fiction. In a word, this is a novel of considerable ability, composed of cleverly drawn incidents, some of which are really impressive; it puts a period of the Revolution clearly before the readers, and will serve to interest young readers, more especially, and by young readers is meant those boys who are fresh from Cooper and Marryatt, and who will find nothing to harm them here. Older readers too will not find the story uninteresting. It is only to be re-

[1] *The Spur of Monmouth; or, Washington in Arms.* A Historical and Centennial Romance of the Revolution, from Personal Relations and Documents never before made public. By an Ex-Pension Agent. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger. 1876.

gretted that the book did not have more efficient revision, for at times, to borrow a phrase of the ex-pension agent, the heart of the reader agonizes under the awkwardness of his recital. The novel is better than it seems from its title and from its faults.

— The volume on Italy[1] which Messrs. Scribner, Welford, and Armstrong publish this year has all the luxury of binding, paper, letter-press, and illustrations which made their Spain altogether the most superb affair of the last holiday season. It has not the unique attractiveness of the Spain, where the light, graceful, easy fullness of the author's studies of Spanish life was so richly attended by the force and wonderful variety of Doré's pencil. Instead of being the work of one writer, it is a compilation from three German travelers, with what editorial labor on Mr. Trollope's part does not conspicuously appear. But they are pleasant people, these travelers, and for Germans, lively. Their observation of Italy if very cursory is sympathetic, and they and the artists have known how to make a book which it is an hour of Italy for the reader to look through. They are all, artists and writers, a little over-sentimental at times, as Germans are apt to be about what they like; but they do not try to be funny; and we think we now prefer the traveling sentimentalist to the traveling droll, so much has the latter overdone himself. These Germans are sincerely bent upon making you feel and understand Italy, and they would be agreeable in the simplest form; with all these splendors of pictures and print they would be astonishingly good if the Baron Davillier in his Spain had not been so much better. But if Mr. Trollope himself had not written, we do not know where we should have found that abundance of knowledge concerning Italy which M. Davillier shows concerning Spain, and almost any of us may be the wiser for what these authors tell us so pleasantly. The illustrations of the Italy have sometimes the air of compositions, but they are good compositions, and they are very often full of delightful character: a face, an attitude, a single gesture, vividly caught, shows us all Italy again. They are in fact excellent in their way; but even in commending the book, as we do, it would be false to pretend that they have the interest and strong charm of Doré's pictures, in which Spain not only appears but lives and moves.

French and German.[2]

The appearance of a new book from the pen of Renan is always an event of some importance, but it may be doubted whether the dialogues which constitute the principal part of the volume before us to-day[3] will serve to add a great deal to his fame. They were written, he tells us in the preface, at Versailles in the month of May, 1871, when the communists were holding Paris, and their composition afforded him a relief from the distress the condition of his country created within him; and surely there is something interesting in the vision we get of him thus consoling himself with philosophy. The gloom of that period has left its mark on the work, it is true, but no more than would be considered natural; and if at times he is openly pessimistic, it is not the defeat of his fellow-countrymen which is to blame, for the most cheerless passages read like nothing so much as translations from some favorite philosophers of the victorious Germans. The dramatic part of the dialogues does not pretend to be well put; the speakers with the Greek names are singularly devoid of life, and their slight controversies bear much more likeness to soliloquies than to the discussion of most philosophers. The dialogues are three in number, the first dealing with the certainties, the next with the probabilities, the third with dreams, of man's position in the universe. Among the certainties we find Schopenhauer's theory of the world existing as a vast force, with its phenomena manifestations of the "Wille," and with desire perpetually luring men on to action and consequent disappointment. Our duty in these conditions, Renan says, is when we perceive their existence to resign ourselves to the tasks set us by nature without murmuring or outbreak. Under the head of probabilities we see eloquent promises of what will come to the world under the light of steadily improving science, which light,

[1] *Italy, from the Alps to Mount Etna.* Edited by Thomas Adolphus Trollope. Illustrated with upwards of one hundred full-page and three hundred smaller engravings. New York: Scribner, Welford, and Armstrong. 1876.

[2] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

[3] *Dialogues et Fragments Philosophiques.* Par Ernest Renan, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Lévy. 1876.

however, will be dimmed by the permanent decay of the arts. When we approach the dreams we find an ingenious denunciation of democracy, based as it is upon respect for mediocrity. "The ideal of American society is perhaps more remote than any other from the ideal of a society controlled by science. The principle that society exists only for the happiness and liberty of the individuals composing it does not appear to conform to the plans of nature, which consider only the species, to the neglect of the individual. There is great danger that the final result of democracy will be a social condition in which the degenerate masses will care for nothing but the enjoyment of ignoble and vulgar pleasure." Again he says, "We are not fond of the former *régime*, for it forbade free thought and often hindered study; but a democracy without an ideal would not be more favorable to them. At present democracy is preferable, for it presents fewer obstacles to intellectual advance, but at the end it may do more harm. Science demands a devoted spirit; in an immoral or superficial country there can be no real scholars, for a scholar is the result of the abnegation, of the seriousness, of the sacrifice, of two or three generations; he represents an immense economy of life and force. . . . In order to have a thinker there should be people ready to do his part of the work, without understanding or appreciating what he does. What is more opposed to the spirit of a certain democracy, which admits the value of that alone which it can comprehend, or, more truly, thinks it can comprehend? Primary instruction will render this abnegation rare, for it is to be feared lest a people that has received primary instruction, full of a foolish vanity, should be unwilling to contribute to the support of a culture superior to its own, that is to say, to giving itself masters."

These passages will serve to show how a sensitive thinker, as Renan doubtless is, feels about some of the dangers which threaten the advance of the world to-day, and in this country more than anywhere, for here we are trying the problem of reconciling civilization with democracy. The methods which Renan suggests for meeting these dangers can hardly be recommended, because they are unpractical; he says that the distinctions of classes must be maintained, that the many must perish for the greater glory of the few, etc., but he is talking to the winds; he will never persuade races of men to sacrifice themselves in that blind way for a problematic good which they will never have. The new conditions must be accepted and the dangers they threaten must be met by new devices; this running back to old methods is unscientific, and bears close resemblance to the bigotry which scientific men are accustomed to denounce with some fervor when they detect it in their enemies. Doubtless they view with regret any opposition to the advance of science, but it is to its great glory that it has outlived so much opposition; it need not expect that it will ever have an untrammeled course, nor is it desirable that it should, for narrowness and arrogance do not exist among the unscientific alone. To succeed, it must exert itself to prove its necessity even to the half-educated, — that is imperative, — not by depriving every one of any rudiments of knowledge. The church never asked with more earnestness for ignorant dependence on its might than Renan does here in behalf of science. The time will come when it will be necessary to oppose seriously the claims of science to omniscience; at present any such attack would be misunderstood, and every aid should be given to this comparatively new method of human thought. Further on in the dreams we come to a pæan in favor of Von Hartmann's Unbewusste. It will be seen that these dialogues of Renan's are fuller of a sort of poetic than of a truly scientific spirit.

— Admirers of Tourguéneff will find in a new volume, Les Reliques Vivantes,[1] four short stories done into French, of the most important of which we have already spoken on the occasion of their appearance in a German translation. Some of them have also already appeared in English in American magazines. The volume is of light weight, but interesting.

— Those who take an interest in the present condition of religious controversy in Germany will perhaps care to look at a contribution to the matter which comes from the pen of Edward von Hartmann,[2] which may be read either in German or in a French translation. Hartmann, it will be remembered, is the author of a Philosophy of the Unconscious, a book which in the six or seven years since its appearance

[1] *Les Reliques Vivantes.* Par I. TOURGUÉNEFF. Paris: Hetzel. 1876.

[2] *La Religion de l'Avenir.* Par ÉDOUARD DE HARTMANN. Traduit de l'Allemand. Paris: Sermer Baillière. 1876.

has had great success in Germany and is beginning to be better known in other countries. His theory of the universe, while it differs in many important particulars, is not radically unlike that of Schopenhauer in its pessimism. As may be imagined, he is an "advanced" radical, and this book of his shows that he has no strong love for matters of traditional respect. Without mentioning what he says for either commendation or refutation, it may possibly be allowed us to give in brief compass some of the more important statements of this small volume. The essence of Protestantism being the right of individual judgment, this element has continually been exerting itself in one direction, namely, towards limiting by criticism the foundations of Christianity. The Church of Rome, on the other hand, has steadily rested on its old traditions, of which the infallibility of the Pope is the natural outcome. Modern science has, Hartmann says, cut away much of the ground on which Christianity rests, and now in the conflict in Germany between the state and the church he sees the threatened disappearance, not of religion, but of Christianity. What then is to replace this? Pantheism, sharply distinguished from anthropomorphic monotheism, is the new gospel of which Hartmann is the apostle. It is to resemble Buddhism in its ethics; it is to recognize the misery of human nature and to seek to release it by sympathy, and not in accordance to a direct command; it is to start from an earnest belief in pessimism.

For the full exposition of this theory the reader must turn to the book itself; however much he may distrust Hartmann's powers of prophecy, he will find them something very different from Strauss's machine-like materialism. The historical part is especially worthy of notice.

ART.

Lessing in his Laocoön defines the different points of view of an artist and a poet who strive to portray the same emotion; and it has always seemed to us that he, perhaps unconsciously, proved a certain unfitness in purely literary men for criticising justly an artist's work. Artistic conciseness is opposed to literary expansiveness, and what may appear bald in style and treatment may be all that the materials afford to express a certain idea; so that to criticise an artist for what he has not done would be to do him injustice. The literary art-critic surveys an artist's work from an elevated point; he translates to the world what the painter has consciously or unconsciously expressed, for genius is often unconscious, and he adds thereto his own idiosyncrasies of thought. It is one of the objects of art to create intellectual activity and interest, to lead us to new fields of thought and to suggest moods and ideas; but it is not the only object, for then high art would be in danger of becoming the exclusive prerogative of a narrow sect. The literary art-critic, too, lacks that controlling power which comes from actual practice in putting new ideas into shape upon the canvas. With him theories accumulate, when a healthy handling of the pencil would blot them out forever. The critic may magnify the difficulties of technical processes, or he may undervalue them. He recognizes that the best judge of good expression in writing is one who has himself written; but he is often dogmatic to the extreme in regard to an art of which he knows nothing from a technical point of view. The literary art-critic often calls upon us to admire pictures as works of beauty and of high art which derive their interest mainly from historical association, or from a characteristic individuality. He cannot put himself into the warm, luxurious mood of color in which an artist may have reveled; indeed, his temperament may be a cold one; the intellectual side may have dwarfed the sensuous, and he sees the highest art in the line rather than in color.

Is there reason for our rebellion at the authoritative tone of certain art-critics? It is certain that we recognize in ourselves a growth of higher appreciation for pictures, from year to year. Many paintings which delighted us a twelvemonth since have lost their charm; only a few hold their place in

our esteem. We are forced to confess that long and severe study is necessary to fit us for entrance into the ranks of just critics. We find that we should have a liberal training in all that is recognized as education. We should have seen the best pictures, and it is important that we should have obtained some technical knowledge of the processes in art, so that we may appreciate its limitations. Standing, therefore, on this sure ground of outlook, the human mind, with its ever-present wish to systematize, desires to frame certain laws which shall be a guide to itself and to others. The term "beauty" forms a great obstacle to our clear understanding. One of the objects of art is to express beauty in some shape; but we cannot define it without using vague metaphysical expressions which really give us no satisfaction. Men of science have succeeded in reducing the units by which they measure material objects to absolute measures which are recognized throughout the scientific world. Beautiful is a relative term; the best educated and the most cultured people of the earth do not agree in their classification of objects of beauty. But can we not apply a process of selection, and take what the world's most refined minds have handed down as definitions of beauty, in other words, the residuum of gold which the furnace of time has left? We find in Schopenhauer the surmise that the sensation of beauty arises out of the condition in which there is an impossibility of sorrow; or it is a pure intelligence without aim or object, utterly satisfied. Winckelmann says that the beautiful is a thing of which it is easier to say what it is not than what it is. Burke affirms that beauty is the quality of bodies by which they produce love, or a similar passion. Hogarth, in his Analysis of Beauty, claims that beauty is simplicity in the midst of variety. Hemsterhuis says that the heart judges of beauty as that of which it can obtain an idea in the shortest space of time. These definitions are eminently unsatisfactory. The spirit which we pursue continually eludes us. Perhaps it is best that beauty should be indefinable, and that the standard should be indefinite, for then by the process of judgment and criticism our perceptive powers are always on the increase. As we study art we become a little clearer in our convictions; our sense of the symmetrical gradually grows. We distinguish certain things which when together constitute a pleasing effect, and when separated from each other give an unpleasant sensation. When men endeavor to convey their impressions to others we perceive the influence of the complexity of human natures. Every man has a different organization. Some have senses of a limited range, others morbid tastes in certain directions. One, because he has a very sensitive ear, delights in certain harmonics which satisfy an abnormal longing often accompanied by a one-sided development. Another possesses eyes which are peculiarly sensitive to the delicate variations in the velocity of color waves; for this one, color is superior to form. An artist is often a poor art-critic, because his tastes may have become developed in a one-sided manner. The *technique* of his art has had its difficulties, which may have usurped too great a share of his thoughts. The deep student of historical art finds hints and motives in sketches and studies which are merely repulsive to a simple sense of beauty. He who should devote his life to studying the schools of design in nature's architecture, who should trace the contours of the leaves of maples, of oaks, of thistles, of the fronds of ferns, and should endeavor to find the materials for the formation of different schools of design analogous to the Grecian, the Roman, the Gothic, and the Moorish in nature's work, would soon become so interested in his investigation that the line would become more important in his eyes than color. He would be in danger of losing his sense of the latter, or at least it would become deadened, and in place of the instinct and feeling of an artist he would substitute the modern tendency to philosophize or to psychologize. Thus it is that the intellectual interest which we take in a subject substitutes a new standard of beauty, which is, in general, far removed from that which would find the most advocates among cultivated artistic people. Before joining, therefore, the school of any art-critic we should understand his idiosyncrasies, lest by the force of his mind he lead us to form fantastic tastes.

In line there is more definiteness than in color. The literary man has the artist more upon his own vantage-ground when he criticises the drawing than when he interprets the moods of color. In all that pertains to form and composition the man of literature and the artist are nearly allied. Both have had an analogous training in outlining their ideas and, indeed, in filling in with the pen's point the details of the picture which they wish to present. In respect to color, however, the artist is sepa-

rated by a wide gulf from literary men as a class. The appreciation of delicate tones is a matter of native fitness united to diligence with the brush. It is not so nearly allied to intellectuality as to sensuousness; so that we find that most modern art-critics expend their critical force upon the *drawing* and the *composition* of a picture. Turner, for instance, appeals to them more through his masterly drawing than through his color. They find more satisfaction in engravings and photographs from his pictures than in the pictures themselves; for in these the drawing is separated from the color. Thus, too, the excellences and the fire of Blake's compositions divested of color appeal strongly to the literary mind. We find statesmen and historians gathering collections of engravings and becoming virtuosos in etchings. Modern French landscape art therefore seems slovenly work to men who have trained their eyes to observe excellence in form expressed merely by means of the pen or pencil. It is well known among artists that unless a pupil has a genius for color, excellence in the judgment of fine gradations of tints comes to him only with a gradually developed maturity of mind. If one should set out, for instance, to paint a level field, his various essays would be very instructive. At first he would see only the predominant green, and would feel that the near grass should be stronger in color than the remote. It is only by long study that he becomes conscious of the delicate browns, the grays, and the thousand gradations in what appears to be a simple sweep of color. The color-drawing of that field, so to speak, can only appeal by its general effect to the literary man, who is not a colorist and cannot interpret the work of a great colorist.

Before Ruskin, art-criticism in England was confined mainly to newspapers. In Hazlitt we find a literary art-critic developed from an embryo artist. He wrote as if he belonged to the guild. In his Table-Talk there is a delicious description of the pleasure he took in limning an old lady's face. He revels in the artistic processes by which he caught the tints and shades of the countenance, and says, "One is never tired of painting, because you have to set down not what you know already, but what you have just discovered. In the former case you translate feelings into words; in the latter, names into things." Before a landscape by Poussin he cannot find words to describe his pleasure. That he was an artist transformed into a literary man can be seen by the following advice to his young boy: "Yet if I were to name one pursuit rather than another I should wish you to be a good painter, if such a thing could be hoped. I have failed in this myself, and should wish you to be able to do what I have not, to paint like Claude, or Rembrandt, or Guido, or Vandyke, if it were possible." Among the essays collected by Hazlitt we find one marked with the initials T. T., which contains sentiments which Hazlitt probably subscribed to. In speaking of the pleasure that artists take in technicalities the writer says, "We have alluded particularly to Turner, the ablest landscape-painter now living, whose pictures are, however, too much abstractions of aerial perspective and representations not so properly of the objects of nature as the medium through which they are seen. They are the triumph of the knowledge of the artist, and of the power of the pencil over the barrenness of the subject. They are pictures of the elements of air, earth, and water. The artist delights to go back to the first chaos of the world, or that state of things when the waters were separated from the dry land, and light from darkness, but as yet no living thing nor tree bearing fruit was seen upon the face of the earth; 'all is without form and void.' Some one said of his landscapes that they were pictures of nothing, and very like."

Ruskin has fully atoned for the want of art-criticism in England before his time. He has led people to think about art more than any other writer, ancient or modern. He would have an artist limn rocks with the knowledge of a geologist, plants with the skill of a botanist, and combine philosophical insight with artistic spirit. He is an interesting example of the manner in which art can stimulate the intellectual faculties to such an extent that they can turn upon their foster-mother and demand that she should be learned as well as beautiful. One is carried away by the splendor and picturesque force of the critic's language, and one learns to demand realistic work, and to seek for what is termed truth in art; Ruskin is, in reality, a philosopher who has founded a school of æsthetics upon the methods which men take in expressing their ideas upon canvas. It is delicious to meet an ardent Ruskinite: he resembles a Catholic; his faith is founded upon a rock. He knows he is upon the right road, and is sure that all the world else is wrong. Ruskin's influence

upon English art has undoubtedly been very great in so far as he has insisted upon conscientious study.

Among the French writers, Théophile Gautier stands forth as a very tolerant art-critic. Like Hazlitt, he was early attracted towards art. Sainte-Beuve says of him that, having passed from the studio into the Cénacle Littéraire, he often had one foot in one and one in the other. He painted with the pen. In his Voyage en Espagne we are continually struck with his artistic eye, especially in regard to color; he is everywhere alive to its delicate gradations and tints. He is, moreover, most liberal in his art criticisms. "Why," he says, "should we write in the morning that concerning an honest man which we should not say to him at the dinner-table in the evening?" "If one is read by fifty thousand persons, it is no reason why one should be uncourteous and wound-inflicting." Sainte-Beuve says of this remark that it circumscribes the critic, but continues, "Le dirai-je? si le critique perd par là en fermeté et autorité, le talent de l'écrivain gagne en ces précautions tout humaines, et l'on est recompensé en finisses heureuses." Gautier is enamored of English art, from Reynolds to Landseer. His literary instincts appear to have been stimulated by the story-telling character of it. He could find "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." The last three words of Shakespeare's line distinguish him from the followers of Ruskin. Gautier has all the delightful tact of a gentleman of his nation. In speaking of Baron Leys, the Belgian artist, he says, "S'il se permit de ressembler à quelqu'un, c'est sans doute à son père, et M. Leys est dans ce cas; chez lui il n'y a pas imitation, mais similitude de tempérament et de race; c'est un peintre du XVI siècle venu deux cents ans plus tard, voilà tout. M. Leys n'est pas un imitateur, mais un semblable." The last sentence is delightful.

This liberality of criticism has very many instances among French men of letters. Alfred de Musset in his notes upon the pictures exhibited in the *salon* of 1836 writes in the most generous spirit, and is always careful to give his impressions as those of himself, and not to state them as resulting from fixed and rigid laws. He says continually "J'aime" or "Je n'aime." He has no reluctance in using even superlative terms. Speaking of a copy upon porcelain which Madame Jaquotot had made of the Virgin with the Veil, he says, "It is as beautiful as Raphael's." Moreover, he claims that a work of art should be judged by two conditions: one, that of pleasing the public; the other, of satisfying connoisseurs. But Taine surpasses them all by his freedom from dogmatism. In his Philosophy of Art we find the following: "The modern method, which I strive to pursue, and which is beginning to be introduced in all the moral sciences, consists in considering human productions, and particularly works of art, as facts and productions of which it is essential to mark the characteristics and seek the causes, and nothing more. Thus understood, science neither pardons nor prescribes; it verifies and explains. It does not say to you, 'Despise Dutch art because it is vulgar, and prize only Italian art;' nor does it say to you, 'Despise Gothic art because it is morbid.' It leaves every one free to follow his own predilections, to prefer that which is germane to one's temperament, and to study with the greatest care that which best corresponds to the development of one's own mind." Goethe in his Essays on Art recognizes the importance of viewing life and art together, and affirms that "he who would write or dispute about art at the present time ought to have some notion of what philosophy has accomplished in our day and is still accomplishing." Indeed, we do not find narrow views on art in any of Goethe's writings; he everywhere recognizes the excellences of different schools of painting.

The French art-critic is, in general, not so cold and fastidious as the English, nor so philosophical. He is wanting also in the ponderous scientific analysis of the German. The sensuousness of art appeals to his temperament more strongly than it does to the Saxon or the Teuton. It will be interesting to see if mobilized Germany, with its strength in philosophy and psychology, can ever surpass France in art. There is a certain belief, call it superstition if you will, that science and mobilization like that of Germany are inimical to high art, and that art is a plant of wild growth.

It is perhaps essential that an art-critic should be dogmatic if he desires to form a school. People are generally led by men of strong convictions. Those of limited calibre who have a strong impulse to study art, arising from a taste for it or from a conviction that such study is essential nowadays for high culture, often substitute the *dicta* which fall from the lips of a dogmatic

master for their own unsettled opinions in art, and find immense peace of mind.

The chief characteristic of modern art criticism is perhaps its literary and psychological character. The artist's character is dissected, the peculiarities of his moods of production are dwelt upon. It may often happen that he becomes an object of interest to himself. The question whether Turner's eyes were astigmatic or not is of overwhelming interest to the scientific critic. The scientific spirit of the age has had its influence upon English and German art; it would bring all under law and order, forgetting, it may be, that its weights and measures are not always fitted for work in an imaginative domain. The dogmatic, scientific art-critic is unhappy if the laws of perspective are violated. Right is right, and he sees no reason why rigid laws should be violated to produce effect. "Truth is truth, is it not?" he asks, and you are compelled to answer humbly, "Yes." Yet the conviction remains that there is truth sometimes in the apparent violation of a rigid law, although you could not maintain the proposition with a logical and severe critic of the scientific cast of mind. He whips out his pencil in a moment and proves to you by a geometrical proposition that the moon should never be painted so large as we often see it in pictures; and when you suggest the need of exaggeration, to produce effect, he utterly refuses to acknowledge it. He is immensely troubled to account for the manner in which the lights are thrown, and a grand effect cannot withdraw his eyes from an impossible shadow. The grounds of his opinions are tangible, and are entitled to much respect. But the narrowness and barrenness of his methods of criticism are especially repugnant to imaginative minds.

It is amusing to observe how art-criticism can transform people. One reads a violent article in the newspapers against the works of a certain artist, and finds that it is the work of a good-natured man who would not knowingly hurt the feelings of the smallest thing that lives. An art topic has the effect of a religious controversy with him. It is the red flag which excites his animosity. The sweet and pliant temper of a young lady art-student suddenly hardens when the tenets of her teacher are attacked, and the listener is shocked with a sudden surprise, as if he were the steamer which had struck an iceberg. Uncompromising faith is a dangerous adversary when one is not oversure of his ground. With a look or a gesture the dilettante can bar you out inexorably from the ranks of the cultured; in his company one walks through galleries with abased feelings, and repeats art-criticisms which are handed about and form a part of the floating conversational stock of bookish people. One learns in time not to give way to his feelings. He gathers a stock of expressions which are fashionable in art, and talks learnedly and vaguely about the "values" of a certain picture. He is indeed a brave man who can break away from the tenets of an art-school and proclaim the genius of a young and obscure artist of marked idiosyncrasies.

In the representation of the human figure we have rigid standards. The condition of mind of an art-critic who has deeply studied the representation of the human figure by the ancient Greeks approaches that of a student of science. In this case, what seems dogmatism to the uninitiated is often the fault of their own education. In landscape art, however, there are few standards; and here intolerance in criticism is unpardonable. Every one looks at nature with his own eye. Sombre moods appeal to some, and light and gay moods to others. One sees a certain grotesqueness in the massing of cloud-forms and in groups of trees, which lurks even in the brightest mood of a landscape. Another is shocked by everything short of the most graceful and delicate. In questions of the preponderance of light or shade, of careful definition of outlines or broad nebulous effects in color, there are a thousand different tastes. While there are certain well-recognized principles to which all landscape art must conform, there is also a wide latitude for the display of individual traits.

Finally, the most objectionable form of dogmatism in art-criticism is perhaps that assumed by certain critics who pronounce a picture "irretrievably bad" without giving the grounds of their opinion. This is not criticism; it is an ungentlemanly obtrusion of the conceit of knowledge, the propriety of which may well be questioned.

— A few artists and patrons of painting have lately laid the foundation of a drawing school in Boston, which promises to be the most immediately useful and invigorating measure yet taken in this part of the country for the development of pictorial art. The school is to be placed in the portion of the Museum of Fine Arts now finished, and is to be conducted under auspices and on

principles that impress us as most excellent. The academic mode of organization, which involves so much cumbrous machinery and has so often resulted in obstruction and strife, has been wisely eschewed, and the enterprise is in the hands of a committee of twelve, which has resolved itself into suitable sub-committees. These gentlemen are Messrs. Martin Brimmer, E. C. Cabot, E. W. Hooper, William M. Hunt, John La Farge, Charles G. Loring, F. W. Loring, F. D. Millet, R. S. Peabody, C. C. Perkins, Frank Hill Smith, and W. R. Ware. The school is to be one "of fine art as distinguished from applied art," and its chief object is to give to persons who are proposing to become artists the means of serious professional study. An excellent provision is that the estimates for each year's expenses shall be based upon the amount of money actually in hand at the beginning of the year; enough has now been subscribed for a year's work, and a competent teacher, it is thought, engaged; and the committee have under consideration a plan for forming an association of several hundred members for the permanent support of the school. We need hardly say that to open to native talent the surest way to a healthy growth, some such design as this has long been needed and is absolutely essential. Under the influence of a teacher who has had the rigorous European training, with an energetic life-class, and the supervision of persons of knowledge and taste, we may hope for a systematic coöperation of sentiment and skill which shall yield substantial results. Thoroughness and sincerity can be infused into our art only by means of this kind.

— Last year, at this season, we noticed Mr. J. E. Baker's lithograph portrait of Mr. Longfellow, issued by the publishers of The Atlantic. From the same hand, under the same auspices, we now have before us an excellent likeness of Mr. Bryant, being the second in what will doubtless prove a very popular series of life-size heads of American poets. The subject and the size of the representation offer a severe test to the lithographer's skill; but we think Mr. Baker has met it in the present case with even more skill than was shown in the Longfellow portrait. The light is less diffused than in that, the shade of the background is perhaps a little better managed, the drawing is equally careful, and there is the same impressive resemblance to the original. The lithograph is, of course and of nature, restricted; but making allowance for the difference between printed pictures and those that are without the power of being multiplied, we cannot imagine anything which will so nearly take the place of a fine crayon head as this excellent print. The public may be sure that with this production they will obtain the work of a remarkable draughtsman, as well as an excellent presentment of the venerable and popular poet.

MUSIC.

One of the questions which the growth of music during the last half-century has brought into peculiar prominence is that of large and small concert-halls. Since the various departments of music — the symphony, the opera, the oratorio, and vocal and instrumental chamber-music — have followed such widely divergent paths, this question has assumed greater and greater importance. It may be safely said that almost all music may be completely *heard* in any hall of good acoustic properties, no matter what the size of such a hall may be. Of course this proposition, like all others in art, must not be submitted to the *reductio ad absurdum*, but within reasonable limits (and they are by no means narrow) it is safely to be asserted. But it must be borne in mind that merely being distinctly *heard* is but one of the many conditions that are indispensable for music to produce its full effect upon the hearer. Leaving aside the question of favorable and congenial surroundings, which applies with equal force to the other arts, there is this point in which music essentially differs from its sister arts. So long as we can distinctly see a picture or a statue, so long as the light is of such quantity and quality as to make its outlines and colors easily discernible to the

eye, the conditions for our enjoyment of it are fulfilled; but it is not enough for the outlines and colors of music (to use a not too forced metaphor) to be clearly discernible to the ear. When the observer stands in the best place to view a picture, the diminution of his enjoyment that would result from his lessening or increasing the distance between it and himself is caused solely by the undue prominence of unessential details on the one hand, or by the growing indistinctness of outline and light and shade on the other. In either case it is a matter of more or less distinct vision. But the change in our enjoyment of music that results from greater nearness to or distance from the point of departure of the sound has (except in very extreme cases) a far other cause. The best argument that we know of on this subject is in Berlioz's A Travers Chants. Whatever may be thought of Berlioz's genius, or his rank as an artist, there can be no doubt about his having had one of the most delicate ears for all effects of *tone* that ever existed, and his qualifications for discussing subjects relating to *musical sound* are unquestioned. He says: —

"People are always ready to answer, when the question comes up of the sonority of an opera-house or concert-room, that *every note can be heard very well.* But I can also hear very well from my study the cannon that is fired on the esplanade of the Invalides, and yet that noise, which is moreover outside all musical conditions, does not in any way strike, move, or shock my nervous system. Well, it is just this stroke, this emotion, this shock, that sound absolutely must give the organ of hearing in order to act upon it musically, and which we do not receive from even the most powerful masses of voices and instruments, when we listen to them from too great a distance. Some scientists think that the electric fluid cannot traverse a distance greater than a certain number of thousands of leagues; I don't know how true this may be, but I am sure that the musical fluid (I beg leave to thus designate the unknown cause of musical emotion) is without force, heat, or vitality at a certain distance from its point of departure.[1] We *hear*, but we do not *vibrate.* Now, *we must ourselves vibrate* with the instruments and voices, and by them, in order to experience true musical sensations. Nothing is easier to demonstrate. Place a small number of well-organized persons, gifted with some knowledge of music, in a room of moderate size, not too much furnished or carpeted; play worthily before them some true masterpiece, by a true composer, truly inspired, a work quite free from the insufferable conventional beauties that pedagogues and bigoted enthusiasts admire — a simple piano-forte trio, Beethoven's trio in B-flat, for instance; what will happen? The listeners will, little by little, find themselves seized with an unaccustomed agitation, they will experience an intense, profound enjoyment, which will now excite them strongly, now plunge them into a delicious calm, a veritable ecstasy. . . . There you have a musical effect! There you see the listener seized and intoxicated by the art of tones, and raised to an incommensurable height above the common regions of life. . . . Now suppose that in the midst of the same piece, played by the same artists, the room in which it is played could gradually enlarge, and that, in consequence of this progressive enlargement of the room, the audience is, little by little, removed to a greater distance from the performers. Well, suppose our room to have reached the size of an ordinary theatre; our listener, who but the moment before felt his emotions rising, begins to regain his previous tranquillity; he still *hears*, but he hardly *vibrates* any more; he admires the composition, but by reasoning, and no longer from feeling nor in consequence of an irresistible impulse. The room grows still larger, the listener is farther and farther from the musical focus. He is as far distant as he would be if the three performers were grouped together in the middle of the stage of the Opera,[2] and he himself were sitting in one of the first boxes in the balcony, opposite the stage. He still *hears*, not a note escapes him, but he is no longer reached by the *musical fluid*, which cannot reach so far; his agitation is dissipated, he grows cold again, he even experiences a sort of disagreeable anxiety, which is the more painful because he makes greater efforts to fix his attention and not lose the thread of the musical discourse. But his efforts are in vain; insensibility paralyzes them; he begins to be bored, the great master tires him, annoys him, the masterpiece is no longer anything more

[1] It must not be supposed from this that Berlioz was bad physicist enough to discard the undulatory theory in favor of a "musical fluid" as a theory of sound, as Chomet did. He merely uses the term that came first to hand, to denote the *cause of musical emotion.*

[2] The old opera-house in the Rue Le Pelletier.

than a little ridiculous noise in his ears, the giant a dwarf, art a deception; he grows impatient, and stops listening."

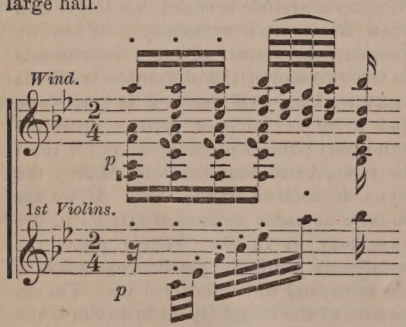
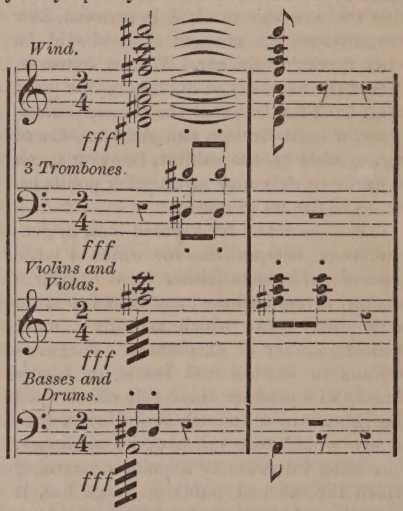
In the passage just quoted Berlioz merely considers the influence of distance from the point of departure of the sound upon the intensity of the musical impression that the sound produces upon the listener. It stands to reason (as Berlioz goes on to say, though we will not quote his words) that this diminution of musical force is in part to be referred to another cause, namely, to the greater diffusion of the sound in large halls than in small ones. This latter cause will affect the musical impression produced upon any listener in a large hall, no matter at what distance from the performers he may be; even if he sit very near the musical focus, his ear will receive the "musical fluid" much less condensed in a large hall than in a small one. Of course it is a fair subject for debate, how intense it is desirable to have this musical impression, how concentrated the musical fluid should be when it reaches the ear. We are, however, spared the necessity of discussing this point here, from the fact that the principal musicians in both Europe and America are of one opinion on the subject, however much at variance they may be on other points relating to the art of music.

It may be taken for granted that, in general, those compositions for which a large mass of performers (either vocal or instrumental) is required are more suited to large halls than works which require a more modest number of executants. Wagner's prelude to Tristan und Isolde, or Liszt's Tasso, will produce their full effect upon the listener in a hall where a Haydn symphony would lose much of its brilliancy. But here we come to a point concerning which the musical public at large has, it must be admitted, very unmusical ideas. There is no lack of musical persons who will readily admit that a large hall is no proper place for piano-forte sonatas, string quartettes, or other chamber music; if a Rubinstein or a Von Bülow is forced by outside circumstances to give chamber-concerts in large halls, they are glad enough to go to hear him, yet they will at the same time be as ready to appreciate how much they lose from the size of the hall, as any musician can be. But when it is a question of listening to symphonies or concert overtures, the public seems to lose sight of distinctions which are yet of great importance. A symphony is a symphony, it is said, and the largest hall must of necessity suit the largest form of orchestral composition. The fallacy of this doctrine is easily shown. Largeness of form in a composition does not necessarily imply largeness of orchestral means. Compare the scores of the two following compositions, one in the largest symphonic form, and the other in a comparatively small musical form.

	Beethoven's Symphony in A major is scored for	Wagner's Prelude to Tristan und Isolde is scored for
Wood.	2 Flutes,	3 Flutes,
	2 Oboes,	2 Oboes,
		1 English Horn,
	2 Clarinets,	2 Clarinets,
		1 Bass Clarinet,
	2 Bassoons	3 Bassoons.
Brass.	2 Horns,	4 Horns,
	2 Trumpets	3 Trumpets,
		3 Trombones,
		1 Bass Tuba,
	1 pair of Kettle-drums.	1 set of Kettle-drums (3).
Strings.	First Violins,	
	Second Violins,	
	Viola,	
	Violoncelli,	
	Basses.	

A fair proportion of the strings to the rest of the orchestra would be: ten violins on a part for the Beethoven symphony, and fifteen violins (at least) on a part for the Wagner piece. Doubling[1] the remaining string-parts in a corresponding ratio, we should have in one case an orchestra of fifty-five performers, and in the other case an orchestra of eighty-seven performers. This is at least a prima facie evidence that Wagner's prelude is suited to a larger hall than Beethoven's symphony. When we compare the masses of brass instruments in the two scores, this difference is all the more striking. Of course it is possible to put a larger force of strings upon the symphony; this is often done; but it must be remembered that this will destroy the dynamic balance of the score. If we are to have as large a mass of strings in the symphony as in the Wagner piece, the wind-parts (with the possible exception of the trumpets) will be covered up. The orchestra of the Royal Opera in Berlin is the only one we know of in which the flutes and reeds in classical scores are so arranged as to counterbalance a large mass of strings in strong passages. Each pair of wooden wind instruments is reënforced by a second pair (*ripieni*) which play only in the *tutti*

[1] We use the term "doubling" here and afterwards in its musical, not in its mathematical sense, to denote increasing the number of performers on a single instrumental part.

passages.[1] If this method were adopted in all large orchestras, the question of playing classical orchestral works in large halls would be solved satisfactorily at once; but it is not. In America, where we have the largest concert-halls, it is very rarely that we have even a large body of strings. We continually hear works given by orchestras of fifty or sixty performers in halls that would require an orchestra of very unusual size. The reader will notice that we have hinted that the usual four pairs of wooden wind instruments are unable to cope with a large mass of strings *in strong passages*. This brings us to a very delicate point, which is too little noticed. The strings, especially the violins, are the part of an orchestra which most loses in intensity of tone by being heard in a large hall; or, as Berlioz would say, the musical fluid generated by the strings loses its power at the shortest distance from its point of departure. Thus it happens that, although the dynamic balance of the strings and reeds in an orchestra of fifty-five performers,[2] playing at its mean degree of loudness (that is, mezzo-forte) may be perfect in a small or moderate-sized hall, this equilibrium will be destroyed in a large hall. The violins lose the telling quality of their tone before the wind instruments do. Many delicate passages for the strings are thus covered up by the wind. We have listened attentively, often score in hand, to Beethoven's Eighth Symphony (in F major), but we have never yet even *heard* the violins in the following passage, when the symphony was given in a large hall.

This is but one of many similar passages. An increase in the number of violins would undoubtedly set this right. The strings in an orchestra can play as piano as need be, and in all the degrees of loudness, ranging from the softest pianissimo to mezzo-forte; no mass of strings, no matter how large, need cover up even a single flute. But when we pass beyond the mezzo-forte to forte and fortissimo this mutual dynamic relation of the instruments changes. Although the quality of tone of the violins is, of itself, inferior in penetrating power to that of many other instruments, the accent that can be obtained by a strong stroke of the bow upon stringed instruments is unrivaled in intensity except by the instruments of percussion. This stirring force of accent gives the strings a commanding power of tone in strong passages, which one would hardly expect from instruments that can be so readily subdued to a scarcely audible pianissimo. To any one unacquainted with this power the following passage in Schubert's C major Symphony would look like an anti-climax, as it stands in the score. Yet we have heard these last chords on the strings, as played by Mr. Thomas's orchestra (with certainly not more than ten violins on a part), come out with the most startling effect. Reasoning from the examples here given, we find that an orchestra which is suited to a small hall not only loses it specific intensity of effect (the force of its musical fluid) in a large hall, but also that the dynamic equilibrium of its compo-

[1] This was the case in 1842, and we suppose the custom has been kept up. And even here this strengthening of the flutes and reeds was not done for the purpose of counterbalancing a large mass of strings in classical works, but to counteract the very strong bodies of brass instruments in the scores of Meyerbeer's and Spontini's operas. The effect, however, in classical works was very satisfactory.

[2] Vide supra.

nent instruments is often shaken. Taking an orchestra of from fifty to sixty performers as the standard for the performance of classical works in small or moderate-sized halls, when the same works are given in large halls the number of executants should be increased in the ratio of the cubic contents of the two halls. This does not refer to orchestral works of the present day, in which the greater brilliancy of instrumentation fits them for performance in large halls with no larger orchestra than would result from a sufficient doubling of the string parts (only in some few cases of the flutes and reeds) to counterbalance the mass of brass instruments with a single player on each part. The very full scores of Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz, with their large masses of brass instruments, find their proper sphere in large halls. With a body of strings sufficient to counterbalance this brass, they cannot fail to produce their full effect. But when orchestral works of the classic period are transplanted from the smaller halls for which they were intended by the composers, into large concert-halls, a mere increase in the number of strings is not enough; every part should be doubled in a corresponding ratio. Were it possible for us to get at the exact statistics of the dimensions of some of the most noted concert-rooms in Europe (such as the Gewandhaus in Leipzig, the concert-room of the Schauspielhaus in Berlin, or the hall of the Paris Conservatoire), we could furnish the curious reader with an array of figures that would prove beyond a doubt that the number of executants necessary for a correspondingly effective performance of classical orchestral works in our large halls far exceeds the limits of any orchestral means we have habitually at command in this country. But these statistics we have found, after much fruitless searching, to be beyond our present reach. We only know that the halls we have mentioned are very much smaller than the large music-halls in which we hear (or try to hear) orchestral works in this country; so much smaller, in fact, as to make any idea of compensating for the difference by increasing our orchestras little better than chimerical.

— We wish that singers who are tired of songs of the Arditi, Blumenthal, or Arthur Sullivan stamp may get as much enjoyment as we have from a pair of little lyric compositions by J. Massenet, of Paris. The Poème d'Avril[1] and the Poème du Souvenir[2] are two sets of love-songs to words selected from Armand Silvestre's poem, Mignonne. It is too faint praise to say that they are the most perfect things of their kind that we have yet seen from the pen of a Frenchman. We have not forgotten what charming songs Charles Gounod has at times written, and are willing to believe that Berlioz's La Captive (did we but know it) might greatly raise French song-writing in our estimation. But Schubert, Schumann, and Franz have given such overwhelming evidence of the infinite superiority of the German *Lied* that, with very few scattered exceptions, all that has been done in France in this direction sinks into comparative insignificance. Yet these songs of M. Massenet would seem to prove that Germany, although still *facile princeps*, is no longer to have the absolute monopoly of this class of music. M. Massenet is indeed as like Robert Franz as it is possible for a very French Frenchman to be like a thoroughly Teutonic German. We know nearly nothing of anything else that M. Massenet has written, though the fame of his Marie Madeleine and its Paris triumph has certainly reached this side of the water; but these two *poèmes* of his are decidedly the work of no common music-maker. It takes more than mere knack to write such music; the man who wrote the Poème du Souvenir has earned his right to the name of composer — a name that many men go by, but which they for the most part deserve as the individual who sings the praises of patent soap and ready-made clothing in printed verse deserves the name of poet. Describing beautiful music in prose is a lamentably ungainly business at best; so we will attempt no such thing here. All we can rationally do is to heartily recommend M. Massenet's little works to the class of singers for whom they were evidently intended.

— We see with great pleasure that Mr. Carl Prüfer is reprinting several of Carl Maria von Weber's piano-forte compositions from Franz Liszt's admirable German edition.[1] Those who have read Lenz's little pamphlet on modern piano-forte virtuosos

[1] *Poème d'Avril.* (Tiré de Mignonne.) Poésies d'Armand Silvestre, mises en musique par J. Massenet. Op. 14. Paris: G. Hartmann.

[2] *Poème du Souvenir.* Scènes d'Armand Silvestre, mises en musique par J. Massenet. Paris: G. Hartmann.

[1] *C. M. v. Weber's Polacca in E-flat, Op.* 21, *and other piano-forte works.* Fingered by F. Liszt Boston: Carl Prüfer.

will remember how the great Hungarian pianist first made acquaintance with Von Weber's piano-forte works. Indeed, Herr Lenz is at no pains to disguise the fact that he himself acted as master of ceremonies on that auspicious occasion. Von Weber, like Schubert and some few other composers, seems to have taken all his noted admirers by storm; their admiration for his genius sprang up in a single night; witness Hector Berlioz's idolizing love for Von Weber's works, which began after his first hearing of the Freischütz (or as much of the Freischütz as the reverent listener could pick out from M. Castil-Blaze's Robin des Bois), and ended only with his own life. Liszt's passion for the great romanticist was no less sudden, and just as lasting. As the king of pianists, Liszt evidently felt himself authorized to tell the world one thing about Von Weber's piano-forte works, which indeed other pianists had not failed to recognize, namely, that they were often very clumsily written for the instrument, however beautiful they might be. In fact, we find, in comparing Von Weber's piano-forte compositions with his orchestral writing, that the great composer was by no means so familiar with the resources of the instrument as he was with those of the orchestra. His piano-forte works abound in passages where inordinate difficulty of execution is accompanied by no corresponding brilliancy of effect; where the performer's fingers are pressed beyond all reasonable limits of human endurance, thus robbing the performance of much of its energy. The effect of many passages in actual performance falls far short of the brilliancy suggested by the printed notes. Von Weber was somewhat of a come-outer in piano-forte writing. His compositions in general aimed at a very different class of effects from those of his great German predecessors; they were as thoroughly original and new as were his operas and overtures. But, although when he had an orchestra at command he could easily and naturally realize his most daring conceptions, in his piano-forte writing we find him often groping after effects, the means to realize which were not in his power. It needed the technique of a Liszt or a Henselt to bring them into actual life; and by technique we do not mean, in this instance, the mere physical power of performing difficult feats on the key-board, but the technical knowledge of the resources of the instrument, and the capabilities of the human hand, by which a piano-forte writer is enabled to adapt his musical ideas to the nature of the piano-forte, and produce the most brilliant effects with the minimum of physical exertion. In Liszt's edition of Von Weber's piano-forte works, the editor has translated, as it were, these awkward passages into a more effective piano-forte language. He has in no wise tampered with Von Weber's original version; the notes are printed just as the composer wrote them, but Liszt's emendations are printed in parallel lines in smaller type, so that the performer can choose which version to follow. Liszt has also given sufficiently full directions as to fingering and the use of the pedal. Mr. Prüfer's reprint is very elegantly engraved and printed, and cannot be too highly recommended to all who would have Von Weber's piano-forte works in the most practicable shape. The misprints in the edition are very few, which is a rare virtue. The numbers already published are the Polacca in E-flat, Op. 21, The Rondo (Perpetuum Mobile) from the sonata Op. 62, the Invitation to the Waltz, and the Polacca in E major, Op. 72.

—Mr. Prüfer has also published a very handsomely printed collection of small piano-forte pieces of medium difficulty by Lange, Lichner, Behr, Spindler, and writers of that stamp.[1] The twenty numbers of the collection are sold either separately or bound in one volume with red board covers, like the Leipzig Breitkoff und Härtel editions.

[1] *Pianists' Favorites of Modern Compositions* Boston: Carl Prüfer.

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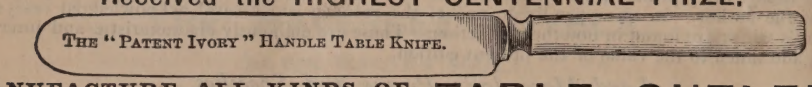

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